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RY REVIEW





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THE HELLENIC FACTOR IN THE EASTERN PROBLEM.

PROBABLY for the first time during two thousand years, the silence of the Pnyx at Athens was broken a few weeks ago by the stir of an assembly comprising, as we are told, about ten thousand persons.* It had been preceded elsewhere, for example in Zante, by a similar and not much smaller meeting. It is interesting for us Englishmen to observe both the Greeks and the Romans of to-day following, like ourselves, the traditions of their remote forefathers, and handling matters of prime public interest in public assembly. In the millennium preceding the long term which I began by naming, such a proceeding would have been regular and familiar in any part of Greece.

The object of this rather notable gathering was to put forward a claim on behalf of the Hellenic provinces still in servitude, and not permitted even to speak authentically for themselves. The claim is for an equal share in the emancipation, which has been demanded in various quarters on behalf the Slavonic subjects of the Ottoman Power. The meeting was first addressed by the Professor of History in the University of Athens, who advanced this among his claims to speak on the occasion—that he had seen his brother and his brother-in-law beheaded, his father and his uncle hung. He noticed the general grounds, on which those of his own race are entitled to no less favourable consideration than their brethren in misfortune farther north. He noticed also the

* *Compte Rendu de l'Assemblée, &c. Athènes, 1876.*

great distinction between them: "The Slavs have risen this year, the Greeks have not." And the distinction is most important. Repudiating heartily the doctrines of the supreme right of overbearing might, which still appear to find some countenance among us, I must still admit a material difference between those who show that their enfranchisement is required for the general tranquillity and those who do not. It is much, if right be done in the first-mentioned class of cases; for Human Justice is ever lagging after Wrong, as the Prayers of Homer came limping after Sin.* Even to the great Healer, during his earthly walk, the "sick folk" were brought. Gratuitously to search out all the woe of those who suffer in silence and inaction, desirable as it might be, is scarcely within the conditions of human strength.

But this is not disputed by the Greeks of, or beyond, the Kingdom. It appears to be met by a plea of fact which, if it can be made good, is relevant and important. It is thus stated by Professor Papparrhigopoulos:—

"The Powers have made use of every means to repress the disposition of the Greeks to war, by promising that the Greek nation, which for the time refrained from complicating the situation, should at the settlement obtain the same advantages as the Slavs."†

Professor Kokkinos, following in the discussion, says that free Greece, loyal to the Powers of Europe, had encouraged their brethren still in servitude to rely on those Powers, and that Europe had praised the prudence and patience‡ which were exhibited accordingly. The Minister Koumoundouros, in reply to a deputation appointed by the assembly, encourages them to hope that the enlightenment of the Porte, and the humanity of Europe, will not drive them to embrace the belief that the gates of Justice may be shattered, but opened never.§

Of the steps thus alleged to have been taken by the European Governments, the public, and also the Parliament, of this country are, I apprehend, up to this time in ignorance. It does not appear to me that such steps, if taken, were necessarily wrong, or that, in the midst of the existing complications, it must have been wrong to postpone a statement of their nature. We have indeed, in the Parliamentary Papers of 1876,|| a communication from the Consul at Canea, affirming the existence of general and deep-seated discontent in Crete, together with the draft of a large measure of change proposed by the Christians; but there is no indication of opinion, or account of any steps taken, at the Foreign Office.

I have thus stated the claim put forward by the Greeks themselves to a hearing at the Conference of the Powers on Eastern affairs, if such a Conference should be held. There are signs,

* Il. ix. 498.

† *Compte Rendu*, p. 6.
§ *Compte Rendu*, p. 22.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 14.
|| No. 3, p. 284.

HELLENIC FACTOR IN THE EASTERN PROBLEM. 3

which render it more or less probable that they may proceed to substantiate their claim by *voies de fait*. In any alternative it is not wise to attempt to get past the present disturbance without giving their existence even a thought.

"It will but skin and flim the ulcerous place."*

For months the Christians of Turkey, other than Slav, have been out of sight and out of mind. It certainly is not too early to examine a little into their cases.

There are four Christian races under the dominion of the Porte. The question of the Slavs is going to the Conference, or the sword. The case of the Wallachs of Roumania is happily disposed of; one of the greatest and best results of the Crimean War. The case of the Armenians, who, like the Wallachs, are stated to be four millions, is presented argumentatively in a *Mémoire*† dated October, 1876, and laid before each of the Great Powers. The more proximate case of the Hellenic provinces of European Turkey is that which I shall now endeavour to unfold. And this not only because it is the portion of the house next to the present conflagration, and most likely to be caught by it; but also because the history of the proceedings, through which the Kingdom of free Greece was established, affords most interesting precedents, and an admirable guidance for any Government, or representative of a Government, desirous to deal with the great Eastern problem in the spirit of the best traditions of his country. On their title to be dealt with by the Conference I do not presume absolutely to pronounce. We may see applied to these populations the maxim—

"The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them; or the sword that beats them down."‡

I cordially hope that it will be deemed wise and just to consider their case. But without prejudging the point, I proceed to sketch in outline the most material parts of an interesting history.

In common with the Italians, but in a still more conspicuous degree, the Greeks have been remarkable among men alike for the favours and the spite of fortune. And it is no wonder if, amidst many difficulties and discouragements, and even such discouragements as arise from defects and vices of their own, they cling to the belief that the severity of their trials is in truth a presage of a happy and distinguished future, acting like the flame of the furnace on the metal which is to issue from it. The fall of the race was indeed from so great a height, and to such a depth of misery, as is without parallel in history. The first stage of their descent was when they came under the Roman dominion.

* Hamlet iii. 4.

† *Mémoire sur la situation actuelle des Arméniens et sur leur avenir*. Dated from 74, Lancaster Gate, London.

‡ Tennyson's *Harold*.

But *Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit*. This first reverse was mitigated by the majesty of the Power to which they succumbed, and by a continuous intellectual reign; such that, when Christianity went forth into the world, no sooner had it moved outwards from its cradle in Jerusalem, than it assumed the aspect of a Greek religion. That aspect it bore for centuries. In the Greek tongue, and by minds in which the Greek element predominated, was moulded that Creed, which still remains the intellectual basis of the Christian system. In the second century, it was still the ruling Christian tongue in Rome, where Pope Victor was the first who wrote in Latin on the business of the Church.* Perhaps the greatest measure, ever accomplished by a single man at a single stroke, was the foundation of Constantinople; whose empire survived, by a thousand years, that of the elder Rome. Here, too Greek influences acquired ascendancy: and we ought to wonder, not so much at the final fall of the great city, as at its long survival; a survival, only brought to its term by the appearance on the stage of foes far more formidable than those, before whom Italy and its proud capital had licked the dust.

But, all this time, *numerosa parabat excelsæ turris tabulata*. When still the exclusive mistress of the most refined learning of the world, she was called to bear, in common with other not yet patrician races, the fearful weight of the Ottoman yoke. By the far-sighted cruelty of Mohammed II., the aristocracy of the Greek lands was completely swept away. They exhibited, indeed, no case like that of the general apostasy of the landholders in Bosnia: the repetition of this infamy on a smaller scale in Crete took place at a much later period. Greeks were not only deprived of their natural leaders; they were assailed at every point, and in the very citadel of the family life, by the terrible exaction of the children-tribute. Not only was the system indicated by that phrase a most cruel and wicked one on the part of the conquerors who invented it, but it carried with it an amount of degradation to the sufferers who bore it, such, perhaps, as never was inflicted even on African slaves. Endured at first in the stupidity of terror, it laid wide and deep, during the two centuries for which it lasted, the foundations of baseness, and it is probably not too much to say that two centuries since its cessation† have not yet everywhere effaced its effects. Nor is effeminacy, especially where thus engendered, a guarantee for humanity. The fathers who gave over the bodies and souls of their children to the tyrant were, thus far, sunk into the region of the brutes, and acquired of necessity something of that habit of mind which is as ready upon occasion to enforce the law of violence, as to cringe before it.

* Döllinger, Hippolytus und Kallistus, chap. i. p. 28. Plummer's Translation, p. 25.

† Finlay's Greece, from 1453 to 1821, pp. 194, 195.

While such was the condition of the Greek race, considered on the side of their Ottoman masters, their horizon was not a whit less black in every other quarter. There is no chapter of history more disgraceful to Western Christendom, than that which exhibits the conduct of its various Governments with respect to the entrance of Turkish rule into Europe, and its continuance there. It made, indeed, vigorous and even noble efforts to repel the invaders; but this was when the Turks, having overrun that portion of the South of Europe which adhered to the Oriental Church, began at length to menace, and to some extent to occupy, European ground within the precinct of the Latin Communion. These efforts were ultimately successful; but it was only towards the close of the seventeenth century, that the danger could be said to have passed away from Western Europe. And it was during the same period, which witnessed the great overthrows of the Turks at Vienna (1685) and Peterwaradin (1717), that they were allowed to add to their empire by wresting Crete from the Venetians, and by finally recovering the Morea. The efforts made by Venice were remarkable as proceeding from so small a State, confident only in maritime resources; but they were neither liberating nor crusading efforts, so far as the Christian populations were concerned. They were commercial and territorial; and if the civil yoke which they imposed were lighter than that which they removed, it was sometimes found that they carried with them a new stumbling-block in the shape of religious rivalry,* whereas the Turks were, as a rule, in regard to questions between one form of Christianity and another, supremely impartial. At all events we find that, when the long war waged in Crete ended in 1669 with its surrender to the Porte, the Greek population of the island, who might have given the victory to Venice, did not think it worth their while† to bestir themselves for the purpose. In general, either Europe was indifferent to the subjugation of Eastern Christendom, or at any rate, governed by their selfish jealousies, the Powers could not agree on the division of so rich a spoil,‡ and therefore they suffered a very unnatural oppression to endure.

But even political jealousy was not so keen and sharp-eyed an enemy as ecclesiastical ambition. Of this we have the most extraordinary proof in the letter addressed by Pope Pius II. to Mahomet II. shortly after the capture of Constantinople. The Pontiff exhorts the victorious Sultan (1461) to embrace Christianity, and not only promises, upon that condition, to confer on him, by virtue of his own apostolical authority, the legitimate sovereignty of all the countries he had conquered from the Greeks, but engages to use

* Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution, i. p. 9.

† Finlay's Greece, p. 132.

‡ Pichler, Geschichte der Kirchlichen Trunnung, i. 500.

him for the re-establishment over those countries of the supremacy of the Papal Chair. *Tuum brachium*, he says, *in eos imploraremus, qui jura Ecclesie Romanæ nonnunquam usurpant, et contra matrem suam cornua erigunt*.* Such was the consolation administered, on the Christian side and from the highest quarter, to those crushed under the calamity of Ottoman domination. It was their peculiar fate to be smitten on one cheek because they were Christians, and on the other because they were not Latin Christians. Had it not been, says Dr. Pichler, the learned historian of the Schism, for the religious division of East and West, the Turks never could have established their dominion in Europe.† Finlay tells us that Greeks, prosecuting their calling as merchants in the West, used actually to assume the disguise of Turks, in order to secure for themselves better treatment than they could have received as Eastern Christians.‡ And yet we learn from the same author, that they suffered heavily for their supposed identity of religious profession with the Latins. The Moors, expelled from Spain, and taking refuge in the East, might not unnaturally pay off, when they found themselves in the ascendant, some of their old scores; part, at least, of what they had suffered from the victorious Christians of Spain. But the Jews also migrated in large numbers at the same time to the same quarter, and took a very high social position in the East as merchants, bankers, and physicians.

"They were eager," says Finlay, "to display their gratitude to the Ottomans, and the inhuman cruelties they had suffered from the Inquisition made them irreconcilable enemies of the Christians."§

Nor was this all. The Turks did not long enjoy a maritime superiority corresponding with their military power by land. They had not nautical in the same high degree as soldierly aptitudes, and they were greatly dependent for manning their ships on the Greeks, of whom they had 25,000 in the fleet defeated at Lepanto. Therefore the seas afforded the means of constant irregular attack on Turkey. They were covered with pirates; and the religious orders of St. John and St. Stephen found it a meritorious as well as profitable occupation to pursue buccaneering practices on the coasts of the countries and islands, which were mainly inhabited by the Greek race; as in so doing they were assailing the territories of the infidel, and diminishing his power. The Greeks were commanded into Turkish, and kidnapped into Christian, galleys. Barbary competed in these lawless practices. Devastation was spread over the coasts of Greece, which often became uninhabitable;|| and this plague was not extirpated, until the epoch of political redemption came.

Nor was this singular complication of calamities materially relieved by the fact, that Greek intelligence had been largely drawn

* Pichler, i. 501.

† Ibid. i. 498.

‡ Finlay's Greece, p. 186.

§ Ibid. p. 132.

|| Ibid. pp. 106—118.

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upon to bring up to par the scantier supply of Turkish brains. Among the Viziers and other governing Turks no small numbers were of Greek extraction or mixed blood, but no trace of this relationship seems easily perceivable in their conduct. Still more remarkable was the creation of the class of Phanariots, so called from the Phanar, a quarter of Constantinople which they inhabited; an artificial aristocracy,* in whom selfish interests left little room for the growth of traditional feelings, so that their services to themselves were boundless, but to their nation rare. The opening for promotion tended to stir the desire for education so congenial to Hellenes, but as tax-gatherers the official Greeks were often the instruments of tyranny in detail; and a numerous body, possessed of influence, while on the whole they used it somewhat to alleviate oppression, at least in Greece, yet acquired an interest in supporting that Ottoman domination, upon which they personally thrived.†

To the Greek race at large, these calamities were not only of an afflicting, but also of a most corrupting character. The song of Homer witnesses that the mild slavery of the heroic ages took away half the manhood of a man.‡ But the slavery (for this it really was) imposed by the Ottoman Turk, not only substituting will for law, but mutilating the sacred structure of the family, and clothing the excesses of tyrannical power with the awful sanctions of religion, was such as to take away even half the remaining virtue of a slave. It seems indisputable that the effect was to corrode very seriously the character of the race.§ The fetter that eats into the flesh eats also into the soul. God made man free, yet doubtless in foresight of the mischiefs that would result from the abuse of freedom. The abuse of it is fault and guilt, but the loss of it is mutilation. Under Ottoman rule, and in exact proportion as it was unqualified and unresisted, together with intellectual, moral, and domestic life, the sense of nationality, and the desire of recovery, sank to the lowest ebb.

One treasure only remained to the Greek through the long night of his desolation; it was "the pearl of great price." Setting aside the involuntary victims of the children-tribute, only a most insignificant minority of the Christian races, or at least of the greater part of them, submitted to purchase by apostasy|| immunity from suffering, with free access to the pleasures and advantages of life; especially to that most intoxicating and corrupting pleasure, the power of simple domineering over our fellow-creatures. That faith, which ought to bear fruit in the forms of all things fair and noble and humane, shrank into itself, as it often shrinks in cases

* "A fictitious and servile noblesse."—*Gordon, Greek Revolution*, i. p. 34.

† *Ibid.* 293—296.

‡ *Od.* xvii. 322.

§ *Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution*, i. 32, 33.

|| *Ibid.* i. 23.

less unhappy; and slept through the icy winter of many generations. But a twinkling light still marked the habitation it had not deserted; and it abode its time, bearing within itself the capacity and promise of a resurrection to come. While we admit and deplore the deep gloom of ignorance, and the widespread ravages of demoralization, let there also be a word of tribute rendered to the virtue of one heroic endurance and persistency, which is without parallel in the history of Christendom.

If we look to the means by which this great result was achieved, I cannot but assign the utmost value to the fact that even the popular services of the Eastern Church appear to be profusely charged with matter directly drawn from Scripture, and that access was thus given to a fountain of living waters, even where the voice of the preacher was unheard, and books were almost unknown. Thus the ministration of the Christian rites was kept in some relation with that action of the human intelligence, which they encourage and presuppose. But I think that the impartial student of history must also admit that, in these dismal circumstances, the firmly knit organization of the Christian clergy rendered an inestimable service, in helping the great work of conservation. And it is not without interest to remark how many circumstances favour the belief that in this work the largest share belonged not to the monk in his cloister, or the bishop on his throne, but to the secular, or, as they are now called, the working clergy. The institution of marriage made and kept them citizens as fully as the members of their flocks: and "chill poverty," if it "repressed their noble rage," removed them from the temptations, to which the higher clergy were exposed by their often close and questionable relations with Constantinople. Mr. Finlay, who has exposed the results of this contact with, to say the least, an unsparing hand, has nevertheless placed upon record the following remarkable judgment:—

"The parish priests had an influence on the fate of Greece quite incommensurate with their social rank. The reverence of the peasantry for their Church was increased by the feeling that their own misfortunes were shared by the secular clergy. . . . To their conduct we must surely attribute the confidence, which the agricultural population retained in the promises of the Gospel, and their firm persistence in a persecuted faith. The grace of God operated by human means to preserve Christianity under the domination of the Ottomans."*

Let us now consider how the door of hope was opened, and the opening gradually widened, for the race. The decay and extinction of the children-tribute, in the seventeenth century, is to be considered as the removal of an insurmountable obstacle to all recovery. The contact with Venice, even in political subordination, maintained variously at various times, and never wholly lost in the

* Finlay's *Greece*, p. 181.

(so-called) Ionian Islands until the extinction of the long-lived Republic, may at least have tended to maintain some sense of a common life, and common interests, with the rest of Christendom. The gradual loss by the Turks of their military supremacy was at least a negative advantage, a remote source of hope, to those whom they held in servitude. Some admissions, too, must be made on behalf of Turkey. Whether to avoid trouble, or for whatever reason, in certain districts, as in the Armatoliks, in Maina, in Sphakia, a more or less wild local independence was permitted to subsist. And candour compels us to confess that the gradual inroads of Russia, with its rising power, upon the Ottoman Empire, and its active interference in the Danubian Principalities, suggested in idea the figure of a deliverer rising on the far horizon.

In the peculiar case of Chios, the large principles of local self-government, established under the Genoese trading company of the Giustiniani, were respected by the Sultans after the conquest of the island in 1566. It became the home of comparative security and prosperity. It retained this character until the epoch of the Greek Revolution, when all, or nearly all, was quenched in blood by a massacre even more sanguinary, though apparently in some respects less fiendish, than the Bulgarian massacres of the present year. By this condition of relative freedom, continued through generations, the inhabitants of the island rose to a superior level of intelligence; and it is indeed a remarkable fact, that Chios has supplied the chief part of those mercantile families, so full of intelligence, enterprise, and shrewdness, who have given in our day to Grecian commerce its very prominent and powerful position in the West, as well as in the East, of Europe. What a lesson, on the comparative results of servitude on the one hand, and even a very modest share of freedom with order on the other!

When the Morea returned, by the Peace of Passarowitz in 1718, under Turkish dominion, the cessation of the children-tribute had for some time removed a powerful check upon the growth of the population, and the system came at least partially into vogue of commuting the personal services of the rayah, and exactions in kind, for money payments of fixed amount.* In the eighteenth century, and the nineteenth down to the time of the Revolution, the population of the Morea would appear to have increased from 200,000 (1701)† to twice that number.

The consequence of this rising energy was soon exhibited in the activity of Russian influence, and in the readiness with which welcome was accorded to the rather selfish plans of Catherine II. In 1770, her agents procured a revolt in the Peloponnesos and in Crete, but with the avowed intention of bringing them under the crown of the Empress.‡ The result, as might be expected,

* Finlay's Greece, p. 281.

† Ibid. p. 237.

‡ Ibid. p. 308.

was discouraging; and in the peace of Kainardji, which did so much to extend Russian power and influence over the Christians of Turkey in general, no other care was taken of the Greeks than the insertion of a clause of amnesty, which was left to execute itself; a process which requires no exposition in detail.* They shared, however, in principle, and they had qualities enabling them to turn to peculiar account, the strange but very valuable privileges of the *Barat*, under which Ottoman subjects, residing in Ottoman territory, obtained a charter of denaturalization, and the privileges of the subjects of some friendly power, to whom their allegiance was transferred.† But the time soon arrived when the Greeks began to feel the moral influence of the French Revolution, of growing commerce, and of the improvements effected in their language by progressive approximations to the ancient standard. By the time of the Treaty of Vienna, they had so far imbibed the spirit and sense of nationality, that it is said disappointment was felt on its being found that nothing was done for the Greek race. The influence of the mischievous combination, which daringly assumed the name of the Holy Alliance, was undisguisedly adverse to them. The Congress of Laybach, at the outset of the Revolution, declared its hostility to every struggle for freedom. The Congress of Verona,‡ which followed closely upon the great massacre of Chios, was not roused by sympathy or horror to authorize any positive measure or policy against Sultan Mahmoud; and the religious sympathies of the Emperor Alexander were upon the whole overborne, in the direction of Russian policy, by his horror of democracy.§

But the opinion and sense of communities had now a larger influence than formerly on the course of affairs, and even on the action of Governments. The Greeks were advancing in education and in wealth, whilst the process of decay had visibly attacked the proud Empire of the Ottomans. Courage had revived among them, fostered partially by piracy and *brigandage*, but also by the formation of regular military bands, composed from the *armatoli*, or local Christian militia, who, in the strange and anomalous condition of the Turkish Empire, had been allowed to exercise great power in parts of the peninsula, until in later times the centralizing operations of the Sultans, endeavouring to circumscribe their action, threw them into an attitude of resistance to the Government, and sometimes into habits of absolute rapine. From the materials thus supplied, several regular corps had been constructed in connection with various Governments. On the sea, there had been formed a race of hardy mariners, who manned the Greek

* Gordon, i. 31. † Finlay's History of the Greek Revolution, i. 131. ‡ Ibid. ii. 162.

§ A different view, to some extent, is taken in Joyneville's Life and Times of Alexander I., vol. iii, chapters vi. and vii.

trading ships, and knew how to work the guns, that they carried for defence against the piracy still infesting their coasts. All these separate materials were brought into the possibility of combination by the Philikè Hetairia;* a secret society of considerable value, in whose bosom lay the seeds of the revolution, waiting the day when they should burst from the surface. This combination grew out of or replaced a literary institution called the Philomuse Society, which, like the agricultural gatherings at a more recent period in Italy, appears to have cloaked its aims under a title calculated to avert suspicion. The Hetairia had a decided relation to Russian influence, as well as to Greek independence, but to influence of a popular kind, such as we have witnessed in very energetic operation during the present year. All the European Governments were alike hostile at the time. Still in the case of Russia there was this difference, that the Hellenes might not irrationally regard her as the natural enemy of their enemy. The ramifications of this society were wide, and its uses, at least its preliminary uses, would seem to have been considerable.†

It was not, however, by the advised counsel of the conspirators that the time of the outbreak was finally determined; but by the war between Sultan Mahmoud and his formidable vassal, Ali Pacha of Joannina in Albania, which appeared to offer an opportunity for action too tempting to be slighted. It was in the year 1821, and in the region of the Principalities, that the movement began; but it was essentially Greek,‡ and could only live and thrive on its own soil. In Southern Greece it commenced, with fatal energy, in a widespread massacre of the dispersed Mussulman population. It rose to nobler efforts, and to great exploits; but I am not required to attempt, for the present purpose, the details of military history. It offers in detail a chequered picture of patriotism and corruption, desperate valour and weak irresolution, honour and treachery, resistance to the Turk and feud one with another. Its records are stained with many acts of cruelty. And yet who can doubt that it was upon the whole a noble stroke, struck for freedom and for justice, by a people who, feeble in numbers and resources, were casting off the vile slough of servitude, who derived their strength from right, and whose worst acts were really in the main due to the masters, who had saddled them not only with a cruel, but with a most demoralizing, yoke?§ Among the propositions, which seem to be applicable to the facts collectively, are these: first, that it lay beyond the power of Turkey to put down the rebellion, without the aid of Ibrahim's ability and of

* Gordon, i. 42; Finlay, i. 120.

† Finlay and Gordon seem to differ much in their estimates of the efficiency of the Hetairia.

‡ Finlay, i. 169.

§ See, on this subject, a noble passage from Lord Russell's *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe*, which is cited by the Bulgarian Deputies at p. 25 of their recent pamphlet.

the Egyptian forces:* secondly, that gratitude for what Greece had once been and done produced much foreign aid, especially in the noble forms of individual devotion, as from Byron, Church, Gordon, Hastings, and others: thirdly, that the efforts made would have been ineffectual to achieve a complete deliverance, without foreign assistance of another sort.

Every traveller in Greece and its islands will speedily learn that upon the list of virtues obliterated from, or rather impaired in, the general Hellenic mind, the sense of gratitude is not included. Nowhere is it more lively.

One of the most brilliant names of our political history is also one of the names dearest to the heart of Greece. It is the name of George Canning. Let us now see by what wise and bold action that place in the fond and tenacious memory of a country and a race was obtained.

The war of the Revolution reached at first very widely over the range of territories inhabited by the Hellenic race, from Macedonia to Crete; but after a time came to be contracted, as far as land operations were concerned, within limits narrower than those of the historical Greek Peninsula. The moderate capacity and indifferent morality, but too observable among the Greek leaders, convinced the acute and penetrating mind of Lord Byron that the difficulties of the enterprise were vast. In August, 1824, before Ibrahim with his Egyptian forces had taken part in the quarrel, the Greek Government entreated England to take up the cause of independence, and frustrate the schemes of Russia.† Mr. Canning received this letter on November 4th, and answered it on the 1st of December. In his reply he only promised that Great Britain would mediate, on the request of Greece, with the assent of the Sultan, a friendly sovereign who had given to this country no cause of complaint. The chief importance of this answer lay, first, in the fact that it included the recognition of a government‡ authorized to act for the Greeks, and thus of their latent right to form themselves into a state: secondly, that it indicated a step on which, when taken by them, he would be prepared to found further proceedings. He had indeed already, in 1823, by a recognition of the Turkish blockade of the Greek ports, given to the insurgents the character of belligerents.§ But it seems plain on grounds of common sense, although in 1861 the question came to be clouded by prepossessions, that a measure of this nature is properly determined by considerations of fact, rather than of principle.

In August, 1825, the military pressure, through the invasion of

* Gordon, ii. 171.

† Finlay's Greek Revolution, ii. 166; Gordon, ii. 283.

‡ Tricoupi, *Hellenikè Epanastasis*, vol. iii. p. 193.

§ *La Russie et la Turquie*, par Dmitri de Boukharow. Amsterdam.

the Peloponnesos by the Egyptian force, had become severe : and an act, as formal and authoritative as the condition of a State still in embryo would permit, then declared that "the Greek nation places the sacred deposit of its liberty, independence, and political existence, under the absolute protection of Great Britain."

Mr. Canning at once perceived the full significance of the step ; and entered upon perhaps the boldest and wisest policy which has been exhibited by a British Minister during the present century. It did not consist in empty but offensive vaunts of the national resources, or loud proclamations of devotion to British interests, of which Britons, like other nations in their own cases respectively, have little need to be reminded. Neither did it rest on those guilty appeals to national fears and animosities, which it is too much to expect that the body of a people can withstand when they come to them with the sanction of authority. On the contrary, its leading characteristic was a generous confidence in the good sense, and love of liberty, which belonged to his countrymen, and a brave and almost chivalrous belief that they would go right if their leaders did not lead them wrong. Before Mr. Canning took office in 1822, the British Government viewed the Greek rebellion with an evil eye, from jealousy of Russia. According to Finlay,* its aversion was greater than that of "any other Christian Government." Its nearest representative, Sir Thomas Maitland, well known in the Ionian Islands as King Tom, after breaking faith with the people there by the establishment of a government virtually absolute in his own hands, endeavoured (but in vain) to detect by the low use of espionage the plans, yet in embryo, of the Revolution. Nor had any individual more temptation to indulge feelings of hostility to the despotic governments of Europe, than a Minister, who was more hateful in their eyes than any Secretary of State who before or since has held the seals of the Foreign Office. But he saw that the true method of preventing the growth of an exorbitant influence, of disarming Russian intrigue, and shutting out the power of mischief, was for England to assume boldly her own appropriate office as the champion of freedom, and thus to present her figure in the eyes of those who were struggling to attain the precious boon. Invested with a sole authority by the address of the Greeks, and thereupon at once tendering, through Mr. Stratford Canning, his distinguished cousin, the mediation of England to the Porte, he at the same time sought to associate with himself as partner in his office that Power, who, as he well knew, had it in her hands either to

* Greek Revolution, ii. 161 ; Gordon, i. 315. Also compare Tricoupi, *Hellenikē Epanastasis*, i. 339, seqq. ; ii. 219 ; iii. 267. On the change in the English policy, and its effect, see Tricoupi, iii. 191—194. The majority of Mr. Canning's Cabinet did not sympathize with him ; but he had the advantage of a thoroughly loyal chief in Lord Liverpool.

make or mar his work.* The circumstances were in some respects propitious. Alexander, who had been perplexed with perpetual balancing between his Orthodox sympathies and his despotic covenants or leanings, died before the close of 1825: and Nicholas, his successor, expended the firstfruits of his young imperial energies in repelling the mediation of England as to his own quarrel with the Porte, but also in accepting, with all the energy of his nature, that partnership in the patronage of the struggling Greeks, which was tendered to him by the Duke of Wellington on the part of the British Government.† In Greece itself, the effect is described by Tricoupi in few words: ἡ Ἑλλάς ἡγγλίζειν ὅλη: all Greece became English.‡

Had Mr. Canning been a man of infirm purpose, or of narrow and peddling mind, he might readily have found excuses for disclaiming special concern in the quarrel between the Sultan and his subjects. The party by which Lord Liverpool's Government was supported did not sympathize with that or with any revolt. The Philhellenes of England were but a sect, limited in numbers and in influence. But, above all, there had been then no ground to fear lest Russia, by an affected or real protection, should shut out this country from her proper office. Russia had surrendered herself, in the main, to the debasing influence of Metternich.§ She had in 1823, in the character of an advocate for the Greek cause, produced a plan for dividing the country into three hospodariates, to be governed by native rulers, with the fortresses in the hands of Ottoman garrisons; and had even alleged, as a ground for its adoption, that it highly favoured the principal families, and would detach them from the interests of the insurrection. Its single merit was, that it covered the entire range of the Hellenic lands; but it seemed to give ground for the accusation of Finlay,|| that its aim was to keep Greek feeling in a state of chronic irritation, and thus to perpetuate the need of Russian intervention. At the outset of the war, the attitude of this great State had been one of undisguised hostility.¶ It not only dismissed Hypsilantes, who commanded in the Principalities, from the Russian army, and gave the necessary consent for the entry of Turkish troops into those provinces to put down the insurrection, but it ejected from Russian territory, under circumstances of great severity, a hundred and fifty Greeks, who were refused admission into Austria, and into the Sardinia of that day, and who only by means of private alms were enabled to return to their country.** But Russia had also controversies of its own with the Porte, arising out of the articles of the Treaty of Bukharest (1812), and indirectly those controversies

* Compare Tricoupi, *Hellenikè Epanastasis*, iii. 278.

† *Ibid.* iv. 2, 3.

‡ *Ibid.* iii. 267.

§ *La Russie et la Turquie*, p. 82.

|| *Greek Revolution*, ii. 165.

¶ *Ibid.* i. 155 seqq.

** *Ibid.* ii. p. 166; Gordon, ii. p. 82.

favoured the cause of the insurrection, by requiring Turkish troops to be moved upon the northern frontier of the empire.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. Canning made his far-sighted appeal to the Czar. And it was by the concurrence of the two countries that the work received an impetus such as to secure success. In the month of April, 1826, an important protocol was signed at St. Petersburg, of which the leading terms are as follows. Greece shall be a tributary State, governed by authorities of its own choice, but with a certain influence reserved to the Porte in their appointment. The Greek people shall have the exclusive direction of their foreign relations. The lands of Turkish proprietors shall be purchased by the State. The Second article provides for an offer of mediation with the Porte; and the Third for the prosecution of the plan already declared, should the Porte refuse the offer. The delimitation of territory is reserved. The two Governments renounce, by a happy covenant, imitated in 1840, and again at the outbreak of the Crimean War, all exclusive advantages, and all territorial aggrandisement. Lastly, the concurrence of the other three Great Powers is to be invited.* This protocol was followed, through the aid of British and French influence, by the Treaty of Akerman, which settled the outstanding differences between Russia and the Porte, made further provision respecting the Principalities, and re-established in principle the autonomy of Servia.†

The offer of mediation agreed on in the protocol was refused by the Porte, which now relied on its military successes, and which had not to deal with an united Europe; though the France of the Bourbons, much to its honour, had associated itself with the Courts of England and of Russia. The refusal brought about the signature, in July, 1827, of the Treaty of London. This treaty was the great ornament of the too short-lived administration of Mr. Canning, as the policy, which it brought to decisive effect, was the crown of all his diplomacy. It provided for a renewed offer of good offices to the Porte, and for compulsory measures to give practical effect, in case of a renewed refusal, to the protocol of 1826. But, after not many days, Mr. Canning was no more.

Then followed in rapid succession the declaration of a compulsory armistice, the consequent destruction of the Turkish fleet by the battle of Navarino in November, the dismissal of the Ambassadors from Constantinople, the war declared in April, 1828, on Russian grounds, by the Czar, and the advance of his conquering armies to the conquest of Adrianople in August, 1829. At that point the Emperor Nicholas perceived from many signs, and doubtless among them from the attitude of England, the prudence

* *La Russie et la Turquie*, pp. 92—94.

† *Ibid.* p. 95—101.

of a halt. But to him and to his country, aided by the good offices of Prussia, redounded the final honour of including in the Russian Treaty of Peace the provisions of July, 1827. The tenth article of the Treaty of Adrianople is the international charter of the independent existence of Greece.* Though the Sultan had vaguely agreed to the concession before the Treaty, at the instance of England and France, yet his willingness to comply may be set down, in the main, to the formidable nearness of the Russian army.

A British subject can, as such, find little pleasure in tracing the later stages of the history. It is indeed easy to understand why in 1829, with Constantinople opened to the Russian armies, the British Government should have been disturbed; but it is not so easy either to comprehend or to justify the rapid change of tone and feeling which followed the accession of the Duke of Wellington to power in January, 1828; and which stigmatized the battle of Navarino, in the Royal speech at the commencement of the session, as an untoward, though it was certainly an unexpected, event. An error, not perhaps more striking, but yet more grievous in its consequences, was the narrow amount of territory accorded to the new Kingdom, as if to abate at once the high hopes and rebuke the noble daring of its people, and to condemn the infant State to a deplorable weakness and perpetual tutelage.

Finlay says with truth that the Revolution of Greece was the people's revolution. They exhibited a tenacity and valour, not less than that of the American colonists in their famous revolt, which some despotic sovereigns showed themselves very ready to assist. We need not resent that assistance. It brought to a sharper and speedier crisis a war, which would otherwise have been interminable, between the two most tenacious and self-reliant races in the world. The same service was done to Turkey by the Three Powers; and from higher motives. Their abstinence would not have replaced the Sultan in a real sovereignty. Fortresses taken, armies discomfited, would have seemed to be, but would not have been, the end. The mountain and the flood would have given refuge to their hardy children, and the contest would have been dispersedly but resolutely maintained by a race, to whom as yet, except in the Black Mountain, no equals in valour have appeared among the enslaved populations of the East. But if this was a notable resemblance, there was another yet more notable contrast, between the cases of America and Greece. The populations directly interested were not very different in number. Of quick and shrewd intellect there certainly was no lack in either. But the solid statesmen, the upright and noble leaders, who sprang forth in abundance to meet the need in the one case, were

* Finlay, *Greek Revolution*, ii. 222; *La Russie et la Turquie*, pp. 102—113.

sadly wanting in the other. The colonists of America had been reared under a system essentially free, and they rose in resentment against an invasion of freedom but partial and comparatively slight; the revolted Hellenic population had for four centuries been crushed and ground down under a system, far from uniform in a thousand points, yet uniform only in this, that it was fatal to the growth of the highest excellence. It is in and by freedom only, that adequate preparation for fuller freedom can be made.

The uneasiness of Greece in its provisional condition, under Capodistrias as the President of a republican Government, was extreme; and diplomacy still did it a service, greater than perhaps it knew, in offering, or promoting the offer of, its crown to Prince Leopold* of Saxe Coburg, first among the statesman-kings of his day, or perhaps his century. He accepted the Hellenic throne; but the intrigues of Capodistrias, in representing difficulties, and also in creating them, appear to have so far darkened the prospect as to have brought about his resignation. With that resignation passed away the hope of a brilliant infancy for Greece. The small number of princes, disposable for such a purpose as filling the Hellenic throne, was probably further reduced by the jealousies of reigning families and their States; and though the average capacity of the members of royal houses may be considerably above that of the community at large, but a very small part, out of a very small total, can be expected to rise to the standard of faculty and character required in order to meet the arduous calls of the situation. King Otho was neither a depraved nor a neglectful sovereign. But he had no conception of free government; the stage on which he had to act admitted only of its exhibition in Lilliputian proportions: there were no indigenous statesmen suited to supply his deficiencies. Strangers were brought in for ministers; the spirit of faction, and, worst of all, of foreign faction, prevailed at the centre; absolutism was the medicine applied to the infirmities of the country; weakness and disorder were the result. And when a Constitution was established in 1843, it was alike premature and defective, both in itself, and in that it had to be worked by a sovereign incapable of comprehending it. In 1862 the patience of the people was finally exhausted, and King Otho disappeared. Perhaps it is only as from that year, that free Greece ought to be considered as put upon its trial. And even when the stage was thus cleared, and a sovereign of promise was at length secured for the country, it was the promise of boyhood only, and more years had to pass before the young King George attained the years of action.

This outline, so general and so slight, would require, of course, correction as well as development if made applicable to details. But some review of the past is necessary, in order to secure a fair

* Finlay, ii. 221; Triconpi, iv. 380, 381.

chance of judging rightly of the present. And here we encounter a school of thought, whose maxim it is that the emancipation of Greece has resulted in a total failure. Let me now first show that competent judges have not thought so, and afterwards ask, whether this sentence of sweeping condemnation is warranted by the facts.

The Seven Islands, which bore the name of the Septinsular Republic, are scattered along the coast from Epirus to the extreme south of the Morea. They are independent in thought and feeling of one another, and in the partition of the offices of government, under the British Protection, a keen rivalry prevailed. No one probably will be found to hold, that that chapter of our history is worthy of its general strain. Sometimes, when we preached constitutional doctrine to Continental sovereigns, the case of the Ionian Islands was cast in our teeth. It was at one time my duty to study carefully the history of the connection, and I must say that, though the general intentions of the Protecting Power were good, the reproach was in various respects well deserved; even down to a period, when King Tom and his system had been apparently repudiated. To share a common subordination is not a principle of common life. The islands had no other principle, except one, that of their Hellenic nationality. And this, which was a reality and an honour, some Englishmen were led absurdly to deny, because the Italian language was in use among the ruling class, with a very limited infusion, if any, of Italian blood. Why did we not, on the establishment of a free Greece, seize the opportunity of putting an end to a relation manifestly provisional, and relieving them and ourselves from a position false from the root upwards, by allowing them to take their natural place as part of the newly constituted State?

The question appears a reasonable one; yet we have no reason to suppose that even Mr. Canning contemplated such a measure. It is probable, that he found himself bound hand and foot by a military tradition, supposed to draw its origin from the great Napoleon. If Napoleon did indeed teach, as is said, the great military value of Corfu, it would be interesting to observe at what period of his career he promulgated the doctrine. Was it after, or was it before, six or eight thousand of his veteran troops under Berthier were neutralized, for all the years from the French conquest to his abdication, by a couple (I believe) of small British vessels? Even in the times of sailing ships, and of an artillery which has since been not so much improved as transformed, and with reference also to the monopolizing schemes of an aggressive power, it may be asked, what element of strength did Corfu secure

* These troops returned to France in 1814; and I found it currently stated in the islands, though I have never been able to ascertain the facts, that they were among the very first to join his standard on the arduous occasion of his return from Elba.

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for a possessor who had not the command of the sea? and what real addition did it make to the military resources of one who had it? Of the military burden, for a country like this, of maintaining garrisons of six or eight thousand men, whether in Corfu or in the islands collectively, it is needless that I should speak.

No man was more keenly sensitive than Lord Palmerston on subjects connected with military power, or more alive to the defective state and qualified progress of free Greece. Yet, in 1862, when first the prospect of free government in an effective form was opened for that country, he with Lord Russell proposed, and his Cabinet promptly agreed, to make arrangements for the surrender of the Protectorate, and the incorporation of the Seven Islands with the continental State. This was a practical witness to the judgment passed by that Cabinet, and especially of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, on the hopefulness of the future for Greece. Had they not had confidence in her prospects, they could not have deemed it wise and right to promote the transfer of the Ionian population from British protection to the rule of the young King.

But this was not all. It is within my knowledge that they were most desirous, even at that late period, to retrieve the error committed at the inception of the Hellenic State by the deplorable restriction of its territory. In no spirit of unfriendliness to the Porte, they wished for the assignment of Thessaly and Epiros to Greece, subject to the conditions of sovereignty and tribute. Our own surrender of the Protectorate gave us, in a measure, occasion to consider what arrangements might be most conducive to the general tranquillity of the East. Happy would it have been for all concerned if these opinions could have taken practical effect. But even with Governments the most advanced in civilization, the standard of wisdom as to territorial questions is not uniformly high. As gold for individuals, so land has for States, a meretricious fascination.

Nothing could at that time have been gained by a public discussion of the subject. Indeed, it would have been ungenerous to Turkey, then, as was still hoped, seriously engaged in giving effect to the reforms she had so solemnly promised in 1856, to disturb the slumbering Eastern Question by mooted a plan of which a refusal, if made known, would have placed her in an invidious position. The position is now wholly different. She has herself trodden under foot those promises, bought from her with such an effusion of Western blood and treasure. She has completely liberated for free discussion both friends and foes, and also such as, disclaiming either enmity or admiration, believe that her best chance of continuing to hold a position in Europe depends upon the speedy adoption of large and liberal arrangements for the virtual self-management of internal affairs in some or all of her European

provinces. But I deem it also important to redeem, during the lifetime of his fellow-labourer, Earl Russell, the memory of Lord Palmerston from the wrong done it by those, who believe or argue that, if now alive, he would have been found to plead the obligation of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Power as paramount to the duty of granting to her afflicted subjects simple, broad, and effective guarantees for their personal and civil liberties.

Mr. Finlay, publishing in 1861 the History of the Greek Revolution, has complained that the progress of the country in industry and population had not then answered to the expectations formed of it. But he has nowhere uttered a word to imply that its emancipation was other than a great good conferred upon the Hellenic race, as well as a gain for Europe by the extinction of a flaming element of discord. I have adverted at various points to the faults, in Greece and out of it, which have restricted, but not destroyed, the fruits of the Canning policy. Yet let us not conceal from ourselves, that real and most important progress has, after all, been achieved.

At the time of the Revolution, not only did the whole dominant class, or rather the collected fragments of a dominant class, present, as their leading features, weakness, selfishness, and venality, but the people was partially barbarized, both by servitude, and by the professions of the pirate and clepht; so that the war which they waged was terribly defaced by acts of cruelty. But the revolutions which they made, and justly made, in 1843 and in 1862, did them honour by their freedom from the taint of blood. Greece, internally considered, is now an element, not of disturbance, but of stability, in the Levant. As the country does not molest Europe, so the people, always sound at heart, do not molest the Government; but obey the laws, which, indeed, are borne better, perhaps, than they deserve. The evil of transitory ministries and shifting majorities is but a secondary symptom; and has often found its parallel in our own substantially well-governed, and always orderly, Australian colonies. Brigandage has, indeed, been greatly favoured both by the nature of the country, and by the strong countenance it received from traditions anterior to the Revolution, when it wore the guise of patriotism. But it had long since become occasional and limited, at the time when England was shocked and harrowed by a deplorable but single outrage, of a kind from which Italy has been but lately purged, and Sicily, we must fear, is not yet purged altogether. The venality, unblushing and almost universal among public men at Constantinople, hides its head in Athens, much as it did in England under Sir Robert Walpole. Recently detected in the gross transactions between certain ministers and certain bishops, it was brought to trial, and severely punished by the regular unbiassed action of the Courts. In this small and almost municipal State, the inde-

pendence of the Judiciary appears to be placed beyond question; of itself an inestimable advantage. The higher Clergy live in harmony with the State, the lower with the people; and the correspondence of our Foreign Office would show instances of their liberal feeling, such as are likely to exercise a beneficial influence upon Eastern Christendom at large. Their union with the people at large makes them an important element of strength to the social fabric. It was indeed an union cemented by suffering. On Easter Day, in April, 1821, the Patriarch Gregorios* was arrested in his robes, after divine service, and hanged at the gate of his own palace in Constantinople. After three days he was cut down, and his body delivered to a rabble of low Jews, who dragged it through the streets, and threw it into the sea. Gordon enumerates about twenty Bishops, who were massacred or executed by the Turks in the early stages of the Revolution.† As for the priests, they suffered everywhere, and first of all.‡

The statistical record, moreover, of the progress of Greece, drawn from public sources, is far from being wholly unsatisfactory.

The population, which stood in 1834 at 650,000, had risen in 1870 to 1,238,000; that is to say, it had nearly doubled in thirty-six years; a more rapid rate of increase than that of Great Britain, and far beyond the ordinary European rate. With the Ionian Islands, Greece must now contain a number of souls considerably beyond a million and a half.

In 1830, Greece had 110 schools, with 9,249 scholars. In 1860, it had 752 schools, with 52,860 scholars. The University of Athens, which in 1837 had 52 students, in 1866 could show 1,182.

The revenue, which was £275,000 in 1833, was £518,000 in 1845, and £1,283,000 in 1873; or probably about a million, after allowing for the Ionian Islands.

For the shipping and trade of Greece, the figures, though imperfect, are not unsatisfactory. The number of Greek seamen, augmented by the addition of the Ionian Islands, was in 1871 no less than 35,000. But before that annexation they were 24,000: or almost three times as many, in proportion to population, as those of the United Kingdom. The tonnage is over 400,000 for 1871. Before the union with the Ionian Islands, the imports and exports averaged for 1853-7, £1,546,000; but for 1858-62, £2,885,000. For 1867-71 they had risen to £4,662,000. That portion of Greek trade which is carried on with the United Kingdom, and which was in 1861 £923,000, had risen in 1871 to £2,332,000.

Neither, then, in a material, nor in a political and social view, is there any ground to regret the intervention of the Powers on behalf of Greece.

* Gordon, i. 187. Finlay, i. 230. Tricoupi, *Hellenikè Epanastasis*, vol. i. pp. 102—107, chap. vi. † Gordon, i. 187, 188, 190, 194, 306. ‡ Ibid. i. 192.

I will now resume the argument on the future of the Hellenic subjects of the Porte.

The title of the Armenians, and of the Hellenic provinces of the Ottoman Empire, to have their case considered at the approaching Conference, is not, as I have already stated, analogous to that of the Slavonic countries. For these have exhibited their claim in the most effective form, by rising against the Sultan, and by defeating, in two of them at least, his efforts to pacify them through desolation. Perhaps, in reason, the identity of grievance might be taken for granted; but the Hellenes may justly be put to the proof. Will their *locus standi* so far be admitted at the Conference, as to allow them the opportunity of making good their case? Without prejudice to the general merits, it is plain that this admission cannot be withheld, if they are able to sustain, by adequate proof, the statements which were boldly assevered at the meeting in the Pnyx, but for which the evidence has not been disclosed to the world. Let us suppose, now, the question to stand for decision, at a meeting of the Conference, whether its care is to extend to any other than the Slavonic provinces. I will proceed to state some reasons, which might well give bias to an Englishman in favour of the affirmative; and especially to an Englishman slightly tinctured with Russophobia, or the kindred, but more advanced, disease of Turcomania.

In the first place, it is the judgment of the Ottoman Government that the changes it may be required to make shall extend to all the provinces of the empire. It will not be easy for that Government to claim that, when the immediate and primary case of the Slavs has been disposed of, the door shall be closed against others, whose equality of title she has herself asserted. Next as to Russia. It may be doubted whether her interests will render her anxious to widen the field of interposition. What generosity may prompt her to attempt, I dare not at present conjecture; but, as I believe she cannot always be exempt from the selfishness of which we ought sometimes to be very conscious in ourselves, so it has been well proved that the Emperor and his people are open, certainly not less than we are, to the generous emotion which has recently, and I believe effectively, thrilled through this island.

With some very limited exceptions on the Austrian frontier, I apprehend it to be beyond doubt, that the hopes of the Christians in European Turkey have been directed either to this country or to Russia. As between the two, there are a variety of circumstances which might conceivably direct their hopes either to the one or to the other. It is too often and too hastily assumed, that they all work in the same line, the line leading towards Russia. My own belief is that these populations would all prefer aid from England, if it were to be had: all, even including Slavs and Wallachs.

It is true that they both are united to Russia by a double tie; the Slavs by those of religion and of race, the Wallachs by the tie of religion and perhaps of recollection; for, though Russia may have used them in her own interest as tools against the Porte, it was to her power that they owed those local immunities, which put them in a condition to become, after the Treaty of Paris, a free State. But both even of these races have other ties with England: first, in the possession or desire of popular institutions; secondly, in that they have not to fear from her, even as possible, either absorption or aggression. But the Wallachs are happily out of the question; and as to the Slavs, I feel that it is vain to pursue the discussion with special reference to England, after the course which affairs have taken in 1875 and 1876.

The present inquiry is as to the Hellenic races; and here the matter stands very differently. Only in a single point have they sympathies which would lead them by preference towards Russia: it is the point of religion. Were these countries within the Latin Church, community of religion might greatly weigh, for it would imply some antagonism to all other forms of Christianity. Within the Greek Church this is not so, because it is constituted on the original principle of local distribution, rejects the doctrine and practice of supremacy, and claims no jurisdiction beyond its own borders. Mr. Finlay speaks of the strong leaning of the Ionian population to Russia. This may have been true, and with very good reason for it, in the time of Sir Thomas Maitland; or in the Island which, according to Gordon,* "groaned for years under the iron rod of a wretch, whose odious tyranny would have disgraced a Turkish Pacha." But, by degrees, the treatment of the islanders by the English was greatly altered for the better. Eighteen years ago, I was engaged in a mission to the Islands, and became convinced that the notion of the prevalence of Russian leanings there was altogether visionary; that the desire of the people was to be Greeks in polity, as they were Greeks in blood and feeling, but that as long as they could not be politically Greeks they preferred an association with the British Crown to any other association whatsoever.

Since that time events most important in their bearing on the present inquiry have occurred in the department of ecclesiastical affairs. If, on the score of religion, there was then a qualified affinity with Russia, there is now a positive antagonism. The four or five millions of Bulgarians, who were then in their traditional intercommunion with the patriarchal see of Constantinople, are now severed from it by an ecclesiastical schism; and of that schism Russia is believed by the Hellenic race to have been, through its Ambassador, General Ignatieff, the most active and powerful fomentor. And this although it has been alleged that,

* Vol. i. p. 318.

a master of the *finesse* of diplomacy, and knowing the blind hostility of Ali Pacha to everything proposed or supported by Russia, he put the Porte on the side of the Bulgarians by advisedly taking himself the side of the Patriarch.*

It is remarkable that so little has been said or heard on this important subject in the West. The reason is that its direct consequences have been purely negative. The hundred eyes and hundred hands of the Curia were directed from Rome to the Balkan Peninsula, in the hope of profiting by the quarrel; but in vain. It is hardily asserted that M. Bourée, the French Ambassador, supported with all the influence, if not with the wealth, of his country, the Papal operations; but in vain.† The eighty or ninety millions of the Oriental Communions, though partially severed in communion, and even to a very small extent in doctrine, among themselves, form an united and impregnable phalanx as against the claims of the Papacy.

In the original outbreak of the Bulgarian quarrel, we may recognize on the part of that people a genuine aspiration of nationality. Under colour of obtaining more learned and competent men than could be found among an uninstructed population, a practice had grown up, dating from about a century and a half ago, of appointing Greek Fanariote bishops to Bulgarian sees. The demand of Bulgaria was, to take into its own hands the appointment of its Bishops, and of a chief Prelate with the title of Exarch. If I am correctly informed, it happened in the course of this controversy, as of many others, that right changed sides as it went on. The Patriarch offered that the Church of Bulgaria, like that of Russia and of Greece, should become an independent national Church; but stipulated that, like them, it should be limited within local boundaries. On the Bulgarian side it was contended that wherever there were Bulgarians, constituting a local majority, the jurisdiction of the national Church should extend. This claim directly traverses the principle of local distribution, on which the Oriental Church claims, in conformity with the Ante-Nicene Church, to be founded. The claim was refused. Excommunication followed. The Russian Church declined to support the sentence of the See of Constantinople. Another of the Patriarchs took the same view, and was deposed. Russia, having the means in her power, took an active part against the successor who was appointed. In a word, although the religion of the Bulgarians remains in doctrine and rites precisely what it was before, the tranquil East has been thrown into the abyss of ecclesiastical disturbance; and with a chief share in producing such a state of things the Russian influence is, whether justly or unjustly, credited. It is even stated that by confiscating

* Attention aux Balkans: Bucharest, 1876, p. 14.

† Ibid. p. 15.

the proceeds of estates in Bessarabia, Russia has deprived the Patriarch, and the Greek establishments in Roumelia, of a large part of their means of subsistence; * not to mention the crowning allegation of this fierce Hellenizing adversary, which is that she desires to define an ecclesiastical Bulgaria reaching beyond the Balkans, in order that she may thus herself eventually control the mountain passes.

Now it is with Constantinople that the whole Hellenic race feels itself in matters of religion to be inseparably associated; it is in the strictest sense, notwithstanding the undue subserviency to the overweening pressure of the Porte which has at times and in certain respects lowered the dignity of that great See, an ecclesiastical centre to the Hellenic race, which resents every disparagement inflicted on it. So far therefore as religion is concerned, it is at this moment a ground of real and strong revulsion from Russia, not of attraction to it.

No full and accurate view of the questions connected with the Christian subjects of Turkey can be obtained without taking into count the dualism that subsists among them, as between Hellene and Slav. They are sharers in a common religion, and this bond of sympathy is primary. They are also sharers in their sufferings; but they are to some extent rivals in their dreams. Between them, they conceive themselves to have the heirship of Eastern Europe, and have some tendency to clash about the inheritance before the day of possession has arrived. The Slav is stronger in numbers: the Hellene feels that, during the long and rough night of the great calamity, the remaining genius of his race supplied the only lamps of light which flickered in the storm and in the gloom. As between Hellene and Turk, the Czar has borne the aspect of a champion: as between Hellene and Slav, he has rather the position of a possible adversary; and all the circumstances of the present moment accentuate and sharpen the outlines of that position. Only when the place of advocate has been altogether vacant, has the Hellenic race been disposed to give to Russia that position. The prospect of Russian predominance in the Levant is just as oppressive to their rising hopes, as that of a Greek Empire at Constantinople is distasteful even to the mighty and wide-ruling Emperor of all the Russias.†

I am arguing for others, rather than myself. I find abundant reasons, altogether apart from those which I have last advanced, for desiring that the opportunity of the present crisis should be used, after meeting its primary necessities, to act more broadly on ideas such as were unquestionably and strongly held by Lord

* *Attention aux Balkans*, p. 21.

† The Greek conception of Russian policy is pointedly expressed by Tricoupi, in reference to the project of 1823. *Hellenikē Epanastasis*, iii. 189, chap. xii. Also iii. 263

Palmerston and Lord Russell in 1862, and to arrange with the Porte for the concession to the Hellenic Provinces of all that may be found reasonable. I am firmly convinced that the antagonism of interests between them and the ruling Power, which many assert and assume, does not in truth exist. The condition of Turkey is bad as matters now are: what would it have been if the festering sore of the Greek Revolution had been permitted to pass, by neglect, into a gangrene? I believe that Suzerainty over a large range of country would then have been better for both parties, than independence in a very small one: but that either the one or the other was better than the doctrine that we have no more to do with a quarrel between the Sultan and his subjects than with any other similar quarrel, and than a practice in accordance with that doctrine. Why should we be alarmed at the sound of Suzerainty? It is a phrase of infinite elasticity. Even in the present Turkish Empire, Suzerainty exists in half-a-dozen different forms, as over Tunis, Egypt, Samos, Roumania, and Servia. What it implies is a practical self-management of all those internal affairs on which the condition of daily life depends, such as police and judiciary, with fixed terms of taxation, especially of direct and internal taxation, and with command over the levy of it. Where these points are agreed on, there is little left to quarrel about.

There is, therefore, for any who think in this way, ample ground for belief and action without reference to the position of this or that European power. But, in the minds of many, the actors have, as to the Eastern Question, a larger place than the acts. To them I desire to point out that, if they think it urgently required for England, in the face of Russia, to establish an independent position and influence in the Levant, by some more enduring means than vaunting menace or mere parade, or proclaiming schemes of the most unmitigated selfishness, they have now such an opportunity as never before was offered. Of that people who still fondle in their memories the names of Canning and of Byron, there are in the Levant we may safely say four millions, on whose affections we may take a standing hold, by giving a little friendly care at this juncture to the case of the Hellenic provinces. They want, not Russian institutions, but such a freedom as we enjoy. They want for their cause an advocate who is not likely to turn into an adversary; one whose temptations lie in other quarters; who cannot (as they fondly trust) ask anything from them, or in any possible contingency, through durable opposition of sympathies or interests, inflict anything upon them.*

* In the *Times* of November 18, will be found a report, copied from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, of a conversation, held by the reporter, with General Ignatieff. The degree of reliance due to it may be a question. But the sentiments towards the Greek provinces ascribed to that diplomatist were of the cold and discouraging character, which I should have anticipated.

HELLENIC FACTOR IN THE EASTERN PROBLEM. 27

The recollections of Lord Byron have been recently revived in England by a well-meant effort. Among them there is one peculiarly noble. It is that of his chivalrous devotion to the Greek cause; a devotion, of which his unsparing munificence was far from being the most conspicuous feature. In the days which preceded the revolutionary war, when Greece lay cold and stark in her tomb, her history and her fate drew forth from him some precious utterances of immortal song:—

“ They fell devoted, but undying:
The very gale their names seemed sighing:
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay:
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain;
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain:
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Rolled mingling with their fame for ever:
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is glory's still and theirs.”

These lines are from “The Siege of Corinth,”* published in 1816. More beautiful still, if more beautiful be possible, were the lines of 1813 in “The Giaour” from the image of a dead body, which began:—

“ So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed.”

And his ever-wakeful Muse stood ready to greet the first effort of resuscitation. In “The Age of Bronze,” written in 1823,† he hailed the revival thus:—

“ 'Tis the old aspiration breathed afresh
To kindle souls within degraded flesh,
Such, as repulsed the Persian from the shore
When Greece *was*—No! she still is Greece once more.”

But Lord Byron brought to this great cause, the dawn of emancipation, for the East then all in grave-clothes, not only the enthusiasm of a poet, or the reckless daring of a rover. He treated the subject, which both shaped and absorbed the closing period of his life, with the strongest practical good sense, and with a profound insight, which has not been shamed by the results. It is not unnatural to suppose, that the knowledge of the lofty part he played may have been among the encouragements which brought into action the bold policy of Canning; nor to hope, that the contemplation of it may yet supply a guiding light to some British statesman called to open its capabilities, as well as to encounter its embarrassments,

“ in una selva oscura
Che la diritta via era smarrita.”‡

W. E. GLADSTONE.

* xv.

† vi.

‡ Dante Inf. i. 2.



INTEMPERANCE: ITS PREVALENCE, EFFECTS, AND REMEDY.

THE widespread prevalence, in this country, of the vice of intemperance is so constantly attracting public attention, and so much, from time to time, has been written regarding its causes and effects—though unhappily with small visible influence—that it may appear, at first sight, almost superfluous, if not presumptuous, to recur to the subject. The fact, however, that so little *has* resulted from what has already been advanced, not only excuses reiteration, but urges on all well-wishers of their country unceasing efforts to find some remedy for so great an evil. It is impossible indeed that any Christian, any patriot, any man or woman not utterly lost in selfishness or warped by prejudice, should be able to rest content with the existing state of things.

To those who have already given some attention to the subject, it may appear strange that any proof should be thought necessary of the greatness of the curse of intemperance among us, since the daily journals abound with fearful illustrations of it, and one can hardly enter many of our streets, especially at certain times, without meeting it stalking abroad,—“the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday,”—while those who labour in any way among the poorer classes are often ready to despair before the intensity with which it rages, and the havoc it works.

Notwithstanding, however, such evidences, ample and horrible enough, a member of Parliament has recently had the hardihood

to declare publicly his conviction that more people suffer from over-eating than over-drinking. It is true that the speaker, a large brewer, was one of an interested party; yet it is difficult to conceive how even self-interest could so blind the eyes and distort the judgment of any individual as to enable him, in apparent good faith and sincerity, to make such a statement. It is surprising, too, that it should have been heard by numbers surrounded by the devastations of drunkenness, and not have provoked indignant remonstrance. But one thing is obvious, that in dealing with a subject in which so much personal interest is involved, its influence must be taken into account; for although, of the large number of persons in the country who are more or less benefited by the sale of intoxicating liquors, few, probably, would be found sufficiently reckless to endorse the affirmation just quoted, yet very many would naturally welcome the least plausible escape from the conclusion, that the good of the community demands a smaller consumption of intoxicating drinks, and would be inclined to under-estimate the force of the arguments and facts tending to that conclusion. Where questions of profit and loss come in, the mental vision is liable to many and strange illusions with regard to the subject before it; and it requires an elevation of spirit almost more than human to rise altogether superior to the influence of self-interest. We must beware, therefore, of displaying too great severity towards a feeling which we ourselves, under the same circumstances, might find it impossible to suppress, yet at the same time it must not be allowed to remain unexposed or unresisted when standing in the way of measures for the public good; and the powerful influence which in the present case it will be sure to exert against all efforts to reduce the consumption of alcoholic liquors, renders it incumbent upon the friends of temperance to lose no opportunity, and to neglect no means, of bringing prominently forward the terrible facts connected with the drink-plague, so that the public conscience may not be suffered to sleep, but may have constant warnings given it, and constant appeals made to it, until roused at length to resolve on attempting the removal, or abatement, of the scourge.

In the following essay it has been the aim of the writer to collect together, from the best sources of information, statistics of the present state of things in England with regard to intemperance—first, as to its prevalence; and secondly, as to its direct and indirect effects, more especially in relation to crime, poverty, and lunacy; and then, while considering the several remedies that have been already proposed, to state succinctly his own ideas of what is needed, with a view to the mitigation of this immense evil.

It is hardly necessary, as has been before remarked, to demonstrate from figures the awful prevalence of intemperance, since there

is no large employer of labour who does not recognize how much his own interests, together with those of the country at large, are injuriously affected by it, and no clergyman or visitor among the poor who does not bewail the widespread degradation and misery it causes, while even a casual inspection of the poorer parts of our large towns, with the numberless gin-palaces and drinking-bars they contain, and the wretched scenes that may be daily witnessed there, is enough surely to shock the most thoughtless.

It has been said that among the working classes none are so intemperate in expression as the total abstiners—and perhaps there may be some truth in the charge—but, if it be so, the accused have much to plead in extenuation. These men and women live habitually in the midst of scenes, occasional glimpses of which are sufficient to appal those who are unfamiliar with them. The hideous dissonance of drunken shouts and furious gin-fomented broils is all around them, the shrieks of ill-used wives and beaten children, victims of drunken frenzy or moroseness, are always in their ears. A drunkard's home—not in coloured picture, but in living reality, is constantly before them—a shuddering spectacle of misery and desolation; while his children, hunger-pinched and woe-stricken, sit side by side with their own in the school; can we wonder, therefore, if they “lift up their voice with strength?” Can we wonder if, having seen and felt the blessed change effected where the “Devil's Chain” of intemperance has been broken,—the change from cruelty to kindness in the parent, from misery to comfort in the home,—they should feel strongly, and often speak somewhat harshly and bitterly of those who, in their judgment, are encouraging and supporting a system which produces such unspeakable mischief?

The dreadful prevalence of intemperance is not only suggested by what is seen around us, it is amply proved by recorded facts. In 1875 there were no less than* 203,989 apprehensions in England and Wales for drunkenness, and for being drunk and disorderly; an appalling number, even if it included every drunkard. It is, however, well known that this represents, unfortunately, but a small portion of the total victims of intemperance, in proof of which it is only necessary to watch the emptying of the drink-shops at the closing time, when it will be observed that although but few of those thus turned into the streets are otherwise than more or less the worse for drink, many being even unable to walk alone; yet the police officers, though watching and ready to interfere in case of necessity, only act in the last extremity. The man must be not merely drunk, but “drunk and incapable,” or “drunk and disorderly,” to bring him within the official list of apprehensions;

* *Widely Judicial Statistics for 1875*, p. xx. (Issued from the Home Office, October, 1876); an increase of 13,000 over 1874.

and therefore to the 203,989 who are apprehended must be added all those who escape apprehension through being somewhat less than "incapable or disorderly," and who only vent the effects of drink upon the helpless family at home. Then, after making liberal allowance for repeated apprehensions of the same offender, the enormous number of drunken men and women that are thus revealed may well appal the most inconsiderate! To realize, moreover, the full extent of the evil, it must be remembered that for the most part each of these drunkards represents a wretched home, a suffering husband or wife, and miserable children doomed to bear through life, physically and morally, the curse of having been begotten of a drunken parent.

It is indeed but as a figure of speech that the name of *home* can be given to the wretched abodes, the very thought of which causes a shudder of pain to those who are at all acquainted with them, for it is almost impossible to exaggerate the picture of wretchedness suggested by the phrase, a "drunkard's home," with its accompaniments of a suffering wife, compelled to be the bosom companion of a half-mad, half-idiotic, wholly repulsive being, and of children brought up in poverty and hunger, and amid scenes of degradation and cruelty from which there is no escape.

So far we have treated only of the direct effects of intemperance. The next point to be considered is the influence it has in contributing to crime. Some time since* the statement was made by Lord Aberdare, late Home Secretary, that crime was on the decrease in this country; but this statement seems hardly borne out by facts, and appears to have been made in forgetfulness of the circumstance that by the Acts of 1847 and 1855, a large number of criminal delinquencies were allowed to be dealt with summarily, and removed from the list of indictable offences,† by which the number of criminals was *apparently* reduced without any reduction in crime. But, if this alteration of the law be taken into account, we shall find that while the amount of crime (taking the average of the five years ending 1854) was as one in 671 of the population, in the five years ending 1873,—notwithstanding the spread of education and a general state of prosperity,—it had increased to one in 477. If we proceed to seek for the connection between crime and intemperance, there is an almost universal concurrence of opinion and testimony. First we have‡ that of

* Speech at Brighton, October, 1875.

† *Vide* Judicial Statistics for those years, and the ensuing ones, also Crime in England and Wales, by Hoyle, p. 43.

‡ *Vide* Speeches of Baron Amphlett, at Leeds Assizes, 1875; Justice Lush, at Bristol Assizes, 1875; Judge Keating, at Norwich Assizes, 1874; Justice Hannen, and Baron Martin, at Liverpool Assizes, 1866, 1869; also speeches of Judges Bovill, Denman, Deasy, &c.

the judges, who almost unanimously declare that by far the largest number of those who are tried by them have committed their crimes through the influence of strong drink. Next we have the witness of the chief officers of our county and borough gaols,* who declare that at least three-fourths of all those who have come under their care have fallen through drink. Then comes the united testimony of the most experienced governors of convict prisons,† that almost all convicts have been more or less intemperate. The chaplains of the gaols‡ confirm these representations most emphatically, and assert that a very large proportion of the criminals to whom they minister have sunk into this criminal class through drinking habits; and lastly, we have much trustworthy evidence from head constables, who not only confirm the above statements, but add that a great difficulty with the police constables themselves arises from the temptation of strong drink to which they are exposed.§

If we now turn to the connection between intemperance and pauperism, the testimony is equally conclusive; the reports from many chaplains and masters of workhouses|| expressly state the unanimous conviction, on their part, founded on careful investigation, that the great majority of paupers are in this condition in consequence of their own intemperance, or the intemperance of their parents, and that were intemperance to cease, the workhouses in the next generation would be nearly empty; while at the present moment fully three-fourths of England's paupers, or nearly 600,000,¶ are such through the direct or indirect effects of intemperance.

With respect to the effect of intemperance on lunacy, the most eminent doctors connected with lunatic asylums put down at least twenty per cent. to this cause, but there is reason to believe that a much larger amount is indirectly traceable to it.**

From the above evidence, then, the following startling results are obtained as to the position of our country with regard to the vice of intemperance. In the first place, there are about 203,000 apprehensions in each year for drunkenness; and, calculating that for every one apprehended at least two will escape, we have the appalling total of over half-a-million of drunkards in Great Britain. Assuming that no more than two-thirds of these are heads of families, and that each head represents, according to the usual

* *Vide* Report of Convocation of York on Intemperance, p. 127.

† *Ibid.* p. 129.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 130.

§ *Vide* Report of Convocation of Canterbury on Intemperance, p. 44.

|| *Vide* Report of Convocation of York, p. 148.

¶ The Poor Law Local Government Report (Government), published 1876, states that there are 800,914 paupers in England and Wales, p. xv.

** Dr. J. C. Brown, Superintendent of Wakefield Asylum, reported (1872), that 15 per cent. of the cases of insanity there were due *directly* to drunkenness, and many more to its *indirect* effects. Earl Shaftesbury, Chairman of Her Majesty's Commissioners on Lunacy, places his estimate of insanity caused by drink as high as 60 per cent.

rate, four persons besides himself, we have nearly 2,500,000 men, women, and children existing under the misery and degradation implied in the words, "members of a drunkard's family." Awful indeed as these figures are, they will not appear strange to those who realize how fearfully intemperance prevails among the working classes,* and the significance of the fact that nearly thirty million barrels of malt liquor, eighteen million gallons of wine, ten million gallons of cider and perry, and forty million gallons of ardent spirits, containing altogether about 84,000,000 gallons of pure alcohol, and estimated as worth about 130,000,000 pounds sterling, are consumed in the United Kingdom each year.†

We have, then, half-a-million drunkards, and two million innocent sufferers through this vice. We have, also, 15,491‡ offenders guilty of indictable crimes in addition to the total of 512,425 convicted summarily before the magistrates, of whom 101,551 were convicted for personal assaults, 3,106 being aggravated assaults upon women and children, and of all this mass of crime it is proved by incontestable evidence that a very large proportion results from intemperance. It must not be forgotten that to this total must be added at least 200,000 innocent victims to these criminals, who have suffered in purse or person through them, and also the members of these criminals' families who are involved in their misery. We have, again, 800,914 paupers, of whom 600,000 or more are paupers through the effects of intemperance; and out of 71,000 lunatics in England, Wales, and Scotland, it is estimated that 14,000 at least are insane from the same cause.§ But, startlingly clear as are these figures, it is difficult for the mind to realize the mass of misery, vice, and crime, the degradation and disgrace, which such totals represent, and which, each year, is augmenting rather than diminishing.

It must not, however, be supposed, from the above remarks, that intemperance prevails exclusively among the so-called working classes; those higher in the scale of society are by no means exempt from it—perhaps, considering the advantages they possess, they are even more guilty in this respect. There are few large families that have not to bewail, in some branch, the unhappy victims of this vice; and it is impossible to have mixed much in the world without becoming acquainted with many blighted lives among the multitude of young men who have been led astray and ruined by the drinking customs of society. For instance, there are the "wines" of college

* From the replies given by the clergy, all over the country, to the Convocation at York, a much larger per-centage of drunkards, occasional or habitual, to the total population is shown.

† *Vide Crime in England and Wales*, by Hoyle, p. 96.

‡ *Vide Judicial Statistics for 1875* (published October, 1876), pp. xvii.—xx.

§ *Vide Parliamentary Census Report for 1871*, and other returns.

life, the treating customs among commercial men, the enticements of the refreshment bars attached to billiard-rooms, music and dancing saloons, with other of the endless snares spread for youth. Those persons are indeed happy who have never been compelled to witness in some friend the growth of this insinuating vice; who have never watched the gradual deterioration of character, the decay of self-respect, the painful nervousness, that indulgence in it has produced, till at length, the drink mania having taken full possession of the wretched man, his life has closed in a horror-haunted death-bed, and one more unfortunate has been added to the thousands of those on whom truth compels us to pass the sad verdict, "Suicide by drink!" It is not within the scope of the writer's intention to enter more fully upon this branch of the subject, yet he cannot help uttering a strong protest against many customs among us that do so much towards promoting intemperance. These begin even in dealing with children, when foolish parents or relatives introduce baby-lips to the wine-glass; the child at dessert is given a taste as a treat, and this treat lays the foundation often of the drink-craving of after-life. Parents may well beware of the peril of such a course. Children are very rarely better for alcohol, and when brought up without it few learn to care for it, and fewer still become drunkards; but to make a treat in childhood of the glass of wine is the surest way of contributing to form habits that may involve in maturity a drunkard's end; for all drunkards become so by degrees, and it follows that the earlier in life the taste is acquired, the more likely is the drink-craving to result. Another most dangerous custom is that of making unnecessary indulgence in drink the inseparable accompaniment of all festivities, arising from the idea, which appears to prevail, that it is a mark of hospitality to offer intoxicating beverages to friends at any time in the day, an idea followed no less in the invitation of the members of the wealthier classes to take a glass of wine than in the adjournment of the poorer classes to the public-house to treat each other to beer. But even still more baneful and degrading is the custom, among the commercial classes, of treating customers to drink in order to induce business, also the "footing" customs among workmen, as well as the habit, on the part of employers, of giving strong drink to casual workmen, a temptation almost irresistible to most of them, whether they need it or not, since they have thus the chance of drinking free of expense.

Among other most dangerous customs which must be noticed is that of introducing spirits after meals, when an ample quantity of wine has been already drunk, which prevails extensively in some parts of the country, leading many persons, for the sake of companionship, to indulge in excess which frequently ends in

drink-craving.* Nor must we omit to notice the results that follow from club meetings at public-houses, and the custom of drinking for the "good of the house," all of which tend to seduce so many into the downward path that leads to ruin. There is also one most pernicious custom very prevalent among small employers of labour, namely, that of paying their workmen at public-houses, often kept by relatives, or in which they have an interest; this is a fearful temptation to workmen and leads many to ruin, and should be absolutely prohibited by law. It is the imperative duty of every one to protest, both by word and example, against each and all of these mischievous customs of society, and to uphold the principle that the nobility of manhood consists in resisting all mere sensual indulgence, and in avoiding everything that may give the passions control over the higher nature.

But to return to the more immediate subject of this essay. It has been proved that the vice of intemperance prevails to a most alarming extent, and that, notwithstanding all that has been said and written, it is still spreading, with its invariable accompaniments of misery, pauperism, and crime.

The question then meets us—whether anything can be done to remedy this evil by parliamentary action, and if so, whether the present is a case in which Government should intervene? It has been maintained by some that the drinking evil is *not* a subject for its interference, and, to borrow the words of a member of the House of Commons, "that every one has a right to drink as much as he can carry away," and that the State has no right to meddle with individual indulgence. Such arguments would hardly have been advanced but for the strong and powerful interests affected; for if there be one duty which is universally acknowledged as more incumbent on the governing power of a State than another, it is the duty of providing protection for its members and of insisting on arrangements for social peace and security. This is recognized, in all civilized communities and by all civilized governments, who, as a matter of fact, *do* prohibit actions, on the part of individuals, which are liable to work harm around them; they regulate, for example, the storage and vending of explosive materials, forbid the publication and sale of immoral books, make illegal the discharge of fire-arms in public places, and even the establishment of betting and gambling houses; no small number of things indeed, are limited more or less, or entirely disallowed, on account of the danger they threaten to the physical or moral well-being of the people; and on the same grounds surely, it must be quite as desirable and right, that the Government should regulate the traffic in that article which daily experience proves to be fraught

* It must not be forgotten that every over-indulgence weakens the resisting power and induces a craving for more liquor.

with public danger while unregulated, by rendering so many consumers incapable of controlling their actions, and by contributing, almost more than anything besides, to swell the ranks of pauperism and crime. Assuming, then, that the State not only has the right, but is bound, to interfere in this matter, let us inquire first what it is which, conducing most to the encouragement of intemperance, requires chiefly to be dealt with, and then consider in what way State action can be taken here, with the best chance of success. If we are willing to accept the universal testimony of observant men, it will be found that they are nearly all of one opinion—viz., that the number of drunkards in any locality is determined by the number of drinking-places; that in going through a list of towns and villages, the amount of intemperance is shown, with few exceptions, to be in proportion to the beer-shops and public-houses.* True it has been urged that the multiplication of public-houses is regulated by the previous demand for strong liquor, and is an effect rather than a cause; but this view is entirely refuted by the fact that wherever drinking-places have been diminished, a decrease of intemperance has followed.† Such has also been the experience of various foreign countries, among which Sweden may be quoted as affording a striking illustration. This country, in which formerly the drink trade was unrestricted, was a most intemperate one, notwithstanding that it was at the same time one of the best educated;‡ since, however, certain restrictions have been placed upon the sale of intoxicating liquors, it has remarkably improved in sobriety, and the town of Gothenburg, once pre-eminent for alcoholic excess, in which the convictions for drunkenness had reached one in ten of the population, has been so improved by vigorous efforts on the part of its leading citizens to reduce the number of drinking-houses, that, although only partially successful in their object, the number of convictions have been diminished from one in ten to one in twenty-six, within a comparatively short time.§ Again, the town of St. Johnsbury, in Vermont, U.S., population 5,000, has been thus described in a letter (by Mr. Hepworth Dixon) in several English newspapers:—

“A town which has all the aspects of a garden; a town in which many of the workmen are owners of real estate, but in which the moral order is even more conspicuous than the material prosperity. No policeman walks the streets; on ordinary days there is nothing for a policeman to do. All voices, I am bound to say, reply to me that these unusual but desirable conditions spring from a strict enforcement of the law prohibiting the sale of any species of intoxicating drink.”

* See table of relative proportion of population to facilities for drinking (Report of Convocation of York), p. 342.

† York Convocation, p. 315.

‡ Laing's Tour, p. 27.

§ *Vide* License Reform: the Gothenburg System. By Alexander Balfour, Esq.

Then to come to our own country. The town of Bessbrook, near Newry, belongs to a wealthy Quaker, Mr. John Grubb Richardson. He employs there 4,000 persons, and will not allow a single public-house on his property. The results are wonderful; no police are needed; crime, riot, and pauperism are almost or quite unknown; places of worship are well attended, and rates are saved. Sir Titus Salt, at Saltaire, and the late Lord Palmerston, at Romsey, have also suppressed drink-houses with happy results.

It is thus incontestably proved that undue facilities for obtaining strong drink, involving those numberless inducements which competition compels dealers to offer in the shape of amusements, &c., in order that they may secure customers, are the greatest cause of national intemperance; that where there are no drinking-places there is scarcely any intemperance at all, that where there are few there is very little,* and that where these facilities have been reduced a corresponding decrease in intemperance has taken place; in addition to which it is in evidence that where a public-house has been introduced into a hitherto sober community, in which none had before existed, drunkenness has followed. Hence it is to the diminution of drinking facilities that we must look for any improvement.

There are, indeed, too many secondary causes indirectly conducing to intemperance; such as the want of innocent recreation, the wretched homes of the poor, the bad water supply, and certain foolish customs of society; but the reason why many of these very evils are allowed to remain, is too often the habit of intemperance and the recklessness of character it promotes.

It has been sufficiently demonstrated that the vice of alcoholic excess does prevail to a most alarming extent amongst all, but especially amongst the artisan and poorer classes, and that from

* The report of the Convocation of York on intemperance contains, on page 344, an instructive table, showing the relative amount of drunkenness in a number of localities, in proportion to the number of drinking licenses. For example:—

Population of Town.	No. of Licensed Drinking Places.	Average to Population.	Amount of Intemperance.
634 ...	1 ...	1 to 600 ...	only occasional.
1,000 ...	2 ...	1 „ 500 ...	2 per cent. of the working classes.
2,358 ...	4 ...	1 „ 587 ...	small.
3,714 ...	7 ...	1 „ 530 ...	not much.

On the other hand—

980 ...	13 ...	1 „ 75 ...	amongst all classes.
11,000 ...	34 ...	1 „ 340 ...	{ 33 per cent. of the men, 20 per cent. of the females.
10,000 ...	99 ...	1 „ 101 ...	very great among all classes.
14,000 ...	109 ...	1 „ 128 ...	80 per cent. amongst working classes.

Again, on page 309, the Chief Constable reports:—“The parish of T—— had formerly two public-houses and two beer-houses. At that time drunkenness and crime were rife in the parish. The magistrates stopped three of the licenses, and the consequence has been that we never hear of anything requiring police interference.”

this source flows most of the crime, pauperism, and misery that exist; and now, having shown that the amount of intemperance is regulated by the number of places licensed for the sale of strong drink, we are constrained to the conclusion that the chief remedy to be sought is the diminution of these places. This conclusion has been forced on almost every one who has carefully considered the question. But the difficulty arises—how to apply the remedy? Some would allow each parish to prohibit altogether the sale of intoxicating liquors within its boundaries; these may be termed the prohibitionists; while others would alter the existing arrangements for licensing, or place the whole drink traffic under the respective municipalities, with some such system as prevails in Gothenburg. With regard to the first of these reformers, it is to be feared that, as yet at least, their proposals have done much more harm than good to the cause they have at heart: as for example in the Permissive Bill which is brought forward, year by year, by Sir Wilfrid Lawson; not only because it is in itself open to many grave and insuperable objections, such as that it would plunge every community into periodical contests of a bitter nature, and would have no effect in the most drunken districts where it is most needed; but still more because the continual advocacy of so unattainable a measure stands in the way of more attainable reforms, and, still further, because it has come to be recognized as the inevitable yearly debate on the subject whose futility and failure are foreknown, and therefore it excites neither the enthusiasm of reformers nor the fear of opponents. Were, however, its conditions more satisfactory, yet any legislation, in the shape of entire prohibition, except under most special and rare circumstances, has one fatal fault, namely, that it goes far beyond the general feeling of the country, while in every self-governed State the first essential to all successful reforms is that they shall have the support of public opinion. Any legislation, or any attempt at legislation, without such support, must fail; and such will often produce a reaction of feeling which hinders not only legislative progress, but also the very formation of that opinion which is so desirable. A reform is often seriously delayed by crude attempts to accomplish something for which the public mind is not sufficiently educated or matured. It is therefore most earnestly to be hoped that all friends of temperance will recognize this truth, and be content to concentrate their efforts on such reforms as present a reasonable prospect of attainment. In speaking thus, however, it is only to legislative action that the writer refers. There is no need for any abatement of exertion, but every necessity and every inducement to redoubled efforts to enlighten public opinion on subjects connected with intemperance, since every individual won to the temperance cause is valuable; every "Band of Hope" formed is a gain; and

though it is painful to wait while the monstrous evil is yearly devouring its host of victims, the friends of temperance need not despair, for their cause is holy, their battle is the Lord's; and every great and noble victory has been won through patience and through pain. It has taken centuries to win freedom to worship God, centuries to obtain freedom from political despotism; and it would be weak and foolish to complain if it demands patient waiting and long-continued labour to free our community from the thralling tyranny of intemperance. If, however, the battle is to be won at all, it must be by degrees, and by bringing public opinion to approve each step attempted, and so, from each success, progressing gradually onward.

In the remainder of this article the writer proposes to suggest the steps that appear to him most essential and most practicable, and to which he would urge that every effort of reformers should, at the present time, be directed; premising that every vested interest should be carefully considered, and that those who have been induced to invest their property in the drink trade should be protected from injury by the law, since it is under the law they have acted.

As a first step it is evidently necessary to prevent the creation of any further interests in this trade. Universal testimony shows that drinking-houses are, almost everywhere, far in excess of any possible need; and that to this excess, with the competition for trade which results from it, leading to the introduction of all sorts of attractions to draw customers, a vast amount of the existing intemperance must be attributed. Common sense therefore suggests, and public opinion would support, a Bill to prevent any further licenses being granted, until in each locality the number of houses shall have fallen to reasonable proportions as regards the population, and when such limit shall have been reached the magistrates might be empowered to grant another license, subject however to an appeal to the Home Secretary on behalf of the inhabitants; and no difference should be made between the beer-shop and the public-house, for all evidence conclusively proves that they are equally fraught with danger. As this would affect no vested interest, and is so evidently just, the only opposition likely to arise would be from some few of the manufacturers of intoxicating drinks.

This step having been secured, and the creation of any further interests being prevented, for which public opinion is probably quite ripe, the next effort made would be toward obtaining a distinction in legislation between hotels proper (including those houses the chief use of which is the accommodation of travellers, and dining-rooms), and mere drinking places (including in this category all those houses where the chief or sole object is the sale of intoxicating liquors to be drunk on the premises); for while, as at present, the two are confounded, it is difficult to frame legis-

lation that will apply fairly to both; and at the same time it is evident that an essential difference exists between them, and that respectable inns and hotels, especially if the bars attached should be done away with, have nothing in common with gin-palaces and beer-shops. If this distinction could be made, the way would be prepared for the next most important reform, viz., the reduction of the hours during which drinking-houses should be kept open, and the closing of them on Sundays. It would also pave the way for the introduction of some system with respect to mere drinking places, similar to that which has proved so successful in Gothenburg, while the deficiencies which have prevented its complete success there, and which will be noted afterwards, might be avoided.

A brief account of this plan will form a fitting illustration and proof of the truth of what has been advanced regarding the cause of intemperance, and the means necessary for its cure. Gothenburg, the second city in Sweden, and a seaport, containing at the present time about 60,000 inhabitants, had long been, before the present system was established, one of the most drunken cities in the world. In 1855 the apprehensions for drunkenness amounted to more than one in ten of the population, and the report of its condition was, "that probably in no community was brutish coarseness and deep poverty so common." In the year 1855 a change was made: the greater part of the spirit licenses were purchased by representatives of the municipality, who first reduced the number of bars, and placed the remainder in charge of persons who, it was intended, should derive no benefit from the sale of intoxicating drinks. At the same time the houses were inspected, made comfortable, and furnished so as to supply food and unintoxicating drinks, on the sale of which the person in charge derived considerable benefit.

It need hardly be pointed out that no cry of class legislation (the strongest weapon in the hands of our opponents) could be made to this system, nor any accusation of "paternal" legislation. For every one who desired it could obtain strong drink; but at the same time, all temptation to injure customers by inducing them to take too much, or by adulterating the liquor, would be taken away.

The profit on the sale of alcoholic liquors in Gothenburg belongs to the town, and has had a considerable effect in reducing the rates, while the apprehensions for drunkenness, under a far stricter enforcement of the law than previously, have fallen from one in ten to one in twenty-six of the population. This is undeniably a great improvement, and shows what might have been accomplished had the beer-shops, of which there were in 1873 no fewer than 400, and the licenses for the sale of strong drink in music saloons, as also the retail spirit licenses held by grocers

and private persons, been acquired at the same time. This striking change has also been accomplished, notwithstanding a great increase in the prosperity of the town, and a very much higher scale of wages, which, in general, results in increased intemperance.

The description given by an eye-witness of this city, which only twenty years ago was a sink of brutality and poverty, is as follows :—

“The streets are entirely free from drunken persons, and the behaviour of the people is marked by the utmost propriety and decorum. The houses of the working people are well kept, and no external poverty is visible.”*

Gothenburg has thus proved, by the comparatively great success of its system, that restriction in the sale of drink is the salvation of a town from intemperance, and, by its partial failure, that such restriction must apply to all drinking places alike.

Is it impossible to save England, which year by year appears sinking lower, from the effects of this curse? It is in vain to look for the remedy from education alone, or to suppose that such instruction as elementary schools afford the working classes (and which ceases at thirteen years of age) will effect this change. And, as a matter of fact, intemperance is quite as prevalent among skilled and educated artisans as among rustic labourers, while Sweden, as has been shown, was sunk in this vice at the very time when she excelled, as a nation, in education. Religious influence will no doubt do much, especially now that the Churches have roused themselves to the work, and ministers of all denominations have become missionaries of temperance, many totally abstaining themselves, that they may help the weak and give countenance to those noble men and women among the working classes who resist the influences around them, and who, amid taunt and often persecution, maintain the temperance cause by showing that total abstinence in no way necessarily deteriorates the man mentally, physically, or spiritually.

But the great hindrance to all religious influence is intemperance, and the public-house bars the door to the House of God. Other influences may be used to reduce the attractions of the tavern, such as securing in each locality a full supply of pure water, public parks, reading-rooms, facilities for higher education, innocent recreation, where strong drink is excluded, healthy dwellings, stricter police supervision, a better administration of the Poor-laws, making improvidence (especially when flowing from intemperance) a crime, and eliciting a healthier tone of public feeling in relation to intemperance; but all these together will

* *Vide License Reform: the Gothenburg System.* By Alexander Balfour. P. 17. London: Simpkin & Co.

have comparatively little influence while over 142,000* publicans and beer-sellers compete, by holding out every species of allure-ment, to attract the young and unwary to their bars and counters, and many of whom would be ruined but that they subsist on the ruin of their customers. Meantime the disease of intemperance is rapidly spreading; women have taken to it,† and drunken parents are not only daily poisoning the blood of their children, but, by their example, introducing them to the vice.

Surely it is time that every sober man should exert himself to abate this evil, since indifference, in such a case, can only be justified on the plea of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is quite possible for the respectable to shut their eyes to ills about them, while the police keep the leading thoroughfares clear, and the daily list of crime and misery in the columns of the press is passed over unread, but not the less will the blood of our brothers and sisters cry to us from the ground, if, from apathy or selfishness, we make no effort to fence the gulf into which such multitudes are ignorantly or madly rushing. A short time ago, a tale was published called "The Devil's Chain," which a portion of the press condemned as sensational nonsense. The linking of the various incidents into one connected tale may, perhaps, be open to criticism; but every incident brought forward is constantly illustrated in real life by the newspaper reports. Every few weeks coroners' juries are engaged in investigating the suicides of wretched girls, ruined through drink. Reports of the Divorce Court are constantly recording the destruction of homes through one or other of the parties having fallen into habits of intemperance. There are few cases of murder or manslaughter but are proved, by the evidence, to arise from this cause; while every species of cruelty and misery, even to the maiming and wounding of helpless infants by the drunken fury of their own parents, besides numberless accidents, are daily recorded as arising from the same fearful cause. In the criminality of these horrors every member of the community must take his share, *for the majority of them may be prevented*. They are the legitimate outcome of many of our national customs, and of the legal permission given to unlimited beguilement of the weak; and no sophistry, or profession of ignorance, will relieve one individual from the heavy responsibility of these crimes till his utmost influence has been exerted in the cause of temperance.

It is strange that while the causes of infinitely lesser evils have been thought worthy of the investigation of Royal Commissions and Joint Committees of the Houses of Parliament, this, the greatest curse to the country, has excited comparatively little in-

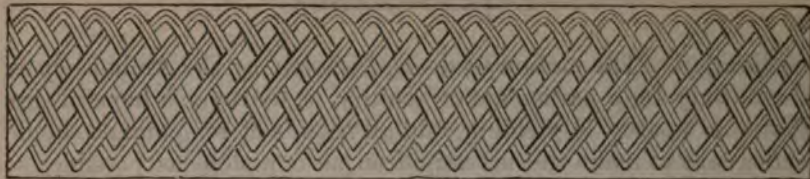
* Parliamentary Return, 1874.

† 10,000 women, and 12,000 men were apprehended in Liverpool last year for drunkenness.

vestigation. The motion made last session by the Archbishop of Canterbury for a parliamentary inquiry, is, however, a hopeful sign that this apathy is yielding, and all friends of temperance should endeavour to make the investigation as complete as possible, so that the extent and malignancy of the evil may be thoroughly brought to light.

That any fair and impartial report will greatly strengthen their hands is unquestionable, for it is indeed very doubtful whether the horrors which have been recently perpetrated in Bulgaria, and which have so excited the public mind, have produced an amount of suffering and misery equal to that which is each year endured by the weak and helpless, the women and the children, of our own country, as the terrible result of our national intemperance.

FRANCIS PEEK.



A PLEA FOR METAPHYSIC.

II.

AN attentive reader of my former paper on this subject will at least have drawn from it one conclusion. He will have understood that metaphysical ideas, when regarded from the point of view of development, become something quite different from what they are usually held to be. He will have seen that the idea of evolution has indeed transformed the whole aspect of Metaphysic, as it has transformed, or is transforming, all the other departments of human knowledge. It is instructive to look back upon what Metaphysic was before it thus transformed itself in the light of its latest synthesis. Here is Auguste Comte's description of it:—

“In the theological stage, the human mind, seeking the essential nature of beings, the first and final causes (the origin and purpose) of all effects—in short absolute knowledge—supposes all phenomena to be produced by the immediate action of supernatural beings.

“In the metaphysical stage, which is only a modification of the first, the mind supposes, instead of supernatural beings, abstract forces, veritable entities (that is, personified abstractions), inherent in all beings, and capable of producing all phenomena. What is called the explanation of phenomena is, in this stage, a mere reference of each to its proper entity.”*

It is clearly this old metaphysic, untransformed by the principle of evolution, that Mr. Matthew Arnold also has in his mind when,

* The Positive Philosophy: freely translated and condensed by Harriet Martineau (Trübner, 1875), vol. i. p. 2.

in the second chapter of "God and the Bible," he treats metaphysicians to the following smart little fusillade:—

"'Continuo audite voces vagitus et ingens.'"

At the mention of that name *metaphysics*, essence, existence, substance, finite and infinite, cause and succession, something and nothing, begin to weave their eternal dance before us! with the confused murmur of their combinations filling all the region governed by *her*, who, far more indisputably than her late-born rival, political economy, has earned the title of the dismal science.*

What I complain of in these words is not that they are too strong, but that they are not half strong enough. Let me recommend to Mr. Arnold's attention the terms in which another great religious reformer, Luther, speaks of the philosophical synthesis of the epoch in his time just about to expire. The Schoolmen are, for Luther, "locusts, caterpillars, frogs, lice." And of Aristotle, the father of Scholasticism, says Luther, as recently quoted by Mr. J. W. Draper:†—

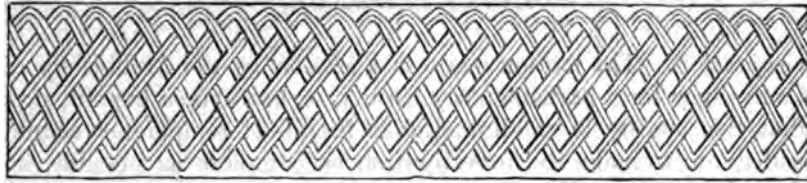
"Truly a devil, a horrid calumniator, a wicked sycophant, a prince of darkness, a real Apollyon, a beast, a most horrid impostor on mankind, one in whom there is scarcely any philosophy, a public and professed liar, a goat, a complete epicure, this twice execrable Aristotle."

Looked at critically, these two forms of words, Mr. Arnold's and Luther's, are only "a deeply moved way of saying"—the synthesis of the immediate past has become insufficient for the present expansion of experience. This ardour of denunciation in fact occupies in the minds of religious reformers the place which we have seen that *humour* occupies in a philosopher like Plato; it is an imaginative way of detaching oneself from ideas by which one feels oneself to be dominated. Luther, as we know, was dominated, notably in his doctrine of consubstantiation, by the ideas of the "twice execrable Aristotle;" and we shall find in the sequel, I think, that Mr. Arnold is himself also, like St. Anthony in the desert, dominated by a whole swarm of detached and subordinate metaphysical entities, buzzing about his head, and keeping him a stranger to "that serenity which," he tells us, "comes from having made order among ideas."

But there is another point of view from which his denunciation of metaphysic may be regarded. In "Culture and Anarchy," as we have seen, he is remonstrating with the liberal Philistine, and in "St. Paul and Protestantism" with the religious Philistine, and he is driven in each case by the exigences of his argument upon the standpoint of modern metaphysic, of the *Zeit-Geist* and the "better self"—i.e., upon the historical evolution of the collective

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* God and the Bible, p. 58.

† The Conflict between Religion and Science (King, 1875), p. 215.

consciousness. But now in "Literature and Dogma," and in "God and the Bible," he has taken in hand to reason with the irreligious and anxious-to-be-scientific Philistine; and by sympathizing with him in his fixed ideas, by descending to his level, and by using his own language, to convince him, if it may be, that there is after all something in religion worthy of at least a portion of his attention. "Lo! I have a controversy with the nations," Mr. Arnold seems to say; "behold, I will plead with all flesh."

It is doubtless well to reason with the Philistines, whether they be religious or irreligious; it is well to try to bring home to them the importance of culture; it is well to show them that religion is an indestructible and necessary element of true culture; but it does not do to take them too much into our confidence, lest we become partakers of their crimes. And when he disparages philosophy, to please and flatter the middle-class mind, Mr. Arnold should beware lest he be carried too far away from the main stream and vital movement of the *best* that is thought and known in the world; he should remember too that his new friends, the Philistines who despise philosophy, condemn letters also.

But it is not only his conscious detachment from the synthesis of the immediate past, nor again his policy of fraternizing for the moment, and for the purpose of converting him, with the irreligious Philistine, which leads Mr. Arnold to give up the standing point of the social consciousness, of the *Zeit-Geist*, and of the best self as organized and embodied in the State, which he maintained so fruitfully in "Culture and Anarchy" and in "St. Paul and Protestantism." His inability to maintain himself there is partly also the *nemesis* of his want of method, his desultoriness:—

"Descartes," says Mr. Arnold in "Literature and Dogma"* "had a famous philosophical method. . . . Quite in a contrary fashion we sometimes flatter ourselves with the hope that we may be of use by the very absence of all scientific pretension, by our very want of 'a philosophy based on principles interdependent, subordinate, and coherent;' because we are thus obliged to treat great questions in such a simple way that any one can follow us," &c.

Mr. Arnold here forgets what he said in "St. Paul and Protestantism"† about the scientific sense "which seeks exact knowledge;" that "it never asserted its claims so strongly" as now; that "the propensity of religion to neglect those claims, and the peril and loss to it from neglecting them, never were so manifest;" and that whatever hinders the filtering of philosophy and criticism into religious doctrine "hinders truth and the natural progress of things." It would seem, at least, that if the conversion of the irreligious Philistine is only to be accomplished by a

* P. 37.

† Pp. 71, 72.

sacrifice of "coherent" and scientific thinking, of method in short, only by a treatment of great questions in a way so simple "that any one can follow us," it is to be bought at a great price. But let us see what Lord Bacon says about the importance of method, and the consequences of neglecting it. Bacon had no more love for metaphysicians than Mr. Arnold manifests in what we may call his *second manner*, his manner in "Literature and Dogma," and in "God and the Bible." But he is far too wise to allow that truth is to be found by renouncing method. On the contrary he says:—

"The intellect left to itself, unless governed and assisted, acts irregularly, and is quite incompetent to overcome the obscurity of things; [cum] intellectus sibi permissus . . . nisi regatur et juvetur, res inequalis [sit] et omnino inhabilis ad superandam rerum obscuritatem."*

And then he goes on to tell us of the different kinds of illusions, or "idola," as after Plato he calls them, which besiege and gain entrance into the mind, unless it be forearmed against them by method; ita ut veritati aditus difficilis pateat—"so that it becomes difficult for truth to enter."

First, there are illusions common to the human race at large, "having their foundation in the very constitution of man." These are called the "idols of the tribe:" the tendency which we all have, by reason of our natural indolence, to believe in first impressions, to think things much simpler than they really are, to look at great questions "ex analogiâ hominis" and not "ex analogiâ universi"—as we should say, to regard things from the point of view of the individual instead of from the point of view of the *Zeit-Geist*. We saw before, for instance, how baseless but how common was the opinion that society, the State, has the same moral duties as the individual citizen. This, however, is only a particular case of the tribal "idol:" the general character of this illusion is thus given by Bacon: "The spirit of man being of an equal and uniform substance doth usually suppose and feign in nature a greater equality and uniformity than is in truth."† Instead of talking of the mind as an equal and uniform substance, we should say in modern language, that *the process of thinking, unless regulated, has a tendency like all other processes in nature to move along the line of least resistance*. Thus when Mr. Arnold makes his fundamental assumption on which "Literature and Dogma" is based, by saying, "The object of religion is conduct, . . . and conduct is really the simplest thing in the world,"‡ he is feigning in conduct and in religion "a greater equality and uniformity than is in truth." Conduct is a very difficult thing and by no means simple, not only in the matter of doing but also in the

* *Novum Organum*, xxi.

† See *Novum Organum*, lli., and Spedding's note.

‡ *Literature and Dogma*, p. 14.

matter of knowing what ought to be done; and it becomes less simple as society increases in complexity. It is again by no means clear or admitted that religion is concerned solely with conduct; that depends upon what religion you are speaking of, and upon the stage of culture at which you are supposing the worshipper to have arrived. In all religions there are other elements mixed, such, for example, as an interested curiosity about man's origin and destiny, or, it may be, a *disinterested* curiosity about the origin and destiny of the world. When we consider that it is out of the *nidus* of religion that all the sciences have sprung, we shall understand how important a part this disinterested or partly disinterested curiosity has played in religion. Further, there is the enthusiasm for beauty which was so large and powerful an element in the religion of the ancient Greeks; and there are many other factors in religion, such as consolation, quite independent of conduct; not to mention fear and lust and cruelty and magic, which form such large ingredients in the religions of primitive and barbarous peoples. To say, therefore, that religion is solely concerned with conduct, and that conduct is the simplest thing in the world, is to speak with desultoriness, to move along the line of least resistance.

Take, again, Mr. Arnold's second fundamental proposition in "Literature and Dogma," that "happiness follows conduct,"* or that "conduct brings happiness."† Mr. Arnold is so sure of this that he says (p. 27) that it is "undeniably" so, and in p. 45 that "we know" it is so, and that "of course" it is so. But the connection of happiness with conduct is not so simple as all this; nor is it a matter of course at all, either that happiness always follows conduct, or that it does *not* follow other things quite different from and even opposed to conduct. What does Mr. Arnold's own Bishop Wilson say, as quoted in "St. Paul and Protestantism,"‡ but now apparently forgotten? "If you can be good with pleasure,§ God does not envy you your joy; but such is our corruption that every man cannot be so." Not to speak of the maxim of St. Paul also adduced by Mr. Arnold in his earlier and sounder book: "He who would cease from sin, must suffer in the flesh."|| But

* P. 27.

† P. 45.

‡ P. 167.

§ It may be remarked in passing, that Mr. Arnold nowhere defines happiness or distinguishes it from pleasure. Thus in "St. Paul and Protestantism," p. 119, he says: "Our pleasure from a spring day we do not make; *our pleasure, even from an approving conscience, we do not make.* And yet we feel that both the one pleasure and the other can, and often do, work with us in a wonderful way for our good. So we get the thought of an impulsion outside ourselves which is at once awful and beneficent." It is evident that the thought in this passage is the same as that which runs through "Literature and Dogma," *we did not provide that happiness should follow conduct* (Literature and Dogma, p. 27). This is not the place to enter upon a discussion of the difference between pleasure and happiness; but I think Mr. Arnold, after seeing these two passages in juxtaposition, will scarcely consider that I am doing him an injustice, if wherever he uses the words "happiness," "joy," "satisfaction," I simply translate "pleasure."

|| St. Paul and Protestantism, p. 167.

even admitting that it is in the majority of cases pleasant to do right, it is, such is the complexity of our nature, pleasant, very pleasant, also to do wrong. The gratification of all our desires is attended with momentary pleasure. What fruit is so agreeable to the taste as forbidden fruit? Indeed, a thing in itself indifferent may become an object of desire, and its attainment prospectively pleasant, simply by being forbidden, as we may remember was the case with our first parents in the garden of Eden. If the consciousness, again, of duties performed is pleasant, the consciousness of duties unperformed is also pleasant. Things quite indifferent, again, from the moral point of view, may, in certain temperaments, be attended with considerable pleasure. An American lady once confessed to Mr. Emerson that the consciousness of being well dressed imparted to her an inward tranquillity which religion was powerless to bestow. It is unnecessary to multiply instances to show how complex are the conditions of pleasure, and how obscure is its connection with right conduct. We can, indeed, never count upon virtue being pleasant or vice disagreeable, but must expect each to be sometimes the one and sometimes the other; whilst it is certain that if we make pleasure the aim of our endeavours, we are sure to miss it. We see then how difficult and complex this whole question of the connection of pleasure or happiness with conduct is: so that when Mr. Arnold says, "of course" and "undeniably," "we all know," that to righteousness belongs happiness, he is feigning in human nature a greater equality and uniformity than is in truth.

In the second place, Bacon says that there are "the idols of the den," the illusions peculiar to each individual, arising from character, education, circumstances, preferences in study, and the like: and that these things lead a man into "*specum sive cavernam quandam individuum*," a den or cavern of his own. Let us examine Mr. Arnold's third fundamental proposition enunciated in "Literature and Dogma." It is this. "When we are asked," he says, "what is the object of religion? let us reply, *Conduct*." "And when we are asked further, what is conduct? let us answer, *Three-fourths of life*." As a definition of conduct this is of course only arithmetical, and as such is no answer at all to the question, "*What is conduct?*" It is like saying: "When we are asked what is the object of human anatomy? let us reply, *Man's body*. And when we are asked further, what is the body? let us answer, *From nine to eighteen stone*." But Mr. Arnold has told us on the previous page more explicitly *what* conduct is. After quoting an essay by M. Littré, he says—

"All the impulses which can be conceived as derivable from the instinct

* Literature and Dogma, p. 18.

of self-preservation in us and the reproductive instinct, these terms being applied in their ordinary sense, are matter of *conduct*. It is evident this includes, to say no more, every impulse relating to temper, every impulse relating to sensuality; and we all know how much that is. How we deal with these impulses is the matter of conduct—how we obey, regulate, or restrain them—that and nothing else.”

And he adds—

“It is evident, if conduct deals with these, both how important a thing conduct is, and how simple a thing.”*

Impulses relating to temper, impulses relating to sensuality—three-fourths of our life are to be occupied with the management of these! “Three-fourths”—this is not a rhetorical way of saying how large, how important a thing conduct is; but it is the expression of an exact proportion, such as we might have in a recipe:—

“As the discipline of conduct is three-fourths of life, for our æsthetic and intellectual disciplines, real as these are, there is but one-fourth of life left; and if we let art and science divide this one-fourth fairly between them, they will have just one-eighth of life each.”†

And still more explicitly further on:—

“Conduct, plain matter as it is, is six-eighths of life, while art and science are only two-eighths.”‡

One would have said that the true proportion which conduct bears to the rest of life is not a constant proportion, but one depending upon temperament, character, circumstances, occupations, and the like. One can at least see that, in a man of genius like Goethe, questions about the regulation of the impulses relating to self-preservation and to sensuality occupy a very small proportion indeed of his time and attention—scarcely any indeed. Where would the world have been if Goethe *had* made conduct three-fourths of his life, and art and science one-eighth each? But, genius apart, one would suppose that the proportion which conduct should bear to the rest of life would at least vary directly with the strength of the impulses which it is occupied in regulating, with the *physique* in short; with the action of particular circumstances or occupations, in strengthening or controlling them; and that these factors would vary indefinitely with different individuals, and in each individual with different periods of his existence. So that a universal proportion for conduct to bear to the rest of life it is not possible to fix. Regard for a moment the ancient Israelites, who had neither art nor science, and who, Mr. Arnold tells us, thought that conduct was not only three-fourths of life, but the whole§ of it. Were their lives better regulated after all than, say, the lives of the ancient

* Literature and Dogma, p. 17.

† Ibid. p. 210.

‡ Ibid. p. 354.

§ Ibid. p. 235.

Romans, or of the modern Germans, for this exclusive attention? We seem to gather from the Bible that the Jews were a stiff-necked and stupid people, always going wrong in some way or other in matters of conduct, and falling into every trap and temptation which their own impulses or the examples of the neighbouring nations set for them. So little does disproportionate attention to the regulation of the desires gain its end.

But what does Mr. Arnold himself say, in "St. Paul and Protestantism,"* in *his earlier manner* as we may call it, about this predominance of the care for conduct? He is speaking of the Puritan character, the modern representative of what he calls Hebraism, the exclusive or predominant care for right practice, and is contrasting it with Hellenism, the passion for sweetness and light, for culture and intelligence, for art and science:—

"The true and smooth order of humanity's development is not reached in either way [either by Hebraism or by Hellenism]. And therefore, while we willingly admit with the Christian apostle that the world by wisdom—that is, by the isolated preponderance of its intellectual impulses—knew not God, or the true order of things, it is yet necessary, also, to set up a sort of converse to this proposition, and to say likewise (what is equally true) that the world by Puritanism knew not God. *And it is on this converse of the Apostle's proposition that it is particularly needful to insist in our own country just at present.*"

For, as he explains in the same chapter—

"We have fostered our Hebraizing instincts, our preference of earnestness of doing to delicacy and flexibility of thinking, too exclusively, and have been landed by them in a mechanical and unfruitful routine."†

A man who is so landed, Mr. Arnold insists,‡ "is a victim of Hebraism, of the tendency to cultivate strictness of conscience rather than spontaneity of conscience. And what he wants is a larger conception of human nature, showing him the number of other points at which his nature must come to its best, besides the points which he himself knows and thinks of."

"Hebraism and Hellenism—between these two points of influence moves our world; . . . and it ought to be, though it never is, evenly and happily balanced between them."§

Here, then, we see Mr. Arnold still on the high road; he is moving in the element of the "better self" and the *Zeit-Geist*; and has not yet entered into the "cage of Puritanism" and "turned the key" upon himself there, as in "Literature and Dogma" he has done. He is not yet in the "cave:" what sends him thither? "Vel propter naturam propriam et singularem; vel propter educationem et conversationem cum aliis," are some of

* St. Paul and Protestantism, p. 153.

† Ibid. p. 174.

‡ Ibid. p. 157.

§ Ibid. p. 129.

Bacon's suggestions. Let us try the last, "*propter conversationem cum aliis.*"

Mr. Arnold is in his religious works addressing what he calls the Philistines—*i.e.*, the great middle class which rules our destinies in this country, in France, and in the United States of America. Now it must be confessed that although the Philistine is a man of inflexible morality in certain departments, and of eminent respectability in all, although he has all sorts of prejudices, it may be, and hard and fast lines about conduct, yet conduct itself is not exactly his *forte*, any more than it was Goethe's. "Sincere, gross of perception, prosaic," as Mr. Arnold rightly calls him, the Philistine has his three-fourths of life immersed in what is called "business," and business with its famous guiding principle of "*caveat emptor*" is not regarded by him as falling within the scope of those rigorous principles and that inflexible morality of which he is fond of speaking. We have only to read the daily newspapers to be convinced of this; and it is easy therefore to see how a man like Mr. Arnold, who by nature, education, and circumstances has been impelled and habituated to that serene uprightness which we admire in his literary works, should receive somewhat of a shock when he finds himself confronting the Philistines and recommending to them conduct, and, as conduct touched with emotion, religion. This I think will be found to be the reason why in "*Literature and Dogma*" he sets free such a torrent of enthusiasm for conduct as to seem to magnify its importance out of all proportion to the other affairs of life, and certainly at the expense of that harmonious development of all those other points "*at which,*" he tells us elsewhere, "*man's nature must come to its best.*" However this may be, to say that conduct is for every one three-fourths of life, is certainly an illusion, and just such an illusion as would come for the moment to a highly honourable and generous nature when pleading for conduct with those whose *forte* conduct is not, and who lose by not making it a stronger point than at present they do.

"*Propter lectionem librorum et auctoritates eorum quos quisque colit et miratur;*"—so Bacon goes on with his diagnosis of the idols of the cave. May we venture to say that Bishop Butler, Bishop Wilson, Pascal, Fénelon, St. Augustine, Mr. Arnold's favourite authors, from whom he seems to have derived the idea of writing about religion and conduct, though good and excellent men, are not the *great* thinkers of the world on these intricate questions, do not represent "*the main stream and vital movement*" of mankind's intelligence on these subjects; and that reading them too exclusively, dwelling on them, is like giving oneself in literature to the study of Schiller rather than Goethe, or of Wordsworth to the

neglect of Shakespeare? "The Germans," says Will Ladislaw, in "Middlemarch," when speaking of Mr. Casaubon's "Key to all Mythologies," "have taken the lead in historical inquiries, and they laugh at results which are got by groping about in woods with a pocket-compass, while they have made good roads." The "Key to all Mythologies" was, it will be remembered, the fruit of very much the same sort of studies as those which have recently and too exclusively found favour with Mr. Arnold.

But we must hasten on to the third kind of illusions which, Bacon says, infest the mind when it neglects the use of method. These are the "idols of the market-place," *idola fori*, the illusions of language. These Bacon pronounces to be the most troublesome, "*omnium molestissima sunt*;"* they insinuate themselves, he says, "*ex fœdere verborum et nominum*," from the association of words and names. Men believe that their reason governs words: "*sed fit etiam ut verba vim suam super intellectum retorqueant et reflectant*," but it also happens that words react upon the mind and govern it. These illusions of language are of two kinds: either they are the names of things which have no existence in fact; or they are the names of things which are real, but of which our idea is confused and ill-defined, and formed from a hasty and inadequate survey of the facts. The application of words, he explains, is often the work of the popular apprehension, and the lines by which they divide things are for the most part lines which the popular intellect can follow; and then "*verba gignunt verba*," words beget words, and in this way we come under the dominion of the "idols" of language. Let us see if Mr. Matthew Arnold has entirely escaped this dominion of words over his reasoning.

Already in "St. Paul and Protestantism"† we find him, in his polemic against the Dissenters, founding an argument upon the use, and upon the wrong use, of a word:—

"People, however, there were in abundance," he writes, "who differed on points both of discipline and of dogma from the rule which obtained in the Church, and who separated from her on account of that difference. These were the heretics; separatists, as the name implies, for the sake of opinions. And the very name, therefore, implies that they were wrong in separating, and that the body which held together was right."

Now here, in the first place, Mr. Arnold is evidently thinking, not of "heretics," but of "schismatics." Heresy means a particular study or school of thought; it does not mean separation.

A heretic is not a separatist, unless he is expelled, from the main body; but simply, like Mr. Arnold himself, the adherent of a particular school of opinion. "Schismatic," on the other hand, is

* *Novum Organum*, lix.

† P. 45.

the name given by the main body to one who of his own act and culpably separates from it. The verbal argument begins, therefore, with a mistake in the meaning of the word; but it does not hold any more if we substitute the right word; *i.e.*, it is not an admission of the wrongness of separation, unless it can be shown that the term expressive of blame is the term applied *by the separatists to themselves*, which it clearly was not, but to the separatists by the main body. So that no argument whatever can be founded on the use of the word, either way.

Similarly, when Mr. Arnold is pointing out that the moral law is "a prime element and clue in man's constitution,"* he says, the etymology of the word righteousness (=right, straight, way, road, a certain line, a necessary orbit) bears witness to its being so; but here he himself seems to be aware that "*verba gignunt verba*," and says that he will leave this kind of argument to Mr. Ruskin, and that "for these fanciful helps there is no need." Still on "these fanciful helps" he does come more and more to rely as he proceeds, and words more and more come to react upon his reasoning and to govern it. In "Literature and Dogma," his argument about the "Eternal Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness," is a fabric mainly, if I mistake not, verbal; it is constructed "*ex foedere verborum et nominum*." Let me try to make good this criticism.

The unconscious artifice—it is of course unconscious—on which the whole edifice of the "Eternal," &c., is built up is this: first, a word is taken which imports so little, and seems to lie so close to ordinary experience, and is besides so easy of comprehension, that it will readily be admitted as representing a reality. Then a word a little stronger, and with a little more meaning in it, is joined with the first, as a kind of rhetorical improvement of it; and it is so little stronger, that its addition is readily admitted. Then the original and very simple word is discarded; and with the stronger one standing alone, a third is next associated, which is a little stronger still, and has a little more, but scarcely appreciably more meaning; and this third word is then admitted as a synonym and rhetorical improvement of the second, and so on: until at last we find ourselves landed in an entirely new region, and have the illusion of being carried onward by a continuous stream of reasoning, whereas we really have been landed thither on the stepping-stones of words. Like Fame, in Virgil, Mr. Arnold's "Eternal"

"*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo;
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.*"

* St. Paul and Protestantism, p. 107.

To take first quite a simple instance of this method of progression by means of words: speaking of the primitive religious ideas of Israel, Mr. Arnold says:*

"In Israel's earliest history and earliest literature, under the name of Elohah, Elohim, The Mighty, there *may have lain and matured*, there *did lie and mature*, ideas of God more as a moral power, more as a power connected above everything with conduct and righteousness, than were entertained by other races; not only can we judge by the result that *this must have been so*, but we can see that *it was so*."

"May have," "did," "must," "was;" how little a thing it is to admit the first, how quite a different thing to admit the last and the last but one! Yet the progression has been inappreciable almost, we are carried along so easily by the words, it is so easy to think that the words are reasons, or that reasons fill the intervals between them.

"What did they" (the ancient Israelites) "mean by the eternal? the eternal *what*?" asks Mr. Arnold. "The eternal *cause*? Alas, these poor people were not Archbishops of York. They meant the eternal *righteous*, who loveth *righteousness*. They had dwelt upon the thought of conduct and right and wrong, till the *not-ourselves* which is in us and around us became to them adorable eminently and altogether as a *power which makes for righteousness*; which makes for it unchangeably and eternally, and is therefore called *The eternal*."†

"There is not a particle of metaphysics," he says, rather uneasily perhaps, "in all this." Yet Mr. Arnold himself seems to suspect that even in this beginning there have crept in elements which are not experimental. Eternal *cause* is metaphysical and must be at once rejected. But how about *eternal* or *unchangeable*, without adding *cause*? is that exactly experimental? Then the *not-ourselves*, is that not perilously like the *not-me* of metaphysic? Well, *righteous*, *righteousness*, *conduct*, and the thought of them, and the emotions clustering around them—these at least are experimental. Some such misgiving as this seems to pass through Mr. Arnold's mind, for on the next page but two,‡ the starting-point is very much reduced in scale. "The monotheistic idea of Israel," we there read, "is simply *seriousness*;" and again, further on,§ "God is here really, at bottom, a deeply moved way of saying *conduct* or *righteousness*." Here then, at least, we get a point close to experience from which to set out in our survey of the experiences of Israel: we have no "not-ourselves," no "eternal," but simply *conduct* and the emotional regard of *conduct*.

But now, how to proceed? What does this emotional regard of *conduct* prove? How do we, how did Israel, take the first

* Literature and Dogma, p. 31.

† Ibid. p. 32.

‡ Ibid. p. 35.

§ Ibid. p. 47.

are agreed, by the fact that the original god of the Israelites is conceived as allowing and approving things which are distinctly wrong: things as immoral in their way as the things that Homer's gods do are in theirs. It is only gradually that the *Naturgott*, with which all religions begin, becomes moralized: and he becomes moralized just in so far as the community begins to take the place of nature as the immediate environment of man, and as the community, and with it the individual conscience, grows towards its golden age, its perfection. Mr. Arnold himself seems to have been partly aware of this once; for in "St. Paul and Protestantism"* he says, "The righteousness of the earlier Jews of the Old Testament . . . consisted mainly in smiting the Lord's enemies and their own under the fifth rib." So that when he says:†—

"The idea of God, as it is given in the Bible, rests . . . on a moral perception of a rule of conduct not of our own making, into which we are born, and which exists whether we will or no; of awe at its grandeur and necessity, and of gratitude at its beneficence. This is the great original revelation made to Israel, this is his 'Eternal';"—

we cannot but feel that he is expanding rhetorically the experience of deep emotion which Israel felt in its best days for righteousness, rather than restating in an inaccurate form the historical fact which in "St. Paul and Protestantism" he had stated correctly. But how the original experience groans and creaks under this added weight! How little it is capable of such expansion we see from Mr. Arnold's own account of it, when defending it under the pressure of adverse criticism. What, after all, is the "eternal not-ourselves?" "It is no metaphysical conception," he tells us, in "God and the Bible."‡ Let us see.

The word "eternal" has three different meanings, and in all these three meanings it is used by Mr. Arnold. Two of them are philosophical, the third colloquial. First, "eternal" means that which is *exempt from duration*,§ withdrawn from sequence and succession: it is in this sense that the Bible says of God that to Him "a thousand years are as one day." In this sense it is used of "the Eternal that loveth righteousness" once by Mr. Arnold.|| Secondly, "eternal" is used of the *whole of duration*, regarded as an endless series of successive events—that is, it = *everlasting*, the sense of "eternal" against which the late Mr. Frederick Denison Maurice spent his life in fighting. This is also a very common sense of the word "eternal" in the Bible, and we find it used by Mr. Arnold when, in explanation of "eternal," he says, "The

* Preface, xvii., cf. p. 57.

† Literature and Dogma, p. 122.

‡ P. 92.

§ We can realize this meaning by remembering one of those moments when we have been engrossed by some occupation, or, better, when we have been under the influence of some overpowering emotion, and have lost count of the succession of external circumstances, and of the lapse of time.

|| Literature and Dogma, p. 350.

step? Let us see what Mr. Arnold says of the limits of possible experience in an analogous case:—

“When we see a watch or a honeycomb we say, It works harmoniously and well, and a man or a bee made it. But a yet more numerous class of works we know, which neither man nor the lower animals have made for their own purposes. When we see the ear, or see the bud, do we say, It works harmoniously and well, and a man or one of the lower animals made it? No; but we say, It works harmoniously and well, and an infinite eternal substance, an all-thinking and all-powerful being, the creator of all things, made it. Why? Because it works harmoniously and well. *But its working harmoniously and well does not prove all this: it only proves that it works harmoniously and well.*”*

What then does the experience of Israel, that the thought of righteousness kindled his emotions, *prove*? Does it prove the existence of “a not-ourselves which makes for righteousness?” I apprehend not. The fact that the ancient Israelite was deeply moved when he thought of righteousness only proves that he was deeply moved when he thought of righteousness. We may put the experience how we like. We may say the thought of righteousness moved him deeply; or we may say that he was of such a character as to be deeply moved by the thought of righteousness; or we may say that the thought of righteousness is a thought of such a kind as deeply to move a man like the ancient Israelite; but all these are only different ways of dressing up the original experience with which we set out, they are not inferences from it, they are not additional experiences. Aristotle describes the same phenomenon. Different things, he says, produce the emotion of pleasure in people of different characters: “a horse does in a man fond of horses, a spectacle in a man fond of spectacles; and in the same way just things are pleasant to the lover of justice, and generally virtuous things to the lover of virtue.”† But the only inference Aristotle allows himself to make is an inference as to character. A man who likes good deeds likes them because he is good: “he would not be good if he did not rejoice in them”—*οὐδ’ ἐστὶν ἀγαθὸς ὁ μὴ χαίρων ταῖς καλαῖς πράξεσιν*—and this is the only inference, if inference it be, that can be made. We can infer a man’s character from the things which he likes doing. But from the consciousness of being deeply moved at the thought of righteousness it is impossible to infer that there is *anything beyond us*, whether it be eternal or not, or make for righteousness or not. The ancient Israelite made no such inference, and we can make none. Israel got its original idea of God, as all other nations did, mainly from the apparition of Nature outside of man, not from the emotions about righteousness within him. This is proved, as I believe all Biblical critics

* God and the Bible, pp. 102, 103. See the whole passage.

† Eth. Nic. i. 8.

late it into terms of experience. The original experience was, we remember, that of profound emotion at the idea of righteousness. What part of this experience is covered by the word *eternal*, or what additional element was there in the experience which had not been brought out before, but which we now emphasize by the use of that word? This: combined with the *emotion* at the idea of righteousness, we now learn that there was an *habitual* and *traditional belief* in the consciousness of the ancient Israelite that other people before he was alive had felt, and that other people after he was dead would feel, the same profound emotion as he did. This, then, is the solid bit of experience, an *emotion* at the thought of righteousness, *combined with a belief* that other people would feel, and had felt the same, around which Mr. Arnold has woven his envelope of words.

Let us now examine the structure of this envelope. As often happens, the relic, when we come to get a near view of it, is inconsiderable, but the case in which it is kept is beautiful and gorgeous. In this instance the shrine is composed of nothing less than the names, or synonyms of the names, which are given in the Bible to Jehovah; viz., "unchangeable" (*Literature and Dogma*, p. 32), "enduring" (p. 60), "almighty" (p. 124), "infinite" (p. 265), "extending infinitely beyond consciousness" (p. 322), "ruling" (p. 323), "loving righteousness" (p. 349), and the "author" of it (p. 331); "perpetually intervening" (*God and the Bible*, p. 93), giving a "divine sanction" to conduct (p. 137), "the centre and source of those ideas of moral order and of conduct which are in human nature" (p. 142). These and other words are used as attributes and synonyms of "the Eternal" in the two Biblical senses of Him who is everlasting, and of Him in whose sight "a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past;"* but they are, it needs no proof to show, not in any way synonyms of "eternal" in the third or colloquial sense, in which alone Mr. Arnold says that he applies it to the Israelite's *habitual* regard of the thought of righteousness with emotion, and to his expectation—disappointed as we know it was by the event—that this habit would continue in his children. If we say as Mr. Arnold says, that "God" means *seriousness*, and "eternal" means *habitual*, then we shall have to translate the text, "Hear, O Israel: the Eternal our God is one Eternal," by "Hear, O Israel; the habitual our seriousness is one habitual;" and this even the Chevalier Bunsen, who did so much to give a modern and Aryan rendering to Semitic terminology, would have perceived to be absurd.

The reasoning then is this: the God of the Bible and of modern

* Psalm xc. 4.

righteous is an *everlasting* foundation,"* and that the Eternal is the "unchangeable,"† or the "permanent,"‡ or the "*enduring*,"§ But there is a third use of the word "eternal" which is colloquial,—one might even say that is now a vulgarism: as when we say, "So-and-so is *eternally* taking snuff," meaning, that he *habitually* takes it. This use of the word was more common a few generations ago than it is now: thus, in Miss Burney's "*Evelina*" we read, that Captain Mirvan and Madame Duval are *eternally* quarrelling. Mr. Arnold has restored this somewhat old-fashioned use of the word, as when he says,|| "This argument of popular theology rests on its *eternal hypothesis* of a magnified and non-natural man," &c., meaning the hypothesis which popular theology habitually frames; and, as when he says of the German critics of the canon of the Gospels,¶ "They are *eternally* reading its literature, reading the theories of their colleagues about it." Now one would not have prophesied beforehand, on a view of Mr. Arnold's earlier works on religion, that he would first have used the word "eternal" in the two Biblical and philosophical meanings, of "beyond time and sequence," and of "everlasting," all through an elaborate work like "*Literature and Dogma*," to give sublimity to the idea of righteousness; to give it outwardness as a kind of cosmical operation going on whether we like it or not, whether we obey it or not; to bring this idea of righteousness within the sphere of religious emotion; to *accomplish* (in a word) the *apotheosis* of righteousness; and then at length, when pressed by criticism, as he rests from his labours, with the objection, "You say that you go only on experience, that you bring forward nothing which is not verifiable by experience; now this idea of the Eternal is a metaphysical conception not given by experience,"—would reply, "I never meant to take 'eternal' in either of the first two senses, but only in the third or colloquial sense"—I say, we could not have anticipated that he would answer so. And yet this is what in his reply to his critics in "*God and the Bible*" he does:—

"Yes, indeed, *eternal*, as that which never had a beginning and can never have an end, is like the final substance or subject wherein all qualities inhere, a metaphysical conception to which experience has nothing to say. But eternal, *æviternus*, the age or life-long, as men applied it to the Eternal that makes for righteousness, was no metaphysical conception. From all they could themselves make out, and from all that their fathers had told them, they believed that righteousness was salvation, and that it would go on being salvation from one generation of men to another."**

Now let us look at this passage a little closely, and let us trans-

* *Literature and Dogma*, p. 123.

† *Ibid.* p. 32.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 48.

§ *Ibid.* p. 60.

|| *Ibid.* p. 176.

¶ *God and the Bible*, p. 179.

** *God and the Bible*, p. 92. See also a critique which I had not read when I wrote the above, in Mr. Bradley's "*Ethical Studies*" (King and Co., 1876), pp. 282 fol.

late it into terms of experience. The original experience was, we remember, that of profound emotion at the idea of righteousness. What part of this experience is covered by the word *eternal*, or what additional element was there in the experience which had not been brought out before, but which we now emphasize by the use of that word? This: combined with the *emotion* at the idea of righteousness, we now learn that there was an *habitual* and *traditional belief* in the consciousness of the ancient Israelite that other people before he was alive had felt, and that other people after he was dead would feel, the same profound emotion as he did. This, then, is the solid bit of experience, an *emotion* at the thought of righteousness, *combined with a belief* that other people would feel, and had felt the same, around which Mr. Arnold has woven his envelope of words.

Let us now examine the structure of this envelope. As often happens, the relic, when we come to get a near view of it, is inconsiderable, but the case in which it is kept is beautiful and gorgeous. In this instance the shrine is composed of nothing less than the names, or synonyms of the names, which are given in the Bible to Jehovah; viz., "unchangeable" (Literature and Dogma, p. 32), "enduring" (p. 60), "almighty" (p. 124), "infinite" (p. 265), "extending infinitely beyond consciousness" (p. 322), "ruling" (p. 323), "loving righteousness" (p. 349), and the "author" of it (p. 331); "perpetually intervening" (God and the Bible, p. 93), giving a "divine sanction" to conduct (p. 137), "the centre and source of those ideas of moral order and of conduct which are in human nature" (p. 142). These and other words are used as attributes and synonyms of "the Eternal" in the two Biblical senses of Him who is everlasting, and of Him in whose sight "a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past;"* but they are, it needs no proof to show, not in any way synonyms of "eternal" in the third or colloquial sense, in which alone Mr. Arnold says that he applies it to the Israelite's *habitual* regard of the thought of righteousness with emotion, and to his expectation—disappointed as we know it was by the event—that this habit would continue in his children. If we say as Mr. Arnold says, that "God" means *seriousness*, and "eternal" means *habitual*, then we shall have to translate the text, "Hear, O Israel: the Eternal our God is one Eternal," by "Hear, O Israel; the habitual our seriousness is one habitual;" and this even the Chevalier Bunsen, who did so much to give a modern and Aryan rendering to Semitic terminology, would have perceived to be absurd.

The reasoning then is this: the God of the Bible and of modern

* Psalm xc. 4.

religion is eternal: the fact of experience adduced by Mr. Arnold is also eternal: *therefore* the God of the Bible and of religion *is* the fact of experience. Yes, but "eternal" as applied to God in the Bible means one thing; and "eternal" as applied by Mr. Arnold to the fact of experience means a totally different thing. And thus it happens, as Bacon says, that while "men believe that their reason governs words, words also react upon the reason and govern it."

There remains *the not-ourselves* which plays such an important part in "Literature and Dogma," but which in no wise, as we saw, could be made to grow out of the ancient Israelite's emotional regard for righteousness. The thing that strikes us about "the not-ourselves" is that it is a conception purely negative; *it is not the affirmation of anything beyond ourselves, but merely the negation of ourselves.* Now there is no more common confusion in logic than a confusion of the distinction between contradictories and contraries. The distinction is this: in the case of contradictories one term stands for *something*, and the other term stands for *nothing* at all. In the case of contraries, both terms stand for *something*. "Rich" and "poor" are contraries, and both, as we know, exist; but "ourselves" and "not-ourselves" are contradictories, and the latter term stands for nothing at all. Let me, in illustration, quote a passage from one of Mr. Goldwin Smith's writings in controversy with the late Dean Mansel.* He says:—

"When we are told that 'the conviction that an Infinite Being exists seems forced upon us by the manifest incompleteness of our finite knowledge,' we fall back into the fallacy of the positive-negative *Infinite*. *Infinite* is not the complement of *Finite*, but its negation. At this rate a philosopher might, by the simple instrumentality of a negative prefix, become the creator of intellectual entities without end. By prefixing a negative particle to *Horse*, he might create the complementary entity *Not-horse*; and then we should have *Not-horse* filling the universe, crushing human reason into dust, and exalting the humility of its enemies to the skies."

And he adds elsewhere:†—

"If I am not mistaken, we might as well allow the frown of a negative particle, as the frown of the 'Infinite,' to cast its shadow over our souls."

But here we are getting out of the region of mere language and its illusions, the *idola fori* as Bacon calls them, and into that of the illusions of logic and philosophy. These Bacon calls the *idola of the theatre, idola theatri*. He says:—

"At *idola theatri innata* non sunt, nec occulto insinuantur in intellectum :

* *Rational Religion* (Whitaker & Co., 1863), pp. 131, 132.

† *Ibid.* p. 121.

sed ex fabulis theoriarum et perversis legibus demonstrationum plane indita et recepta."

The "idols of the theatre" are not inborn in man, but consciously adopted either from baseless theories or from wrong canons of reasoning. The wrong canons of reasoning we can understand without difficulty, as Mr. Arnold has already provided two instances of it: in the foundation of an experimental theosophy on the ambiguity of the word *eternal*, and in the confusion of contradictories with contraries. And we have thus been obliged to anticipate among idols of the market-place much that also belongs to our present section; so closely intertwined are the illusions of language with those of thought.

Bacon gives other instances of these *fabulae*, which might be illustrated from Mr. Arnold's works; but what he is especially thinking of under this title would seem to be an illegitimate use of the philosophical conceptions of the past. Now, what is this illegitimate use *for us* in the nineteenth century, living nearly a hundred years after the appearance of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason?" What makes conceptions which were once true, which once carried conviction to all the superior minds of an epoch, "fables" to us? Why should such ideas as "essence, existence, substance, finite and infinite, cause and succession, something and nothing," seem to keep round Mr. Arnold a kind of Witches' Sabbath and Walpurgisnight in the air, whenever he thinks of metaphysic? This inquiry will bring us back to the point from which we started at the beginning of this paper, and thus give a kind of unity to what we have hitherto been saying.

In our former paper we saw that a metaphysical idea, or synthesis, is the structural form or outline which the *total* experience of an epoch assumes, and within which it continues to grow up, until the particular synthesis becomes insufficient for it, and is then discarded or rather absorbed in a larger and more complex synthesis. The metaphysical or formal element in experience is nothing by itself, apart from or prior to experience; any more than the structural form of an oak, into which an acorn grows, exists apart from the oak or before the oak has grown to maturity.

But now suppose the *Zeit-Geist* or collective consciousness of an age to have grown out of its old form into a new one, what happens? Two things happen. The old structure is absorbed and built into the new structure; but the old form also survives *as such* (*i.e.*, unabsorbed) in the memory of mankind and in the language and literature of the age which is just closing, and it dominates still the minds of the elder generation of men. Only it becomes every day more and more empty of experience; the new experience won't fit into it; until at last, when men's minds

have moved still farther away from it in subsequent generations, it becomes entirely emptied of contents, a metaphysical "entity," in Comte's sense of the word, and as such it remains to confuse and irritate mankind. Nobody knows where it came from, and yet it can't be got rid of. It has become one of the "*fabulæ theorum*." It is no good turning your back upon these pensioners of the *Zeit-Geist*, as Mr. Arnold does, and saying, "I don't know anything about them, and I don't care: on this subject I am dead to the prick of shame." For the poor shall not perish out of the land; the metaphysical ideas are there; we cannot escape, any more than we can escape the consequences of our great-grandfathers' vices. Our minds are filled with the *débris* of preceding minds, as our bodies are filled with the rebellious desires of our animality. And as with the rebellious desires, so with the effete metaphysical ideas; they dominate us each in its turn, all the more for our not knowing about them, and we are, all the more for not caring, their unconscious slaves.

Now the man who follows his bodily desires one after the other, and is absorbed in each as each comes uppermost, we are accustomed to call the *natural* man, as distinguished from the moral or civilized man, to whom his place in the community has given a central principle and aim in life, by which he can methodize his desires in relation to the common good and his own. Such a methodizing of the unruly impulses within us we praise under the name of morality, as distinguished from asceticism, which turns its back upon the desires, and tries to get rid of them. It is the same with the (in their way) not less importunate metaphysical ideas which fill the air into which we are born, and get imbedded in the tissue of our minds. The *natural* man is the slave of each as it presses its claim; he is tossed from one to the other during his youth, and is fortunate in mature age if he has succeeded in making terms of permanent surrender with only a select number of them, and excluding the rest. This is the ordinary mental condition of a man after middle life, when he tells you, "I have made up my mind on all important topics, and don't wish to have it unsettled again." The "stock notions" to which he has been attracted by temperament or circumstances have honeycombed themselves together into a kind of "rockery" within his thought, and seem to him to be the supporting framework of the mind itself.

But, how does the *entrenchment* of these ideas come about? how do they become entities? Whence do we get the supposition that beyond our experience there is a world of things, abstract but real, which we don't and can't experience? This tendency in metaphysical ideas to become the mirror, or counterpart, of experience, has been named in past times their *re-presentational* character, their

quality of "transcending" or climbing over the wall of experience to the other side of it. And it arises in this way. (1.) The ideas have become detached from living experience; they have been shed like the shell of a cretacean that was too tight. (2.) They are preserved in language, and a name always carries with it the illusion of representing a reality, whether it does or not. (3.) They represent an experience which preceded the experience in which we are now living, and so, although now empty forms, seem to have a priority in time to experience as we know it. (4.) They retain, like empty wine-bottles, the savour, so to speak, of the reality which they once contained. All these causes serve to give them a transcendental character in regard to experience; but there is also another cause of apparent outwardness more operative than all these together, which is more difficult to understand. This cause is to be sought in the peculiar relation which the individual, as such, bears to the community of which he forms a part. By "the individual *as such*," I mean the individual conscious of his independent existence, his desires, his separate experience, &c., but not yet conscious, or not yet *so distinctly* conscious of his existence as part of the community. To the individual, beyond the brightly lighted chamber of his own thoughts, there looms a world of twilight filled with strange echoes which he cannot interpret; beyond the familiar valley there lies the seat of government, there lie London and Paris and Washington, of which he has heard, but of which he knows nothing, and yet from these seem to arrive influences operative in his own life. From this outer and dim world have come to him language and religion and law and the arts, and such changes as have grown over these and over the lineaments of his own narrow experience. From it too may come to him, he knows, some day, the claim of some common good for the surrender of all that he has and of his own life; a claim which he will obey. But at present he has followed the pathways leading to this larger and surrounding world, only up to the point where they cross his own horizon. Such metaphors as these may explain, perhaps, better than the technical language of philosophy, the relation between the individual consciousness and that of the community. The relation is one of contrast and of solidarity combined; and it is this relation which gives to the worn-out *modes* of collective experience which we have called metaphysical ideas, in addition to the outwardness which we saw that they got from language, and from the other causes before enumerated,—the same illusory character of "veritable entities," of "abstract forces," which the *products* of the collective consciousness, language, religion, law, and morality, have.

To stay, then, "the eternal dance" of "essence, existence, substance," and the other metaphysical ideas which keep Mr.

Arnold in a state of irritable watchfulness, and which are much more numerous than those he has been at the trouble to specify, there are two remedies which the science of metaphysic, frankly embraced and attended to, supplies. First, it heightens our usually low consciousness of solidarity with the social medium or "better self;" and secondly, it relegates to their place in the development of this social medium those ideas which, in their isolation and detachment from it, have from time immemorial hoodwinked and imposed upon mankind. Mr. Arnold has and applies the first of these remedies; he uses it fruitfully in "Culture and Anarchy" when he applies the "better self" as a cure for social anarchy; and in "St. Paul and Protestantism" when he applies the *Zeit-Geist* as a cure for the eccentricity of Puritan Dissent; but he has not and cannot apply the second remedy, because in "Literature and Dogma" and in "God and the Bible" he renounces the use of method in handling ideas, and so he cannot relegate these importunate entities to their historical place in the social medium. The science of metaphysic is essentially a method: not an artificial method like the method by which a man makes a clock, but a natural method like the method by which a living organism grows and makes itself. Metaphysic may thus be called *the morphology of collective experience*; and its method is the process going on within collective experience itself and transforming it. To appeal to experience, then, as Mr. Arnold does, is to appeal to metaphysic, the science of the formation and transformation of experience, not as Mr. Arnold supposes, an appeal from metaphysic to something more real and solid. And it is bad—i.e., unmethodized—metaphysic latent in his mental constitution, it is the illegitimate use of the ideas of the past, it is metaphysic with its ideas detached, promiscuous, flying and buzzing around him, which makes Mr. Arnold shy at metaphysic altogether, which sends him to experience, and makes him, as Bacon says, "arripere ex experientiâ varia et vulgaria, eaque nec certo comperta, nec diligenter examinata et pensitata." It is metaphysic itself which is here playing fast and loose with him, and driving him into the dim and dismal quagmires over which hover the illusions of language, the illusions of the "intellectus sibi permissus," the idols of the theatre and of the den.

It is not necessary for me to go, as I had originally intended, into Mr. Arnold's criticism of Descartes' *cogito ergo sum*, for one of the most exact and accomplished of our English philosophers, Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, has anticipated me by showing in the last number of the quarterly journal called *Mind** that Mr. Arnold has misconceived the meaning of *cogito ergo sum* through not knowing

* No. iv. pp. 568, foll.

a passage in the "*Meditationes de primâ Philosophiâ*," in which Descartes explains it. It means "I think, *that is to say*, I am;" "my existence means my consciousness;" "I am means I think;" so that all Mr. Arnold's ingenious reasoning founded upon the etymological interpretation of "I am" by "I grow," "I feel myself to be alive," becomes superfluous, and falls to the ground.

4. In conclusion it remains to ask whether there is anything in experience corresponding to Mr. Arnold's new religious construction "the eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness;" or in other words, *what is it that really and experimentally makes for, or promotes, righteousness in the world as we know it? is it a not-ourselves, is it outside of ourselves? is it eternal in any exact and scientific sense of the word?* The first of these is a question upon which Mr. Arnold scarcely touches. He promises to do two things: to show first what was the experience of the ancient Israelite, upon which he based his religion; and to show, in the second place, what is the experience which we have in common with the ancient Israelite, whereon we can found ours. The first of these promises he performs, and we have already examined his performance of it; but the second he never performs at all, and when in "God and the Bible," after "the God of miracles" has been dismissed, and the "God of metaphysics" has been exploded, he comes to the "God of experience," instead of telling us what are the experiences of our life of to-day upon which we may base our religion and our idea of God, he gives us little more than a recapitulation of the Biblical passages by which he endeavoured before, and as we think failed, to show that the "God of the Bible" was an inference from the profound emotion with which the ancient Israelite regarded the thought of righteousness.

But now, as to our own experience, of which Mr. Arnold, instead of considering it fully by itself, makes a problem ancillary, or, as we may say, parasitical, to the problem of Jewish experience—what are the data? Do we experience a force outside of us always drawing us towards good, and never towards evil? Are the righteous always happy, and the wicked never prosperous? It is said that Diagoras of Melos, when he saw the offerings of the sailors in the temple of Poseidon, remarked, "We count those who were saved: no one counts those who were drowned, who yet made their vows like the rest." So we count the good who prosper, and the wicked who are miserable; no one counts the wicked who are happy, or the good who are miserable. To Schopenhauer the vision of man's unhappiness, irrespective of his actions, was so overpowering that he drew from it the conclusion that the Supreme Will was malevolent. We must at any rate not blink this side of experience, if we would be just in our estimate. It seems doubtful if we know yet what the secret of happiness is:

it would appear to be very much more an affair of the nervous system, of the temperament, than of conduct. It attends us unsought; and if we seek it, it flies from us. If we pursue righteousness of set purpose to obtain happiness, we miss happiness and our righteousness becomes immoral, because it ceases to be disinterested. If this were not so; if to righteousness were really annexed happiness, happiness and the pursuit of it would be that which more than anything else "makes for righteousness." But this is not the case. What is it then which bears us, like a stream upon its bosom, when we are acting in a certain way, and which buffets and baffles us, and gives us an intolerable sense of isolation, if we act in the opposite way? It is the social medium, the community of which we are organic parts: not only the opinion of our immediate circle, nor the arm of the law, nor the pen of the scribe, nor the preaching of the Churches, but a certain stress and direction in the march of events themselves, which impels us to do the things which shall be of the greatest and widest benefit, whether we find them agreeable or not. I often think, when a criminal is punished for an offence against the law, that about one-third of the penalty he suffers is his due, and that the rest ought to be set down to the account of the community, whose imperfections in past generations and in this have made him what he is. So with laudable actions, we get praise for them as if they were our own several estate, and yet but for that larger collective life of which our own is the outcome, they would not have been possible to us, we should not have been able to do them. In every action of the individual, how much is due to character, and how much to the circumstances of his position, will vary with each case: but certain it is that as societies become more complex and firmly knit together, the part played by character becomes increasingly less. And then what is character but a crystallization of social conditions round a single point? Yet man is free in his action, each in his measure, in so far as character reacts upon the social environment. That which really "makes for righteousness" in the world is the ascent of a society towards its zenith; that which makes for unrighteousness is the decline of a society towards stagnation or dissolution. In the former case all or most of the social conditions go to the nourishment and fertilization of character; and it blossoms naturally, like the trees in spring. In the latter case, character has to subsist for the most part upon its native stamina, *i.e.*, upon the transmission through individuals of hereditary qualities. In a declining community righteousness is what the anthropologists call "a survival;" such was the righteousness of such a man as Marcus Aurelius; it drew its sustenance not from the present but from the past. But yet the world progresses upon the whole? It does, and

this is the reason—because in the intercourse of nations the principles of conduct which have characterized one society in its highest development are taken as the starting-point of an infant community. Such were Roman institutions and Jewish religion to the early development of the German barbarians. Such were English institutions and Puritanism to the American commonwealth. So that the decay of the old communities counts for little in the history of the world, although it counts for much in the life of the individual citizen. For the individual, Stoicism and Asceticism are the forms which righteousness takes in a period of social decline; and these before long, like living organisms placed under a receiver, begin *in vacuo* to lose their freshness, and decay too; until, when a new community has gradually grown up around them, Stoicism and Asceticism become corrupt and drop off, like an aged parasite, from the main trunk of the nascent social life, as it again expands towards its full stature.

This then, I would submit, is the history of what Mr. Arnold calls "righteousness" in the world; and this is the *total* fact of experience with which we have to deal. But upon this, as before upon the partial experience of the ancient Israelite, *no religious tenet whatever can be founded*. The only thing that we know of by experience as making for or promoting righteousness, is the healthy and normal growth of a human society; but this growth is no more a metaphysical abstraction outside of the individual, than his conscience or his actions are; and it is again no more "eternal," in any recognized or intelligible sense of the word, than human society itself.

Must we then cry with the Christ of Novalis, "Children, 'ye have no father?'" By no means; M. Renan says, "Un monde sans Dieu est horrible." I say so too. But the "eternal not-ourselves which makes for righteousness" is not what we mean by God: it is simply the disembodied ghost of the *Zeit-Geist* or "better self" on which Mr. Arnold enlarged so fruitfully in his earlier books; so far as it is more than an edifice of words built on the quicksands of a parallogism, it is the mirage or metaphysical double of the community. It is a metaphysical idea, or rather it is the moiety of a metaphysical idea. It is not the whole, it is not the synthesis, the *Begriff*; it is one of the factors of the synthesis, without its complementary factor. The synthesis embraces the tendencies which promote righteousness, combined and interwoven with the tendencies which hinder it. In any given community this is the total fact of experience, if you will face it, and this is the fact as metaphysic interprets it. But an abstraction of the understanding, crowned with a negative particle, and robed with the Eternal Name,—"the Eternal not-ourselves which makes for righteousness," does it not impose upon

us with the illusory definiteness of an empty formula from which the contents of the religious consciousness have been sedulously excluded? is it more substantial than the enunciation of Mr. Dombey's elegant and languid mother-in-law, who never could remember names:—"There is no What's-his-name but Thingummy; and What-you-may-call-it is his prophet?"*

To sum up. We have seen Mr. Arnold driven to take the true metaphysical point of view by the exigencies of his polemic against the liberal Philistine in "Culture and Anarchy," and again by the exigencies of his polemic against the religious Philistine in "St. Paul and Protestantism;" we have then seen his decline and fall from this point of view in "Literature and Dogma" and in "God and the Bible," conditioned by the exigencies of his efforts to persuade the irreligious and desirous-to-be-scientific Philistine to reopen his Bible and to appreciate the importance of conduct. We have seen that he tries to "get round" the irreligious Philistine by saying, "Come now, we will give up all metaphysics, and we will go only upon the ground of experience." We have seen that by thus descending to the Philistine's level, he does not really get out of the metaphysical region, but only out of the region of good metaphysic into the region of bad metaphysic, of idols and illusions such as the Philistine knows and rejoices in; and that he thereby leaves the main high road along which the large experience of mankind travels, and of which metaphysic is the formal science, and shuts himself up in the small parcel of experience, with which the Philistine nourishes and flatters himself. But perhaps the fundamental assumption which lies at the root of all this bad metaphysic, and this frustrated appeal to experience, is to be sought in a latent tendency in Mr. Arnold himself, which appears as early as in his first book.† It is the assumption that "thought and speculation is an individual matter," it is the tendency to "philosophise alone," instead of moving in the broad pathways along which knowledge is actually advancing. This assumption is at once the basis of the private judgment on which the religious Philistine builds, and of the popular empiricism upon which the irreligious Philistine relies. It is the same assumption as that of the individual as something given on the one side, and of experience as something given on the other: and this assumption is itself metaphysical, only it is bad metaphysic, it is a petrified fragment of a metaphysical synthesis, instead of the living whole of a synthesis of the *Zeit-Geist*. Of metaphysic, then, may one not say, as Emerson says in another connection?—

"They reckon ill who leave me out,
When me they fly I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

* Dickens' *Dombey and Son*, ch. xxvii.

† *Culture and Anarchy*, pp. 185, 186.

Having spoken so severely of Mr. Arnold's later works in their scientific aspect, I desire to record my enjoyment of them and gratitude for them in every other. What can be more delightful than the passage in "Literature and Dogma" about the "Muse of Righteousness?"* The account, too, of St. Paul's doctrine in "St. Paul and Protestantism;" and of the early witnesses and of the "method" and "secret" of Jesus in "Literature and Dogma;" and again of the Bible Canon and of the Fourth Gospel in "God and the Bible," seem to me, in spite of what the learned critics have said about their inaccuracy, to be quite admirable in their way. They surely contain with sufficient accuracy all that a man of general cultivation, as distinguished from a professional student, need know about these subjects. And then the purity and freshness of the thoughts which hide from us the angular and unlovely lineaments of the Puritan metaphysics—how charming they are! I always experience the same sensation in reading these books of Mr. Arnold as I have when reading Mr. Ruskin's later works; it is the sensation as of a breeze bringing health from sweet and sunny fields, and blowing for a moment across the exhausted atmosphere of a German lecture-room. But then to enjoy this refreshment one must turn from the thing said to the means and manner of saying it; and one must listen to these, not as to an exposition of fact, but as one listens to a nocturne of Chopin, or to the sound of wholesome rain dropping on a dry place.

C. E. APPLETON.

* P. 23.



ON GREEK INSCRIPTIONS.

IT is recorded by Suetonius that, when the Emperor Vespasian rebuilt the edifices on the Capitol which had been destroyed by fire, he collected 3,000 tablets of bronze, on which were inscribed all the public acts and documents of the Roman State then extant. Those precious archives, which Suetonius justly calls *instrumentum imperii pulcherrimum*, have all vanished, having been for the most part melted down by the barbaric conquerors of Rome, whose mints were perpetually being fed with the spoils of the ancient world. Had a tenth part of these documents been preserved to us, had Livy condescended to study what was extant in his time, and to insert occasionally their texts in his history, as Polybius has given the text of the treaty which the Romans concluded with the Carthaginians in the first year of the Republic, there is no doubt that many of the problems of early Roman history would not have presented so many stumbling-blocks which have baffled the ingenuity even of such acute students as Niebuhr and Mommsen.

When we turn from the obscure and enigmatical annals of the Roman Republic to the contemporary history of the Hellenic States, how different is the method of inquiry! The sources which now lie open to the student of Greek history are not merely the texts of the extant Greek and Latin authors, but a vast heterogeneous mass of documents which the patience and acumen of Böckh first reduced to method in his "*Corpus Inscriptionum*

Græcarum," and to which, since that work was published in 1839-50, such vast additions have been made that the Academy of Berlin has undertaken the colossal enterprise of publishing a new Corpus.

The number of inscriptions published by Böckh and the editors who succeeded him in the Corpus, amounts to upwards of 9,000; the number published and unpublished now extant cannot be stated with certainty, but may be reckoned at from 20,000 to 30,000. This great accession is due partly to the increased facilities for visiting the Levant which modern travellers have enjoyed since 1840, and still more to the excavations which have been so systematically and persistently carried on at Athens by the Greeks and Germans, and by a succession of English and French expeditions on the west coast of Asia Minor.

So great has been the harvest which these recent excavations have yielded, that all that was gathered in by the old travellers, from Cyriac of Ancona in the fifteenth century, to Leake and Gell in our own time, are but as gleanings in comparison: the reapers came with the generation which saw the kingdom of Greece established and the barriers broken down which made travelling in Turkey so difficult for Europeans.

Fresh fields of discovery were opened up, as the publication of the new texts was carried on with ceaseless energy, by Böckh, Ross, and Kirchhoff in Germany; by Pittakys, Rangabè, Kumanudes, and other Greek archaeologists at Athens, and by Lebas, Waddington, Foucart, and Wescher in France; and the study of these texts developed a school of commentators distinguished for the sagacity and soundness of their conclusions, and for range and variety of learning. The great store of new historical and philological materials thus rendered accessible to the general student has been already worked up into a number of separate treatises. Thus the evidence which inscriptions afford with reference to Athenian finance is embodied in Böckh's great work on the public economy of Athens, in Köhler's "*Urkunden des Delisch-Attischen Bundes*," and in Kirchhoff's "*Urkunden der Schatzmeister*." From the combined evidence of coins and inscriptions Mr. Waddington has constructed his admirable "*Fastes des Provinces Asiatiques*;" and the memoirs of M. Egger on ancient treaties, and of MM. Foucart and Lüders on the religious and dramatic societies in antiquity, are among the most recent and valuable contributions to this branch of archaeology.

Reference to these works will give the general reader some idea of the method by which Greek inscriptions may be applied to the illustration of ancient history; but, if we would appreciate this documentary evidence as it deserves, and measure its range and compass, we must study the texts themselves, as we have

been taught to study the classical authors, "nocturna versanda manu, versanda diurna."

But up to the present date too little has been done to make these texts accessible to the general student, who seldom has the time, if he has the patience, to wade through the dry and unpalatable details which form so large a part of the commentaries on inscriptions. What is now wanted is a popular work, giving a classification of Greek inscriptions according to their age, country, and subject, and a selection of texts by way of samples, under each class. In the absence of such a work, I have attempted here to sketch out a rough classification of this vast chaotic mass of ancient documents; and, first, it may be well to define the limits of our subject-matter. If we use the word inscription in its widest sense, it would comprehend every extant Greek sentence, word, or character, whether graven, written, or stamped, on whatever material this writing may have been preserved. Such a sweeping definition would include MSS., coins, gems, vases, and other classes of objects which have been for the most part studied as independent branches of archaeology, and which can only claim to be admitted into a Corpus of Greek inscriptions as an appendix. Passing over all notice of such *varia supellex* here, I shall confine my observations to inscriptions on durable materials, such as stone and metal—to inscriptions, in short, of a monumental character, which were for the most part public documents designed to be read by successive generations of men through all time.

This idea of the perpetuity of monumental inscriptions ever present to the mind of the ancient world has been curiously cast into the shade in modern times by the belief that in the printing press we possess an instrument by which the publication of all worth publishing can be multiplied to an incalculable extent, and renewed in successive editions as long as it is worthy to be remembered. The ancients had no such self-renewing instrument of publication and record. When any treaty, law, or other public document had to be promulgated, this was done by exhibiting in certain places of public resort authenticated copies inscribed first on perishable and ultimately on durable materials; and with a view to the perpetual preservation of these inscriptions, they were very generally among the Greeks set up in temples or in public buildings, which afforded every possible guarantee for their safe custody. It is probable that this custom of engraving written characters on stone or metal began among the Greeks soon after they had become familiar with the alphabet which they borrowed from the Phœnicians. What may have been the date of those very early Greek inscriptions which Herodotus and Pausanias describe as written in Cadmean characters, and which they believed to have

been antecedent to the first Olympiad, is a matter concerning which we have no sure information. Kirchhoff, in his excellent work on the Greek alphabet, assigns what he assumes to be the earliest extant inscriptions to the second half of the seventh century B.C., but it is very possible that we may possess inscriptions of a much earlier date, for, if we compare the Phœnician letters on the celebrated *stelè* of Mesa discovered in Moab a few years ago with the earliest Greek characters, the variation of type is but slight. The date of the Moabite stone is about B.C. 890, and if, as some authorities maintain, the earliest extant Greek inscriptions cannot be assigned to an earlier epoch than B.C. 600, it is certainly singular that an interval of three centuries should not have produced more marked differences in the forms of the letters than can be discerned, when we compare the most archaic type of the Greek alphabet with its Phœnician prototype in the ninth century.

Probably the first application of the newly adapted art was in dedicatory inscriptions or *epigrams*, to use this word in its original sense, and next in the solemn record of treaties such as the inscription on the disk of Iphitos. The necessity of written laws must have been felt at the very dawn of Greek liberty, after the *τίπαιοι* and aristocratic rulers had been superseded by more popular government. Shortly before the Persian War sepulchral inscriptions came into general use, and it was in this class of metrical epigram that Simonides was so celebrated. The tradition that he invented the two long vowels, Η and Ω, probably arose from the fact that these two vowels, which we know to have been in use on the west coast of Asia Minor long before the time of the poet, were gradually introduced into European Greece through the popularity of the epigrams which he composed.

The number of extant inscriptions which we can assign to a date earlier than the end of the Persian War is, as might be expected, very small, but among these are several of considerable interest.

In front of the great temple of Abousymbul, in Nubia, is a colossal Egyptian statue, on the leg of which is an inscription in archaic Greek characters, which records the names of certain Greeks and others who, during the expedition of King Psammetichos to Elephantina, explored the Upper Nile "as far as they found the river navigable"—in other words, as far as the second cataract. It may be admitted that the King Psammetichos here mentioned must be either the first or the second Egyptian monarch of that name, and if, with Kirchhoff and most authorities, we assume that the inscription refers to Psammetichos I., then the Greeks whose names are inscribed on the colossus were some of the mercenaries whom his pay attracted from Ionia, Caria, and the adjacent islands, and the

date of this inscription cannot be later than Olymp. 40. 4 (B.C. 617), when Necho succeeded Psammetichos; and even, if we suppose that the king referred to is the second Psammetichos, it cannot be later than Olymp. 47 (B.C. 592—589), the date of his death. We have, thus, in this inscription at Abousymbul a cardinal example of Greek writing as it was used by the Ionian and Dorian settlers in Asia Minor and the islands, about the beginning of the sixth century B.C.; and independently of its historical interest as a record of the early explorers of the Upper Nile, it is a document which, for the student of Greek palæography, is of inestimable value, one of the chief corner-stones on which we may construct the history of that ancient alphabet which, with some modifications, we still use.

At Branchidæ, on the west coast of Asia Minor, a little south of the mouth of the Mæander, still remain the majestic ruins of that celebrated temple of Apollo, of which the oracle was consulted by Cræsus, and which was destroyed by the Persians in revenge for the Ionian revolt. Along the sacred way leading up to this temple was once an avenue of statues, of which a few headless survivors may be seen in the Lycian Room of the British Museum. Some of these bear dedicatory inscriptions, the date of which, by comparison with the Abousymbul inscription and on other grounds, ranges probably from B.C. 580 to B.C. 520. The famous Sigeian inscription brought from the Troad to England in the last century, is now admitted to be, not a pseudo-archaic imitation, as Böckh maintained, but a genuine specimen of Greek writing in Asia Minor, contemporary, or nearly so with the Branchidæ inscriptions. Kirchhoff considers it not later than Olymp. 69 (B.C. 504—500). Very deep under the foundations of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, Mr. Wood found some fragments of inscribed bases of columns which we may refer with confidence to the same period, and which are consequently a relic of that earlier temple to which Cræsus contributed so liberally. The bronze hare brought from Samos by Mr. Cockerell many years ago, on the body of which a dedication to Apollo is inscribed in irregular lines, is another interesting example of archaic Ionian writing which Böckh has, by a singular misconception, attributed to much too late a period; and the same Ionian characters prevailed in Rhodes, as we know, not only from the Abousymbul inscription, but also from the dedication on a little dolphin in Egyptian porcelain found at Camirus, in a tomb of the Græco-Phœnician period.

If, leaving the Asiatic coast, we proceed westward across the Archipelago, we come to some very interesting specimens of Greek writing in the islands of Thera, Melos, Krete, Paros, and Naxos. The earliest of these are to be found in Thera, better

known to us by its modern name of Santorin, an island which was certainly occupied first by the Phœnicians and then by the Greeks at a very early period, even if we do not implicitly accept the date claimed for these settlements on geological evidence which seems to require further sifting. The inscriptions of Thera exhibit an alphabet very much less developed than the one which, as I have shown, prevailed in Ionia in the sixth century, wanting the four double consonants ξ, ψ, φ, χ, which, as we know, the Greeks added to the Phœnician alphabet by borrowing them from some other source.

It is on these grounds that Kirchhoff considers the most archaic of the Santorin inscriptions at least as early as Olymp. 40 (B.C. 620—617) if not earlier. The few archaic inscriptions which Attica, Bœotia, and other States of the mainland of Greece have as yet contributed, are not so remarkable for the interest of their subject as to be worth noticing separately here. Corinth was doubtless one of the places where writing was used at a very remote period, and was thence transmitted, with other arts of the mother State, to her colony, Corcyra. This transmission probably took place not long after the founding of Corcyra, B.C. 734, because two very archaic inscriptions may still be seen at Corfu; one of these is engraved round a circular tomb, which, after having been immured for centuries in the foundations of a Venetian fort, was brought to light when that obsolete defence was demolished in 1845. Both these inscriptions are in hexameter verse. One commemorates the death of a certain Arniadas who fell in a sea-fight off the coast of Epirus. The other tells us that the circular tomb was erected at the public expense to a certain Menekrates, a Locrian, who was *proxenos* and much beloved by the people, and who perished at sea.

This inscription proves the high antiquity of the office of *proxenos*, concerning which I shall have more to say shortly. We have no certain means of fixing the date of these two inscriptions. Kirchhoff carries them as far back as Olymp. 45 (B.C. 600—597). Franz assigns the one relating to Arniadas to a period ranging from Olymp. 50 to 60 (B.C. 580—540); while the other he places as low as the beginning of the fourth century B.C.

The most interesting inscription of the archaic period which the Morea has produced is the celebrated bronze tablet which Sir William Gell obtained from Olympia and on which is engraved a treaty between the Eleans and Heræans. The terms of this specimen of ancient diplomacy are singularly concise and to the purpose. Put into plain English it runs thus :—

“The treaty between the Eleans and the Heræans. Let there be an alliance for one hundred years commencing from this year. If there be need of conference or action, let the two States unite both for war and all other matters. Those who will not join shall pay a fine of a silver talent

to the Olympian Zeus. If any, whether citizen, magistrate, or town, destroy what is here inscribed, the offending party shall be subjected to the fine here specified."

Kirchhoff places this inscription before Olymp. 75 (B.C. 480). Böckh and Franz assign it to a much earlier date. In any case we may regard this as the oldest extant treaty in the Greek language. The oblong bronze tablet on which it is inscribed has two loops by which it must have been originally fixed on the wall of some temple at Olympia. By this simple expedient, the substitute for our modern gazettes and blue books, the ancients ensured for their public documents notoriety and custody as safe as human forethought could then contrive. The Hellenic cities in Sicily and Magna Grecia have not as yet yielded many noteworthy inscriptions of the archaic period. One, however, deserves special attention. It is graven on a bronze plate found in Petilia, a Greek city of Bruttium in Southern Italy, and conveys land by a form of deed of admirable simplicity. After the invocation of God and fortune, are the following words:—"Saotis gives to Sikainia his house and all the other things." Then follow the names of the chief magistrates of the city and of five *proxeni*, whose signatures of course legalized the deed. This primitive specimen of conveying is thought by Franz and Böckh to be not later than B.C. 540.

In the Hippodrome at Constantinople may still be seen the remains of a venerable trophy of the Persian War, the bronze serpent which, with the gold tripod it supported, was dedicated to the Delphian Apollo by the allied Greeks after the victory of Plataea as a tenth of the Persian spoil. On the bronze serpent which served as a base for the tripod the Lacedæmonians inscribed the names of the various Hellenic States who took a part in repelling the barbaric invader. The golden tripod perished long ago in the sacrilegious plunder of Delphi by the Phocians, but the bronze serpent remained in its original position till it was removed by Constantine the Great to decorate, with other spoils of Hellas, his new seat of empire at Byzantium. Here it has remained in the Hippodrome till our own time, not unscathed, for the last of the three heads of the serpent has long since disappeared, but the list of Greek States inscribed on the intertwined folds of the body remains perfectly legible to this day, having been fortunately preserved from injury by the accumulation of soil in the Hippodrome. This earth concealed about two-thirds of the serpent till the excavation made by me in the Hippodrome in 1855, when the inscription was first brought to light. As the date of the battle of Plataea was B.C. 479 it may be assumed that the setting up of the tripod took place shortly afterwards. Thus the inscription would not be later than B.C. 476. Of hardly inferior interest

is the bronze helmet found at Olympia early in this century which, as its inscription tells us, was part of a trophy dedicated by Hiero I. of Syracuse after his great naval victory over the Tyrrhenians B.C. 474. If the German excavations now going on at Olympia continue to yield results as promising as the discoveries which have distinguished the first months of this enterprise, we may hope that many similar records of Hellenic triumphs may be found in the rich soil of the Altis.

The date of these two inscriptions on bronze is so accurately fixed that they may be regarded as cardinal examples in the history of palæography by which the age of several other monuments of the same period may be approximately fixed. The next document I have to mention has a special interest from its connection with the principal incident in the life of Herodotus, his expulsion from his native Halicarnassus, to escape the tyranny of Lygdamis. This inscription, which I found built into a Greek house at Budrum, and which is now in the British Museum, contains a law, the enactment of which must have been the result of some kind of political convention between Lygdamis on the one hand, and the people of Halicarnassus on the other. The object of this law is to secure certain persons in the possession of lands and houses, by assigning a term after which their titles could not be disturbed. It is probable that the lands in question had belonged to political exiles, and had on confiscation been purchased by other parties. To guard against the possibility of the repeal of this law, it is enacted that, if any one tries to invalidate it, he is to be sold as a slave, and his goods are to be confiscated to Apollo, the principal deity of Halicarnassus. Another inscription since found at Budrum, but not yet published, seems to relate to the same transaction. In this document the sale of various lands is recorded, together with the names of the purchasers, and the titles of the lands so sold are guaranteed in perpetuity by making Apollo himself and other deities parties to the sale, and chief sureties, or *βεβαιωταί*. The date of the first of these two inscriptions is probably about B.C. 445. If we pass from the west coast of Asia Minor to Northern Greece, we find a specimen of a different sort of public document, in the bronze plate which records a treaty between two cities of Locris, Oianthe and Chalion, and which was formerly in the possession of Mr. Woodhouse of Corfu. It is stipulated in this document that neither of the parties to the treaty shall enslave the citizens of their ally. It shall be lawful for the citizens of both States to commit piracy anywhere except within their own or their ally's harbours. The date of this inscription is probably not earlier than B.C. 431, and the barbarous character of its enactments about piracy is a confirmation of what we know from other evidence, that the Western Hellenic States

outside the Peloponnese did not participate in the general advance in civilization which took place in the rest of Greece after the Persian War. The dialect in which this treaty is written is as rude as its enactments.

Tracing the progress of Greek writing downwards, from B.C. 600, we have now arrived at the epoch when Athens becomes the centre of political interest; and most fortunately, from this epoch onwards till the time of Alexander the Great, the series of Athenian records on marble is singularly full and instructive. Some of these are still inscribed on the walls of the Parthenon; others have been put together out of many fragments extracted from the mediæval and Turkish buildings on the Akropolis, or from excavations at Athens and the Piræus.

Of the public records preserved in these inscriptions, the following are the most important classes—the tribute lists, the treasure lists, and the public accounts. The first of these classes contains a register of the Greek allies and dependencies from whom Athens exacted tribute, under the pretext of maintaining a sufficient naval force to protect them against the Persian king. These records, so far as they have yet been recovered, range from B.C. 454, when the Delian confederacy transferred its treasury to Athens, to B.C. 420, and contain lists of the Athenian tributaries, the quotas at which they are assessed being placed opposite their names. In the registers the tributaries are arranged in classes, according to their geographical and political relations. Generally the rate is levied on single States; sometimes several neighbouring cities are included in one common group for assessment. In the greater part of these registers the quotas levied are so small that they evidently do not represent the amount of tribute actually paid, but that portion of it which was appropriated as an *anathema* or offering to Athene herself, as the goddess of the ruling State. This quota was in the proportion of a *mina* for every talent of tribute, or, in other words, it was a sixtieth of every talent. There is, however, one of these inscriptions which differs altogether from the rest, and which Köhler has put together, with wonderful patience and ingenuity, out of many fragments. This contains an assessment of the tribute itself, made B.C. 425, at which time, according to the Orators, the tribute was doubled, it is said by the advice of Alkibiades. This statement has been doubted by Grote because it is unnoticed by Thukydides, but it is in the main corroborated by the evidence of the inscription already referred to.

The measures taken by the Athenians for the scrutiny and record of the public accounts show the same methodical care and vigilance which they exercised in the custody of the treasures of the State. Specimens of the laws regulating these accounts, as well as the accounts themselves, are given in the inscriptions pub-

found in the second volume of Böckh's "Public Economy of Athens." It is to be regretted that the fragmentary condition of these renders it very difficult to make out the system adopted in keeping these accounts. It seems certain that bills were drawn on the Athenian treasury by generals on foreign service; and, in accounting for the produce of these bills, the rate of exchange in the place where they were negotiated would have to be allowed for before a final balance between receipts and expenditure could be struck. Again, much foreign money was received into the Athenian treasury through the payment of tribute, or through other transactions with foreign States; and in the public accounts this money would have to be converted into its countervalue in Athenian drachmæ. The profit or loss on exchange in each of these cases would form an item in the account. The navy with which Athens had to maintain her powerful maritime supremacy necessarily involved a constant outlay in the building and fitting out of ships of war, and by a happy chance we possess a few relics of the ledgers and registers of the Board of Admiralty by which the dockyards and arsenal at the Piræus were administered. In other words, we possess a number of fragments of inscriptions relating to the state of the navy in the latter half of the fourth century B.C., which were found in the ruins of a Byzantine building in 1834, and have been published by Böckh in the third volume of his "Public Economy of Athens." Nearly all these marbles are fragments of inventories, similar in character to the treasure-lists, and forming an exact and minute register of the ships and stores handed over from one Board of Admiralty to their successors. In these curious returns are entered the name of each ship and of its builder, and its actual state of completeness or deficiency in respect to masts, spars, rigging, anchors, cables, &c. Ships or gear found to be unfit for service are condemned, and the proceeds of their sale are noted. The fitting out of war-ships was one of the public burthens, *leitourgia*, imposed on the richer Athenian citizens. We learn from one of these inscriptions that to encourage promptitude in the discharge of this duty special honours were decreed to those who soonest fitted out a trireme; a gold crown of the value of 500 drachmæ = about £20 was the first, a crown of inferior value the second prize, and so on. On the other hand, all defaulters who owe money to the State on account of ships are duly noted. The date of these documents ranges from B.C. 380 to 323.

From the Athenian Board of Admiralty we will pass to their Office of Works. Of the archives of this Board we possess only three documents sufficiently complete to be worth noticing here, but these three are of very high interest. There is, first, the survey of the Erechtheum, made by a special commission, who

were appointed by a decree of the people, B.C. 409, and while the temple was still building. In this elaborate report, which may be likened to a blue-book such as a modern Parliamentary Commission draws up in pursuance of an order from the House of Commons, the exact state in which the building is found by the surveyors is noted with a minuteness which could have left no room for future subterfuge or procrastination, for every block of marble which carries any ornament is specified as either finished and in position, or as partially finished and not yet in its place on the building. In close connection with this survey we must take the fragments of another inscription, which records, item by item, the expenses of building the Erechtheum. This document is of peculiar interest to the student of ancient art, because it contains a statement of the sums actually paid for the sculptural decorations of the Erechtheum, with the names of the artists by whom they were executed. These sculptors, none of whose names are otherwise known to us, were evidently employed under the direction of the architect to execute certain figures and groups in a continuous composition, designed by some master hand. We can hardly doubt that this composition was the frieze mentioned in the survey as having a background of dark Eleusinian marble, and of which the fragments were discovered on the Akropolis some years ago, and were first recognized as belonging to the Erechtheum by Rangabè. The prices paid to the artists for the several figures are certainly not high, if we assume that the charge entered in each case represents the sum due. The prices range from 120 drachmæ (rather less than £5) downward to 60 drachmæ. A group in which a young man was represented guiding two horses, cost 240 drachmæ. It must be borne in mind that the figures in this frieze were only two feet in height, and that being attached to the background they are not sculptured in the round. It would be interesting to compare the prices paid for sculpture in this account with the prices paid by Messrs. Armistead and Philip to the skilful hands who carved the frieze round the Albert Memorial.

Many other curious entries will be found in this record. A carpenter employed in making the roof was paid at the rate of five obols, about sixpence, a day. Two talents' weight of lead, forming the cramps of the statues, cost ten drachmæ. The cost of fluting one of the columns of the temple, as calculated by Rangabè from the entries, was 400 drachmæ. This work of fluting was executed by small gangs of workmen not exceeding seven in number, and hence may have been piece-work.

The third architectural document which I have to notice here is a contract for repairing and strengthening the Long Walls which connected Athens with the Piræus. The date of this

document is that by Rongor, to the administration of Lykurgos, B.C. 434—431. The precision and minuteness of its specifications make this document a model for all future Boards of Works to study.

The list of the treasure which, from the time of Pericles to the downfall of Athenian supremacy, was stored up in the Parthenon and the other temples on the Acropolis, are among the most complete and various documents which have been handed down to us on Greek marble.

The treasure in the Parthenon itself, which was deposited there immediately after its completion (B.C. 438), and which was called the treasure sacred to Athena, was composed of various precious objects dedicated by States or individuals, the tenth of the spoils of war, the money accruing from sacred lands, and lastly the balance of the income of the State not required for current expenses, and which was kept as a reserve fund only to be drawn upon for some special necessity. A board of ten treasurers, appointed by lot yearly from the wealthiest class, took charge of this sacred deposit; and it was their duty on going out of office every year to take stock of the treasure, and to hand it to their successors as per inventory. Every fifth year at the great Panathenaic festival, the registers of the four preceding years were inscribed on marble *stelæ*, the series of which is nearly complete from B.C. 434 to the downfall of Athens, B.C. 401. The inventories specify a great variety of precious objects, adding the weight in every case where it could be ascertained. As we read through this list of statues, crowns, cups, lamps, necklaces, bracelets, rings, and other ornaments, all of gold or silver, and many of them, doubtless, exquisitely fashioned, and remember that these beautiful objects, once so jealously guarded, have all long since vanished in the crucible, we may learn to set greater store on the few specimens of Greek jewellery which have been rescued from destruction by the happy accident that they were deposited, not in temples under the immediate protection of tutelary deities, but in the dark and silent tomb under no other protection than that of the dead. After the anarchy at the close of the Peloponnesian war, the treasures from the temples of the other Attic deities, which had originally been kept apart, were also deposited in the Parthenon. Of these registers we have unfortunately only a few fragments, which belong to the period after the Peloponnesian war.

The silver mines of Laurium furnished one of the principal sources of Athenian revenue. These were leased by the State to individuals on certain conditions defined in documents called *δωρεαὶ μετόλων*. The character of these ancient leases is shown in two fragments of inscriptions, in which the boundaries of the portion of mine leased are minutely stated.

Considering the long maritime ascendancy of Athens, and the multitude and complexity of her relations with other States, it is disappointing to find how small a proportion of the extant Attic inscriptions have reference to the foreign affairs of the great republic. How valuable such inscribed documents would have been to the historian may be inferred from the few texts of treaties and other diplomatic records which have been preserved in Thukydides and the Orators. Among the few extant inscriptions of this class the following may be here mentioned as especially worthy of notice. In the recent excavations which have been made at Athens at the foot of the Akropolis, on its southern side, an inscription has been found, which tells us in the most explicit terms what were the conditions imposed by Athens on her tributaries in the most powerful period of her empire. It records the terms of a convention to be concluded between the Athenians and Chalcidians of Eubœa after Perikles had reduced that island to submission, B.C. 445. The treaty consists of two parts: in the first part the senate and people of Athens swear not to expel the Chalcidians from Chalcis, nor to subvert their city, nor to molest or injure any citizen of Chalcis by depriving him of life, liberty, or property without the proper legal trial, nor to proceed against either the city or any individual without giving them due notice and free access to the Athenian senate and popular assembly. The Chalcidians on their part swear not to revolt against Athens, to denounce all who are disaffected, to pay the tribute, to be their faithful allies. This oath is to be taken by all adult male citizens of Chalcis, and whoever refuses to take it will forfeit his goods, and a tenth of them will be dedicated to the Zeus of Olympia. More than half a century after the date of this convention we have the decree passed in the archonship of Nausinikos (B.C. 378), which shows how entirely the old relations between Athens and her tributaries had been changed. In this decree the republic proclaims a new league, formed with Thebes, Chios, Mitylene, and other States, against Sparta. This formidable league, according to historians, comprised from seventy to seventy-five States, whom the arrogance of Spartan rule had induced to make common cause with Athens, and the names of fifty-three of these States have been preserved on the marble. Many of these had been former tributaries of Athens, and in that relation had doubtless suffered much from the overbearing rule of the great maritime republic. Hence the decree offers the strongest guarantees for the protection of the weaker allies. They are to pay no tribute, to be entirely free to choose their own form of government; all land heretofore appropriated either by the Athenian State or by Athenian citizens in any of the territories of the allies is to be absolutely surrendered, and from the date of the treaty all conveyance of such land to

Athenian citizens is absolutely prohibited under pain of confiscation. Death or exile, with forfeiture of all rights of citizenship, are to be the penalty for any attempt to abrogate or alter this law.

Among the new allies whose names are entered on the back of this marble are two princes of the Molossians, Alketas and Neoptolemos, whose descendant Olympias was the mother of Alexander the Great. We learn from another contemporary Attic decree the special protection accorded by Athens to Arybbas, the brother of Neoptolemos, with whom he appears to have disputed the succession to the throne on the death of Alketas. The alliance of this little kingdom lying almost on the extreme verge of Hellenic civilization in northern Greece had been cultivated by the Athenians ever since the Peloponnesian War, when the Molossians, under the rule of Tharytas, first appear in Greek history. From the heading of this decree we learn that Arybbas was victor both in the Olympic and Pythian games. From two mutilated fragments of another Attic decree it is proved that the elder Dionysius of Syracuse was on friendly terms with the Athenians shortly before his death, though in the earlier part of his reign he was the ally of the Lacedæmonians. The extensive foreign trade of Athens must have caused a number of commercial treaties, regulating the conditions of export and import. Of such treaties we have a curious fragment relating to the export of vermilion, *μῆλτος*, from the island of Ceos. In this inscription, which Böckh assigns to the third century B.C. and Rangabè to some period between Olymp. 101. 1 and 105. 3, it is enacted that all the vermilion exported from Ceos must be sent to Athens. This exportation can only be carried on in certain vessels chartered for this service by the Athenian State. The amount of freight is fixed by law, and the penalty of confiscation is imposed for transgression of this law. It is probable that this treaty, which gave the Athenians an absolute monopoly of the article to which it relates, was conceded by the people of Ceos when, like the rest of the Cyclades, they were in a state of vassalage under Athenian dominion.

I have now noticed the principal Attic inscriptions from the beginning of the Peloponnesian War to the time of Alexander the Great. The inscriptions in other Greek States in the same period are few in number, and seldom of historical interest. Among the most important are the decrees of the Carian city Mylasa, punishing certain conspirators who had attempted to assassinate Mausolos when attending a solemn festival in the temple of Labranda; the commercial treaty between Amyntas I., King of Macedon, and the Chalcidians of Eubœa, regulating the exportation of timber; the alliance between

the Erythraeans and Hermias, tyrant of Atarneus in Mysia, the friend of Aristotle, in which it is provided that the goods of either of the contracting parties may be deposited in the other's territories, no duty being payable while they are in bond. After the accession of Alexander the Great the interest of Attic inscriptions diminishes as the political importance of Athens begins to decline; but if we extend our survey over the Hellenic world generally, it will be found that one class of inscriptions constantly recurs in the cities of European and Asiatic Greece—the honorary decrees—under which class may be placed the grants of *proxenia*. In these documents services either of citizens or strangers are rewarded by a statue, a gold crown, and other honours, or by some more substantial privileges; and in the preamble of the decree the particular public services so rewarded are always specified, and thus we recover here and there precious bits of history which are not found in the meagre and fragmentary chronicles of the Macedonian period. Among the most important of the public services recorded in these decrees are those rendered either by citizens charged with diplomatic missions or by foreign States and individuals who have acted as mediators or arbitrators, or who have otherwise exerted their good offices. The honorary decrees relating to diplomatic envoys must be studied in connection with another class of documents of which we have unfortunately too few—the letters from kings to autonomous Greek States, or from one Greek State to another. These tattered pages torn from the blue-books of ancient Hellas are the more valuable because they relate to a period which, from the want of contemporary historians, is very imperfectly known to us. In the letters addressed by Alexander and his successors to Greek cities we have the prototypes of those imperial rescripts which afterwards became an integral part of the Roman civil law.

Some of the letters of Alexander and his successors were edicts, addressed generally to Hellenic States, and couched in the haughty language of irresponsible despotism. Diodorus has preserved two specimens of such royal circulars, the letter from Alexander the Great ordering the return of all Greek exiles to their respective States, and the letter of Philip Arrhidæus relating to the same matter. Equally arbitrary in tone are the two rescripts addressed by Antigonos, shortly after the battle of Ipsus, B.C. 301, to the people of Teos, ordering them to incorporate in their city the entire population of the neighbouring town of Lebedos, whose consent to this wholesale transfer was probably never asked. But other royal letters preserved by inscriptions show that the successors of Alexander did not always adopt so autocratic a tone in dealing with States which still had the pretension to be autonomous, and were likely to be useful allies.

With such independent cities the kings ingratiated themselves by acting as arbitrators in disputes, by dedications and grants of land to celebrated temples and oracles, by embellishing cities with *gymnasia* and other public edifices. In reward for such services they received the honours of equestrian statues, gold crowns, and sometimes adulation such as the Athenians bestowed on Demetrius Poliorcetes.

The cases of arbitration recorded in inscriptions are of two kinds—they either relate to misunderstandings between two Greek States, in which the matter in dispute was referred to a third State, by whose decision both parties agreed to abide; or, again, litigation between citizens of one State was adjudicated on by judges appointed by another State, whose impartiality was guaranteed by the fact that they were unconnected with any local interest. That such arbitrations were often successful in private litigation may be inferred from the number of extant decrees in honour of judges appointed with this object. Thus we find the people of Calymna rewarding with a crown the five judges sent by the people of Iasus for the settlement of much private litigation. Upwards of 250 cases were dealt with by this foreign commission, and in the greater part of these a compromise was effected.

Disputes between two States were not so easily settled by arbitration. We learn from an inscription published by Lebas that a dispute between Samos and Priene as to some territory lasted from the time of Bias of Priene, in the middle of the sixth century B.C., to the date of the Roman conquest of Asia Minor. The matter in dispute, after having led to a war, was referred for arbitration to the kings Lysimachus and Demetrius and to the Rhodian republic successively. Like many other long-standing contentions, it was finally settled by a decree of the Roman Senate. The whole of the documents relating to this vexed question were engraved on the walls of the temple of Athene Polias at Priene, forming one continuous text, many fragments of which have been recently rescued from destruction by the Society of Dilettanti, and deposited in the British Museum. A very similar series of documents relating to a dispute between the Lacedæmonians and Messenians, in which the Milesians acted as arbitrators, has been recently discovered at Olympia. This seems to be the affair which, according to Tacitus (*Annal.* iv. 43), was ultimately referred to the Roman Senate. The good understanding between Greek States must have been much promoted by this habit of appealing to arbitration and also by the institution of *proxeni*, whose office was in many respects analogous to that of a modern consul. There was, however, this difference, that, whereas the modern consul is for the most part a subject of the State whose *citizens* he is appointed to protect in a foreign country, and rarely a subject of the State to which he is accredited,

the ancient *proxenos* was usually a citizen of the State in which he exercised his consular functions. The interests of Athenian citizens would for instance be protected in Ephesus, not by an Athenian resident there, but by a citizen of Ephesus whom the Athenian people appointed their *proxenos*, granting him certain privileges and immunities in recompense for his services. The duties of the *proxenos* were partly diplomatic and partly consular; the citizens of the State to which he was accredited could always claim his hospitality, his protection, and his general good offices in legal proceedings. He ransomed prisoners in war, provided a suitable interment for those slain in battle, and in case of a demise administered the estate and transmitted the effects to the heirs. Thus far the duties of the *proxenos* corresponded with those of an ordinary modern consul. But his diplomatic functions were of a higher character, approximating to those of a modern ambassador. It was his duty to present to the authorities and public assembly of his native city the envoys who were sent from time to time from the State to which he was accredited, and to promote the objects of such missions by his personal influence with his fellow-citizens. In Greek cities the inns were generally indifferent, and the claims on the hospitality of the *proxenos* must have entailed heavy and constant expense, while from the nature of his office he must have been constantly obliged to advance money on account of distressed travellers, much of which was probably repaid at the Greek Kalends. But as a set-off against these expenses and liabilities the *proxenos* received certain privileges and immunities which must have been of very great value, the more so as they were generally conferred for life, and in many cases continued to the descendants of the *proxenos*. What these privileges and immunities were we learn very clearly from those inscriptions, which record grants of *proxenia* made by various Greek cities to foreigners. The most important were the following:—

The right of free access to the senate and public assembly whenever it was required;

Protection for life and property, by land and sea, in peace and war;

Free passage and free export and import of goods both in peace and war;

The right of acquiring real property;

Exemption from certain taxes and dues;

Isopolity, which seems to have implied participation in all the rights of citizens except the franchise. We never find the right of citizenship, *politeia*, granted to the *proxenos* in the cities of Greece proper, though such grants are not unfrequent in Macedonia, Thrace, the islands, and Asia Minor.

Besides these permanent privileges and emoluments, the *proxenos*

often received the honour of a statue or a gold crown for some special service. Grants of *proxenia* were generally engraved on marble *stelæ* or on walls, but sometimes on bronze tablets, *deltoi*, which were probably executed in duplicate, one copy being given to the *proxenos*, the other retained by the State to which he was accredited. The total number of these decrees now extant probably exceeds three hundred. They have been obtained not only from the great centres of Greek commerce, such as Athens or Corinth, but from many remote and obscure cities throughout the Hellenic world. Most of the extant decrees may be referred to the period between the accession of Alexander the Great and the time of Augustus, though we have clear evidence of the existence of *proxeni* as early as the sixth century B.C., and the institution probably originated at a much earlier period, when the civilizing influence of commerce began to counteract the general barbarism of an age of piracy. The paucity of decrees of *proxenia* which can be assigned to the Roman period leads us to infer that the institution gradually fell into disuse after the Greek cities ceased to be autonomous. It may have been the policy of the Roman conqueror to destroy these bonds of sympathy and common interest among the Hellenic States.

I have noticed the more important political and diplomatic services which formed the motive of honorary decrees conferred either on citizens or aliens. But there were many other services rendered by individuals which the State thought worthy of public honours, and the record of which on marble has handed down to us the names of a few public-spirited and patriotic men, who took pleasure in devoting their surplus wealth and their best energies to the common weal, and who may be called the Peabodys of the ancient world. We have an interesting record of such a benefactor in an inscription found in that remote outpost of Hellenic civilization Olbia, on the Scythian coast of the Black Sea. This inscription tells us how, at some time in the second century B.C., when the city was impoverished in finances, and scarcely able to defend itself from the constant inroads of surrounding barbarians, a rich citizen named Protogenes came forward and reduced the public debt by loans on the most favourable terms, and averted a famine by a largess of corn sold under the market-price. Moreover he put the city in a state of defence by rebuilding its walls, undertaking all liabilities for this work himself, and repaired many public edifices. It would have been interesting to know what rewards beside gold crowns were granted to Protogenes for such long and signal services, but unfortunately the inscription, long as it is, is only the preamble of the honorary decree, the rest of which has been broken off. Probably there were granted to Protogenes one or more gold crowns, an equestrian statue in the market-

place, and a sumptuous funeral and stately tomb at the public expense. These ephemeral honours have long since vanished, but as Pope has immortalized the Man of Ross, so Mr. Grote has judged the name of Protogenes of Olbia not unworthy of notice in his great history.

Another class of benefactors whom the Greek cities rewarded with public honours were physicians, respecting whom we have several honorary decrees. In the ancient Greek republics, as in many parts of the Archipelago at this day, physicians were paid an annual stipend by the community on the condition that they gave their services gratuitously to individuals. To secure the permanent services of eminent physicians, cities bid against each other, as we see by the story of Democedes in Herodotus. An inscription from the obscure city of Rhodiapolis in Lycia, has handed down the fame of one of these disciples of Asklepios, so esteemed in their day, so forgotten now. Herakleitos the Rhodian, says this decree, was equally honoured by the Rhodians, the Alexandrians, the Athenians, the most holy court of the Areopagus, and the Epicurean philosophers; he was renowned not only as a physician, but as a writer of medical treatises both in prose and poetry. He gave his medical attendance gratis, and at his own expense erected a temple and statues to Asklepios and Hygieia, in which he dedicated his own treatises and poems; these latter, no doubt, were esteemed at the time a very precious offering, for the inscription declares Herakleitos to be the very Homer of medical poetry. To our more fastidious taste, such poems would probably be as little palatable as Darwin's "Loves of the Triangles." Poets, too, had their share of these public distinctions. In a decree of Halicarnassus, one Caius Julius Longinus is honoured with bronze statues in the Mouseion and the Gymnasium, side by side with the statue of Herodotus. His books are to be placed in the public library "in order that youth may study them as they study the ancient authors."

An honorary decree which I discovered at Iasus, in Caria, adds one more name to the list of Greek tragic poets.

This decree bestows a gold crown on one Dymas, the author of a poem on Dardanos, and whose piety to the gods and good services to the city are specially dwelt on. The gratitude of his native city has rescued this obscure Carian poet-laureate from the absolute oblivion which his verse perhaps deserved.

After Roman ascendancy had been established we find, as might have been expected, all over the Hellenic world the subject-matter and style of Greek inscriptions affected by this great political change. Though many cities were still nominally autonomous, there are fewer indications of that frank and friendly intercourse between different republics which induced them to

refer much of their domestic litigation, as well as many disputes with their neighbours, to the arbitration of some friendly neutral State.

From the time when Roman ascendancy prevailed, the tendency was more and more to refer all disputes between city and city, and all important questions of internal administration, to the new centre of the civilized world. It was the decree of the Senate in the latter days of the Roman Republic, and subsequently the fiat of the Emperor or of his delegates, which settled all appeals from the provinces. After the accession of Augustus, the reigning Emperor became in the eyes of the provincials a Present Deity. His accession was celebrated with solemn sacrifices, and on each successive birthday a congratulatory address was presented to him, which was afterwards engraved on marble. Temples in his honour, called *Augustea*, were erected in the principal cities. His statue in bronze or marble met the eye in all places of public resort; every coin bore his image and superscription; and on the walls of the temples, theatres, and other public edifices men gazed with reverent eyes on the Imperial edicts and rescripts graven on the marble in bold and clear characters, which were picked out with vermilion to render them the more distinct. Many of these documents were transcripts of the bronze originals stored up in the Capitol at Rome, and it is from these copies that a few precious relics of the Imperial archives have been handed down to us. The provincial cities had as good reason for taking care of their archives as the corporations of mediæval times, for the liberties and privileges which many cities enjoyed under Imperial sway were conferred in the first instance, or from time to time confirmed, by decrees of the Senate or by Imperial letters. If we possessed the entire archives of one of the great cities of Asia Minor during a single reign, we should better appreciate the comprehensive range and minute precision of Imperial administration, which in its best age seems to have been capable of dealing with the most varied and complicated interests, while it found time to control many details which can hardly be considered matters of State.

In the celebrated correspondence between Pliny, when pro-consul of Bithynia, and the Emperor Trajan, we have a specimen of the mode in which the chief of the empire personally directed the affairs of a distant province in Asia Minor. The few letters or edicts from Emperors or Roman official personages to Greek cities, which have been preserved in inscriptions, are a precious supplement to the letters which passed between Trajan and Pliny. These inscriptions range from the second century B.C., when the Romans first began to interfere in the affairs of Greece, down to the Byzantine period of the empire. Even from these

scanty relics, which have been saved from the wreck of so many archives, we learn what a variety of matters came under the notice of the Emperor or the Senate, and the Roman officials who carried out the orders of the central authority. Among the subjects thus dealt with we find awards about disputed boundaries or the division of public land, and grants of freedom and other privileges for special services to certain cities. These favours appear to have been more freely granted in the earlier stage of Roman conquest than when authority was fully established under the empire. It was the policy of the Senate to reward with special rights and privileges the cities which sided with Rome against such formidable enemies as Mithradates and Antiochos. Thus we find that Sylla, in consideration of the great services rendered by the people of Chios in the war between Rome and Mithradates, granted them the right of retaining their own laws and customs, to which the Romans resident in Chios are to be subject. A *senatūs consultum*, bearing date B.C. 170, which has been admirably edited by M. Foucart, shows how the Romans dealt with a city whose allegiance was still doubtful. Thisbe in Boeotia had taken part with Perseus, King of Macedon, but on the approach of a Roman army the Macedonian party had been expelled from the city, and their adversaries, the oligarchical party, surrendered it to the Romans. In the *senatūs consultum* we see the severe conditions imposed by the conqueror on all who had not shown readiness in declaring themselves in favour of the Romans. The city and territory of Teos, in Ionia, is declared to be sacred, and for ever exempt from tribute, by a decree of the Senate, B.C. 193. In a letter from Mark Antony, as triumvir, to the people of Aphrodisias, in Caria, a *senatūs consultum* is cited, which grants them freedom, exemption from taxation, and a confirmation of all privileges granted by the triumvirs. Further, the temple of Aphrodite is to enjoy a right of asylum for fugitives equal in extent to that attached to the temple of Diana at Ephesus. How long such special privileges were preserved intact under the empire, and how far they were modified by the centralizing tendency of Roman despotism, we know not; but it appears from Tacitus that the cities of Asia Minor from time to time submitted to the Senate these ancient documents, as the title-deeds of the privileges which they claimed, and there is no reason to think that such evidence was arbitrarily set aside. Among the privileges to which the cities of Asia Minor attached a special and, as it would seem to us, an undue importance, were the honorary titles—such as “metropolis,” “first city of Asia,” &c.—which were conferred by the Emperors on certain cities, to mark their greater political consequence. Hence jealousies arose between rival cities. Thus we

find from a letter from Antoninus Pius, discovered by Mr. Wood in the Odeum at Ephesus, that the Ephesian people made a formal complaint to the Emperor against the Smyrnæans for having omitted to give their city its proper style and titles in a public document. There is a lurking sarcasm in the Emperor's reply: the omission, he suggests, is probably due to inadvertence, and he trusts that it will not be repeated.

Though ordinary crimes in the provinces were probably left to be dealt with in regular course by the local tribunals, the Emperors from time to time thought fit to appoint special commissioners to hold inquests. Thus Augustus writes to the Cnidians to inform them that he has at their request sent Gallus Asinius to inquire how a certain Eubulus met with his death by violence.

The provinces were not content to submit their wants and grievances to the Emperor or Senate only through the regular official channel. In the great cities of Asia Minor were citizens of local influence who from time to time were sent to Rome on special missions from their fellow-citizens. Some of these being personally known to the Emperor, and reputed to enjoy his confidence, were honoured in their native cities with the title *φιλοκαίσαρες* or *Cæsar's friends*. Such an agent was that Artemidoros of Cnidus, who warned Julius Cæsar of his intended assassination, or that Potamon, son of Lesbonax, to whom Tiberius gave a pass in these words, "If any one dares to injure Potamon, let him consider whether he can contend with Me," and whose marble chair, marking his seat of honour in the theatre, is to be seen to this day at Mitylene; or that Theophanes, also of Mitylene, whose friendship with Pompey gained for his native city the grant of freedom. Inscriptions record the names and services of many such "friends of Cæsar," who were sometimes eminent as sophists and rhetoricians.

The few fragments of imperial and proconsular documents which we possess, though they may not contribute much to the general history of the Roman Empire, are valuable as illustrations of the mode of administration in the provinces, and as furnishing some new chronological data out of which more complete *fasti* are being constructed. But Asia Minor has contributed one lapidary text of surpassing interest to the historian of the Augustan age; that is, the summary of the deeds and events of his reign which Augustus drew up himself, and which was engraved on two bronze tablets and placed in front of his mausoleum at Rome. The bronze tablets have long since disappeared, but the text of this remarkable imperial document has been nearly recovered by the careful collation of two extant copies in marble, one discovered at Apollonia in Phrygia, the other at Ancyra in Galatia. The magnitude of the deeds recorded in this summary contrasts

strikingly with the unadorned and laconic simplicity of the language. In the same calm tone the Emperor enumerates the public edifices with which he has embellished Rome, the triumphs which he has celebrated, and the countries which he has annexed to the empire; the new regions which his fleets have explored; the embassies sent to do him homage from the uttermost parts of the habitable world—among which figure two British kings, one of whom, Dumnovelamus, is known to us from his coins; the treasures which his wise economy has accumulated; the largesses to the Roman people, and the subventions to the provinces in aid of sufferers from earthquakes; and, last but not least, the crowns and the personal honours lavishly bestowed on him by a grateful Senate and people. The first traveller who noticed and copied this precious inscription at Ancyra was Busbequius in 1544. Much of it was then concealed in the wall of a Turkish house, the demolition of which we owe to that excellent traveller, the late William R. Hamilton. The late French Emperor sent an expedition to Galatia for the purpose of securing a perfect facsimile of the inscription, and it has since been published in Germany with elaborate commentaries by Franz and Mommsen. In drawing up this record of the exploits of his reign, Augustus followed the example of the old Assyrian and Egyptian monarchs, and we can hardly doubt that Alexander and his royal successors left similar monuments, though the only extant specimen is the text of the Marmor Adulitanum, which records the triumphs of Ptolemy Euergetes, and of which the original was seen and copied in Nubia, by that intelligent traveller, Cosmas Indicopleustes, as early as A.D. 545.

Before we quit the subject of imperial administration, I would draw attention to one more document of general interest—the edict by which Diocletian tried, in defiance of the doctrines of political economy, to regulate the price of all commodities within his dominions. This ordinance is what is called an Edict to the Provincials, being addressed to the subjects of the Emperor, not through the medium of the ordinary public functionaries, but directly.

The preamble of the edict sets forth its motive in wordy and pompous phraseology. The Emperor alleges the general misery and penury of his subjects caused by the wicked and sordid avarice of those who, in the quaint language of our old English law, used to be called forestallers and regraters, and who by buying up the whole of any article of commerce could afterwards exact whatever price they pleased. The edict undertakes to provide a remedy for this evil, not by arbitrarily fixing the price of commodities, but by declaring what shall be the *maximum* price which they must not exceed. The list of articles in the edict comprises provisions, the wages per diem of various kinds of labour, clothing, carpets,

timber, and various implements in wood, and includes not only the necessities but many of the luxuries of ancient life. Silks and embroidered vestments glittering with gold and Tyrian purple occupy several columns. Among the garments we find the *dalmatica*, of which the name still survives in an ecclesiastical vestment; and the *caracalla*, a coarse cloak with a hood, still known in European Turkey as the *grego* or *capote*, and adopted with little modification by many monastic orders in the Latin Church. The edict being bilingual, we are able to ascertain from it the meaning of some obscure Græco-barbaric words through their Latin equivalents. Among the fruits we meet with an old acquaintance, the damson, which was originally the *Damascenum*, or plum of Damascus. We get too the name pistachio in the disguised form *psittachium*. Among the game is the *Attagen*, an Ionian bird greatly esteemed by Roman gourmands, which has been identified by ornithologists with a kind of partridge (*Pterocles alchata*) still found on the coasts of the Levant.

All the wines mentioned in this edict are Italian, but the greater part of the articles of commerce, and especially the more costly ones, are from the eastern part of the empire. All the prices are calculated in the *denarius* of Diocletian's time; and, could we be sure what would be the equivalent of this sum in modern money, this document would form a very interesting chapter in the history of ancient political economy. But on this point Mommsen and other great authorities are not agreed. Mr. Waddington, the latest editor of the edict, has converted these into francs, and from his list the following prices may be quoted as specimens:—

- “ Ordinary wine, fcs. 0·92 the litre.
- “ Beef, fcs. 1·52 the kilogramme.
- “ Pork, fcs. 2·28 ditto.
- “ A pair of fowls, fcs. 3·72.
- “ Oysters, fcs. 6·20 the hundred.
- “ Eggs, fcs. 6·20 ditto.
- “ Wages :—
 - “ A labourer in the country with food, fcs. 1·55 a day.
 - “ A mason or a carpenter with food, fcs. 3·10 a day.
 - “ A teacher of grammar, fcs. 12·40 for each child per month.
 - “ To an advocate for drawing up a case for the tribunal, fcs. 12·40.
 - “ For obtaining a favourable judgment, fcs. 62·00.”

It is unfortunate that the portion of the inscription which contained the price of wheat and barley is wanting.

The edict is made up of many fragments, which have been discovered in various parts of the Roman Empire. The preamble was obtained in Egypt; a great part of the tariff was found by Sherard, in 1709, on the wall of a Roman edifice at Stratonicea, in Caria; Mylasa in the same province, and Azanis in Phrygia, contributed some small fragments; and several portions of the

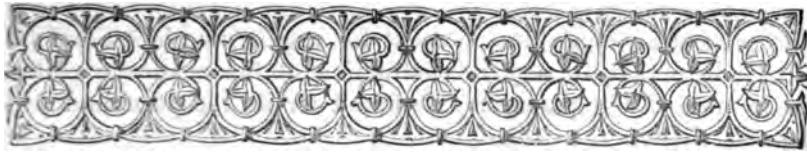
Greek text have been discovered in recent years, in northern Greece and in the Morea. The edict, being of general application, would doubtless have been set up in many if not in all the principal cities of the empire, and therefore it is rather surprising that more copies of it have not been discovered. As it is said to have produced extreme discontent at the time of its promulgation, its unpopularity may have contributed to the destruction of the marbles on which it was engraved, after its author had ceased to rule.

The series of Greek inscriptions which I have noticed in this memoir ranges over at least eight centuries, from the middle of the sixth century B.C., or earlier, to A.D. 301, the date of the edict of Diocletian.

The habit of engraving public documents on durable materials continued long after this epoch, and some curious Greek inscriptions of the Byzantine period are to be found in the last volume of Böckh's "Corpus." But these are connected with another faith, and another political and social system; and therefore I prefer not to extend my survey beyond the period in which paganism was still the State religion of the Roman Empire.

I have drawn attention, in this memoir, to those inscriptions which appeared specially worthy of notice as historical documents. In a subsequent memoir I hope to deal with another and less known class of inscriptions—those relating to Greek religious worship.

C. T. NEWTON.



THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

THE Bills which were introduced last session by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Walpole, in relation to the Universities, will, it is understood, be again brought forward for discussion next year. They have naturally kindled considerable excitement among University Reformers, and their future progress and that of the commissioners charged with the details of amendment and reconstruction will be watched with keen interest. Apart from the magnitude of the resources possessed by Oxford and Cambridge, and the gravity of the interests involved, there is something which appeals impressively to the imagination of hopeful and ardent minds in the spectacle of these ancient foundations, subjected anew, after the short period of twenty-two years since the last reforms, to a process of upheaval and of revolution. In such circumstances it is not surprising if among those who are in earnest about extending the public usefulness of the Universities "every one hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation." Those who think that it is the main business of a University to encourage the pursuit of original investigation, are eager to claim funds for fellowships of research. Others, who wish to see the influence of the Universities brought to operate more directly on the intellectual life of non-academic England, have visions of affiliated Colleges and resident teacherships in the great provincial towns. And every man who is specially interested in some one department of knowledge thinks

the present an opportune moment for urging its claims, and for demanding that in any reconstruction of the academic edifice some more fitting place may be found for its reception and permanent shelter.

At the risk of casting a new apple of discord among controversialists already sufficiently animated, it is desired in this paper to invite public attention to the relation which subsists between the Universities and the schools of this country, and more especially to the questions—What share do the Universities take in the professional training of schoolmasters? In what way might they do more to render our school-teaching more vigorous, more artistic, and more efficient?

There is among English scholars a latent belief, which seldom finds articulate expression, that a teacher, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit*; and that whether the natural aptitude exists or not, the schoolmaster's professional equipment consists simply of a good knowledge of the subjects he has to teach, and a good University degree. With this impression there is associated another still more vague, that the higher the subjects of instruction and the social rank of the learners, the less is the need for any special preparation in the teacher's art. For in England, though we have acquired some experience of trained teachers, we have unfortunately begun the experiment at the lower end of the social and academic scale; and it has thus happened that in the minds of many there is an association between the notion of training and that of inferior work, which though purely accidental, is potent and very mischievous. Had Sir James Shuttleworth and Mr. Tufnell begun with the professors in Colleges and the masters in ancient grammar-schools, their efforts to increase the skill and power of teachers would long ago have been imitated in the lower ranks of the profession, and would in time have reached the masters and mistresses of elementary schools. Fashions descend, but do not easily rise; and it has thus come to pass that among schoolmasters who have University degrees, and ladies who preside over genteel seminaries for the upper classes, the belief prevails that their superior knowledge and refinement render them independent of a kind of discipline hitherto exclusively confined to a class of workers whom it is easy for a superficial observer to stigmatize as deficient in breeding and in culture, and as occupied mainly with the humble work of instructing poor children. And in this way ours is the only civilized country which, while recognizing the usefulness of training for the teachers of the labouring classes, provides for the secondary teacher no public means of preparation for his work. More than this, if there happen to be teachers who have contrived by any means to provide themselves with the needful qualifications, we have no public authority

capable of recognizing and testing those qualifications, and conferring a proper professional diploma on their possessors.

It may be well to inquire what it is which, in the lower region of educational effort, the training system has already accomplished. A teacher who fulfils the conditions prescribed by the Education Department, entitling him to hold a certificate and his school to receive annual grants, has generally undergone a specific preparation for his work, which has extended over seven or eight years. He has probably been selected as a promising boy at thirteen because of his fondness for study and his influence over his schoolfellows, to serve as a pupil-teacher and to help in giving instruction to the lower classes. After such selection he is subjected by the Government Inspector to an annual examination designed to test his regular progress in his own studies, and at the same time he is required during five successive years to take an increasing share in the teaching and management of the school. Much of his work is done under the immediate observation of an older teacher, who is bound by agreement to give him regular instruction in the art and mystery of the schoolmaster's craft. At the age of eighteen he may become a candidate for admission into a Training College, and, if reasonably successful, can obtain teaching and maintenance in one of those institutions for two years at little or no cost to his parents. His studies during that period are directed mainly to those subjects which form the staple of instruction in the elementary school; and he learns enough of mathematics, of history, of the structure and history of his own language, and of rudimentary science, to give him a fair mastery of the somewhat modest curriculum laid down in the official Code. To this he generally adds some knowledge of drawing and vocal music, and occasionally an elementary acquaintance with Latin or French. During the whole period of his training, the methods by which he has received his instruction have been specially designed to help him in his turn to become a teacher. He has attended a systematic course of lectures on the art of teaching and on the discipline and management of a school. He has been called upon at one time to observe and report upon the organization of a model school, at another to give a class lesson or a collective lesson, under observation and criticism. Portions of school duty, graduated in difficulty, have been confided to him one after the other, and notes have been made of his failures and successes in regard to each. He has been required to prepare and submit for criticism sketches and notes of lessons, and his attention has been constantly directed to the best practical rules for efficient teaching and to the principles which underlie them. Finally after passing his examination at the end of two years of such normal training, he does not obtain his

certificate until after a further probation and two years' actual practice as master in a primary school.

And the result of this training is that in the body of certificated teachers the nation possesses a highly efficient staff of officers admirably fitted for the work they have to do. No one who has not had frequent opportunities for making the comparison can form any adequate estimate of the difference between the slow, mechanical, joyless routine of a class under an untrained teacher, and the bright and vigorous intelligence which pervades a good elementary school. The teacher who has been specially disciplined with a view to this duty has acquired, as a rule, a knowledge of the best methods of instruction, and considerable skill in the use of teaching appliances. He knows how to economize his time, how to interest scholars in their work, and how to organize the labour of a staff of assistants in the most efficient manner. On the whole it may be safely said that no more satisfactory experiment has recently been tried in connection with English public instruction than that to which we owe the present system of training colleges and pupil-teachership. No more serviceable instrument for the attainment of a particular end by the shortest and most direct method has of late been devised than the certificated schoolmaster.

Yet those who entertain the truest respect for him, and who have had the best opportunities of testing and appreciating his work, must also be conscious of his special faults, and must have grave misgivings as to the future of a gigantic system of national education which is to be exclusively in his hands. As a class the elementary teachers have had few opportunities of general culture. They have passed the whole period of their education and apprenticeship in the primary school. Everything they have learned has been acquired in view of its direct bearing on the standards and the code. Even at the training colleges their life has been spent in the midst of other students of the same origin and destination, and under the care of tutors and normal masters, a considerable number of whom have been selected from the same class. Afterwards they become assistants or masters at once, and begin their life's routine, having never during their entire career come into contact with the outer world of thought and culture, or had any opportunity of comparing their own acquirements with the standard which in other professions represents a liberal education. Their minds are *bornés* in every direction by the traditions and the somewhat close atmosphere of the elementary school; and they evince a frequent tendency to over-estimate the importance of mere method and technical drill, and in the same proportion to undervalue the necessity for an ample, varied, and accurate knowledge of the subjects closely akin to those they have

to teach. It is the complaint of Dr. Shairp, the Principal of St. Andrew's University, that—

"The normal colleges, whatever be their merits in imparting technical and professional instruction, have had a narrowing effect on the character of the teachers, and have tended to lower their standard of literary attainment. By not supplying to their students the classical and other culture which they formerly obtained at the Universities, the normal schools have seriously lowered the character of the education which can now be obtained in the primary schools of Scotland. When the teachers of the parochial schools had been themselves trained at the Universities, they used to prepare a large number of able lads, who ultimately became students in the Universities. But under the present system teachers entirely trained at normal schools are unable to impart this preparatory training. Hence this source of supply is cut off from the Universities, and the general education of the country is depressed to a lower level, even if it gain in elementary precision."

This complaint might be repeated, though not precisely in the same form, on this side of the Tweed. It is true that Scotland can look back with regret on a class of more or less erudite parish schoolmasters, and is conscious of some loss to set against the great advantages of that uniform system of certificates and inspection which now prevails. In England that system has been a clear gain to the community, and has superseded nothing which was worth preserving. But relatively to the future and to a high ideal of primary education the evil complained of is just as real in the South as in the North. And the best remedy for this evil is to bring some at least of the teachers into the profession by other routes than apprenticing and training colleges, and so to tempt into a calling which is one of increasing honour and emolument a few persons who have enjoyed broader culture and experience and who possess more knowledge of the world; that they may break the monotony of the Privy Council system, and infuse some elements of a better spirit into the corporate life of the Teachers' Associations, some of which are at present sadly deficient in high aims and true self-knowledge, and are displaying ominous signs of a selfish and ignoble trades-unionism.

A recent modification in the English code has had the effect of admitting untrained men on easier conditions than before to the mastership of the humbler elementary schools and to the right to earn grants. A lower standard of age and a shorter period of actual service in schools may, by the regulations of 1876, be accepted in lieu of examination as a qualification for a certificate. Mr. Forster and others protested against this as a retrograde measure, and complained that the former provision which was intended to be wholly exceptional to meet a temporary emergency now threatened to become permanent, and to have the effect of seriously deteriorating the whole class of primary teachers. To this argument it was not difficult for Lord Sandon to reply that

owing to the enormous number of new schools, the demand for teachers is too great to be supplied without some relaxation of the present conditions. It may well be believed, however, that the same object might have been attained almost as readily and much more satisfactorily by relaxing the rule in an upward direction. In the Scotch Education Act of 1872 there are special provisions allowing a degree in arts or science of any University to count as a substitute for the certificate examination and for normal training. And effect is given to this enactment by a further provision in the Scotch Code, Art. 47 and 48, permitting graduates who have satisfied the inspector of their practical skill as teachers to become candidates for certificates without other training, and dispensing in the case of such candidates with further examination in any of the subjects in which they have already been examined for their degrees.

A similar measure in England providing that the holder of a University degree shall be, *ipso facto*, exempt from the obligation to reside at a Training College, or to pass the certificate examination on furnishing due evidence of his teaching ability and knowledge of school management, would have a most beneficial influence on primary education in England. The head masterships of the best Board Schools are posts of considerable influence and emolument, and in every way more attractive and more independent than the lower masterships in ordinary grammar and middle schools. If a few of the more vigorous of the men who now seek the latter career were induced to acquire the teaching skill and mastery of large numbers, which are needed in an elementary school, they would prove to be most acceptable candidates to the increasing number of school managers who are not content with satisfying the official requirements of the code, but have formed a large and generous conception of the possibilities of the primary school, as an instrument of national cultivation and progress. It is not to be expected that many persons of the class who can now afford to graduate at Oxford and Cambridge would select such a career. But there is a considerable class of men who, having received a good school education, and enjoyed fair social advantages, have graduated at Dublin or at London with success, and who would make excellent masters, yet for whom the discipline of the Training Colleges would be unsuited, and who would not in fact submit to such training. It is well known that the degrees of these Universities may be obtained with little or no collegiate residence. But it is not so well understood that other guarantees for continuous study are exacted, which in some measure compensate for the want of such residence. A degree in Arts at the University of London, for example, cannot be taken *per saltum*. To be a Bachelor of Arts a candidate must pass, at intervals of a year, three, and to be a Master of Arts four, successive examinations,

carefully graduated in difficulty, and designed to secure continuity and thoroughness of study during the whole period. An attempt is made in London to supply the lack of those intellectual advantages which the Oxford or Cambridge graduate must have enjoyed; by the application of far severer and more numerous tests, both as to the amount of knowledge exacted for the ordinary degree, and as to the system and order in which that knowledge must have been acquired. Whether therefore the ranks of the primary schoolmasters are recruited from among the graduates of the older Universities or those of London, in either case such graduates will bring into the sphere of elementary work fresher ideas and wider mental experience.

And the supply of female teachers, now notoriously inadequate to the demand, might be largely reinforced if the conditions under which certificates are now granted to women were similarly modified. The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London now hold examinations to which women are admissible, and grant certificates, which year by year approximate more closely in value to the ordinary degrees in Arts. There are many ladies who have received a good education who desire to devote themselves to teaching, who are qualifying themselves for such certificates, and to whom the position of mistress in an elementary school offers a career of greater independence, larger usefulness, and better pay than the overstocked profession of private governess. But they are practically excluded from this field of labour by the existing requirements. They would willingly supplement their present qualifications by attendance during a few months at the purely professional department of a training college, and by work in a practising school. But a two years' residence in an institution filled with young people, nearly all of whom have been pupil teachers, is for them unnecessary, and in many ways inappropriate. A modification in the existing rules of the Education Department, accepting a University diploma as a substitute for the literary and general portion of the certificate examination, and requiring in addition only the needful evidence of teaching skill and experience, would go far to meet the difficulty, and have the effect of introducing into the schools for the poor a number of women of good social position, and considerable moral influence, who would find the work as appropriate and honourable to themselves as it would unquestionably be valuable to the community.

In attempting to forecast the future of English public education, the one thing most to be dreaded is that uniformity of type which is the inevitable result of too great rigidity in official requirements, and sameness in the class of agents employed. So long as certain indispensable conditions of efficiency are fulfilled, the larger room we can leave for varied forms of excellence, of

achievement, and of aspiration, in our elementary schools, the better. But this will not be attained unless there is freer access into the ranks of the teachers for persons of somewhat different intellectual training and associations. The ordinary certificated teachers, who have begun their career at the age of thirteen, are all of one class; and admirable and efficient as their training is, are weighted through life with some of the disadvantages of their early position. I am far from wishing to supersede or to underestimate a class of men and women thus honourably consecrated from childhood to the discharge of important public functions; but I earnestly desire to see associated with them in the discharge of those functions, a few of those who have been attracted by more mature and conscious preference to the teacher's profession, and who, having obtained their qualifications in other ways, will help to give greater breadth and variety to elementary school work, and to place it in truer and closer relations with the secondary schools, with the Universities, and with the larger intellectual life of the nation.

A very noteworthy experiment is just being tried in two of the Scottish Universities by the simultaneous establishment in Edinburgh and St. Andrew's of Chairs of Pedagogy, or of Education. These professorships are endowed in part out of funds bequeathed for educational purposes, but without any specific trusts, by Dr. Andrew Bell, so well known in the history of the educational controversies of sixty years ago, as a rival of Joseph Lancaster in the claim to have established what was then called the "mutual" or "monitorial system" of primary education. The trustees of the large fund which bears his name, wisely concluding that the necessity for subsidizing poor schools has become much diminished, since the establishment of a legal system of universal School Boards in Scotland, have determined to devote a part of the fund to an imperial rather than a local object, and to promote by means of it a movement through which it is hoped the whole of the public instruction of Scotland may be leavened and ennobled. It was long ago urged by Professor Pillans that systematic professorial teaching in the department of what he called Didactics, or the Science of Education, if superadded to the ordinary university course would furnish the best equipment for the skilled teacher. To this view practical effect has at length been given by the appointment at Edinburgh of Professor Laurie, and at St. Andrew's of Professor Meiklejohn; and it is expected that many young men who devote themselves to the office of teachers in primary schools will pass through the Universities instead of the normal Colleges, and avail themselves of that special provision in the Scottish Education Act to which reference has already been

made. When it was proposed that the Government should aid in this novel enterprise by augmenting the annual value of the professorships through the means of public grants, the proposal was at first favourably entertained. But a very strong opposition came from the authorities of the denominational Training Colleges, on the ground that the influence of those institutions would be weakened, if their present practical monopoly of professional training were interfered with; and this opposition received sufficient sympathy from Scottish members of Parliament, and other persons of influence, to induce the Government to recede from its first intention, and for the present to leave the professorships of education slenderly endowed, and with diminished prospects of usefulness. It is not easy for the outside public to share in the alarm felt by the Training Colleges at the possible encroachment on their patent rights. Those institutions after all have no *raison d'être* except as means to an end; they have no claim on public regard except in so far as they subserve that end, and it is not doubted that they have fulfilled it worthily and well. But if it should be proved that the same object can be effectually attained by other means, all claims on the part of the Training Colleges for exclusive consideration will become clearly untenable.

It is however rather with a view to place professional training within the reach of the secondary and higher teachers of Scotland, that the new professorial Chairs have mainly been founded; and it is in that direction that the defenders of the experiment look for its best justification. The two departments of school-work are not in Scotland separated by so broad a gulf—whether as regards their character or their agents—as in England. Nevertheless in both countries the fact remains that hitherto normal training has been confined to teachers in schools for the poor, and that there is urgent need for its extension to what are called the higher departments of educational effort. In neither country can it be reasonably expected that the Government will subsidize new training institutions for the purpose, or make any provision at all analogous to the ample grants now made to the elementary normal colleges. In both it seems probable that the work must be done, if at all, either by the adaptation of ancient educational endowments to the purpose or by the agency of the Universities.

Of the necessity of some such provision, no one who is familiar with the interior life of the secondary schools of England can entertain the smallest doubt. Too often the methods in use in them are mechanical and unintelligent. Children are told to learn, but are not taught. The memory for mere words is overloaded; the judgment and the observant faculties are rarely or never called into play; precious time is wasted; and weariness and disgust

usurp the place of bright animated intellectual exercise. Dr. Butler of Harrow, in addressing the Head Masters' Conference in 1872, said with equal candour and truth :—

“There are very few of us who do not feel that we should have been better for some systematic training before entering on our arduous posts. When we compare what we are after five years' work with what we were when we began, we shall find that we have learned a vast amount of detail, of the importance of detail, of methods, of not losing time, and of bringing out the individual peculiarities of our boys; and when we think how mechanical a great part of this is, it does seem a great pity that we had not the benefit of this training before we started.”

At the same conference, Dr. Jones, the able head master of King William's College, in the Isle of Man, expressed himself still more strongly. He referred to David Stow's well-known saying that among the students who came to him at Glasgow, he had only found one in fifty distinguished by natural genius for teaching, and only five in fifty who failed to be efficient teachers after a course of good normal training. Dr. Jones added :—

“It is said we must learn by experience. Some of us never do so learn, and even those who have become tolerably good schoolmasters have become so only at the expense of our unfortunate pupils. We have been practising upon them those tentative hap-hazard methods by which we have at last learned what we ought at least to have had some idea of before we commenced our work at all.”

And Dr. Abbott, whose eminent success at the City of London School gives special weight to his words, added :—

“Personally, I feel that by some kind of professional training I should have been saved from many mistakes that I deeply regret, for I gained much valuable experience of teaching at the expense of my pupils. And I think many other teachers entertain with myself a feeling of regret, approaching to something more keen, at the mischief they have done their pupils from inefficiency.”

And if these be the frank admissions of men who stand in the foremost places of their profession, it is not difficult to infer, that similar statements might be made with much greater emphasis respecting the rank and file of middle-class teachers and assistants. When one sees how little advance has yet been made in the teaching of Latin since the days of Colet and Erasmus; how arithmetic is in many schools solely an exercise in “doing sums,” and rarely a discipline in thought or reasoning; how little is done to cultivate the literary faculty or a love of reading; how even less is done to awaken observation respecting the phenomena of nature and the things around and near us; with what calm contempt “science” is presumed to belong to the outer court, so to speak, of the temple of knowledge, and is recognized, if at all, on sufferance merely, or handed over to an itinerant lecturer that he may amuse the pupils with strong lights, explosions, and strange

smells; when one observes that the true division of labour in teaching is so little understood that in many a grammar school of fifty boys under two masters, it is still the practice to erect a partition and to cut the school into two perfectly separate and independent departments; when one recognizes the slowness of the intellectual life, the want of zest and heartiness in the work, and the unspeakable smallness of the results of seven or eight years of such teaching, it is impossible to doubt that the evil is very grave and urgently demands a remedy. There is in fact the same difference in teaching between skilled and unskilled labour that is observable in any other profession or trade. And the problem, how to get the best and truest results from school work, in the shortest time, with the minimum of friction and the maximum of spontaneous joyous effort, is at present unsolved in the secondary schools of England. It never will be solved until the attention of aspirants to the teacher's office is as systematically directed to what philosophy and experience have to teach on the subject as that of the young medical student is now directed to the principles of physiology and anatomy, to the phenomena of disease, and to the conditions of health.

It would be rash to say that there is only one way of supplying the want here indicated. There are several possible ways, and of these each has its own fitness for particular students, and all ought to be tried. The device which most obviously suggests itself is the establishment of one or two new Training Colleges which shall do for the higher schoolmasters and mistresses, *mutatis mutandis*, what is already done with so much success for another class of teachers in the normal schools. It would be easy to sketch out an ideal institution of this kind. There should be some provision for the general studies of the candidates, though a much higher standard of attainment might properly be exacted on entrance than in the existing training schools. On this account a shorter period of training and less stringent rules as to residence might be adopted without harm. But for the rest the character of the institution might be largely formed on the present model. There would be a principal who would not only have the general direction of the studies of the place, but who should himself be the normal master or lecturer on education, instead of delegating that function to a subordinate "master of method" as is the custom in many training schools. It would be his business to provide regular instruction not only in *pädagogik*; but also in *schulkunde*, by means of model lessons, properly graduated opportunities for teaching and criticism, and for all the details of school management. As to the ordinary staff of lecturers and teachers, all of them should be men whose attention had been specially given to the didactic or expository side of their own several subjects, and

who were able to illustrate by example the mode in which such subjects could be most skilfully and efficiently taught. Such an institution should place before its pupils specimens of the best kind of school fittings, text-books, maps and teaching appliances. A model and a practising school should be attached; or if not, the institution should be placed within easy reach of good schools of various grades which the students might visit under supervision, and in which they might be allowed to observe the methods and organization, and to share in the teaching.

An important experiment of this kind has lately been tried at Bristol. That city is exceptionally rich in educational endowments, and by a recent reorganization of them under the provisions of the Endowed Schools Act, it has been enabled to establish between its elementary schools and its old and valuable grammar school a complete system of intermediate schools both for boys and girls. Besides the large funds available for these objects, a considerable sum was found on investigation to be due to the cathedral school from the common fund in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in respect of the ancient educational branch of the cathedral foundation. This sum of about £12,000 being in the special circumstances of Bristol unnecessary for the ordinary purpose of a boys' school, it was resolved to apply it to the establishment and maintenance of a Training College adapted to the requirements of secondary teachers. The co-operation of the dean and chapter and the late Endowed School Commission resulted in the settlement of a scheme; and the college has recently opened under promising auspices, not the least of which is the fact that one of the governing body, the Rev. Canon Norris, formerly one of the most distinguished inspectors of schools, is known to take a warm personal interest in the success of the experiment. *Inter alia* the scheme provides:—

"The course of general instruction shall have for its main object to illustrate methods of teaching, and the science and history of education, and to qualify the students to become skilled teachers in secondary schools. The course shall comprise—

" 'Lectures on the Art of Teaching.'

" 'Model lessons given to classes of scholars in the presence of the students.'

" 'Lessons from time to time given by students to classes of scholars in the presence of the Principal and under his tuition.'

"In order to carry out the course of instruction as herein prescribed, the Governors shall make arrangements either for the use of the college school as a practising school, or for the admission of the students to any endowed or other school in Bristol with the consent of the governing body of such school for the purpose of acquiring practice in teaching. In such arrangements provisions shall be made for due supervision and report by the Principal and his assistants in respect of all such practice.

"The Governors may award certificates to any students who have passed

through the course of general instruction in the college or any part of it. Every such certificate shall give particulars as to the nature and length of the course of instruction through which the student to whom it is awarded has passed, and shall specify the subjects in which he has evinced proficiency or merit, and the degree of practical professional skill which he has acquired in teaching classes or in conducting a school."

We have here the beginnings of an institution at present unique in England, founded on a recognition of the need of professional training for secondary teachers, and adapted to supply that need. There must be many aspirants to the office of teacher who would find great advantage in attendance at the classes of such a college, and it is certain that the possession of a diploma from the governors will go far to give the holder a start and a status in his calling, which it would otherwise cost him some time and some painful and perhaps humiliating experience to attain. Among other agencies, a few colleges of this kind may be found to fulfil a useful purpose, especially for female teachers, for whom the more direct action of Universities will scarcely be available. One of the most vigorous and successful of the metropolitan Training Colleges—that of the Home and Colonial Training Institution in the Gray's Inn Road—has for several years past carried on a supplementary class, composed of young women, who are as a rule of higher social position than the ordinary students, and are intending to become governesses in private families and in secondary schools. For these, of course, no Government grant is claimed, but they receive the same instruction in method and school management as other candidates. Ladies who have passed through this course with success have readily found admission into the higher walks of the teacher's profession, and have commanded from the first much higher remuneration than is obtainable by persons of the same class who have enjoyed no such training. A still more important effort in the same direction is now under the consideration of the Women's Education Union, and a Training College aiming much higher in its standard of professional qualification will probably be established ere long, in close connection with the admirable day schools for girls which have recently been set on foot by the Girls' Public Day School Company, and which furnish an excellent field for the practice and technical guidance of the students.

Yet it is not wholly or even mainly to the erection of a number of secondary normal colleges that we can safely look for the ultimate solution of the problem now under consideration. It is difficult to see out of what funds the large sums required for such institutions are to be supplied. Public subscriptions can scarcely be expected for an object which appeals to no local sympathies and supplies no local want. Government subsidies, as we have

said, are not to be relied on or even to be desired. And the number of educational endowments in England which could be wisely or equitably diverted to this purpose is obviously very small. Almost every such endowment contemplates the supply of education of a more or less general character, either for the inhabitants of a particular district, or for scholars of a particular class. It would be difficult to say in the case of any one of them that it was the property of the entire community, available for a large national purpose, such as the supply of a race of teachers, and on this ground to detach it from all local associations and claims. But a graver misgiving suggests itself to the mind of those whose duty it has been to form any estimate of the qualifications of teachers, and of their highest needs and aspirations as a class. The truth is that special isolated training for any profession is only justifiable within very narrow limits, and for certain distinctly defined purposes. By far the largest part of every man's education is general, and is not specifically directed to the technicalities of the craft by which he is to gain his living; and this part, at least, ought to be obtained, if possible, in the company of those who are destined to other pursuits. Theological colleges, medical schools, legal Universities, are defensible only on the supposition that they supplement, not supersede other places of instruction, and that their students have first received, in the midst of other and broader associations, that general knowledge and discipline which are common to all professions. Otherwise all such institutions have a fatal tendency to obscure in the mind of the student the true relations between his own professional employment and the larger world of duty and of mental activity in which those employments are to find a place.

It is in every way a fortunate circumstance that the clergy of the Church of England are, as a rule, not educated in theological seminaries, but in communities which fairly reflect the mind and tendencies of the non-clerical world; and it cannot be doubted that much of the legitimate intellectual influence now exercised over that world by the English clergy would be sacrificed, even though greater skill in pastoral work and in homiletics might easily be attained, by the adoption of a more exclusively professional system of clerical training.

The evidence recently collected from eminent public servants on the subject of the organization of the India Civil Service has incidentally afforded some confirmation of this view. The Government has very wisely concluded from that evidence that it is not desirable to encourage the association of the future Indian civilians in a special college, notwithstanding the wishes of some older members of the service who look back with pardonable affection to the traditions of Haileybury. All the most weighty testimony

bears strongly on the invaluable character of that portion of a civilian's training, which has given him knowledge of the world, and intercourse with men of other aims and interests. If by *esprit de corps* is meant the disposition among men of one profession to stand by one another, and to cherish common feelings and habits, there is manifestly too much of it already; and it certainly needs no such artificial stimulus as would be furnished by the establishment of a new Haileybury, or even by the aggregation of all the intending candidates for India in a special College at Oxford or Cambridge. Mr. Hobhouse, the legal member of the Governor-General's council, says incidentally, in a paper of singular clearness and weight, that the corporate spirit in any profession is precisely that which it is easiest to create and which it is easiest to have in excess.

And if this be true of men whose profession must bring them into contact with people of varied races, and with wide experience of affairs, it is true in a still larger degree of teachers, who are subject to yet stronger temptations to revolve contentedly in their own circle, and to see their work in false perspective. Pedantry—the very excusable vice of the man whose life is honestly consecrated to a particular work, and who is thus led to magnify his office—is to be found in all professions; but in none is the tendency to it more hurtful and more potent than in that of the schoolmaster. The habit of dwelling constantly in the presence of one's intellectual inferiors, of speaking always *ex cathedra*, is lowering and enfeebling to average men: it is not without its dangers even to the best. "We are never quite at ease," says Charles Lamb, "in the presence of a schoolmaster, because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching you." Now, the true corrective for this is to be found, not in professional training institutions, in which all the students are aiming at the same object, but rather in the free association of the future teacher, so far as his general studies are concerned, with students who are intending to enter other callings. Hence it is probable that even if normal colleges for secondary teachers should be established, they will meet with more success, if they are grafted on to other institutions, than if they stand quite alone. In London, for example, a training school for such teachers might without difficulty be affiliated to King's or University College, the students receiving all their extra-professional training in one of those institutions, and resorting to the lectures and the practice of the training school only for such instruction as had a direct bearing on their professional work. The economy of teaching

power, though the most obvious, is in no wise the most important recommendation of such an arrangement.

Another mode, by which the want of technical training in the teaching craft might be partially supplied is the adoption in the higher schools of something analogous to the pupil-teacher system. In some of the schemes which have been framed under the Endowed Schools Acts, there is an express provision whereby any scholar who evinces special promise and aptitude for teaching may be retained beyond the school age, by means of an exceptional scholarship or otherwise, to assist the principal teacher, and to receive aid in the prosecution of his own studies. Such a provision is useful as far as it goes, and may encourage here and there the apprenticeship of a promising boy or girl who would otherwise be lost to the profession. But it is merely a palliative measure, adapted to meet exceptional cases. The head master, however skilful, cannot be expected to devote much time to one or two pupils under special training; and until methods of instruction become more scientific, it is doubtful whether even the best schools can become suitable or adequate nurseries for future teachers. At the Winchester Conference of Head Masters proposals of this kind were received with much favour, and a number of the masters afterwards announced their willingness to receive student masters to learn their business. In 1875, however, it appeared that, with the exception of one enterprising young man who had had the good sense to place himself under training at Clifton for three months, no practical effect had been given to the proposal.

But by far the most hopeful of all plans for meeting the very serious want of which I have spoken, is that which contemplates the establishment of professorships of education at the older Universities, and the distinct recognition of teaching as a learned profession, for which it is the business of the University to furnish definite preparation. Side by side with schools of medicine, of divinity, and of law, it is expedient that a faculty of education should find a distinct and honoured place, so that the man who proposes to devote his life to tuition may find in the quarter in which he is best entitled to look for it—in his own University—the help and guidance needed to equip him for his task, and may obtain from that University an appropriate diploma which may serve as a passport to professional success.

As to the supply of persons competent to fill such professorial chairs, little anxiety need be felt. To say nothing of the many young and vigorous minds which are now being attracted, and would by the suggested action of the Universities be still more powerfully attracted, to the investigation of the subject, it is

manifest that no better function could be found for an eminent schoolmaster in the evening of life than to give the ripe fruit of his experience and study to the beginners in the same career.

Nor are the materials for such special instruction deficient. Those who doubt whether a philosophy of education is possible may in part be reassured by reading Professor Laurie's Inaugural Address at Edinburgh.* In that address the meeting-points of pedagogy with ethics, physiology, history, and psychology, as well as with the practical work of life, are skilfully indicated, and the range of thought and of duty open to a professor of education is well mapped out. The distrust which will doubtless be felt by the scholars on this side of the Tweed—habitually impatient of theory, and in the matter of education, well content to be empirics—will not be wholly dispelled by the perusal of that address. There is evident in it some of the tendency to regard education mainly as a branch of speculative psychology, which the traditions of the Scottish Universities would lead us to anticipate. Yet those Englishmen who are most disposed to look on education rather as an art than as a science, will scarcely dispute that mental philosophy is in some of its aspects closely akin to school work, and may, if rightly investigated, throw much light on the solution of educational problems. One may hesitate to pronounce that a science of education could at once be formulated, or that its rules and principles are nearly fixed; and yet it would be rash to deny that such a science is possible, and that every honest effort towards its discovery is likely to yield valuable results. For example, there are right ways and wrong ways of teaching, of correlating different studies, of governing, and of school organization; and there are good reasons to be given why some ways are right and others wrong. What part the senses should play in learning; how best to cultivate the habit of observation respecting natural phenomena; how the faculty of memory operates; when and why an appeal should be made to it rather than to the judgment, and conversely; what are the limits within which book work and oral teaching should respectively be restricted so as to produce their highest results; whether and why a different course should be adopted in teaching a vernacular and a foreign, an ancient and a modern tongue; whether, in arithmetic and mathematics, investigation of theory should precede, follow, or accompany practice in the solution of problems; how, in history, to distinguish between what is significant and what is insignificant, between facts which should be imparted as mere information and facts which should be suggested and discovered in the light of a guiding generalization; what are the legitimate and what the illegitimate ways of putting

* Inaugural Address by Simon S. Laurie, A.M., Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of Edinburgh. Edmonston and Douglas.

questions and of testing work; what is the limit within which explanation and assistance are essential to a pupil's progress and beyond which they become obtrusive and injurious; how, in short, the business of teaching may become a fine art, and evoke from a pupil in a given time the maximum of intellectual energy, of right ambition, and of useful achievement—all these are matters on which experience and philosophy have much to say, yet to which the attention of teachers is rarely directed at all. "There is a way," says Mr. Laurie, "in which Nature works by moral and intellectual discipline to the growth of power, and by knowledge to the growth of culture." And the analysis which should be instituted to find out this way would make a large part of the business of a professor of education. Even the more mechanical parts of the business of school-keeping, the classification of learners, the right organization of teaching power, the choice of books, the sanitary conditions, and the general equipment and administration of a school, admit of useful discussion, and are found capable of reduction to rules, and of reference to principles which underlie those rules.

"God mouldeth some," says Fuller, "for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success." And the same writer goes on to pourtray his ideal schoolmaster as one who "maketh a grammar of boys' natures," who "is moderate in inflicting deserved correction," who "is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching, not leading them rather in a circle than forwards;" who "minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul that his scholars may go along with him." And old Roger Ascham, after describing his finished scholar as one "that hath comely furniture both of mind and body, hath memory quick to receive, sure to keep, and ready to deliver; hath love to learning, hath lust to labour, hath desire to learn of others, hath boldness to ask any question, and hath mind wholly bent to win praise by well-doing," goes on to add:—

"The two first points be special benefits of nature, which nevertheless may be well preserved and much increased by good discipline. But as for the five last—love, labour, gladness to learn of others, boldness to ask doubts, and will to win praise—they may be won and maintained by the only will and discretion of the schoolmaster; which five points whether a schoolmaster shall work sooner in a child by fearful beating or courteous handling, you that be wise, judge."

It is characteristic of such writers thus to regard the difference between a good and bad schoolmaster, as one dependent mainly on differences of natural gift and aptitude, of temper and of diligence. And we may well admit that the man or woman who is exceptionally endowed with sympathy and imaginative power,

with quick insight into the interior of a learner's mind, and with a happy faculty for imparting and illustrating truth, may be considered as designed by nature for a teacher, and is largely independent of the technical and didactic rules which it would be the duty of a Professor of Education to enforce. Human institutions, however, must be fashioned, not for heaven-born geniuses, but for average men, and it is for these that systematic professional training is indispensable.

Not the least of the advantages attendant on the erection of such a professorship would be the increased attention thus awakened in the literature of education—a subject which has been to a large extent neglected. How much a professor who understood his business might do to gather into a focus the light thrown by ancient writers here and there on the philosophy and methods of teaching, from the Socratic dialectics as illustrated by Plato and Xenophon, from Aristotle, from Cicero and Pliny, from Caesar, from Seneca, from Quintilian, and from Plutarch! The chapter in Muller's *Dorians* on the gymnastic, the music, and the poetic training of the Spartan youth, the curious excursus in Bekker's *Gallus* on the childhood and education of the Romans, the chapters in Grote's eighth volume on the Sophists and Socratic teachers, and the account of Roman education in Mommsen, are all full of suggestion and of material for a philosophy of education, and are less remote from modern thought and requirements than they seem to be at first sight. Of later books which might be unearthed and, in part at least, studied with advantage by a modern teacher, there are Ascham and Milton, Locke, Fénelon, Rousseau, Orelli, Pestalozzi, Jean Paul Richter, Basedow, Jacotot, and Fröbel, and the "*Wilhelm Meister*" of Goethe. And in our own age the contributions made to the literature of the profession by Arnold, by Herbert Spencer, by D'Arcy Thompson, and Michel Bréal, the laborious "*Geschichte der Pädagogik*" of Carl Schmid, and the less ambitious, but just and striking criticisms in Mr. Quick's "*Educational Reformers*," will all help to show how rich is the store of thought and experience available in a school of pedagogy for systematic development and for fruitful discussion.

Two or three objections to this proposal may be anticipated. The art of teaching, it may be urged, is not to be acquired by listening to lectures on the principles of education, but largely by practice in a school; and it is unlikely that University professors can follow their pupils into the details of actual school work, and give to them the sort of clinical instruction which the master of method gives to a normal student in a practising school by means of model and criticism lessons. To the extent to which this practical work is neglected, it may be admitted that the training

of the future teacher in a University will be incomplete. But the instructions of a professor in the art and science of teaching, though not the whole of professional training, form a substantial part of it; and the difficulty of organizing systematic practical work for the students in the laboratory of their craft, though serious, is not insurmountable. There are good secondary schools in close contiguity with each of the principal seats of learning: such foundations as the Magdalen School at Oxford and the Perse School at Cambridge, or the schools at University College and at King's College in London, might readily be utilized as practising schools if once the need for such adjuncts to the lecture-room were fully recognized, and the duties of the professorship were confided to men who thoroughly understood their vocation.

It may perhaps be feared that any system which reduces the art of teaching to method and to rules will tend to produce a hard and mischievous uniformity, and to destroy the free life and originality of our present methods. But all who have much experience of schools know well that nothing is so monotonous as ignorance and want of system. It is in the schools in which the teachers are untrained that one finds everywhere the same uninteresting, mechanical, and unfruitful methods. Variety comes of thought and study, from the play of many minds around the problem to be solved, from the inspiring influences of discussion and of controversy. Once recognize teaching as an organized profession, the principles and methods of which are worthy subjects of investigation in the great centres of learning, and you will have a new safeguard against deadness and uniformity, and the best guarantee for continued improvement.

A more serious objection connects itself with the fact that of all the Universities of Europe, Oxford and Cambridge are those which offer the least scope to professorial as distinguished from collegiate or tutorial instruction. What fruit or what permanent influence on a great profession, it may be asked, is likely to be produced by one additional chair, from which a few prelections are given in each term to a scanty and fluctuating audience? To this it may be replied that many among the wisest of modern University reformers are looking forward to measures which will help to make the professoriate more of a reality, and to develop, within certain limits, the teaching power of the University in addition to that of the Colleges. Whether a professorship can become a vital force and can furnish forth a race of earnest and well-grounded students, or not, depends partly on the nature of the subject, partly on the degree of encouragement given by the University authorities to attendance at lectures, but mainly on the character and gifts of the professor himself. Of the subjects which have hitherto formed the staple of academic study in England some, no doubt, are most profitably pursued

in the library, or the laboratory, or in a tutor's lecture-room, wherein small groups of students read, translate, solve problems, and confront difficulties together, and where the teaching partakes mainly of the character of individual correction and guidance. The instinct which has unconsciously led the English Universities since the Reformation to distrust the set lectures and the showy generalizations proper to the professorial chair, and to rely more on the work of tutors and of colleges, is on the whole a true one, and is founded on a commendable desire for thoroughness. Yet we shall probably come ere long to see that the mediæval Universities and the Scottish and German Universities of our own day have done well to adopt a different principle, in so far as they have recognized the enormous moral force which comes from actual contact between the mind of the student and that of a great teacher. For all those subjects in which there is need of large grasp of principles, of varied exposition and illustration, and of intellectual enthusiasm, the professor ought to be an indispensable factor in a University system. One need not go back to the names of Zeno and of Socrates, to Euclid and Hypatia, or to the mediæval traditions of Abelard and Erigena, of Cheke and of Erasmus. It is sufficient to reflect on the life's work of Liebig and of Ewald; of Adam Smith, of Dugald Stewart, and of Hamilton; of Frederick Maurice, of Henry Malden, and of De Morgan, to be assured that the professorial lecture can play a great part in education. There is no instrument of mental awakening like the human voice, nothing so inspiring to the young student as the personal presence of one whose words are known to possess authority, and who has learned the art of winning and harmonizing the attention, and carrying with him the sympathies of his hearers. And a University which has no definite provision for bringing its pupils face to face with the masters of their several subjects, and for availing itself of the glancing eye, and the living speech, and the personal influence of such teachers, fails to utilize its most precious resources and to fulfil its highest functions. It can hardly be doubted that among the inevitable reforms of the coming years a more strictly defined and honoured place will be found for the University professor; and that thus one difficulty in the way of establishing a real University lectureship in the art and science of education will be removed.

In brief, the points here insisted on may be thus recapitulated:—

(1.) That although normal training for elementary teachers has proved to be highly effective, it is tending to fashion in England a system of primary instruction of a type somewhat too uniform, and lacking in elevation and breadth. It is therefore desirable to encourage the admission into the teachers' ranks of men and women who have received their instruction in other ways, and in

particular to recognize University degrees and diplomas as partial equivalents for the ordinary certificates.

(2.) That there is sore need for some professional training for teachers of secondary and higher schools; and that neither the organization of the plan of *quasi*-apprenticeship, nor the establishment of special Training Colleges—though both are in their degree useful—will adequately supply this need.

(3.) That the best solution of the problem is to be sought in the action of the Universities, in the establishment of Professorships in the art and science of Education, and in corresponding tests, encouragements, and diplomas.

(4.) That the most valuable preparation for the teacher's calling, whether in its higher or its lower departments, is to be gained in close connection with the other agencies which furnish a liberal education, and not apart from them.

This last consideration touches only the border of a larger question, the solution of which awaits more general public attention than it has yet received. The direct influence of the Universities over the professions is not great, and is not increasing. Faculties of law, of medicine, and of theology were once realities, but have as organic parts of the academic course declined in importance. The Universities have of late years concerned themselves mainly with those studies which have a bearing rather on the general mental life and power of the student, than on the particular calling to which his life is dedicated. One effect of this is to send a large number of men to obtain their professional instruction in legal or medical schools, in colleges of engineering or of practical science, and so to dispense with University training altogether. There is here a real loss both to the Universities and to the public. The larger conception of a *Studium Generale* includes both general and specific, both human and professional culture. There is no real inconsistency between these two purposes. And it is mainly to a University that a nation ought to look for those influences which will prevent the professions from degenerating into trades. Is it too much to hope, as one looks wistfully down into the future, and thinks of the gigantic possibilities which lie in the traditions, the wealth, and the young intelligence of the English Universities, that means may yet be found by which they may play a larger part in co-ordinating the various elements in the intellectual life and the practical activity of the nation; and that they may accept it as their mission, not only to equip for his vocation in the world the cultivated scholar and gentleman, but also the accomplished jurist or physician, the keen naturalist or engineer, and the skilled schoolmaster?

J. G. FITCH.



AUTOMATISM AND EVOLUTION.

PART III.

"Je vois ordinairement, que les hommes, aux fautes qu'on leur propose, s'amusent plus volontiers à en chercher la raison, qu'à en chercher la vérité."
MONTAIGNE, liv. III. chap. xi.

THE superiority of the Evolution hypothesis over every other ontological theory is, according to Haeckel, chiefly manifest in this,—that by its means alone we are able to give a mechanical explanation of the most complicated organic phenomena.

"In fact," he continues, "such events as the origin and formation of the organs of the senses present to the eye of the understanding, guided by the light of Evolution, no more difficulties than the explanation of any ordinary physical processes, such as earthquakes, winds, or tides. By the same light, we arrive at the very weighty conviction, that all the natural bodies with which we are acquainted are *equally living*; and that the distinction which has been held as existing between the living and the dead, does not really exist. When a stone which is thrown into the air falls again to the earth according to definite laws; when a crystal is formed from a saline fluid; when sulphur and mercury unite to form cinnabar; these facts are neither more nor less mechanical life-phenomena than the growth and flowering of plants, than the propagation and sensory faculties of animals, or the perceptions and intelligence of man."*

This is a most attractive programme, and one full of interest and promise: unfortunately nothing is effected here or elsewhere towards completing the "explanation." It is asserted again and again that life is but mechanical force, and that soul and spirit and thought are but higher manifestations of the same; but no attempt, even the feeblest, is ever made to justify the wild assumption, or to show how mechanical force can be conceived as representing either life or thought.

* *Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte*, by Dr. Ernst Haeckel, 6th edition, p. 21.

Indeed, Evolution is charged with many burdens, too heavy and grievous to be borne; and it breaks down utterly under the weight of them. Guided still by the light of this doctrine, we are supposed not only to be able to trace clearly the past history and present condition of man; but even to predict, and with still greater certainty, if possible, his future progress. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his "Social Statics" (p. 79), predicts the "evanescence of evil," and the consequent perfecting of man's nature, as an inevitable corollary of the laws of evolution, as follows:—

"All imperfection is unfitness to the conditions of existence.

"This unfitness must consist either in having a faculty or faculties in excess, or in having a faculty or faculties deficient, or in both.

"A faculty in excess is one which the conditions of existence do not afford full exercise to; and a faculty that is deficient is one from which the conditions of existence demand more than it can perform.

"But it is an essential principle of life that a faculty to which circumstances do not allow full exercise diminishes, and that a faculty on which circumstances make excessive demands increases.

"And so long as this excess and this deficiency continue, there must continue decrease on the one hand, and growth on the other.

"Finally, all excess and all deficiency must disappear—that is, all imperfection must disappear.

"Thus the ultimate development of the ideal man is logically certain, . . . as certain as any conclusion in which we place the most implicit faith—for instance, that all men will die. . . . Progress . . . is not an accident, but a necessity. . . . As surely as there is any efficacy in educational culture, or any meaning in such terms as habit, custom, practice, so surely must the human faculties be moulded into complete fitness for the social state, so surely must the things we call evil and immorality disappear, so surely must man become perfect."

This is a fair instance of the statements made and the arguments used in the interests of the Evolution hypothesis; and as such, it merits some brief notice. Whatever may be man's destiny in the future, nothing can be more certain than that he will not be perfected by any evanescence of evil effected as here supposed. For it is in no sense to be received as true that "a faculty, on which circumstances make excessive demands, increases." A faculty duly exercised, in accordance with individual and social requirements, improves, within certain definite limits; but a faculty on which excessive demands are made, inevitably deteriorates or is lost entirely. The eye, the ear, the brain, when moderately exercised, improve as to function; if excessive demands are made upon them, their functions fail; and if these demands be continued, disorganization often ensues. Digestion is certainly not improved by excessive demands on its powers,—nor the circulation, nor any other physiological function.

The history of man, whether physical or general, affords as little support to this doctrine of perfectibility, as does physiology. If certain nations or communities have advanced towards a higher

state of physical condition, of social aggregation, or of mental and moral cultivation, and are therefore to be considered as illustrations of the law that "all imperfection must disappear," it can scarcely be contended that those nations or communities which have either remained stationary or have degenerated are illustrations of the same law. Yet history abounds with such instances. In some Eastern nations, notably in China, there is comparatively little change of any kind within historic periods; probably no one would be likely to see there any indications of the evanescence of evil; and yet China and its dependencies may be supposed to contain nearly half, certainly more than one-third, of the population of the earth. It is not necessary to enter into any details as to degenerations; their history is the history of all nations that have risen and fallen again; where "unfitness to the conditions of existence" has resulted in decay rather than in progress.

This digression from the main subject of this inquiry has been introduced with the object of showing what care it is necessary to exercise in examining doctrines like these, set forth with much confident use of language, before accepting them as valid. Further illustrations will occur as we proceed.

In the preceding paper* the evidence for the first of the three propositions concerning the origin of organic forms was investigated—viz., "*That the earliest organisms were the natural product of the interactions of ordinary inorganic matter and force.*" It appeared to be a result of the inquiry that neither observation, experiment, nor reason, gave any testimony in favour of such a view; and that life was in all cases due either to antecedent life, or to a power or force from without that was not identical, nor correlated, with the ordinary physical forces. The two remaining propositions which now claim attention are more conveniently combined in one for discussion, and may be thus formulated:—"That all the forms of animal and vegetable life, including man himself, have been successively and gradually developed from the earliest and simplest organisms."

A casual survey of the vegetable and animal world exhibits to the inquirer an infinite number of forms, having almost every conceivable variety of general aspect and attribute; whilst a closer investigation shows certain relationships of type and function to subsist amongst certain members. Individuals are closely grouped together with such identity of structure, and such constancy of character derived from parent to offspring, as to be ranked as species. Various species present such analogies one to the other as to be classed under more extended heads, as *genera*. Genera, again, that are allied by certain affinities, are united to

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for October.

point. No organism is, nor has one ever been, created which is not microscopic."

(959) "Whatever is larger has not been created, but developed."

(960) "Man has not been created, but developed."

Oken, it will be seen, allows the existence of a Creator, whose function is to create microscopic points. Philosophers are wiser now. Lamarck followed in 1815 with some daring speculations, which I venture to think were indefinitely more philosophical* than any of the theories of evolution which have been propounded since that time, inasmuch as they had *some* basis in physiological truth. But it is unnecessary now to notice these doctrines at any length, since it is at the present time generally believed that "there is but one hypothesis as to the origin of species of animals in general which has any scientific existence—that propounded by Mr. Darwin."† That hypothesis is too well known to require any extended introduction, but may be briefly stated thus:—Owing to the high geometrical rate of increase of each species, there is a constant struggle for life going on amongst all living creatures, in which struggle the "weakest go to the wall," and the strongest, that is, the "favoured races," survive. These favoured races are so favoured in virtue of their having been born (in obedience to chance, or some law the conditions of which are unknown) with a structure in so far differing from that of their species, as to afford them an advantage, however slight, over their brethren in the said struggle. This is innate variability; and when a variation occurs, thus enabling its possessor to survive where others die, there is a prospect of a race being formed with this peculiarity, which, slowly augmenting for thousands of generations, at last gives character to a new species. And the slow accumulation, through countless ages, of similar modifications, by natural selection, forms distinct genera and orders. The same powers which we daily see producing what we call *varieties* are on this theory capable of producing *species* in longer periods, and in still more extended periods, genera, orders, and classes. There are thus three essential elements in this theory—variability, struggle for existence, and natural selection—and by means of these, it is supposed that, beginning with the *monera* (which was evolved from inorganic matter), we have in the course of long ages obtained all the forms of life that have ever appeared on our globe, including man, without the "intrusion" of any creative power.

It is not my intention to attempt any detailed investigation of these views. This has been done so often by far abler hands than

* Lamarck's account of the development of the giraffe's long neck is infinitely more practical and probable than Mr. Darwin's; as well as his general, though perhaps somewhat vague, ideas of the production of various other structures by means of attempted and increased function, or desire for action.

† Professor Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature*, p. 106.

form natural orders; and these are grouped again, according to such general characters as they may possess in common, into classes and sub-kingdoms. Thus all the varieties of our domestic dog or cat are so alike in essential structure, that they are respectively considered as distinct *species*. But the dog has many points of resemblance to the wolf, the dingo, &c.; and the cat has similar relations to the lion, tiger, and puma. The allies of the dog are therefore united to form a *family*, called *Canis*; and those of the cat are similarly united into the family *Felis*. But the *Canidæ* and the *Felidæ* are again allied by important points of structure, food, and habits to each other and to the bears (*Ursidæ*), martens (*Mustelidæ*), and seals (*Phocidæ*); and these families are aggregated to constitute the natural order of the CARNIVORA. These form one of the great divisions of the class MAMMALIA—a section of the great sub-kingdom of the VERTEBRATA.

Up to a comparatively recent period, the majority of naturalists held, with regard to these divisions, that only the members of what were called *species* (such as were fertile together, and had fertile offspring), had any true alliance, any blood-relationship; and that a family, a genus, an order, or a class, was simply an *ens rationis*, a mental classification for convenience only.

But so early* as 1796, Goethe alluded to the development of the higher animals, and man himself, from lower forms of life; and in 1807 he somewhat expanded the idea, with references to embryology. He was soon followed by Oken, who, as we have before seen, claims "a kind of inspiration," but whose inflated dogmatism presents few tangible points for either intelligent acquiescence or dissent. His doctrine as to organisms is as follows:†—

(900) "Every organic has issued out of mucus."

(901) "*The primary mucus out of which everything organic has been created is the sea-mucus.*"

(905) "The sea-mucus, as well as the salt, is produced by the light. *Light shines upon the water, and it is salted. Light shines upon the salted sea, and it lives.*"

(906) "All life is from the sea, none from the continent."

(912) "The first organic forms, whether plants or animals, emerged from the shallow parts of the sea."

(913) "*Man also is a child of the warm and shallow parts of the sea in the neighbourhood of the land.*"

(930) "The primary organic is a mucus point."

(934) "The first organic points are vesicles."

(958) "No organism has been created of larger size than an infusorial

* De Maillet's *Telliamed* was published almost fifty years before, in 1748; but except as indicating some belief in the variability of species, it requires little notice as a philosophical work.

† The figures refer to the sections in the Ray Society's edition of Oken's *Physio-Philosophy*.

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* Lamarck's account of the development of the giraffe's long neck is infinitely more practical and probable than Mr. Darwin's; as well as his general, though perhaps somewhat vague, ideas of the production of various other structures by means of attempted and increased function, or desire for action.

† Professor Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature*, p. 106.

mine, that it would appear as though nothing more could be said by friend or foe without mere repetition. What can be done by a calm and highly cultivated critical faculty, a profound knowledge of natural history and of all biological science, and a clear logical reason, to refute the fallacies of natural selection, has been done by Mr. St. George Mivart in his "Genesis of Species," and later in his "Lessons from Nature."* But the theory has a source of vitality which does not lie in the domain of facts or reason, and will therefore doubtless survive for a time.

There are, however, a few general considerations upon which I think due stress has not been laid, tending to indicate that this hypothesis "does not really exist, although it may seem to do so," as was said by a distinguished writer concerning another theory—in other words, that it has no scientific basis. The first is this—that the hypothesis of natural selection is not *directly* supported by any single fact in the whole range of natural history or palæontology; but that on the other hand every fact which is known with any certainty in those sciences, so far as it bears upon natural selection, directly opposes it. In adducing evidence of these positions I will neither give my own observations, nor those of any opponent of the theory, but will call upon its friends and supporters to bear their testimony, first, as to the evidence for the succession of life upon the earth from lower to higher forms; and, secondly, as to the existence of any instance of conversion of one species into another.

Professor Huxley, whose authority in all matters of natural history and palæontology is indisputable, and who cannot be suspected of any antagonism to Evolution in general, or to Mr. Darwin's views in particular, thus writes in 1862:—

"What, then, does an impartial survey of the positively ascertained truths of palæontology testify in relation to the common doctrines of progressive modification, which suppose that modification to have taken place by a necessary progress from more to less embryonic forms, or from more to less generalized types, within the limits of the period represented by the fossiliferous rocks?"

"It negatives those doctrines, for it either shows us no evidence of such modification, or demonstrates it to have been very slight; and as to the nature of that modification, it yields no evidence whatsoever that the earlier members of any long-continued group were more generalized in structure than the later ones. . . . Obviously if the earliest fossiliferous rocks now known are coëval with the commencement of life, and if their contents give us any just conception of the nature and extent of the earliest fauna and flora, the insignificant amount of modification which can be demonstrated to have taken place in any one group of animals or plants is quite incompatible with the hypothesis that all living forms are the

* Mr. Mivart's final verdict is as follows:—"With regard to the conception as now put forward by Mr. Darwin, I cannot truly characterize it but by an epithet which I employ with great reluctance. I weigh my words, and have present to my mind the many distinguished naturalists who have accepted the notion, and yet I cannot hesitate to call it a *puerile hypothesis*."—*Lessons from Nature*, p. 300.

point. No organism is, nor has one ever been, created which is not microscopic."

(959) "Whatever is larger has not been created, but developed."

(960) "Man has not been created, but developed."

Oken, it will be seen, allows the existence of a Creator, whose function is to create microscopic points. Philosophers are wiser now. Lamarck followed in 1815 with some daring speculations, which I venture to think were indefinitely more philosophical* than any of the theories of evolution which have been propounded since that time, inasmuch as they had *some* basis in physiological truth. But it is unnecessary now to notice these doctrines at any length, since it is at the present time generally believed that "there is but one hypothesis as to the origin of species of animals in general which has any scientific existence—that propounded by Mr. Darwin."† That hypothesis is too well known to require any extended introduction, but may be briefly stated thus:—Owing to the high geometrical rate of increase of each species, there is a constant struggle for life going on amongst all living creatures, in which struggle the "weakest go to the wall," and the strongest, that is, the "favoured races," survive. These favoured races are so favoured in virtue of their having been born (in obedience to chance, or some law the conditions of which are unknown) with a structure in so far differing from that of their species, as to afford them an advantage, however slight, over their brethren in the said struggle. This is innate variability; and when a variation occurs, thus enabling its possessor to survive where others die, there is a prospect of a race being formed with this peculiarity, which, slowly augmenting for thousands of generations, at last gives character to a new species. And the slow accumulation, through countless ages, of similar modifications, by natural selection, forms distinct genera and orders. The same powers which we daily see producing what we call *varieties* are on this theory capable of producing *species* in longer periods, and in still more extended periods, genera, orders, and classes. There are thus three essential elements in this theory—variability, struggle for existence, and natural selection—and by means of these, it is supposed that, beginning with the *monera* (which was evolved from inorganic matter), we have in the course of long ages obtained all the forms of life that have ever appeared on our globe, including man, without the "intrusion" of any creative power.

It is not my intention to attempt any detailed investigation of these views. This has been done so often by far abler hands than

* Lamarck's account of the development of the giraffe's long neck is infinitely more practical and probable than Mr. Darwin's; as well as his general, though perhaps somewhat vague, ideas of the production of various other structures by means of attempted and increased function, or desire for action.

† Professor Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature*, p. 106.

confidently is the snake's-head lamp-shell (*Terebratulina caput serpentis*), which lives in our English seas, and abounded (as *Terebratulina striata* of authors) in the chalk.*

Failing any direct support from palæontology, or from the phenomena of the now-living world, Mr. Darwin's theory can only claim acceptance in so far as it can be shown to be probable from the operation of the three principles of variation, struggle for existence, and natural selection. Whether these are really living and acting principles, or whether they are mere names for non-existences, is the question now to be discussed.

1. Does *specific* variability exist in nature? The answer to this question would be readily given in the affirmative by a majority of living naturalists; and yet if anything whatever is amenable to proof by observation, experiment, or reason, it can be clearly proved that the answer should be negative.

It needs no accumulation of instances to show that animals vary in form, colour, and generally in what may be called structure. Probably no one animal was ever exactly like another. Any boy who has kept rabbits, pigeons, dogs, cats, or any animals whatever, is as familiar with certain facts of variation as the most learned naturalist. The *causes* of variation are obscure,—its limits are undefined structurally, but perfectly definite physiologically. It is quite true that by artificial selection the breeder of stock may "not only modify the character of his flock, but change it altogether,—he may summon into life whatever form and mould he pleases" (Youatt). It is true as, Lord Somerville observes, concerning the breeders of sheep, that "it would seem as though they had chalked out upon a wall a form perfect in itself, and then had given it existence." But these, and all the instances that can be adduced (and they are innumerable), are the most convincing and irresistible arguments *against specific variability*. For whilst we can vary form, colour, and structure, indefinitely, the specific physiological characters remain always and absolutely the same. The sheep is always a sheep, the dog is always a dog, the rabbit is always a rabbit, even if we succeed in varying their form and appearance until they are almost unrecognizable as such. The physiological characters, as marked by fertility, are absolutely constant; no variation in this respect, to even the slightest extent, has ever been observed in nature, or developed by art.† To suppose that it can ever begin to be otherwise, is merely an unwarranted conjecture, such as would be rejected summarily in

* On a Piece of Chalk: An Address delivered in 1868, republished in 1874. Lay Sermons, p. 198.

† "Our acceptance of the Darwinian hypothesis must be provisional so long as one link in the chain of evidence is wanting; and so long as all the animals and plants certainly produced by selective breeding from a common stock are fertile, and their progeny are fertile with one another, *that link will be wanting*."—*Man's Place in Nature*, p. 107.

any other science. If any biological position can be established beyond doubt, it is this, that indefinite structural variability, with absolute physiological stability, must be considered as proof that specific differences are not dependent on structure alone; but that they are due to a special endowment not to be traced to the "molecular possibilities of protoplasm."

A species presents two groups of qualities:—A (morphological or structural), and B (physiological or functional). With such certainty as attaches to any of our knowledge, we know that A varies constantly, and within very wide limits; with exactly the same certainty we know that amidst all these variations B remains absolutely constant. The inevitable corollary of this proposition is that B (mathematically speaking) is not a function of A; in physiological language, that *function* is not essentially dependent upon *structure*. This truth meets us everywhere in biological research.

By the use of this method, we are compelled to recognize B as indefinitely more important than A, as being a constant quantity, whereas the latter is indefinitely variable. If we are told that our classifications are founded necessarily upon A, it may be replied, without any intention of epigram, "So much the worse for the classification;" for this, to be of any value, should be founded upon constant elements. The truth is, however, that variation occurs chiefly in *non-essential* particulars, and has no more effect in altering specific nature, than allowing a man's hair and beard to grow has upon his personal individuality.

Furthermore, there is an entire absence of evidence of any "*favourable variation*" ever having occurred; and there is an utter vagueness in even surmising what kind of variation might really be favourable in itself, without entailing unfavourable results in its necessary accompaniments.* When we consider also that the supposed variations are so slow, and so infinitesimally minute, that it might require "a million or a hundred million generations"† to establish the characters of a "well-marked variety," we are fairly justified in hesitating to believe in any such inconceivable agencies. If any one proposed to move one of the pyramids by shooting paper pellets at it, he might be logically right in urging that no force, however small, can be lost, and by accumulation must be effective; but we should scarcely argue the question with him.

There are two final considerations necessary to be remembered in attempting to form a judgment on this subject. The first is that "varieties" generally manifest a tendency towards *reversion*

* Mr. Darwin confesses to this difficulty in many places, and often uses such expressions as the following:—"It is good thus to try in our imagination to give any form some advantage over another. Probably in no single instance should we know what to do so as to succeed. It will convince us of our ignorance on the mutual relations of all organic beings; a conviction as necessary as it seems difficult to acquire."—*Origin of Species*, p. 78.

† Ibid. p. 124.

to the original type, when removed from the influence of artificial agencies. The second is this, that although our knowledge of all the circumstances connected with the formation of "races" is very imperfect, yet what we do know with any certainty *decidedly opposes* the theory of their being formed by slow and minute variations. On the contrary, all the marked instances with which we are acquainted have occurred *suddenly*, and under conditions of which no adequate explanation could be given; as in the case of the Ancon sheep. This certainly was not an example of selecting and preserving a variation favourable to the individual or to the race.

2. Is there anything in nature which can be called a "struggle for existence," within the meaning of the hypothesis? Certainly not, if by "struggle" is implied any event or combination of events, the result of which can in any way be influenced by slight individual variations. It is true that all organic beings tend to multiply at a rate which, if unchecked, would in any one instance very soon overstock the earth. The elephant is supposed to breed more slowly than any other known animal; yet at the lowest computation one pair might easily be the ancestors of fifteen millions in five centuries. As to the multiplication of the lower animals, the understanding is baffled in attempting to realize their increase. In five generations, one aphid may be the parent of 5,904,900,000 individuals, and there may be twenty generations in a year. The female flesh-fly will have 20,000 young ones; and in five days any pair of these are qualified to produce as many more; and Linnaeus asserts that three flies of the *Musca vomitoria* could devour the carcase of a horse sooner than a lion. The unchecked produce of one pair of herrings or mackerel would in a very few years crowd the Atlantic until they had no room to move; and it would not require a century for any pair of birds, or any of our domestic animals, so to stock a continent that not an individual of any other species could exist there.

It is evident, then, that of all the countless myriads of living creatures born within any given period, by far the greater part must be destroyed; and this wholesale destruction is effected by means which absolutely preclude any idea of "struggle," as influencing the result in the slightest conceivable degree. When clouds of locusts devastate an entire district; when countless millions of aphides destroy vegetation, and are themselves helplessly swallowed up in mass by lady-birds and other enemies; when the great ant-bear destroys thousands of ants, with their dwelling, for a single repast; when the *Balanoptera* engulfs whole shoals of herrings and smaller fish for a mouthful; when thousands of small fry—shrimps, crabs, molluscs, and medusæ—disappear for each meal of the common Greenland whale; when

the bear or the badger destroy and devour the nests of bees wholesale—surely in all this the most vivid imagination can see no room for “struggle,” or any possibility of “survival of the fittest.” For what advantage could it afford an insect that was about to be swallowed by a bird, that it possessed a thousandth fragment of some property not possessed by its fellows? What preservation against ravages of the slugs would be afforded by an “infinitesimal” difference between one weed and its neighbour? What minute difference would avail the duckling that the fox was about to carry off? These may perhaps be deemed feeble and trifling illustrations; yet it is only by bringing the principle to some such practical test as these that its truth or probability can be recognized. It sounds at first plausible enough to say that profitable variations will naturally tend to the preservation of individuals; but when we put it to the test, and see that it is theoretically improbable, and that there is a total lack of direct evidence that such has ever been the case, we are disposed to look upon it as more sound than sense. The balance of the organic world is preserved by the order of nature, in obedience to which the stronger prey upon the weaker; and against this law, without which nature itself would be a chaotic impossibility, there is no appeal, no resistance, no “struggle.”

It must be observed, before leaving this part of the subject, that Mr. Darwin himself, beyond the general idea of struggle and survival, has no definite notion of the circumstances demanding such struggle, nor of its essential nature. The following are only a few out of innumerable illustrations that might be brought forward. In the “Origin of Species,” at p. 109, it is stated that “from the high geometrical ratio of increase of all organic beings, each area is already *fully stocked* with inhabitants, &c. ;” but on the next page it is said that “probably no region is as yet *fully stocked*.” At p. 110 it is stated that “it is the most closely allied forms—varieties of the *same species*, and species of the *same genus*, or related genera—which, from having nearly the same structure, constitution, and habits, generally come into the severest competition with each other.” Here we seem to have arrived at a general principle; but at p. 114 another view requires support incompatible with this, and we are told that “the advantages of diversification of structure, with the accompanying differences of habit and constitution, determine that the inhabitants which thus jostle each other most closely shall, as a general rule, belong to what we call *different genera* and *orders*.” And at p. 121 (all these occurring in the same chapter, and in different parts of the same argument) we find again that the struggle “will be most severe between those forms which are *most nearly related* to each other in habits, constitution, and structure.” From all which it is not

unnatural to conclude that the idea of "a struggle for existence" is not to be reconciled with the observed facts of nature.

3. If there be any cogency in the foregoing considerations, the conclusion from them is inevitable, that "Natural Selection" is a mere euphuism for a negation—a happy phrase for something that is not—representing only a casual residuum after wholesale and indiscriminate destruction. In itself it is absolutely "nothing;"* in its application as a theory to individual phenomena, it is full of the most irreconcilable incoherences. Two illustrations only will suffice to show the impossibility of rationally adapting the imaginary principle of natural selection to existing facts. In Madeira there are various kinds of beetles, some having wings largely developed, some having moderate ones, and some without. It is rather amusing to see the manner in which these differences are reconciled to the theory. The large wings are "quite compatible with the action of natural selection. For when a new insect first arrived on the island, the tendency of natural selection to enlarge or reduce the wings would depend upon whether a greater number of individuals were saved by successfully battling with the winds, or by giving up the attempt, and rarely or never flying."† Then in the same page the author adds that certain considerations have made him "believe that the wingless condition of so many Madeira beetles is mainly due to the action of natural selection, but combined probably with disuse. For during thousands of successive generations each individual beetle which flew least, either from its wings having been *ever so little* less perfectly developed, or from indolent habit, will have had the best chance of surviving from not being blown out to sea; and, on the other hand, those beetles which most readily took to flight would oftenest have been blown out to sea, and thus have been destroyed"! The second instance is taken from the account of the action of natural selection upon certain blind animals in the caves of Styria and Kentucky. Natural selection has acted here by preserving blind animals, because those which had sight might be subject to "inflammation of the nictitating membrane."‡ But it seems that in one of the blind rats the eyes themselves are of "immense size;" and it would appear to be a most extraordinary mistake of natural selection to preserve this animal merely *because* blind, whilst its "immense" eyes still remain subject to the objectionable inflammation.

If I dwell for a brief space longer upon some of the impossibilities involved in the reception of this theory, it is because, although virtually abandoned by its author, as will be seen presently, it

* This phrase is used by Mr. St. George Mivart, in his "Lessons from Nature," p. 300.

† Origin of Species, p. 136.

‡ Ibid. p. 137.

still lives in the minds of many, and acts as a serious obstacle to the advance of science.

There is no principle more frequently and distinctly enunciated in Mr. Darwin's work, than that natural selection can only act by preserving and perpetuating *exceedingly minute* variations, of such a character as will enable their possessor to contend more vigorously in the struggle for life. We have already seen that there is no such struggle. But even if there were, variations so minute as are constantly insisted upon could by no possibility give their possessor any advantage. We should entirely fail to form any conception how a very slightly enlarged sebaceous follicle, a minute pimple on the nose of a fish, or a microscopic point of ossification amongst the muscles of any animal, could give its possessor any superiority over its fellows; yet by the terms of the hypothesis such and no other must have been the origin of the mammary gland; of the powerful offensive weapons of the sword-fish or saw-fish; and of locomotor organs generally amongst the higher animals. But the earliest rudiments of a gland, or other organ, of an offensive weapon, or of a limb, must have been absolutely functionless, and therefore useless to its possessor, if developed in this way; the application of the principle is therefore impossible.

The absence of transitional forms between different species has always been recognized as a serious difficulty. Professor Huxley, who is much more Darwinian than Mr. Darwin himself, says (Lay Sermons, p. 296) that this difficulty "has no force;" but Mr. Darwin does not fail to see how serious it is. He says:—

"Geology assuredly does not reveal any such finely-graduated organic chain; and this perhaps is the most obvious and gravest objection which can be urged against my theory. The explanation lies, as I believe, in the extreme imperfection of the geological record."*

"I do not pretend that I should ever have suspected how poor a record of the mutations of life the best preserved geological section revealed, had not the difficulty of our not discovering innumerable transitional links between the species, which appeared at the commencement and close of each formation, pressed so hardly on my theory."† And, "He who rejects these views on the nature (*i.e.*, the extreme imperfection) of the geological record, will rightly reject my whole theory."‡

After these plain confessions of want of support from geology as it now is, the difficulty is cut at once. Where are the transition forms connecting the species in the same formations? The answer is ready; they are not preserved—the conditions were unfavourable. "Where are the remains of those infinitely numerous organisms which must have existed long before the first bed of the Silurian system was deposited?"§ This question refers

* *Origin of Species*, p. 280. † *Ibid.* p. 302. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 342. § *Ibid.* p. 343.
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to the fact of finding creatures of high organization in the earliest seas, whence the supporters of "development" were obliged to suppose countless ages of development before the age of trilobites. The answer to it is equally trenchant and conclusive, "They may now all be in a metamorphosed condition, or may lie buried in the ocean."* Can Mr. Darwin fail to see that there cannot be imagined any theory of ontology too wild and monstrous to be supported by argument like this?

But geology has its tale to tell, and one which appears not only not to support, but clearly to controvert, the development theory. It never was the small and feeble species or germs that first appeared either amongst molluscs, fish, reptiles, or mammals. Where are now the representatives of the gigantic fishes of the old red sandstone? Where are the mighty reptile tyrants of air, earth, and water of theoolite? Have they been "improved" and "preserved" into the puny representatives of the modern reptile class? Where are the ponderous monsters that shook the eocene and miocene earth with their massive tread? Where is the megatherium, unless *improved* into the feeble sloth of the present day? These races appeared in the plenitude of their power; and as their dynasty grew old, it was not that the race was "improved" and preserved in consequence; but they dwindled, and were, so to speak, degraded, as if to make room in the economy of nature for their successors. But this is too large a subject to enter upon at present.

Mr. Darwin gives some imaginary details respecting the development of certain instincts, concerning which it may be sufficient to remark that, had they been given by an opponent in the form of satire, or of a *reductio ad absurdum*, the purpose would appear to have been well answered. One instance may be given. The American cuckoo builds its own nest; probably the English cuckoo did so once, but perhaps accidentally and occasionally laid an egg in another bird's nest.

"If the old bird profited by this occasional habit, or if the young were made more vigorous, . . . then the old bird, or the fostered young would gain an advantage. And analogy would lead me to believe that the young thus reared would be apt to follow by inheritance the occasional and aberrant habit of their mother. . . . By a continued process of this nature, I believe that the strange instinct of our cuckoo could be, and has been, generated."†

The final and utterly fatal blow to the theory of natural selection is found in the fact of the existence of *neuters* or sterile females in insect communities, such as the working ants. These differ widely both in structure and instinct from both parents, and yet, being absolutely sterile, are unable to transmit their peculiarities.

* Origin of Species, p. 343.

† Ibid. p. 217.

Their development by natural selection, therefore, is simply a contradiction in terms, a formal impossibility. Mr. Darwin recognizes the difficulty to the extent of saying that it *at first* appeared "fatal to his whole theory;" and adds, "It may well be asked, how is it possible to reconcile this case with the theory of natural selection?"* It certainly is not possible; and all that is said by way of illustration does not tend in the slightest degree either to remove or lessen the difficulty.

On a general survey of the theory, nothing strikes us more forcibly than the total absence of direct evidence of any one of the steps. No one professes to have ever seen a variety (producing fertile offspring with other varieties) become a species (producing no, or infertile, offspring with the original stock). No one knows of any living or any extinct species having given origin to any other, at once or gradually.† Not one instance is adduced of any variety having ever arisen which did actually give its possessor, individually, any advantage in the struggle for life. Not one instance is recorded of any given variety having been actually selected for preservation, whilst its allies became extinct. There is an abundance of semi-acute reasoning upon what might possibly have occurred, under conditions which seem never to have been fulfilled; but not the least fragment of direct testimony, either derived from human experience or from the geological record.

It is often said that it requires but little ingenuity to find objections to the Darwinian theory—that they lie on the surface—that Mr. Darwin himself was the first to recognize and acknowledge them. All this is to a certain extent true; but that an absolutely fatal objection to a theory lies on the surface, is no sufficient argument for rejecting it, or refusing to recognize its validity. Mr. Darwin did indeed from the first acknowledge certain difficulties, with a candour which has perhaps done more to advance the spread of his doctrines than any other course would have effected. His error consisted in looking upon these difficulties as something to be *got over*, in many cases by mere forms of words; and in not *earlier* recognizing that more than one of the objections were absolutely and essentially fatal to the whole

* *Origin of Species*, pp. 236, 237.

† A formal exception must here be made in favour of Dr. Büchner, who states (*Force and Matter*, p. 80), that "*Holothuria* engender snails!" and adds, "If such an extraordinary process is possible that a *holothuria* should produce a snail, what naturalist can deny that conditions may once have subsisted in which . . . an ape, nay, any other animal, may have given birth to man?" As this snail event is less likely to occur, zoologically speaking, than that a hen should hatch from one of her eggs a puppy-dog, we may infer the value of Dr. Büchner's revelations generally. This learned and cautious gentleman (in his Preface, p. cii.), states that *his* method of investigation "has already conducted him to truth, enlightenment, and deliverance of his fellow-men from obsolete and pernicious prejudices." That it has also conducted him to literary sobriety and decency is evident from his comments on all who think differently from himself, whom he calls a "howling pack," "mental slaves," and "yelping curs." See Preface, p. lxxxvi.

doctrine. It would appear that now Mr. Darwin has virtually abandoned the theory of natural selection as an agency for the production of species; that is, if words and ideas are allowed to have the same significance in regard to Evolution that they have in ordinary usage. In the "Origin of Species" we are more than once told that it would be "*fatal*" to his theory if the discovery were made of characters* or structures which could not be accounted for by "numerous, successive, slight modifications;" and now in the "Descent of Man," vol. ii. p. 387, we find the following passage:—

"No doubt man, as well as every other animal, presents structures, which, as far as we can judge with our little knowledge, are not now of any service to him, nor have been so during any former period of his existence. . . . Such structures *cannot be accounted for by any form of selection*, or by the inherited effects of the use and disuse of parts."

Immediately afterwards he refers to their production by "*unknown causes*," which obviously, like Professor Huxley's appeal to "*subtle influences*,"† as a source of life-phenomena, involves a relinquishment of the entire position.

The conclusions which necessarily follow from the foregoing observations may be briefly summed up in one syllogism, embracing not only natural selection, but also the larger theme of Organic Evolution generally:—

"Without *verification* a theoretic conception is a mere figment of the intellect:"‡

But the theory of Organic Evolution is an unverified theoretic conception:§

THEREFORE ORGANIC EVOLUTION IS A MERE FIGMENT OF THE INTELLECT.

There is, however, a further aspect of this question. Although *unverified* as yet, it is not *proved* that *some* form of evolution may not be verified in the future. What has been done so far amounts merely to a demonstration that the doctrine, as now generally propounded, receives no direct support from facts; and that "natural selection," in particular, is simply impossible. It *may* be that "*the continuous operation of the ordained becoming of living things*"|| is effected under certain limitations by some kind of

* On this subject see also Mr. Mivart's *Lessons from Nature*, p. 337.

† See *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for September, p. 560.

‡ Professor Tyndall's *Fragments of Science*, p. 469.

§ As seen above, Professor Huxley gives it as his judgment that the only way in which such an hypothesis can be proved to be true is "*by observation and experiment upon the existing forms of life*." It is fully acknowledged that hitherto *these* have given no direct evidence in favour of the theory.

|| Owen's *Palaontology*, p. 3. Notwithstanding Professor Huxley's criticism upon this phrase, which he characterizes as a "quâ-quâ-versal proposition . . . which may be read backwards, forwards, or sideways, with exactly the same amount of signification" (*Man's Place in Nature*, p. 106), it seems to me to be at least as full of meaning as "nature's great progression from the formless to the formed—from the inorganic to the organic—from blind force to conscious intellect and will" (*Ibid.* p. 108).

evolution; but inasmuch as it still lacks any vestige of proof, the doctrine in no way warrants its supporters in upholding it as the only possible or thinkable system of ontology.

"The strength of the doctrine of Evolution consists not in an experimental demonstration (for the subject is hardly accessible to this mode of proof), but in its general harmony with scientific thought."* There is no doubt that if we can set aside the consideration of its adverse relation to all the phenomena revealed by "observation and experiment," much may be said, involving both reason and probability, in favour of this harmony with scientific thought. It must not, however, be forgotten that scientific thought can only mean the aggregate thoughts of scientific men; and that the doctrines of Evolution are not accepted universally. Mr. Darwin writes, in 1871,† "Of the older and honoured chiefs in natural science, many unfortunately are still opposed to Evolution in every form." Since that time it is certain that, on the Continent at least, the doctrine has been met by many distinguished botanists and zoologists with growing disfavour. Nevertheless Evolution, if modestly and temperately advanced, forms an excellent nucleus around which to group many facts of science, and upon which to expend the energies and genius of philosophical research. And as the dreams of the alchemists became the *vera causa* of chemical science, so it may be anticipated that at some future time, what are now the crude and baseless speculations of Evolution may lead to a truer knowledge of natural law, and a more perfect system of biology.

The strongest arguments in favour of the derivative origin, or evolution, of living forms, are found in the study of homologies (Morphology), and of Embryology, and these must now be briefly noticed.

"*Homology* is the name applied to the investigation of those profound resemblances which have so often been found to underlie superficial differences between animals of very different form and habit. Thus man, the horse, the whale, and the bat, all have the pectoral limb, whether it be the arm, or fore-leg, or paddle, or wing, formed on essentially the same type, though the number and proportion of the parts may more or less differ. Again, the butterfly and the shrimp, different as they are in appearance and mode of life, are yet constructed on the same common plan, of which they constitute divergent manifestations. No *a priori* reason is conceivable why such similarities should be necessary, but they are readily explicable on the assumption of a genetic relationship and affinity between the animals in question, assuming, that is, that they are the modified descendants of some ancient form, their common ancestor."‡

The manifold indications of community of plan with diversity of execution, met with so constantly in the organic world, are

* The Belfast Address, by Professor Tyndall, p. 527.

† Descent of Man, p. 2.

‡ This passage is taken from Mr. Mivart's General Summary of the Doctrine of Natural Selection: Genesis of Species, p. 7.

phenomena full of the deepest interest and the most profound significance. It cannot be doubted that community of descent, genetic relationship, or blood affinity, combined with *indefinite variability*, would satisfactorily account for them. But as these conditions are entirely hypothetical, and involve a *petitio principii*, we must inquire whether they can be explained by no other means. If it be clearly demonstrated that they cannot, then *derivation* must be accepted. If, on the other hand, it can be shown that rational analogies indicate another possibility, then the question will still remain *sub judice*.

Our knowledge of the *causes of form* throughout nature is absolutely *nil*, but we know something concerning its accessory conditions, and from this knowledge it can be clearly demonstrated that similarity and identity of form do not necessarily depend upon community of origin. For the support of this proposition I would appeal to the phenomena of crystalline *isomorphism*, the fundamental law of which, as stated by Mitscherlich, is that "bodies having a similar chemical constitution have also the same crystalline form, as determined by the measurement of their angles." As an example, it is shown that the corresponding salts of phosphoric and arsenic acids, containing equal numbers of atoms of water, crystallize in the same forms.* Those who reduce all inorganic and organic forces to the same category cannot consistently object to an illustration of organic laws from the inorganic world; and here we have identity of form produced, and in other and allied instances all kinds of small modifications of form, where any idea of genetic relationship is altogether out of the question. This illustration *proves* nothing as to organisms, further than this, that matter in general aggregates into certain special forms in obedience to a force of which we know nothing. If simple salts aggregate into identical and allied forms, where their constitution is different, and where genetic affinity is impossible, is it inconceivable that, without this affinity, matter so much more complex in composition may aggregate also into allied forms?

Wherever we turn in biological research, we are compelled, if we will be logical, to recognize behind every outer form of living things a "*special endowment*" which can by no ingenuity be formulated in terms of molecular complication. It may be humbling to our pride to have to take refuge in a phrase; but what can we do? The "*endowment*" *is there*, in whatever it may consist; otherwise we are compelled to recognize diverse effects proceeding from the same cause. "The primordial germs of a man, a dog, a bird, a fish, a beetle, a snail, and a polyp, are in no essential

* See Watts' Dictionary of Chemistry: "Isomorphism."

structural respects distinguishable;” yet in virtue of what we must of necessity call a special endowment, each ultimately assumes its destined form. A fragment of Begonia leaf grows into a Begonia plant; a morsel of divided polyp grows into the same species of polyp—all due to an endowment which we can in no wise rationally connect with mere organization. It does not appear as if that most cumbrous, most incomprehensible, and most hopelessly complicated and impossible of doctrines, called Pangenesis, could help us at all in the emergency. We can form no definite conception of the nature of this endowment any more than we can of the nature of life itself; but it is surely better to acknowledge our ignorance, than dogmatically to assert that it is something which it demonstrably is not.

Again, if similarity of structure and typical formation be admitted as an argument for community of origin, surely it would be reasonable, conversely, to view diversity of typical formation as an argument for independent origin. Now there are at least five distinct types upon which the members of the animal kingdom are constructed which cannot possibly be reduced to any general expression or formula. The *Protozoa*, the *Cœlenterata*, the *Mollusca*, the *Annulata*, and the *Vertebrata* have all different archetypes, which have no natural or derivative relation one to the other. There is no traceable structural or developmental relation between any two of these, and we have it affirmed on the highest authority that “*there is not the least evidence to prove that a form, in the slightest degree transitional between any two of the groups, . . . either exists, or has existed during that period of the earth’s history which is recorded by the geologist.*”† This is a most important statement, and one which would appear to be absolutely fatal to any idea of unbroken causative or genetic succession of organic forms. But Evolution is more than hydra-headed, and error dies hard. We “must not for a moment suppose, because no such transitional forms are known, that the members of the sub-kingdoms are disconnected from, or independent of, one another. On the contrary, in their earliest condition they are all alike,”‡ and their primordial germs are in no essential structural respect distinguishable; and this is considered to be conclusive evidence that they are all “bound together by an all-pervading unity of organization,”—including five distinct and utterly unassimilable types!

The argument from embryology is derived from the fundamental fact that the primordial germs of all animals (above the very lowest, of which we know little or nothing) are absolutely alike in all essential particulars. They are approximately (in most instances) of the same size; they are of the same chemical

* Professor Huxley’s *Lay Sermons*, p. 104.

† *Ibid.*: *Study of Zoology*, p. 103.

‡ *Ibid.*

composition; and they present themselves under an absolutely identical form, that of a simple cell. Further, the history of this cell corresponds, in all types, to a remarkable extent. In all cases it divides first into two similar cells, then into four, eight, sixteen, and so on, until it arrives at the stage of the *Morula* (Haeckel) or "mulberry mass." Then commences another order of transformations, the first of which is the appearance of the "blastodermic vesicle." So far the process is virtually identical in all cases; and in the case of the higher animals, man included, the development of the embryo so closely corresponds, up to a late period, that at a tolerably advanced stage, say of the dog and man, the appearances are exceedingly similar.

For further illustration, the development of the higher animals, may be represented as passing through certain stages, A, B, C, D, &c. . . . to Z—all those below Z representing closely corresponding stages in the lower forms; not the forms of the completed animal, but what may be considered a sketch or diagram of these or their embryos. We may suppose, for instance, that calling Z the perfected development of man, W might represent the incomplete ape, T forms of the lower mammalia, S the amphibia, P fishes, M annelida, F amœboid creatures, and so on. Then each one of these divisions at some period in the course of its development represents (typically or diagrammatically) the divisions *before it* in the alphabet, just as S, representing say the frog, presents at one period of its history the form of P (fishes), as a tadpole. They do not in all cases present the whole of the letters preceding, but always some, and always in order, although the order may be broken. Thus the series might be A, C, K, S, &c., but never in the form of any succession like B, M, F, D, or the like; and particularly it must be remarked that the embryonic forms of any given race, say N, never represent any further or higher development, as P or S, but always and exclusively the types below, as K, L, M, &c. It is also "a general law, that the more closely any animals resemble one another in adult structure, the longer and the more intimately do their embryos resemble one another; so that, for example, the embryos of a snake and of a lizard remain like one another longer than do those of a snake and a bird; and the embryo of a dog and of a cat remain like one another for a far longer period than do those of a dog and a bird; or of a dog and an opossum; or even than those of a dog and a monkey."*

From all this has been deduced, in modern times, the beautiful and philosophical doctrine of the correspondences between Ontogenesis and Phylogenesis,† a doctrine the importance and utility

* Professor Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature*, p. 65.

† *Ontogenesis*, the history of individual development. *Phylogenesis*, the history of

of which can scarcely be over-estimated, so long as its domain is not extended to the explanation of phenomena to which it is in no wise applicable. It is thus formulated by Haeckel :—

“These two divisions of our science, Ontogenesis and Phylogenesis, stand in the closest possible connection; and the one cannot be understood without the other. This fundamental biogenetic law, upon which the comprehension of the entire doctrine of organic evolution absolutely depends, may be shortly expressed thus :—*The history of the germ is an abstract or epitome of that of the race*; in other words, *Ontogenesis is a brief recapitulation of Phylogenesis*; or in somewhat greater detail, thus :—The series of forms presented by the individual organism during its development from the original germ to its perfect condition is a short and compressed repetition of the long series of forms presented by the ancestors of this organism, from the earliest periods of the so-called organic creation, up to the present time.”

Professor Haeckel further proceeds to deduce from this the doctrine that “Phylogenesis is the *mechanical cause* of Ontogenesis,” on the supposition that each stage of development is directly inherited from some early member of the genealogical tree.

The facts of natural history and biology generally that group themselves around this idea are interesting and instructive in the highest degree. But to reason from the *correspondences* of embryonic development with lower forms of animal life, that they stand in relation of necessary cause and effect, is laying upon the doctrine a burden which it can by no means bear. A full examination of the subject is not only impossible within our limits, but would be unnecessary and out of place. It must suffice here to show that the facts of Ontogenesis by no means involve necessarily the admission of a common origin.

It is somewhat remarkable that it seems never to have occurred to the supporters of this doctrine, that on *mechanical* principles, those principles to which they are so ready to appeal in other departments, the development of a simple cell, under any theory whatever of ontology, must of necessity present a certain uniformity. The germ is *the same* in form and in chemical constitution, and therefore in “molecular possibilities,” in all cases; on physical principles therefore it is only natural to suppose that its development *must* run the same course, if it be allowed that physical forces have anything to do with development. The mystery is not why the embryo in all cases *should* present certain resemblances, but why it *should not*. On ordinary principles we should expect that *all* germs *should* pass through the stages A, B, C, &c., more or less of them, if such be the case with any one of them,—and it is altogether unnecessary to call in a “*deus ex machinâ*” in the form

genealogical development. *Biogenesis*, the history of life-development generally. (Haeckel.)

* Anthropogenic, p. 7.

of Phylogenesis to account for so obviously probable a fact. What possible reason is there that it should be otherwise? Why should germ A follow a certain course of development, and germ B, identical in all ascertainable particulars, and placed under similar conditions, follow a different one? And how is it made any the more or the less probable by attributing to them a common origin? Why one germ should be arrested at E, another at M, and another go on to Z, certainly does involve a mystery; but one not elucidated by either Phylogenesis, or any other *mechanical* hypothesis. Why the *differentiæ* ever occur is assuredly not to be explained by community of origin.

From all this it would appear, that although the phenomena of morphology and embryology would give interesting corroborative testimony in illustration of an *already proved* doctrine of Evolution, they can by no means be made to serve as proof in themselves; and that we must accept the sound and philosophical judgment of Professor Huxley on this subject, that the truth of derivation of species can only be *proved* by "observation and experiment upon the existing forms of life."

If the doctrine of Organic Evolution fails to establish its claim to existence as a scientific hypothesis, with regard to the brute creation, still less can it bear the weight of the supposition that man is *only* a higher brute, owing his origin to direct descent from brutes, and to natural selection amongst these. Before discussing this subject, I wish to make one preliminary remark. Man's "essential bestiality"* has of late years been so often and so dogmatically asserted, that an impression has gone abroad, that the statements are founded on some positive scientific data. Thus when men of Mr. Darwin's eminence state that unless we "wilfully close our eyes, we may . . . recognize our parentage,"—that "the grounds upon which this conclusion rests will never be shaken,"—and that only he who is content to look upon nature "like a savage" can "any longer believe that man is the work of a separate creation,"† then those who still believe that scientific men must have some foundation for their confidently expressed opinions, will naturally attach considerable weight to them. Let it then be clearly understood in the outset, that whatever may be asserted in language however positive, there is absolutely nothing known scientifically concerning man's origin; and that all that has been or can be said consists merely of rash and hasty inferences and deductions from the general doctrines of Evolution, the value of which we have been attempting to estimate, and which (we have seen strong reason to believe) is only an "un-

* I believe the phrase is Mr. Mivart's, occurring in a most destructive criticism of the doctrine in question; but I have not the exact reference.

† Descent of Man, vol. i. p. 213, and vol. ii. pp. 385, 386.

verified theoretic conception," in other words, a figment of the imagination.

In Professor Huxley's brilliant sketch, entitled "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," the structural and developmental relations between man and certain of the higher animals are set forth in the most graphic and incisive manner. It is conclusively demonstrated that the differences in structure, however great they may appear, are greater between certain different races of men than between the lowest man and the highest ape. It is shown in particular (p. 78) "that the difference in volume of the cranial cavity of different races of mankind is far greater absolutely than that between the lowest man and the highest ape, while, relatively, it is about the same." It is further demonstrated that "whatever system of organs be studied, the comparison of their modifications in the ape series leads to one and the same result—that the structural differences which separate man from the gorilla and the chimpanzee are not so great as those which separate the gorilla from the lower apes" (p. 103). With regard to the embryological proof, it is remarked (p. 66) that "it is very long before the body of the young human being can be readily discriminated from that of the young puppy, . . ." and "that it is only quite in the later stages of development that the young human being presents marked differences from the young ape, while the latter departs as much from the dog in its development as the man does." The author adds:—

"Startling as the last assertion may appear to be, it is demonstrably true, and it alone appears to me sufficient to place beyond all doubt the structural unity of man with the rest of the animal world, and more particularly and closely with the apes." (P. 67.)

These, in common with all the arguments advanced on this side of the question, are admirably adapted to prove that which I suppose it has never occurred to any one to doubt—namely, that man is an animal. It is difficult to conceive what else he could be, if he were intended to be a living, active, and intelligent creature in any form; and if an animal, then it is certain that the type of his formation must correspond to that of some of the higher mammalia. (For a clear and logical demonstration of this position, the reader is referred to Mr. Mivart's "Lessons from Nature," in the chapter on "Man.") The real question at issue is not whether man is an animal, but whether he is not also something more and higher—something endowed with attributes differing not only in degree, but also in kind, from those of the brute—attributes of which the brute has not even the most elementary germ.

I think Professor Huxley satisfactorily answers this question in

the work already quoted. After showing "that no absolute structural line of demarcation, wider than that between the animals which immediately succeed us in the scale, can be drawn between the animal world and ourselves," he indicates the essential superiority of man, as being "the *only consciously intelligent* denizen of this world" (p. 110), and adds that "no one is more strongly convinced than I am of the vastness of the gulf between civilized man and the brutes, or is more certain that, whether *from* them or not, he is assuredly not *of* them."

But this is not all: after showing how very closely man corresponds *structurally* with the higher apes, so closely that there is less difference between him and the gorilla than between the gorilla and the lower apes, Professor Huxley frankly recognizes an "*immeasurable and practically infinite* divergence of the human from the simian stirps" (p. 103). This is a statement of the utmost significance, and involves a final and perfect demonstration of the truth that has been forced upon our attention more than once in the course of this inquiry, namely, that *structure* does not even approximately represent essential nature. We first saw reason to believe that structure (or molecular composition) was *not life*; subsequently it appeared that structure was not the essence of species, or specific difference; and now it is perfectly evident that structure does not cover nor indicate the essential nature of man. For with a certain difference in *structure* between the lower apes and the gorilla, we find but a moderate, certainly finite, and easily measurable difference of *nature* between them; whilst with a *less marked difference* of structure between the gorilla and man, we have a divergence of *nature* "*immeasurable and practically infinite.*"

Can any demonstration be more complete and cogent that man's specific characteristics are not to be defined by details of bodily structure? It is by the possession of attributes and faculties that either do not exist at all, or are merely rudimentary, in the brute, that his essentially distinct nature and origin are indicated. By the possession of intelligently articulate language, of a conscious reasoning and reflective faculty, of a moral sense, of a religious sentiment; by his power of conceiving abstract ideas of truth, justice, &c.; by his faculties of judgment and conscious volition; by all these it is demonstrated that man is neither *from* nor *of* the brute; that he "differs fundamentally from every other creature which presents itself to our senses; that he differs absolutely, and therefore differs in origin also."* And great as are all those marks of distinction, one perhaps still more important remains behind, that is, man's capability for continuous

* Lessons from Nature, p. 190.

progress—his power of utilizing and profiting by the “registered experience” of successive generations.

Whether any animals may be considered to possess any rudiments, from which, by means of evolution and natural selection, articulate speech might be supposed to be developed, is very doubtful, even in the minds of the Evolutionists.* Mr. Darwin freely confesses that “articulate language is peculiar to man.”† Professor Huxley is of the same opinion, but attributes the want of it in the higher brutes to some “inconspicuous structural difference,” as slight as might be imagined to exist between “a watch that keeps accurate time and another that will not go at all,” owing to some trifling accident, such as a “hair in the balance-wheel, a little rust on a pinion,”‡ or the like. With reference to this question of structure, it is not uninteresting to consider the fact that the power of uttering articulate words is not found in those races the structure of whose vocal organs is nearest to that of man; but in such creatures as parrots, whose vocal organs are so different from those of man, that it is not altogether easy to trace either the analogous or the homologous parts.

With regard to volition and the reasoning faculty, we may observe some germs in animals, although it is not always possible to distinguish how much may be due to mere reflex action. As relating to the other distinguishing characteristics of man, they do not seem to be present in even the most rudimentary form in the brute. There is evidently no indication of progressive possibility; it needs no discussion to show that the religious sentiment has no representative whatever, nor such abstract ideas as truth and justice; and Mr. Darwin’s abortive attempt to trace back the “moral sense” to some development of gregarious or social instincts is so completely beside the mark, that it really presents no point for criticism. Professor Huxley, with great sagacity, says nothing about it.

Turning to the genealogical tree of the human race, as sketched by Evolutionists, we meet with many points of interest. Mr. Darwin finds that—

“The early progenitors of man were *no doubt* covered with hair, both sexes having beards. Their ears were pointed and capable of movement, and their bodies were provided with a tail. . . . The foot . . . was prehensile, and our progenitors, *no doubt*, were arboreal in their habits, frequenting some warm forest-clad land. . . . At an earlier period the progenitors of man *must have been* aquatic in their habits.”

And so we are traced backwards in our pedigree until we find the race derived from “a group of marine animals resembling the

* Except the ingenious Dr. Büchner, the value of whose statements we have already seen. He says that animals *have* articulate speech.

† Descent of Man, vol. i. p. 54.

‡ Man’s Place in Nature, p. 103.

larvæ of existing Ascidians," which were our "most ancient progenitors in the kingdom of the Vertebrata."*

On this Ascidian and its larva, it is necessary to make a few remarks, which will illustrate the mode in which the hypothesis of Evolution, and of man's origin in particular, is built up. It is known that there is no transition form between the *Invertebrata* and the *Vertebrata*; but as a recognized hiatus between any two classes would be fatal to the "unbroken sequence of nature" in which the Evolutionist delights, it must be filled up or "bridged over," *coûte que coûte*; and the Ascidian has been selected to represent the transition form. Now, this Ascidian is not even a highly-developed mollusc, but a creature of low organization, about on a level with an oyster, fixed to the rock during the whole of its adult life, and having no nervous system to speak of, with the exception of one ganglion and a few nervous fibres between the two layers of its bag-like body. In this adult form it evidently will not answer the required conditions, but it is said to have been discovered that its *larvæ* "are related to the *Vertebrata* in their manner of development, in the relative position of the nervous system, and in possessing a structure closely like the *chorda dorsalis* of vertebrate animals." And thus we are supposed to "have at last gained a clue to the source whence the *Vertebrata* have been derived."†

I would ask for especial attention to this point; for it is here demonstrable either that the zeal for theory has led Mr. Darwin and his school into grievous and palpable error, or that there is no truth in the doctrines of embryology as set forth by all systematic writers. If the relations between Ontogenesis and Phylogenesis as above stated have any existence in nature, no embryonic form of any animal can possibly represent any *higher* type of development than the animal itself. For instance the larvæ of M might exist as L, F, or D, but never as P or S. Yet we are here called upon to believe that the larva of a mollusc appears, not in the form of a lower mollusc, or one of the *Cœlenterata*, but that it is actually organized, living, and moving in the form of an adult being of a different sub-kingdom, the highest of all, the *Vertebrata*. I am not in a position to dispute *the fact*, if such it be. I have neither seen any dissection of the larva in question, nor heard of any. All that I would urge is this, that such a fact will utterly destroy the entire theory and science of embryology. If there be any truth whatever in this science, it is perfectly clear that the existence of a quasi-vertebrate larva in the Ascidians is a very cogent argument that the Ascidians have descended from some vertebrate type, but certainly not that the *Vertebrata* have descended from *Ascidians*.

* Descent of Man, vol. i. chap. vi.

† Ibid. p. 205.

Professor Haeckel has apparently perceived this difficulty, as a matter of theory, and provides for it in the most characteristic manner, by inserting in our genealogical tree a form of animals which he calls *Chordonia*, which "developed themselves from the *Amelida*, by the formation of a spinal marrow and a *chorda dorsalis*!"* Other details of their structure are given very systematically, and it is shown how they became the parents of the nearest now-living genera, the *Ascidians*, &c. The author does not even profess to have any evidence to produce that such animals ever existed; there is no living representative of them; there is no fossil evidence of their early existence; the sole *raison d'être* of the class is, *that they are required by the hypothesis*. This interpolation of imaginary classes of animals occurs frequently in Professor Haeckel's history of man, as we shall see presently. Meanwhile, should it be supposed that I have exaggerated this most marvellous method of constructing scientific natural history, I would commend to the reader's careful attention Professor Haeckel's twenty-second chapter, on the "Brute Ancestors of Man," in the work already quoted.

Thus our study of the pedigree of man, as set forth by Mr. Darwin, lands us in a serious dilemma. Either the pedigree is hopelessly shattered at the most important point in its development, by collision with embryology; or this doctrine, that upon which Evolution is mainly supported, is proved to be a delusion, inasmuch as it cannot by any possibility be strained to include Mr. Darwin's facts. The antagonism is real and irreconcilable; it must be left to the transcendental philosophers of the school of Evolution to decide which part it will be the most to the advantage of their doctrine that they should uphold.

With regard to the remainder of Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man," it is not necessary to say much. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It is as unsatisfactory and inconsequent in argument as it is charming in style, rich in fancy, and fertile in illustration. The volume and a half relating to "Sexual Selection" may be considered as a delightful story of the loves of the birds and beasts, with about as much real bearing upon the science of Evolution as the "Loves of the Angels." A theory of selection which ought, if a true principle, to be of universal application, and yet leaves perhaps nine-tenths of the forms of life obviously out of its domain, can scarcely take rank as a scientific hypothesis. It certainly adds but little to our knowledge of man's nature, and gives only the feeblest of support to any theory of his origin. It gives no single instance of the actual operation of selection in the formation of species, but abounds

* *Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte*, p. 583.

with suggestions of what "might have been" (which soon becomes "*must have been*") under unknown or impossible conditions.*

Professor Haeckel pronounces upon man's pedigree with the most unhesitating confidence. He speaks of "our ancestors" as *Monera*, "our ancestors" as worms, "our ancestors" as fishes, &c., &c., with the greatest freedom. We are reminded that when we speak of "poor worms" or "miserable worms," we should remember that "*without any doubt* a long series of extinct worms were our direct ancestors."† He recognizes twenty-two distinct stages in our evolution, which I will briefly recapitulate, as comprising the latest data of philosophy on this subject. Of these, eight belong to the invertebrate, and fourteen to the vertebrate sub-kingdom. What follows is only an abstract of the chapter before referred to.

1. The *Monera* is the earliest form of life. It arose in the Laurentian epoch by spontaneous generation from inorganic matter. Its acceptance as our earliest ancestor is necessary "on the most weighty general grounds." 2. The *Amœbæ*; and 3. The *Compound Amœbæ* come next. They are to be accepted on embryological considerations; as are also 4. The *Planœada*, represented by some ciliated animalculæ. 5. The *Gastrœa* (Urdarmthiere) are a purely imaginary class of animals. They are placed here because required as ancestors for the *Gastrula*, itself an imaginary order, derived from embryological exigencies.‡ 6. The *Archelminthes*, or earliest worms, represented now by the *Turbellaria*. 7. The *Scolecida*, the actual annelidan representatives of which are not known. 8. The *Chordonia*, noticed above, also a purely imaginary type, having no known extinct or living representatives, but being *undoubtedly* the progenitors of all the *Vertebrata*, through the *Ascidians*.

9. The *Acrania*, represented by the *Amphioxus*, the lowest form of vertebrate animal, a rudimentary fish, having certain resemblances to the *Ascidians*. 10. The *Monorhina*, which was the parent stem of the sharks, through the *Amphirhina*, represented by the modern lampreys. 11. The *Selachii*, or shark tribes, from which sprung—12. The *Dipneusta*, or *Lepidosirens*, from which originated—13. The true *Amphibia*, and—14. The *Sozura*, another order of *Amphibia*, interpolated here "because required as a necessary transition stage between the true *Amphibia*," and—15. The *Protamniota*, or general stem of the *mammalia*, reptiles, and

* Those who are interested to know to what lengths zeal for theory will occasionally carry its supporters, may find an illustration in *Nature* for November 2nd, p. 18. The subject is scarcely adapted for quotation.

† *Anthropogenic*, p. 399.

‡ The reader is requested not to view this as a gloss or caricature on the text. It is as nearly a precise abstract as I can make it; and the work in question is considered one of the most philosophical treatises on biology of modern times.

birds. "What the *Protamniota* were like," says Professor Huxley, "I do not suppose any one is in a position to say,"* but they are *proved* to have existed, because they were the necessary fore-runners of—16. The *Pro-mammalia*, the earliest progenitors of all the *Mammalia*. The nearest living genera are the *Echidna* and *Ornithorynchus*. 17. *Marsupialia*, or kangaroos. 18. The *Prosimia*, or half-apes, as the indris and loris. 19. The *Menocerca*, or tailed apes. 20. The *Anthropoides*, or man-like apes, represented by the modern orang, gibbon, gorilla, and chimpanzee, amongst which, however, we are not to look "for the direct ancestors of man, but amongst the *unknown* extinct apes of the Miocene." 21. The *Pithecanthropi*, or dumb ape-men—an unknown race—the nearest modern representatives of which are cretins and idiots!! (p. 592). They *must have* lived, as a necessary transition to—22. The *Homines*, or true men, who "developed themselves from the last class, by the gradual conversion of brute howlings into articulate speech," &c., &c.

With regard to the immediate ape-like ancestors of man, it is distinctly and very emphatically set forth (p. 577) that none of the modern anthropoid apes can be regarded as our direct progenitors:—

"This opinion is never held by thoughtful supporters of the descent-theory, although often attributed to them by their *thoughtless* opponents. Our ape-like ancestors are long since extinct. Perchance their fossil remains may some time be found in the tertiary deposits of Southern Asia or Africa. They must nevertheless be ranked amongst the tailless catarrhine anthropoid apes."

It is perhaps scarcely necessary again to state that such a scheme of progression as that just briefly sketched has no existence in nature. There is no evidence of it in existing forms of life; there is no indication of it in fossil remains; and there is no possibility of such a progression, even as a matter of theory, in accordance with the recognized laws of morphology. There are at least four distinct types of animal life, the *Cœlenterata*, the *Mollusca*, the *Annulosa*, and the *Vertebrata*, between no two of which is there any transition form or forms, either known or conceivable—that is, if morphology be a science at all, or anything beyond an incoherent aggregation of irrelevant and unconnected details of structure.

The reader is now in position to judge of the value of the evidence, which I have endeavoured fairly to epitomize, both as to evolution in general and the pedigree of man in particular; and also to determine whether it is necessary to do more than to leave both the original and the derived doctrine to perish from

* Critiques and Addresses, p. 318.

inherent weakness. The connection of these doctrines with human automatism is nothing new or strange. All that has been said by Professor Huxley is very little more than an amplification of what was most clearly and tersely set forth by Lamarck more than sixty years ago.

Lamarck discerned with perfect clearness the strict logical dependence of human automatism upon a physical theory of life. It will be evident from a consideration of the following extracts from the introduction to his "*Histoire Naturelle des Animaux sans Vertèbres*," how little progress has been made in this department of biological science since his days:—

"Every fact or phenomenon that can be observed is essentially physical. . . . All movement or change, every acting force, and every effect whatever, are due necessarily to mechanical causes, governed by laws. . . . Every fact or phenomenon observed in a living body is at once a physical phenomenon and a product of organization." (Preface, pp. 11 et seq.)

He further refers to these physical phenomena as "constituting life" (p. 12), and to sensation and thought being due to changes in a "particular system of organs capable of giving rise to these physical, mechanical, and organic phenomena." From these general principles the conclusions are natural and inevitable, that "all living bodies or organisms are subject to the same natural laws as are lifeless or inorganic bodies; that the ideas and faculties of the mind generally are but manifestations of movements in the central nervous system;" and finally, that "*the Will is in truth never free.*"

But be the doctrine new or old, it cannot be denied that it is a strictly logical deduction from the postulate.

If man is but the product of the molecular forces of matter, from which he is evolved without the "intervention of any but what are termed secondary causes;" if he is merely a "co-ordinated term of Nature's great progression," or a result of "the interaction of organism and environment through cosmic ranges of time;" then is he indeed, hopelessly and helplessly, a mere automaton, with neither choice, will, nor responsibility. But if, on the other hand, it has been or can be proved that such doctrines find no support from science, from observation, from experiment, or from reason, then the doctrine of Human Automatism is relegated to the domain of all such "figments of the imagination," and man may trust implicitly to the consciousness which tells him that he is no mere machine; but a responsible free agent, with duties to perform to his God, his neighbour, and himself; and a conscience to prick him if he performs them not.

CHARLES ELAM.



THE EASTERN QUESTION : TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

IN his vigorous article in the November number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Mr. Gladstone practically asked for a suspension of judgment on the charges brought by Mr. Schuyler against General Kauffmann as respects his conduct of the Turkoman campaign ; but most of those who have followed with attention the discussion that has ensued, or, better still, have ascended for themselves, as near as possible, to the fountain-head, will probably, whatever their prepossessions, have arrived at the conclusion that, while there may have been some exaggeration in the details, there is unfortunately no room for doubt as to the general truth of the indictment. I gladly admit with Mr. Gladstone, that the barbarous proceedings which Mr. MacGahan and Mr. Schuyler have revealed to us on the part of the Russians, are nowadays exceptional, and that, on the whole, they have been humane in their dealings in Central Asia, but there have been parallels to the Khivan doings within the memory of younger men than Mr. Gladstone, alike in Poland and in the Caucasus. There is little danger, as Mr. Gladstone fears, that the masses of the English people will be led away by the hasty assertion of an editorial article, or the heedless rhetoric of Parliament when "out of session," to compare the massacre in Turkestan with the cold-blooded torturings and the unutterable depravities in Bulgaria ; but there is danger lest, in ignorance of the full facts, or in excessive indignation, or in a short-sighted desire for peace at any price, they should allow those

to enter on the inheritance of the offender, or at all events to have the chief voice in the disposal of his effects, who, in their rage for territorial aggrandisement, air their humanity in Bulgaria while they come red-handed from Turkestan.

On the other hand, I say not a word for the Turkish Government; it is at once impotent and violent, cruel and corrupt. To ensure any permanent settlement, and to restore even a modicum of prosperity to the fair provinces, and to their unhappy populations which have been so long subject to the Turks, it is clear that they must be put under the strictest tutelage. The "integrity and independence" of the Turkish Empire must be interpreted in a sense which these words do not usually bear. The teeth of the tiger must be drawn and his claws pared, and the Tartar must be kept in order with a firm but kindly hand; not till he is driven, as St. Louis wished to drive him, to the Tartarus from whence he came; but till such time as he is ready to take his place peaceably, on terms of social and religious equality, among the nations that make up his empire.

It is not a question, be it remembered, as is often imagined, of Mohammedan as against Christian; it is a question of the ruling Turk as against all his subjects alike, whether Christian or Mohammedan. The Ansayrians and the Yezidis are as much victims of Turkish cruelty and oppression as are the Bosnians and the Bulgarians. In Anatolia and Syria, in Mesopotamia and Armenia, the most ordinary duties of government are as much neglected as they are in European Turkey. Atrocities take place there which unfortunately there are no Schuylers or *Daily News* correspondents to report; there, as in Turkey in Europe, are unprincipled and sensual Pashas, exorbitant and brutal Zaptiehs; there, if anywhere, rulers are a terror not to the evil works, but to the good. The peasant cuts down his olive or his fig-trees because he knows he will not be allowed to reap their fruit; they only serve the tax-gatherer with a fresh pretext for exaction or enormity. There is there no accumulation because there is no safety; the peasant is afraid to surround himself with anything which does not bear the appearance of the most abject poverty. He is best off who manages to support life on the barest pittance. Nor are the life of the peasant, and the honour of his wife and daughters, much safer than is his property. The Muslim himself is little better off than the Christian; if he is exempt from the most grinding of the taxes he is liable to a far heavier blood-tax, in the shape of the conscription, and the bread-winners of a village may be taken away at one fell swoop for as long a time as the Government may require their services. This is one reason, and not the least important reason, for the appearance, as travellers tell us, of the even greater misery and desolation commonly presented by the houses

in a Muslim than by those in a Christian hamlet. Islam therefore, I say again, has nothing to lose, and much to gain by the abolition of the so-called Othmanli Khalifate.*

But having said thus much of the Turkish Government and administration, let us take care that we are just. There is a distinction of importance between the Turk as the subject, and the Turk as a ruler. There are at least five millions of Turks; in their various branches they are one of the most widely spread divisions of the human family; we cannot get rid of them even if we would; and we ought not to get rid of them even if we could; it is a serious thing to cut off in a sudden access of indignation so large a part of humanity from our understanding and our sympathies. To suppose that such an empire as that of the Turks could have been founded and maintained by simple force, under such strangely exceptional circumstances, is to contradict the plainest facts of human nature. It is clear that if the Othmanlis had not been in the possession of moral qualities which were largely wanting in the inhabitants of the countries which they overran, they would long since have been conquered or absorbed like so many other barbarian Eastern conquerors before or since. The hurricane of their invasion would have been but a hurricane, and would have swept past, or would have been turned back upon itself, like the invasions of Attila, of Chinghis-Khan, or of Tamerlane. The million and a-half of Othmanlis—and it should be remembered, when those whose wish is father to the thought say that they are dying out, that their number in Europe probably never very much exceeded this limit—could not have held their own against eight millions of Magyars and against all the other hostile races which then composed their empire, unless they had had something more than physical force on which to fall back. Brute force does not perform such miracles, and it is well for human nature that it does not.

The explanation that comes readiest to hand, that the Turk owes his preservation to the mutual jealousies of the European powers, goes a very little way to explain the phenomenon which we are contemplating. For the first three hundred years the Turk managed to win his way, and then to hold his own, unaided, against the most warlike nations of Europe; it is only in recent times that he has found any friends among them, and the alternate pampering and interference to which they have exposed him have been sources to him of at least as much of internal weakness as of external strength.

The main difference between the Othmanlis and the other

* The Arabs have always disliked the Turks; for, apart from their misgovernment, the Prophet himself is reported by tradition to have warned them in his quaint manner, "Avoid the Turk if you can, for either he eats you out of love, or in rage he hacks you to pieces."

conquerors of kindred race whom we have mentioned, lay in their religion and in the strength of the hold it had upon them. They held a sublime and simple creed, the creed of Islam, "God is most great, and there is no God but God," and they held it with all the fervour of a new-born religious enthusiasm. Spurred on by this—a "formula" or a "phrase" as those who have never felt its power, and none but those who have never felt it can dare to call it so—the Othmans and the Amuraths, and the Bajazeds and the Mohammeds, wild warriors that they were, crossed the Bosphorus, took Adrianople, and after the lapse of a century planted the Crescent above the Cross even in St. Sophia. They came in contact with a form of Christianity which was nearly as effete and as idolatrous as was the Christianity which alone the prophet of Mecca had known; and once again the more corrupt went down before the more living faith. The same message which, preached by a simple shepherd, six centuries before had welded the scattered and unlettered Arab tribes into a nation, and had carried them in one sweep of unbroken conquest, levelling all rival creeds and thrones from Samarkand in the East to Seville in the West, had now fastened its grip upon the Othmanlis. Unfortunately the Turks were not Arabs; they were not capable of the high civilization which the Arabs founded or developed at Damascus and Bagdad, at Cairo and Cordova. They belonged to the Tartar stock; they were essentially nomadic, children of the desert; and to this day, after their blood for centuries has been mixed with Caucasian blood, after they have been condemned to live in cities, and to adapt themselves, as best they could, to Western habits, Tartars in most essentials they still remain. That they have not disappeared, like other nomadic races when brought into contact with a higher and perhaps more enervating civilization, may well excite our wonder; but that they have not done so is due, in a great measure, to the same cause or combination of causes which led in the first instance to their conquests.

Islam has two sides to it; it is the religion of conquest, but it is also the religion of submission; it has been unable, all religions have been unable, wholly to eradicate national distinctions—taints, if we like to call them so; but there is no religion, not even Christianity itself, which, as Mr. Blyden has lately so well shown, has hitherto been able to do so much in this direction, and, overleaping as Islam has overleapt all differences of blood, to weld together men of various ranks and races, colours and languages, by the consciousness of a common brotherhood of faith. Semitic, Turanian, and even Indo-European races have adopted Islam, and have each found something in it to meet their wants; and while the religion has extensively modified the national characteristics of every race that has embraced it, their national

characteristics, as might have been expected, have also in turn been able to modify it.

Mr. Gladstone has well pointed out that the present difficulty is "not a question of Mohammedanism pure and simple, but of Mohammedanism compounded with the peculiar character of a race." The remark is strictly just, and it only makes one regret the more that in the sentences which immediately follow this he was led, by his generous indignation at foul wrong, further, I think, than the facts will justify and than the insight shown in his own treatment of the subject would have led us to expect.

Let us inquire for a moment how far the religion of the Othmanli has modified his national character, and how far his national character has in turn reacted on Islam; we shall then perhaps be better able to appreciate the striking contradictions which he exhibits, and which go far to account alike for his oft anticipated decease and for his strange survival.

The Tartar from the earliest times has been passionately fond of intoxicating beverages,—mare's milk fermented, if he could get no other. Intoxication, fatal everywhere, is doubly fatal to a race when transferred to a climate warmer than its own. The Turk was so transferred; but his Koran told him that "wine was an invention of the Evil One; let him avoid it and he would prosper." He did avoid it, and, in one sense of the word at least, he did prosper; and to this very day, in spite of the example and the precept of all the Christian nations of Europe, and not the least of their representatives at Stambul, he remains conspicuous for his sobriety and temperance.

Again, luxurious living is the certain temptation and the no less certain destruction, as all history shows, of those hardy and frugal nations, who, precisely because they are so hardy and so frugal, fight their way to the front, and then find themselves on a sudden in a position to gratify their every want; but the Koran itself, the example of the Prophet, and of the early Khalifs—nay, the whole spirit of Islam—is in favour of simplicity of life; and simple in their lives and their dress, their furniture and their food, the bulk of the Othmanlis, in spite of luxurious Pashas and sensual Sultans, still remain. The Turkish soldiers who have fought so well before Alexinatz and Deligrad have, many of them, slept for months without shelter, and have fought on such nourishment as black bread, soaked to soften it in the waters of the Morava, alone could give them.

Again, freedom from all external control, impatience of authority in every shape, absolute equality of conditions, obedience to the whim of the moment, these things are as the breath of life to the wandering children of the desert; but Islam is the religion of submission, and obedient to their religion the Turks have proved

—I am not speaking, be it remembered, throughout these remarks of the Stambul official with his black coat and his miserable varnish of French civilization, nor yet of the provincial Pashas with the army of their myrmidons, but of the average peasant or private soldier—the Turks have proved, I say, through the greater portion of their history, true to their engagements, loyal to one another, patient even of injustice, submissive, even to a fault, to the whims and caprices of their ruler, even when that ruler has forfeited all claim to their obedience.

Again, the right of private revenge, hereditary blood feuds, the exposure of female infants, were features of the Arab life before Mohammed's time; they are features of Turkoman life even to this day; but the Koran absolutely forbade these practices, and has thus saved the Turks, whatever their other vices, from these causes at least of insecurity of life and of decline of population, and that without making them one whit less ready to face danger or death when called upon to do so.

Finally, whatever ecclesiastical writers may say who have begun to study Islam only since the Turkish outrages in Bulgaria, and naturally enough have studied it in that light alone, the Koran does inculcate emphatically, not in isolated precepts merely, but in its whole drift and spirit, self-reliance and self-respect, truthfulness and hospitality, justice and mercy, the care of the sick and the aged, humanity to the slaves and even to the lower animals. And in spite of the incorrigible Tartar taint, in spite of the sinister influences of European civilization, the average Turk, in time of peace, still remains dignified and self-reliant, truthful and hospitable, charitable and humane.* I do not deny that he has vices which balance these virtues, and which in times of excitement or danger, cause them altogether to disappear, but thanks to Islam, and thanks it may be added, to the God who has made of one blood all nations of the earth, and has therefore made even the Turk, there remains even in him a good deal of human nature, and of very kindly human nature too.

These considerations go far I think to explain, or at all events to indicate the direction in which the explanation lies, of the apparent contradictions in the history of the Turk, and of his survival

* Dr. Goodall, a veteran and successful American missionary in Turkey, remarked, many years ago, in the hearing of the writer who records it, to some young missionaries who were speaking contemptuously of the Turks, "You will see practised here the virtues we talk of in Christendom" (*East and West*, p. 141); and, only the other day, the whole body of American missionaries in Turkey—probably the best and ablest body of missionaries in the world—placed their opinion on record, that Russian influence, and not Turkish, is the most wily and deadly foe of themselves and their work; that, knowing as they do both the Turks and the Russians, they agree in preferring the rule of the former for the safety of all that is dear in our reformed Christianity. They say, "Take Turkey in hand, compel her to be just, rule her, or, if need be, dismember her; but in no event suffer Russia to come in and rule her and us." One missionary says, "The coming in of Russia would be like a return of the glacial epoch." See *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 21, 1876.

in the midst of an alien civilization. At any rate they show that he has something more to fall back upon than mere physical force, but it must be confessed that there is another and a much less favourable side to his character. The Turk is normally ignorant and lethargic, sensual and proud; when his passions are thoroughly aroused he is reckless, like most Asiatics, of human life; lustful, till the depravity of lust can no further go; and cruel, even to a bestial brutality. Here again we have the incorrigible Tartar; the suavity, the *laissez-faire*, the frankness and friendliness of to-day, followed by the fierce energy, the unbridled passions, the brute ferocity of the morrow. These qualities Islam has not been able to eradicate, and it is not to be wondered at that it has not. Religion can moderate, can elevate, and can repress racial characteristics; but it cannot eliminate them altogether. Has Christianity, with its faultless moral code, with its unapproachable Ideal, with all the efforts of Christians to approach a little nearer that Ideal—efforts never more vigorous than now—been able even in this nineteenth century, to eradicate the licentiousness of the French, the cruelty of the Spaniard, the drunkenness of the English? Has it been able even seriously to repress them?

Islam might doubtless have done more than it has done to control the lower instincts and the passions. There is, unfortunately a side to Islam—those have the best right to point it out and deplore it who have done what they can to dissipate vulgar prejudices on the subject, who realize what a grand forward movement it was originally for the Eastern world, and who insist on the admiration and the sympathy it ought for many reasons still to awaken in the hearts of Christians—there is, I say, a side to Islam, and there is a side also to the grand character of the Prophet, which may be made, if not to encourage, at all events to fall in too readily with the baser passions of its professors. The Prophet of Islam—it was the one fault in his otherwise grand character—was not free from the stain of sensuality. Much allowance must be made for the time, for the circumstances, and for the variety of motives that may have influenced him; and it must always be remembered also that he never claimed to be other than a man with all the faults of human nature; yet, when all reasonable allowance has been made, the fact remains that he did lay himself open to this charge; and his example, in this particular, has been fatally improved on by his followers generally, and, more markedly so, by the Othmanli Turks, from the miserable Sultan who has lately gone to his account, down to the brutal Zaptieh of Bosnia or Bulgaria.

Again, the Prophet's idea of heaven, contrary to popular opinion, was not wholly nor even mainly material, and it is to be particularly remarked that his views grew more spiritual as he

himself drew near his end. It was the presence of God, and of the "Companions on High" who had so faithfully served Him, and not the houris, or the banquets, or the gardens of heaven, which filled the Prophet's soul while he was producing the later Suras of the Koran, when he made his noble speech to the assembled pilgrims at Mecca, and still more when he felt the approach of those "winnowing wings of death," which enabled him, as they enabled Stephen, and as they have enabled others before and since, to pierce, if it be but for a moment, through the curtain of sense, to hear an echo of the harmonies that are inaudible, and to catch a glimpse of the things that are invisible. But the material and the sensual accessories were still there, and we are hardly doing a wrong to human nature, or attributing to the Turk what does not belong to ourselves, when we say that it is not so much the thought of Allah Himself, but of the good things which Allah will bestow upon him, which fills the imagination of the half-clothed, half-fed Othmanli, when he goes into battle against heavy odds, and with the consciousness of a destiny which, in this world at least, is too strong for him, to strike for Allah against the Infidel.

Again, the belief in God's foreknowledge, and the absolute submission to His will, which are to be found in all religions that are worthy of the name, and the intensity of which lends such marvellous force and dignity to Islam, while they are capable on occasion of nerving the weak and making the coward brave, have combined with the national stolidity and quietism of the Turk to give him that blind belief in destiny which often paralyzes action, and which has made him, for a century past, look patiently forward to the extinction of his empire and his race, believing it to be the sovereign will of Allah.

Lastly, the martial energy and the intrepid faith of the warrior Prophet at Bedr and at Ohud, not to speak here of the whole doctrine of the Jihad, have again and again, when there was little call for it, served to rouse the fanaticism which was lying dormant; and as with the tiger so with the Tartar, when the first taste of blood has been given, a thirst for it is awakened which is often not satisfied till whole provinces have run red with it.

If we add to these considerations that it is not the Koran and the Traditions alone, but it is the voluminous maxims that have been developed out of them, which form the basis of Turkish civil and religious law; and that of the four schools which are considered orthodox, the Turks have always belonged to that of Abu Hanifa, who is the least rigid of them all, and has strained the letter of the Koran in the direction of laxity almost to bursting, we shall realize how profoundly the national characteristics of the Turk have modified the original Islam.

But the abuse of a religion is not its use, and the philosophical mind is never more needed, and never alas ! is it less likely to be employed, than at a crisis like the present, when blind national and religious hatreds, or, what is worse, dynastic and territorial ambitions, when even generous indignation against foul wrong, are being called in to cut the knot. It is one thing to note the general result ; it is quite another to analyze the process, and to show, as far as may be with judicial impartiality, what parts of the problem are due to the religion itself, what to forced interpretations of that religion, and what again to peculiarities of soil and climate, of race and civilization.

One remark in common fairness to Islam I must make here. It would fare ill with Christianity if the method and the spirit of many of the articles which have appeared lately on the Eastern Question, so far as it affects Islam, were applied to it. Mr. Gladstone, it is hardly necessary to say, is a conspicuous exception : even when he is most severe upon the Turk, he shows that he is ready to do full justice to the religion which the Turk professes. But take, for instance, the last few pages of the Rev. Malcolm MacColl's article in the last number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. With the earlier and the really valuable part of his article, his denunciation of Turkish misrule, I entirely sympathize ; but if, as the latter part implies, we are to condemn Islam *in toto* because the Turkish Government is corrupt and cruel, if we are to ignore all that is good in the Koran,* and all that it has done for the world, because the Softas (see pp. 988, 989) study intolerant and immoral text-books which profess to be founded upon it, what could we say, in common justice, to a devout Muslim who should apply the same method to Christianity ? Christianity has been appealed to, and that by Christians, who were not necessarily insincere, in support of the morals of the casuists, of the sale of indulgences, of the abuses of the monastic system and the confessional, of the vagaries of asceticism, of the divine right of kings to do wrong, of passive obedience, nay, even of slavery itself, and of the cold-blooded cruelties of the Inquisition. The theoretical rights of the conqueror, according to the Muslim laws of war, are abhorrent to our modern notions, and well they may be ; but they were never carried out, even by the Turks themselves, still less by the generous Saracens in the full career of their conquests, and they are not worse than those which Christians for many centuries thought allowable in dealing even with each

* There is not an act of cruelty or lust committed by Turk, Circassian, or Bulgarian Muslim, upon man, woman, or child, in the recent Bulgarian atrocities ; there is not an unjust judgment, not an act of brutality or extortion, of which Beg or Aga, Vali or Mutasarif, Zaptieh or Kainakam, has been guilty in any part of the Turkish empire, which is not as emphatically and as repeatedly condemned by the Koran as by the Bible itself.

other, much more with so-called inferior and heathen races. What Muslim conqueror ever treated Christians whom he had conquered as Hernando Cortez treated the Mexicans, or Pizarro the Peruvians? The extreme doctrine that a conquered people have no rights was applied for centuries by all European nations to the whole African race, a race whom they enslaved without conquering; and it is not many years since American bishops wrote manuals for the use of slaves, telling them that God had denied them rights in this world, even though He might grant them in the next. In the Crusades, when Christendom was fairly pitted against Islam, and when, therefore, a comparison is at once more possible and more just, the humanity of the followers of the two creeds will be found to admit of a very sharp contrast, but that contrast is not in favour of the Christians.

Dr. Sprenger has remarked that though Islam has been described in many books, yet few educated people know more about it than that the Turks are Mohammedans and allow polygamy. Mr. MacColl has added to this the discovery that their system of government is infamous, and that they are capable of committing foul atrocities, but this does not make his appreciation of Islam as a whole more just. He quotes freely enough from pamphlets and newspapers that have been published since the disturbance broke out and written, therefore, in the light of it; he even, when he speaks or thinks he is speaking of Islam in general, ascends as high as to Mr. Palgrave and Sir William Muir. It would have been more to the purpose if he had gone to the Koran; but in the one passage in which he does refer to it, he credits it with something which it certainly does not contain, and in the latter part of his article he uses the word "Muslim" as though it were convertible and synonymous with "Turk." As if a religion which has existed for twelve centuries, and has spread from the Malay Archipelago to Sierra Leone, can be fairly characterized by the complexion it bears in Bulgaria, under circumstances which are absolutely unique, at the present day! But this is only a sample taken almost at hap-hazard from one of the better and more thoughtful articles that the passion of the present moment has called out.

To say, as such writers and such speakers do, that Mohammedans can never govern Christians well—in other words, that a Mohammedan government can never be a good government—is as intolerant and offensive as it is untrue. Toleration in the full sense of the word is a product of the nineteenth century, and it hardly becomes those who have so recently learned the lesson themselves, to turn round and anathematize governments which are, confessedly, of a different as well as of a more backward civilization, for the want of it. If the true believer is in a privileged position as compared with a non-believer in most

Musulman countries, it is well that we should ask ourselves how long it is since the Penal Code formed part of our own statute-book, and whether the position of the Catholics in Poland is so very tolerable now? It needs but a moderate knowledge of the history of the growth of the Turkish Empire in Europe to know that so far from trying to exterminate the Christian populations, the conquerors left them a large measure of civil and religious freedom. The condition of the subject provinces was in no respect worse under the Turks than it had been under the incessant wars and the vigorous religious persecutions of the Lower Empire, ay, and of the Latin Empire which temporarily displaced it. The Bulgarians themselves at one time served willingly in the Turkish ranks against their Christian neighbours, and they even developed a sect, the remains of which exist to this day on the slopes of the Balkan, which preached community of goods and the union of Mohammedanism and Christianity.*

Look again at Spain. While the Khalifs of Cordova were securing to all their subjects—Jew, Mohammedan, and Christian—a degree of prosperity and happiness to which Spain has never attained either before or since, while mosques and libraries and palaces were rising in every city, which are to this day the admiration of the world, what was the condition of Christendom? Some few rays of light it caught, it could not help catching, from the Muslim civilization; but beyond there was utter darkness. Even in the full light of Moorish tolerance, and with its brilliant example before it, there were being sedulously nursed in the other half of Spain the germs of that diabolical engine of cruelty and oppression, the Holy Office—an engine which was to burst into its full activity about the time when the Moors, too bad or too good for Europe, were being expelled from it, and which, during three centuries of its full-blown strength, was to consign to tortures unutterable, tortures worse than the Bulgarian—the thumbscrew and the boot, the rack and the stake—three hundred and fifty thousand souls.

Wonder has been expressed in some influential quarters lately at the “Judaic sympathies” which the Turkish cause has called forth throughout Europe; but any one who knows aught of the treatment to which for centuries the Jews were subjected in every Christian country in Europe—who knows how they are treated in Servia and Roumania now, and who knows, also, aught of the civil dignities and the professorships and the wealth and the literary fame to which they attained in Spain throughout the tolerant rule of the Moorish Khalifs—will wonder, not at their sympathy for Islam, but at the ignorance of those who have expressed wonder at it.

* See a most interesting paper on the Bulgarians in *Fraser*, for November, by Dr. Kilian.

Here, then, to return to our immediate subject, is the Turk, a strangely mixed being—in blood Turanian, in religion Semitic, in surroundings Indo-European; one of a small caste of conquering warriors, proud of their history and achievements, and prouder still of their creed; immovable amidst change, uncivilized in the midst of civilization, his possessions coveted by all his neighbours, and he himself alternately praised and abused, petted and brow-beaten, bolstered up and undermined, neglected and over-doctored, yet all the time feared or disliked by all alike; dragged this way and that, forced in his official capacity, and in his exterior, now to Gallicize, now to Anglicize, and now even to Russianize himself, till he hardly knows where he is or what he ought to be; yet determined in his heart of hearts always to remain the Turk;* pronounced scores of times to be sick unto death, or even dead, yet reviving again and again, and falsifying alike the hopes and fears of his surroundings; conscious himself that his end is not far off, and ready enough to submit to it if it be Allah's will, but determined that the Christians, whom he knows to be his presumptive heirs, and whom he scorns as polytheists, and hates as rivals, shall not hasten it, if he can help it, by force of arms; and that if die he must, he will die hard, as becomes an imperial race, silent and self-reliant, overwhelming, like Samson, more of his foes at his death than he has during his long life. There he is. He has ruled for centuries an empire which has a substantial foothold in three quarters of the globe. In Europe, where, in point of numbers, his nation is most concentrated, and where his foothold is now most precarious, he rules over an aggregate of races which, when he held Hungary and the Crimea and threatened Vienna, must have been ten, and is still four times as numerous as himself. His empire in Asia, where the ruling race is more thinly scattered, and its sum total relatively smaller, numbers a population of thirteen millions, and the States in Africa which still owe him a tributary or nominal allegiance, as the titular head of their empire or their religion, number some fifteen millions more. His European empire, with which we are here principally concerned, contains provinces differing from one another, and often differing fiercely, each within itself, in point of race or language, of creed or manners, of past sufferings or of future aspirations. Holding countries which are incomparable in the world in their capacities for agricultural and for mining industries, for manufactures and for trade, he is unequal to the exertion which agricultural or mineral wealth require, and is opposed on principle to the bustle and the chicaneries which attend on manufactures and on trade. The cultivation of the fields, such as it is in Turkey, is in the hands of the

* See H. Vambery, *Der Islam im xixten Jahrhundert*, cap. xlv. ad init. Leipzig, 1875.

despised rayah; its trade and money-lending in those of the supple Greek and the wily Armenian. The Turk's mineral wealth lies, where poets and moralists have often wished wealth to lie, deep-hidden in the bowels of the earth, and is not likely to be disturbed by him. Unable to pay his way, now that Western money-lenders have taught him to borrow, and have charged him heavily for their instruction, and therefore needing money before all things, he leaves the wealth that lies at his feet untouched, and strives to support himself, as best he may, by such taxes as he can squeeze out of his Muslim and Christian subjects. These taxes he levies by means of agents, whom he cannot control and cannot trust, in that method which, of all others, is the most arbitrary and oppressive, the most unproductive and suicidal; and it need hardly be added that it is but the veriest fraction of what is squeezed out of the unfortunate rayah that ever reaches the pocket of his lord and master. Yet there he is, and what is to be done with him?

All Europe is agreed, and the Turk himself is conscious, that something must be done with him at last, but what is it to be? St. Louis, as I have said above, in the true crusading spirit, was for trying to make short work of him, and for despatching him as fast as possible to the Tartarus from whence he came; a heroic remedy truly, and one which would cut the knot, but which is not gravely recommended by any considerable number of politicians now! Others, less thorough-going, but not necessarily more humane, propose to turn him at all events out of Europe, and pack him into Asia. As though Asiatics were not entitled to the same protection as Europeans, and as though the Muslim subjects of the Turk were not of the same flesh and blood as the Christian! If you prick either of them, they will bleed. Why should the horrors of Tatar Bazardchik or Batak be repeated on a larger scale when opportunity may offer, and on spots where it is not likely that there will be either Consuls or correspondents? Why expose to dangers such as these the inhabitants, say of Asia Minor, who, whether Christian or Muslim, are as industrious and as law-abiding, as temperate and as hospitable, as the Bulgarians themselves? The imagination shrinks from contemplating the results of such a policy of unjust and forcible expatriation, even if it were possible to carry it out. Besides, if the ruling caste were driven out, which of the subject nations, or what possible combination of them, is prepared now to take its place?

The first step towards doing what is right is to make up one's mind as to what is wrong, and is therefore under no circumstances to be done; and the second is to see clearly the difficulties that lie in the way of doing it. We have seen two things at least

which ought not to be done, and have seen also, incidentally, a few of the difficulties which lie at present in the way of any permanent settlement. Let us glance at a few more of these last.

It is pretty generally agreed that an autonomy of some kind is desirable for at least two of the Turkish provinces, Bosnia, including the Herzegovina, and Bulgaria. Let us point out a few of the practical difficulties in each.

Bosnia lies apart from the rest of the Turkish Empire, being joined to it only by a narrow neck of land. Its population is entirely Slavic, and on one side of it lies the autonomous State of Servia. I say autonomous, for though it is called a tributary State, the tribute of late years has possessed the peculiarity of not being paid. It has been misgoverned as much as any province, and for more than a year past has been in actual revolt; it seems, therefore, from all these points of view a province in which the experiment of autonomy may easily be tried. But is it so? The population, though homogeneous in race, is split into three hostile camps on the score of religion. Of a population amounting in round numbers to a million and a quarter, about 580,000 belong to the Orthodox Greek Church, about 450,000 are Muslims, and the rest Catholics. Here is a *prima facie* difficulty in devising any scheme of self-government in a country where religious hatreds run so high; but the difficulty does not end here. The Muslim minority, a very large minority it will be observed, own nearly all the land; they form the majority of the population of the cities, and are the lineal representatives of the ancient feudal aristocracy. They are Mohammedans not by race but by conversion; they adopted the new faith soon after the Turkish conquest, to save, so it is said, their lands; but they cling to it now with all the energy of conviction; they are Muslims of the Muslims, wholly different in character from the Turks—energetic, aggressive, and fanatical. On the score of numbers they would be entitled to nearly half, and on the score of property and intelligence to much more than half, of the whole elective and administrative functions in any scheme of representative government which the wisdom of the European powers might establish; and by no conceivable precaution, except that of sheer force, could they be prevented from getting it. The services and the taxes due to them as landlords from their rayah tenants are as oppressive, and are exacted by them with as much cruelty, as are the taxes due to the central Government. The Catholic minority, on the other hand, are hostile alike to the Greek rayah and their Muslim landlords, and look to the Turks, so we are told by Mr. Evans, the most recent authority on the subject, to support their interests against both. They know that autonomy would hand them over in the long result to the tender mercies of the Greeks, who would treat them

as the Russians treat the Polish Catholics, or as, before the Turkish conquests, they themselves treated the Bogomiles. Of what kind of autonomy, I ask again, is such a province capable at this moment? And over and above this, there is the whole of the difficulty interposed by Austria, who dares not take Bosnia under her own protection because of the jealousy of the Magyars, and dares not see it independent because she believes her own Southern Sclavic provinces would gravitate towards it.

But what of Bulgaria? It is hardly necessary to point out now, as it would have been six months ago, that the Bulgaria of our geographies is something very different from what it means in the mouth of a Bulgarian. Autonomy to the former would to the minds of the Bulgarians themselves be but a flea-bite; moreover, as has been often pointed out, it would leave to the Turks the very places which have been subjected so lately to such diabolical cruelties. But autonomy to the latter amounts, as any one who will trace on a map the country really occupied by Bulgarians will see, to a break-up of the Turkish Empire in Europe, and an establishment of a hypothetical Bulgarian Empire in its place. Are the Bulgarians fit for this, or would they be anything but a cat's-paw in the hand of that vast and designing power which, carrying "a sword in her right hand and humanity in her left," has shown by the whole history of her dealings with the Turkish Empire, and especially by the not very creditable *rôle* she has been playing during the agony of the last eighteen months, how very mixed her motives are? No doubt Russia has strong sympathy with the Sclavonic Christians who, akin to her in race and religion, are groaning under Turkish oppression,—she would not be human if she had not,—but she has shown too clearly, alike by what she has done and by what she has abstained from doing, that her sympathies are altogether subservient to her ambition. At the present moment there is a chance, such as has rarely presented itself before, of securing a great and a permanent improvement in the condition of all the peoples of the Turkish Empire. Europe is united, and the Turks are not likely to resist its voice. The one great obstacle is Russia. With peace in her mouth, but with war in her heart and in her acts, she enters the Conference armed to the teeth; she shows that there is nothing which would so little please her as a scheme which should put all the Christian provinces of Turkey under the active guardianship of Europe at large, and, while it gave them *bonâ fide* guarantees against all the abuses of Turkish rule, should allow them to develop their national aspirations and national life in independence of the Muscovite, till they may, perchance, be ready to enter on the inheritance which, on every ground of justice and philanthropy, is theirs, not hers. To enter I say on their own inheritance, for no one who knows what the

Bulgarians are can doubt that to them, above all the other races in the Balkan Peninsula, belongs, if only they are wise and patient, the future. At present, by the testimony of their best friends, they are eminently peaceful and deficient in those capacities for government which even a nation which is grievously oppressed can show if it possesses them; on the other hand, they are intelligent, industrious, and progressive; they have made great advances, far greater than most parts of Russia, even under the Turkish rule;* they amount in their widely scattered habitats to four or five millions; and, what is most important, they have strong national aspirations which have pertinaciously resisted all the efforts of the degraded Fanariote clique to denationalize and turn them into Greeks, and all the efforts of the Russians to dazzle them with the Pan-Sclavic ideal. This is an important point, and it is worth while to dwell upon it. In spite, then, of all the Turkish misgovernment, it is certain that for a long time past the Bulgarians have looked to the Porte to secure to them their national Church and to save them from the infamous oppression of the Greek Patriarch and his venal and illiterate clergy. Such at least was the view of one of the best and most useful friends the Bulgarians ever had, the late Lord Strangford, and such, at all events till the time of the atrocities, was the view of the most intelligent among the Bulgarians themselves:—

“Accustomed for centuries to Ottoman dominion, we see in it the protecting guardian of our individuality; we are attached to Turkey by the double tie of habit and self-interest.”

So wrote an intelligent Bulgarian to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1868. Another Bulgarian in the same year expresses similar views in a letter which I should like to quote at length, but of which space prevents my giving more than two or three salient passages:—

“Bulgaria is not only the vastest and the most abundant in resources among the districts of European Turkey; it also happens to be the only one in which there is no idea of revolt against the Porte, the only one in which a quiet, industrious, and sturdy population needs nothing but a regard for certain elementary rights to make it fully satisfied with a government to which it has been accustomed for four centuries, even though it be more exposed than any other to the intrigues and invitations of Russian Pan Slavism by reason of its Slavonic origin.”†

Then after dwelling on the large amount of freedom and even of authority left by the Ottomans to each national Church under their sway, he goes on to show how the Fanariote Greeks managed

* Midhat Paşa, who is now elaborating, or trying to elaborate, a constitution for the whole empire, showed by his government and his prudent reforms in Bulgaria, that he was no mere paper politician. It was the extraordinary advance of the people in education, trade, and agriculture, in consequence of these reforms, that excited the jealousy of the Circassians and their own Muslim brethren in Bulgaria, and so prepared the way for the catastrophe.

† See Lord Strangford's *Selected Writings*, vol. i, pp. 222—236.

to make the Porte believe that the Bulgarians, being "Greek" by religion, should therefore be under the direct authority of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople:—

"By obtaining the jurisdiction of Bulgaria from the Turks the Greeks made a virtual conquest of that country. . . . It was then that the work of denationalization commenced for the Bulgarians. Greeks were everywhere placed at the head of Slavonic bishoprics; in the churches and schools the Slavonic tongue was displaced by Greek, and such establishments were viewed as the actual property of the Fanariote Government. That word is not too strong, for what I have written above will show how large a share of temporal authority really devolves in Turkey on the spiritual head of a denomination. This authority was not idle in Fanariote hands, what between Turkish apathy and Bulgarian torpor. As agents of the pashas resident in their palaces, as assessors of taxes, as schoolmasters, priests, judges, these Greeks benumbed Bulgaria and made it a passive instrument at the will of the Fanariote Pope. It is hard to bear the yoke of a dynasty against the will; but it is far harder to be enslaved to an entire people where a new tyrant is found at every step. . . . What did Russia, the patron of Slavism, say at this sight of a Slavonic people at the mercy of Greek vanity and rapacity? Russia let matters alone for a very good reason. Russia just lent Bulgaria to the Greeks until the fall of the Empire might enable her to reckon in turn with her associates. She expected that it was the Turkish Government that the Bulgarians would hold responsible for Greek oppressions. She let the Greeks sow the seed of misery in the hope that some day the Turks might reap the harvest of revolt. Bulgarian vitality, however, proved stronger than all the evils of tyranny and ignorance."

And now note the writer's general conclusion as regards Russian sympathy for Bulgaria:—

"Thus it is that Russia manifests no sympathy for the revival of a Slav nationality which seeks nothing from her. In none of her treaties with Turkey has she ever mentioned Bulgaria. The reason of this is clear enough. Russia has no desire to see a numerous Slavonic community rise into a nation at her side, stamped with feature and character other than those of Czarism; in that she sees a danger to her beloved Panslavism. She would fain see Bulgaria lulled to sleep in the lap of Grecism till the day of the final triumph of Græco-Russian policy in the East; biding that opportunity for sweeping up Bulgaria as her own property, a Slavonic waif and stray, due, as a matter of course, to the God of Panslavism. Unfortunately Bulgaria, though at length awakened, stands unnoticed and alone; and Russia has been, therefore, striving to turn that awakening to her account on another tack. To a people whom she was hitherto content to sacrifice to a handful of Greeks she is proposing to become a full-blown Bulgarian kingdom—nay, a constitutional one. In support of this object she recently despatched bands of ruffians into the interior, who were arrested by the Bulgarian peasantry themselves."

We have here then incidentally, from the mouth of a patriotic Bulgarian, facts very similar to those, the assertion of which has drawn down so much censure upon Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Baring; the censure was not altogether undeserved, for far too much stress was laid on them. Lord Beaconsfield forgot his own maxim that "great revolutions are not made by greased cartridges." Where there is chronic misgovernment and dissatisfaction, there is no need to

call in the aid either of greased cartridges or of secret societies; they are symptoms; or at most occasions only, not causes; but it appears to me that Lord Beaconsfield was so far right that there was no active disposition to rise against the oppressor. This is clear, I think, from the sketch I have given above of their recent history, and from the very small effect that the agitators were able to produce. There was but a flicker of a revolt, and it is precisely this that makes the horrors that accompanied its suppression doubly, nay, trebly horrible. That the Bulgarians deserve security from such outrages as well as from all misgovernment for the future is certain, and Europe is determined they shall get it; but whether that result can be best obtained now by autonomy or anything like autonomy, is quite another question; and the above considerations do not incline me to answer the question in the affirmative.

It would be presumptuous in the extreme, when the collective wisdom of Europe is about to enter on perhaps the most intricate and momentous question that has ever been submitted to it, to attempt to indicate in detail the reforms which it seems that Europe may well demand and the Turk be expected to accept. But there are a few general considerations suggested by what has been said above which may perhaps fitly find a place at the close of this article.

1. The theoretical and practical difficulties in the way of the creation of autonomous States being so great, does not the Andrassy Note, with certain obvious extensions, point the way to the best practical solution? It has already received the general support of the chief European Powers; the Turks themselves may accept its proposals without unnecessary loss of dignity, because they have nearly all been long since freely promised by the Porte in the Hatti-Humayoum. They include full religious liberty; equality before the law; the abolition of the farming of taxes, with its attendant evils; the establishment of provincial councils and courts, freely elected by the inhabitants; the application of the direct taxes of each province to local purposes; the right of Christians to acquire land, and faculties given them for doing so. To these should, of course, be added the disarmament, in time of peace, of the Muslim population, the admission of Christians to the army, to the police, and to the public offices; the abolition of all offensive badges; the appointment of Pashas, to be named or approved by the Powers, with fixed salaries, and with a definite but sufficient term of office.

2. The real difficulty begins, not with the promise but with the execution of the reforms: the Turks may be willing to promise, but will they be willing or able to carry them out? The best and most far-sighted amongst them, men like the late Fuad or Aali Pasha, will lack no amount of will, but they will wholly lack

the power. Firm and honest administration is what Turkey most wants, and firm and honest administrators, in any number, she does not possess. The whole official class is corrupt, and the new administrators must be got from the outside; from the outside, alike of the Stambul clique of Muslims and of the Christians who have always been willing to do their bidding. To arrange the details and to secure the success of such a change as this, and of the other changes which flow from it, an international commission sitting at Constantinople would, as has often been pointed out before, probably be necessary. It would be a very difficult and delicate business, but ought not to be beyond the skill of those now assembling at Stambul, if only they are in earnest in the matter and have no purposes of their own to serve.

3. Everything that can be done ought to be done to soothe the outraged pride of those whose position will be so altered by these reforms; national and religious feelings are to be respected even in a Turk. Their position at this moment is as cruel and as difficult a position as their worst enemies could desire. They have been victorious after a fierce struggle over their revolted subjects, and over the volunteers of their great hereditary foe, who, so far, has preferred to carry on a masked war, war that is without its risks and responsibilities, and threatens open war then most fiercely, and only then, when there is most chance of an equitable peace. The Turks have won the victory, but they are not to reap its fruits; they are called on to reward those whom they have conquered, and, at the same moment, to introduce changes amongst themselves which are more sweeping than all the changes which have taken place in English history from the days of the Witanagemot down to the present time. It may be possible, however, to show them that the reforms are urged in their own interests as well as those of their subjects; that the maintenance of their empire depends upon them, and its future security, alike against internal revolts and foreign intrigues.

4. A corollary from this. Attend to what the Turks urge when it is reasonable, and extend, *mutatis mutandis*, whatever reforms are granted—whether they be great or little, easy or difficult—to the whole empire. The Turkish argument that to give special privileges to the revolted provinces would be to put a premium on revolt, and to encourage a like internal discontent and foreign interference in all other provinces, is unanswerable. The evils complained of are more or less common to the whole empire, and all alike need redress. The atrocities in Bosnia and Bulgaria differ chiefly from those among the Nestorians and Yezidis in their having been found out.

5. Make it clear that while the reforms introduced are, it is hoped, lasting, the interference with the internal affairs of the empire is

only temporary and transitional. Make it clear that none of the Powers have any private motives of their own, but that they are simply playing the part of philanthropists, and tiding the Turkish Empire over a dangerous time. Divest, also, what is done of every appearance of hostility to Islam. Before long Muslims may need protection against Christian intolerance, as much as Christians need it now against Muslim. Mohammedans and Christians require only a government that is tolerably good to get on well together. In well-governed countries, mutual misconceptions and prejudice alone are at the bottom of any ill-feeling that exists between them; and if these are removed, the early hopes of the Prophet may yet be fulfilled. The two religions spring from kindred soil, reverence the same prophets, worship the same God. "Say unto the Christians," said Mohammed, "their God and our God is one." Why should they not work together, each in its respective sphere, for the common good of humanity?

6. England has now a grand chance; she has been wrong, fatally wrong, not in supporting the Turkish Empire against Russia, but in the way in which she has supported it. From a too exclusive regard to her own interests in the East, she has hitherto been primarily anxious to keep things quiet, and has not cared to inquire too minutely into what was the price that was being paid for it. She has had no ill will to the Christian populations,—far from it; but she has not insisted, as she might have done, on the amelioration of their unhappy lot, as the one condition of her support. She has thus driven the Christian States of Turkey to look for their protection to a power which most of them dislike, and fear only less than they fear the Turks themselves. England, however, has a vantage-ground in the coming Conference which does not belong to Russia. She comes into it, as far as the treatment of subject-races goes, with comparatively clean hands, and, however momentous her interests in the East, her interest in the present question is confined to defence against possible, or even probable, aggression. Whatever be the comparative merits of Turkish and Russian rule, Russia is not clean-handed enough in Turkestan, in Poland, and the Caucasus to justify her in the part she now assumes to play—that of the disinterested advocate of humanity, who, in pursuit of her "sacred mission," is entitled, by threats of instant war, to force upon the whole of Europe the reforms which she may name and the guarantees which it may please her to select. Witness and counsel, judge and executioner, all in one! The occupation of any part of the Turkish territory by Russia should be resisted by force of arms, for it may affect for ill the future not only of the Turks and of the Christian communities of Turkey, but of the world; and England can do this with a clear conscience if only she shows by her attitude that the interests of

the Christians of Turkey are at least as dear to her as to Russia. Russia is not a Slavonian only, it is a Tartar empire, and all Europe is interested in checking her advance upon Constantinople.

Seventh, and lastly. Mr. Gladstone has done good service to England by arousing, not for the first time in his career, and in a way in which few but he could have done, the indignation of the English people at wrongful deeds, for which, by a well-meaning but a short-sighted policy, they had made themselves, in some degree, responsible. I venture to think, *pace tanti nominis*, that in so doing he has used language which is somewhat exaggerated, has not considered all the difficulties of the problem, has pressed unduly hard on the Turks as a race, and has kindled hopes which are not altogether practicable. But, at any rate, he has elevated policy and diplomacy, if but for a moment, into a higher region, a region where they ought to be more at home than they are—the region of humanity. He has raised the English people out of and above themselves, and has given them a wholly new point of departure in their dealings with the East. Any mischief he may have done is slight and remediable—it is even now passing away; the benefits ought to be deep and lasting. The awakened conscience of England as respects the subject population of the Turkish Empire must react upon herself, must raise the general level of her policy as an imperial State, and must also drive her to ask herself whether her treatment of even the “outer barbarian” is in all respects what it ought to be. On the whole, I think it may be said, without humility and without pride, after making due allowance for the cry for vengeance during the Indian Mutiny, for the suppression of the Jamaica Insurrection, for the unnecessary burning in war of a town in Africa or of a palace in China, that the imperial policy of England has been in recent years conspicuously humane; but there is one accusation to which, as a nation, we must plead guilty, a wrong committed not in a burst of passion, but continued through a long course of years with at least a half consciousness of what its nature is, which desolates a wider area, and is fraught with misery more lasting, than even the atrocities in Bulgaria. We have been cultivating in India for many years a poisonous drug, the most noxious that earth produces, a drug fatal alike to the body and the soul, and, for the sake of a petty increase in our Indian revenue, have forced it at the cannon’s mouth upon a people who would fain once have rejected it, but have now alas! thanks to us, come to look upon it almost as a necessity. Let Mr. Gladstone once awake to the full consciousness of this enormity, and then with all that moral earnestness and that contagious enthusiasm which belong to him, and which, more even than the vastness of his knowledge and the splendour of his genius, have made him what he is, place it before

the people of England in its true colours; and they will rise up as one man, and, inspired once again by his impetuous eloquence, will determine to sweep it from the earth, even as they have now determined that the Turkish Empire must be swept away, if it cannot be made to answer the proper object of its existence—the peace of the world, and the well-being and security, as far as may be, of all classes of its subjects.

R. BOSWORTH SMITH.



MODERN ATHEISM: ITS ATTITUDE TOWARDS MORALITY.

THE struggle between theology and its opponents is a matter that is growing daily in popular interest. The general public are becoming daily more alive to it. Even those who understand least of the new ideas, are encouraged by them to treat the old with freedom. At frivolous Sunday luncheon-tables youths and maidens who have just returned from church may be heard avowing their disbelief in eternal punishment, and discussing their several theories of a future life. In slightly more educated circles, the existence of God is spoken of as an open question, and the religion of Christ and the religion of Humanity are weighed together in the balance. In the places to which thought penetrates most slowly, signs begin to appear of its present disturbing influence. This is shown clearly enough by the more and more popular form which speculative discussions are now assuming. Our newspapers and magazines are full of them, and they are addressed avowedly to a lay audience. These, indeed, are so plentiful and so various, that I had best explain at starting the exact aim with which I add to their number. That aim is not to say anything entirely new. In that case I should probably say something entirely false. My aim is simply to press, as a main issue, what has hitherto been treated generally as a side one, and has been as a side one eluded hitherto by those who were afraid to meet it. It is my aim to drag this issue forwards, into the middle of the path, as it were, and to give it its due

importance, be this great or small; so that those whom the speculative discussions of the day reach mainly through our periodical literature, may be brought face to face with certain practical results depending on the question which they are invited to pass a judgment on.

The creeds, old or new, that are in our day being offered to the world, seem at first sight almost endless in variety. But in spite of this they may be divided broadly into two classes, according as they assert definitely, or deny definitely, two doctrines—the existence of a personal God, and the personal immortality of man. Each of these doctrines doubtless has adherents who deny the other; there are doubtless many sceptics who will deny or affirm neither. But these, as will appear shortly, may be considered, so far as my present argument goes, as belonging to one or other of the two classes mentioned, or may else be left out of the question altogether. I consider, then, that for all intents and purposes, the dogmatic believers and the dogmatic unbelievers are the only two parties worth taking account of, and that it is one or other of these that must eventually conquer the world. The special spirit of our own day is undoubtedly on the side of the unbelievers. It is assumed that they have a right to conquer, and it is assumed that they will conquer. What will be the results of this conquest is quite another question, the answer to which is certainly of some importance, and, as I purpose to show, has been somewhat too hastily taken for granted.

Now between the two parties in question—the believers and the unbelievers—the discussion has hitherto turned mainly on the origin of the contested doctrines; and the opponents of them seem to imagine that the whole dispute will be over if they can show that these doctrines have no place in a scientific cosmogony, and that their existence may be readily accounted for by the action of men's imaginations, or their natural hopes and fears, or by the imperfections of their early philosophies. And under certain circumstances we might admit that the question should be so decided, and bid the unbelievers welcome to their victory. But as matters stand there is a certain very important point which entirely prevents our doing so. In spite of the speculative antagonism between the believers and the unbelievers, there is one practical point on which they both agree, and which each is equally determined not to yield. There is a certain foregone conclusion which to the world at large is held by each to justify and recommend his premisses, and which each is anxious to show is the logical result of them. This is the sacred and supreme importance of a high morality—the essential superiority of virtue over vice, the absolute antagonism of right to wrong. As to the exact things to be called right, and the exact things to be called wrong,

there may very possibly be certain differences of opinion. But the important fact is, that whatever the believer or the unbeliever calls virtue, this he holds to be absolutely and essentially separate from what he calls vice—separate and set above it. All serious scientific men urge this upon the world just as much as our divines and our religious mystics. Virtue, whatever virtue is, is the one thing needful; and there is scarcely an eminent unbeliever who would not promise, if not to make us more virtuous, at any rate to set our virtues on a securer basis. No one indeed, in the present state of affairs, would be able to gain any serious hearing for any system did he admit that it robbed life of all moral meaning; and even those who see least place for ethics in their systems, have always, in the last resort, to appeal to Truth, which they say it is the hero's part at all hazards to follow. But there are very few philosophers who rest content with this—with pointing merely to this moral root of their systems. They are nearly all of them anxious to establish the fine quality of the fruit. Nearly all the unbelievers claim that, according to their view of it, human life will become a thing better worth living—a thing which, in the profoundest sense of the word, it is right to call *higher* than it was before. At any rate—and this is all that need at this moment be insisted on—it is not too much to say that did any teacher renounce his right to the ethical vocabulary now in vogue; did he admit that the ideas connoted by such words as nobleness, heroism, unselfishness, truth, and so forth were groundless and visionary; he would be like a soldier who had laid down his arms, and was powerless either to defend himself or assail his enemies. No appeal to the sacredness of Truth would give credit to a system that avowedly placed vice on a par with virtue, and left it merely a matter of individual taste whether lust and gluttony were preferable to what hitherto have been considered as the highest affections. Besides, if it be true that nothing is sacred, it cannot be a sacred thing to tell the truth.

To all this none are more keenly, though perhaps unconsciously, alive than the more eminent scientific unbelievers of our own day; and accordingly, in their addresses to the world at large, we find morality holding a very prominent place, and claimed for unbelief as its natural outcome. For instances of this it will be enough to cite two writers, who, at the present moment at least, are amongst the most prominent and popular apostles of their own creed. I mean Professor Clifford and Professor Tyndall, and I choose men of science in preference to any others, because, in the opinion of the world at large, it is the authority of men of science by which Unbelief has been established. They are the men that in the present day are listened to; who are supposed to speak with authority, and not as the scribes.

No one can be more vehement, more positive, more explicit than Professor Clifford in his denial of any belief in God or in immortality. These beliefs, according to him, are absurd, are groundless, are demonstrably false. He attacks them in every conceivable way, with reason and with rhetoric. And yet, when he touches on the moral side of life, he adopts all the warmth and all the indignation of a religious zealot fighting for the glory of God. In the name of a high morality he calls all faith in the supernatural "blasphemy" and "unspeakable profanity." Like the Apostles of Christ, he invokes "the sleepless vengeance of fire" upon those who do not share his unbelief, but who still "soil their hearts," as he puts it, with arguing for their Gods, their hells, their heavens—"sickly dreams," so he calls these, "of hysterical women and of half-starved men." And then, turning towards the imagined disciples of his own creed who, strong in their want of faith, have chosen the good part, "But for you," he exclaims, "noble and great ones, who have loved and laboured, yourselves not for yourselves, but for the universal folk, in your time not for your time only, but for the coming generations, for you shall be life broad and far-reaching as your love; for you life-giving action to the utmost reach of the great wave whose crest you sometime were." Professor Tyndall, too, loves to set his language aglow with just the same ethical fervour, and adds to it a religious fervour as well. He speaks much, for instance, of the "solemnity of the problem" of existence. His heart is filled with awe, as Immanuel Kant's was, by two things—"the starry heavens, and the sense of moral responsibility in man." And this sense of awe, he tells us, associates the scientific investigator in his highest moments with "a power which gives fulness and tone to his existence, but which he can neither analyze nor comprehend." Nor has he only these somewhat vague religious views. He has definite moral views as well. He has the highest admiration for Christ and His "incomparable life;" and sacrifice of all things false, however pleasant they may be to us, is with Professor Tyndall a paramount and primary duty. Supposing, he says, that his own theory of life has not all the "gladness" of that which he designs it to supersede, this loss is more than made up for by the gain in Truth; "and the gladness of true heroism," he adds, "visits the heart of him who is really competent" to say with Emerson that Truth is the one thing he covets.

All this talk, and most else like it, that fills our modern scientific gospels, is used with the one aim of persuading the world that life will not be altered, save for the better, by a radical alteration in our notions of its origin and end. We are still to keep our moral sense. It is still to be our highest guide. Life is still to be noble and sacred and significant as it was before. The sanctity of

its various relations is still to be kept inviolate—its conjugal and its family ties. The beliefs we are invited to get rid of—the beliefs, that is, in God and immortality—have no real connection, we are told, with anything that is valuable. We can get rid of them by themselves, and it will be so much clear gain for us. They will take nothing with them that a wise man would wish to keep.

This is what our modern teachers are now every day assuring us with increasing emphasis—assuring us both directly and by implication. It is this assurance which in the present paper I propose to examine, and the falsehood of which I shall do my best to show. Whether the beliefs in question be false or true, I do not here care to inquire. As far as my present argument goes, that is of no moment. All that I wish to show is that they involve questions quite beside themselves; that much that men at present hold valuable in life—believers and unbelievers alike—is connected with them, and if they go, will have to go with them. Perhaps this change would be for the better, perhaps not. As far as my present argument goes, that also is of no moment. All that I wish to establish is, that the change would be real—that, whether for good or evil, the belief in God and immortality has a practical effect upon practical life—upon what men do, and what they forbear to do, what they love and what they hate, what they think of themselves and of one another; that, whether we realize it or not, these two beliefs are implied in all the special praise men give to self-sacrifice, to heroism, to purity of heart, and in the special value they attach to the chastity of their wives and daughters. Without these two beliefs, I propose to show that vice under sanitary conditions ceases to be vice; that without them there can be no standard by which the quality of pleasures can be tested; that truth as truth, and virtue as virtue, cease to be in any way admirable; that, in short, the whole complexion of life will change, all our notions of life be turned upside down; and that those who deny this fact or try to conceal it from us are guilty either of unconscious inconsistency or unconscious fraud. And this is an inconsistency and fraud that it is now of the utmost importance to expose and bring home to the mind of every one, both for the benefit of those who unconsciously practise it and of those who are unconsciously duped by it. The world must not be tricked into accepting premisses the only logical results of which it is resolved to repudiate.

Let us remember then that the world, at present, is still pretty generally resolved to praise morality, and not to tolerate any one who would preach it down: and let us inquire a little into the real meaning of this praise as understood by the world at large.

This praise is complex. It implies, or it may imply, two distinct things, one of these being applicable to much besides morality; the other being applicable to morality only. The first of these meanings it will be well to examine and put aside before we go on to the second and more important one. In the first place then, when we praise morality we may mean simply that we see in good actions the same general tendency to alleviate pain and to distribute comfort that we see in good drainage, railways, sanitary legislation, or steam threshing-machines. It is a good action, for instance, to help one's neighbours. A good man will not rob, or murder, or disturb the general harmony. But let us remember that when we praise morality as utility, we do not praise it as morality. It is not an end in itself, it is not a good in itself. It is simply the perfect adjustment of all the wheels of the great human mill. No mill, however, is perfectly adjusted only for the sake of going, or goes only for the sake of being perfectly adjusted; but it goes and is adjusted for the sake of some definite work, in reference to which alone we praise or blame it. In the case of the human mill, this work is to produce happiness. Now happiness is of various kinds, and it is the wisdom of the human race to choose the greatest, and to adjust itself with a view to producing this; and this greatest happiness, the unbelieving moralist tells us, is virtue, or morality. Morality then, though it may include utility accidentally, is something quite beyond it essentially. Things are useful because they lead to what is good, they are not good because they are useful. What then is this good, this morality, that is to be its own end and its own reward? The answer most readily given to this by unbelievers is, benevolence. Benevolence, we hear it said, is the one real virtue—the root of all the highest Christian virtues—and the world will go on practising these latter with renewed vigour if it will only recognize the former as their parent, and see what real happiness it brings to us. But this is evidently not all. We have evidently not here the whole secret. For let us consider this. In the unbeliever's Utopia, each man's happiness is bound up in the happiness of all the rest. All mankind are made one by the fusing power of benevolence. Benevolence, however, means simply the wishing that our neighbours were happy, the helping to make them so, and the being glad that they are so. But happiness must plainly be something besides benevolence; else if I know that a man's highest happiness is in knowing that others are happy, all I shall try to procure for others is the knowledge that I am happy; and thus the Utopian happiness would find a perfectly complete expression in the somewhat homely formula, "I am so glad that you are glad that I am glad." But this clearly is not enough. All this gladness must be about something besides itself. Our good wishes for our neigh-

hours must have some further content than that they shall wish us well in return.

Benevolence, then, must be based on some source of gladness besides itself. Of such sources there is a great variety. There is a variety of kinds of happiness which the human race united by benevolence may conceivably seek for and attain to in perfect harmony. It is quite conceivable too that great masses of men might harmoniously agree to differ, each seeking its own happiness and bidding the rest a hearty welcome to theirs. Now amongst all these possible consummations, morality steps in and authoritatively orders us to aim only at one. One of these, it implies, is essentially better than the others, and we must go on believing this, even though we fail to see it. It is, indeed, better for humanity to go on aiming at a high state, even though it could never be realized, than at a low state that certainly could be. This is what morality implies. This is what we assent to and assert when we praise morality. This is what is meant by the moral language of all those thinkers with whom I have now to deal. The language of Professor Clifford and Professor Tyndall evidently shows this. See, for instance, the way in which they speak of Truth. It is our one sacred duty at all costs to stick to this. For Truth's sake all humanity, if needs be, must be plunged in gloom. It is, to borrow Mill's phrase, a truer progress with them to bring humanity to the state of a discontented Socrates than to that of a contented pig.

Now why should this be so? Why should we seek for virtue even though accompanied by the keenest pains, in preference to lower pleasures even though unaccompanied by any pains at all? On what firm rock do we found this theory which we may be sure the rains and floods of the general passions of the world will descend and beat against? Believer and unbeliever, up to a certain point, make the same answer. They say—and it is the only thing possible to be said—that for some reason or other the happiness produced by virtue is so great and of such a kind, that no man can once have known it and not acknowledge that, no matter what he pays for it, he is a gainer by the bargain. It is the nature of man with his eyes open, to prefer virtue to vice, just as it is the nature of man to prefer life to death, sweet to bitter, food to famine. Here the unbeliever stops. He has nothing more to tell us. To take, as the simplest instance, the pursuit of truth, this brings us, says the unbeliever, an inward sense of gladness, which is an end in itself, which it is our nature to recognize as such, and which defies further analysis. This it is which the higher Benevolence wishes for others, and rejoices in knowing they possess; and we come in this to a simple fact of consciousness. There we end.

Here, I propose to show, lies the great flaw in the position of the unbelievers. I propose to show that the sense of gladness in question is not a simple sense; that it does not defy farther analysis; but that on the contrary, those very beliefs are implicit in it which it is the essential symbol of the unbelievers to deny. And if this can be satisfactorily established, it will follow that to deny these beliefs is to deny morality; to doubt them is to make it doubtful.

First, then, let us examine more closely the general characteristics of this morality, the following of which at all costs is to bring to us our highest gladness. I begin with its inwardness. By calling it inward, I mean that it resides essentially not in action, but in motives to action; in the will, not in the deed; not in what we actually do, but in what we actually endeavour to do. What defiles a man is that which comes out of his heart—evil thoughts, murders, adulteries. The thoughts might never find utterance in a word, the murders and adulteries might never be fulfilled in act; and yet if a man were restrained not by his own will but only by outer circumstances, his immorality would be just the same. And as with vice, so with virtue. That in like manner proceeds out of the heart. "The gladness of true heroism," again to turn to Professor Tyndall, "visits the heart of him who is really competent to say, 'I covet truth.'" It is not the objective attainment of truth that makes the heroism. It is the subjective desire; the subjective resolution. The *τῆλος* of morality, for the believer and unbeliever alike, is a certain inward state of the heart—a state which will, of necessity, if possible express itself in action, but whose excellence is not to be measured by the success of that expression. In the heart then is the battleground of good and evil; and the great event of each man's life is the issue of the struggle between these.

And this leads me to a second point. For the language used on all hands respecting this struggle, implies that its issue is of an importance great out of all proportion to our own consciousness of the results of it. It is implied that though a man be quite ignorant of the state of his own heart, and though no one else can so much as guess at it, what that state is, is of great and peculiar moment. If this were not so, if the importance of our inner state had reference only to our own feelings about it, self-deception would be as good as virtue. To think we were benevolent would be as good as to be benevolent. We might have all the pleasures of morality, and none of its inconveniences; for there are many men, to use Mr. Tennyson's phrase, who are so false that they take themselves for true. And yet such men, though they deceive all the world as well as themselves, are to be called by the moralist moral failures; their life will seem to him,

in the profoundest sense, a tragedy. It is for this reason that, at present at least, so high a value is set upon feminine purity, and that we are accustomed to call the woman ruined who has lost it. The outer harm done may not be great, and may lead to no ill worldly consequences. The harm is all within. The real tragedy is enacted in the soul itself. And even here it may not be recognized. The act in question may lead to no remorse. This however does not make the case better, but worse; and any father or husband would recognize this, who was more professedly careless about all moral matters altogether. It would not, for instance, console a moral unbeliever for his daughter's seduction, to know that the matter was hushed up, and that it gave the lady herself no concern whatever. It is implied in the language of all who profess to regard morality, that whether the guilty person be conscious or no of any remorse or sorrow, the same harm has been done by what we call guilt.

There is, however, a very large part of the world that, whatever it professes, really sets upon morality no practical value. If it has ever realized what morality is at all, it has done so only partially; it has been more impressed with its drawbacks than with its attractions, and it becomes practically the happier and the more contented the more it forgets the very idea of virtue. But let the vicious be as happy as possible, it is implied in the moral language of all of us, that they have no right to be thus happy, and that if they choose to be so, it will in some way or other be worse for them. And if this be so, our language implies farther that there is some standard by which happiness is to be measured beyond its completeness and beyond our individual desire for it. That standard is something absolute, beyond and above the taste of any single man or any body of men. It is a standard to which the human race can be authoritatively ordered to conform, or be derided, despised, and hated if it refuse to do so. It is implied that those who find their happiness in virtue have a right to force everybody else to do the same. Unless we believed this, there could be no such thing as moral earnestness in the propagation of any system. There could, indeed, be no such thing as propagandism at all. If a man preferred to be a contented pig instead of a discontented Socrates, we should have no reason for thinking him wrong; even did we think so, we should have no motive for telling him so; even if we told him, we should have no means of convincing him.

Those then who speak of morality as a standard of action, and urge it on a listless world, who talk of things being noble and sacred and heroic, who hold the problem of existence to be a solemn one, and the life of Christ an incomparable one, who call one way of living mean and base and hateful, and

another way of living great and blessed and admirable—those, I say, who use such language as this, imply of morality (at least to the world at present) three things: first, that its essence is inward, in the heart of man; secondly, that its importance is incalculable, and its attainment the great end of life; thirdly, that its standard is something absolute, and not in the competence of any man or of all men to alter or abolish. That this is true may be very easily seen. Deny any one of these three propositions about morality, say that its essence is in the outer act, not in the inward state; that its importance is small and second to many other things; that its standard is not absolute, but varies according to individual taste; and morality becomes at once impossible to preach and not worth preaching.

Now for all these characteristics of morality, its inwardness, its importance, and its absolute character, the believer can give a perfectly satisfactory account. And first, as to its importance. Here it may certainly be said that the believer cuts the knot instead of untying it. But at all events he gets rid of it; and in this way. He confesses freely that the importance of morality, the significance of virtue, is a thing that cannot, in our present state, be explained or known fully by us. It can be divined and augured only. It is a thing that passes understanding. It belongs to that great mystery of existence that can never be entered by logic or experimental science. For it is part of the believer's creed that there are things—and these the most important of all things—that do pass understanding, and that our philosophers cannot so much as dream of. He would, however, gain nothing by simply postulating a mystery—an unknowable. This must be so far knowable that he knows its connection with himself: he must know, too, that if this connection is to have much influence on him, it is to be not merely temporary, but perpetual and indissoluble. Such a connection he finds in his two distinctive doctrines—the existence of a personal God, which *gives* him the connection, and his own personal immortality, which *perpetuates* it. Thus the believer has an eye ever upon him. He is in constant relationship to a conscious omnipotent Being, in whose likeness he is in some sort formed, and to which he is in some sort kin. To none of his actions is this Being indifferent. With this Being his relations for good or evil will never cease; and though he may not perceive their true nature now, some day or other his eyes will be opened to them.

The objectivity of the moral standard is explained in the same way. It is God's will, not man's immediate happiness; and yet to this will, as soon as we discover it (whether by natural or supernatural means), the God-like part of our nature at once responds, and at once acknowledges it as eternal and divine,

although we can give no logical reasons for such acknowledgment.

By the light, too, of these same beliefs the inwardness of man's morality assumes an explicable meaning. Man's primary duty is towards God; his secondary duty is towards his brother-men. It is only from the filial relation that the fraternal springs. Morality then is choiceworthy in the believer's eyes, as the conforming of his own inward self, so far as is possible, to what God wills—a God who reads the heart, and who cannot be deceived. And the believer's gladness in the highest moral actions springs, not from the consciousness of what he does, but of the reasons why he does it—reasons that reach far away beyond the earth and its destinies, and connect him with some infinite and holy mystery.

Thus can the believer give a sufficient account (be it true or no) both of the conceptions he has formed of morality, and of the value that he sets upon it. Let us turn now to the unbeliever, and consider his position. He professes, let us remember, to conceive of morality in the same way, and to set upon it the same value. Let us see how far, if he be consistent, his premisses will permit him to do this. These premisses—those by which he is distinguished as an unbeliever—are two great denials: there is no personal God; there is no personal immortality. Let us consider a few of the direct results of these.

In the first place, they at once confine all the life, all the existence in fact with which we, as conscious beings, can have the least moral connection, to the surface of this earth, and to the limited length of time for which life and consciousness can exist upon it. When the individual dies, he can only be said to live by metaphor, in the results of his outward actions. When the race dies, in no thinkable way can we say that it will live at all. Everything will then be as though it never had been. Whatever humanity may have done before its end arrives, however high it may have raised itself, however low it may have sunk itself,

“The event
Will trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its success surcease.”

All the vice of the world and all its virtue, all its pleasures and all its pains, will have effected nothing. They will all have faded like an unsubstantial pageant, and left not a wrack behind.

Here then at once the importance of morality ceases to be incalculable. It is confined within very narrow limitations of space and time; and is to be tested only by the aggregate amount of happiness which can be realized within these limitations. It is no longer a thing which we can talk vaguely about, or to which any

importance, be this great or small; so that those whom the speculative discussions of the day reach mainly through our periodical literature, may be brought face to face with certain practical results depending on the question which they are invited to pass a judgment on.

The creeds, old or new, that are in our day being offered to the world, seem at first sight almost endless in variety. But in spite of this they may be divided broadly into two classes, according as they assert definitely, or deny definitely, two doctrines—the existence of a personal God, and the personal immortality of man. Each of these doctrines doubtless has adherents who deny the other; there are doubtless many sceptics who will deny or affirm neither. But these, as will appear shortly, may be considered, so far as my present argument goes, as belonging to one or other of the two classes mentioned, or may else be left out of the question altogether. I consider, then, that for all intents and purposes, the dogmatic believers and the dogmatic unbelievers are the only two parties worth taking account of, and that it is one or other of these that must eventually conquer the world. The special spirit of our own day is undoubtedly on the side of the unbelievers. It is assumed that they have a right to conquer, and it is assumed that they will conquer. What will be the results of this conquest is quite another question, the answer to which is certainly of some importance, and, as I purpose to show, has been somewhat too hastily taken for granted.

Now between the two parties in question—the believers and the unbelievers—the discussion has hitherto turned mainly on the origin of the contested doctrines; and the opponents of them seem to imagine that the whole dispute will be over if they can show that these doctrines have no place in a scientific cosmogony, and that their existence may be readily accounted for by the action of men's imaginations, or their natural hopes and fears, or by the imperfections of their early philosophies. And under certain circumstances we might admit that the question should be so decided, and bid the unbelievers welcome to their victory. But as matters stand there is a certain very important point which entirely prevents our doing so. In spite of the speculative antagonism between the believers and the unbelievers, there is one practical point on which they both agree, and which each is equally determined not to yield. There is a certain foregone conclusion which to the world at large is held by each to justify and recommend his premisses, and which each is anxious to show is the logical result of them. This is the sacred and supreme importance of a high morality—the essential superiority of virtue over vice, the absolute antagonism of right to wrong. As to the exact to be called right, and the exact things to be called wrong,

In the first place, the difference between right and wrong is strictly limited in importance, and a time will come when it will be absolutely at an end.

In the second place, this difference—such as it is—is measured only by the *conscious* pains and pleasures given rise to in the inward hearts of each of us.

In the third place, virtue as virtue cannot be enforced. It can be recommended only, and recommended for no other reason than that those who have tried it like it better than anything else, and on the assumption that all who can be persuaded to try it will think the same. But if our recommendation be not taken—if a man or any body of men prefer deliberately the lowest forms of vice to the highest virtue, no other emotion can be justified on our part than a sympathetic sorrow for them as losing a certain amount of pleasure.

The whole moral creed then of the unbelievers must, on their own showing, amount to this. Virtue is its own reward. Those that do not realize this secret are less happy in this short life than they might be. Benevolence, being a great element in virtuous happiness, as it is in other kinds as well, the virtuous man will wish every one to enjoy the happiness of virtue, and will therefore endeavour to recommend it to the world at large, just as a man, if he is eating something nice, will, if there be plenty of it, ask those about him to eat with him, and increase his enjoyment by their responsive sympathy. The whole question turns on this: Is virtue really its own reward? and, if it be so, can it be shown to be so to those who do not of their own accord perceive it?

I will dispose of this latter question first. We have already seen that the unbeliever must, if he will be consistent, at once relinquish all right to order men to be virtuous, and confine himself to persuasively recommending them to be so. This he can only do by appealing to something that is general in the hearts of men, whether their tastes be virtuous or vicious, low or high; that something is benevolence. Even the most selfish of men do not like to think they are causing pain; nay, there is rather a tendency in them to be pleased in causing pleasure. This it is that the unbelieving moralist works on. He enlarges on the pleasure of doing good to others, and the pain of doing evil to them; he tries to inflame our hearts with the grand conception of progress, and the splendid destinies in store for future generations, and he bids us seek our happiness in consciously working for the sake of these, and if necessary dying for them. But all this talk about progress, and the future of our race, is really only begging the question, not answering it. If the human race is never to get better, progress is a delusion, and there is no use in working for it. If the human race is to get better, if it is ever to attain perfection, or if

it is even to get near perfection, then we want to know what this perfection is. To put what we are to work for into a remote and ever-receding future is simply to go on getting a bill renewed, which some day or other we must be called to pay. It is simply postponing the difficulty, not meeting it. What we want to know is this: In the unbeliever's Utopia, in that "better and above all that happier state of existence" which Mill dreamed of, how will it be able to be established that virtue is better than vice? For there, be it remembered, all the useful functions of virtue, which it shares in common with far-sighted vice, will be secured completely by a perfect government or by some other means. No one will want for any external blessings, no one will do violence to the will of his neighbour. How then, in such a state, is it conceivable that a man who has a taste for one kind of happiness should be able to recommend it to another who was quite content with his own, and was unwilling to have his natural ways disturbed? How could it be said that there was any good for a man except to get what he wanted, no matter what that might be? How could the Socrates in the Utopia make out that he was objectively better off than the pig? Even if he were contented, he could not prove that his case was better. If he were discontented, he would find it hard to prove that it was not worse. Indeed, so far as chance of recommending their tastes goes, the vicious in such a state, it seems, would be better off than the virtuous; for most men have in them a fair alloy of what we call the lower nature, whilst very many of them have very little of what we call the higher. It is evident then that the appeal to benevolence, and the conception of humanity and progress, can do nothing towards helping us to recommend virtue as virtue, since they might be used equally well to recommend vice as vice. Virtue must take its stand upon its own intrinsic attractions to the individual, and take its chance of alluring whom it can. This, from what we have seen already, is all that the unbeliever can logically say. Let us see now what good, logically, he gains by saying that. Let us see, I mean, if logically it can be shown that virtue is, on the unbeliever's grounds, in any sense its own reward.

It will be admitted, I think, that this cannot be better done than by considering the case of Christ. This consideration will illustrate two points at once—the extent of the gladness that comes to us from benevolence, and the extent of the gladness that comes to us from single-hearted devotion to truth. For Christ's sacrifice of Himself was of a double nature. It was on the one side a witness to the Truth, on the other an example and a service to the human race. Thus to His own mind the highest virtue and the highest utility seemed to be

united in this single act. And yet, did this act seem to Him to be for its own sake choiceworthy? Was it one which His own will, and His own will alone, would have prompted Him to consummate? We know quite well it was not. This act of highest utility and highest virtue did not bring its own reward to the great type of moral excellence. On the contrary, we know that He shrank from it in horror, and prayed in an agony that "this cup" might be removed from Him. The only thing that stayed Him up was the consciousness of the connection of His own inmost self, His own inmost will, with some power above and beyond Himself; and this consciousness, let us remember also, was based on faith, not on sight. He could not see, in the moment of His agony, that His Father's will was good. He could only believe that it was, and, in this strong belief, bow His own will to it and accomplish it. Here then are two plain, two all-important facts. Had Christ, as a man, not been a believer, He would not have thought it for His happiness to be crucified for the sake of showing others the truth; and, secondly, He would not have thought the truth, as the truth, a thing worth showing them. If such, then, was the case with Christ, can we suppose that with the mass of men it will differ for the better? Will they be more devoted to good than He was, or will they love their fellows better?

It seems, then, from what we have seen, that the unbeliever, if he will be consistent and logical—and the very justification of his unbelief is in great part its logical consistency—must admit, not only that the superiority of virtue over vice is small, that it cannot be established to those who do not naturally feel it, and that those who do feel it can only assert that such happens to be their taste; but they must admit also that this taste is merely a fancy, based upon no solid grounds, and liable under certain circumstances to be extinguished at any moment.

Here I must touch upon another important point, which out of justice to the believer and unbeliever alike must not be forgotten. When the unbelievers praise morality, or describe their religious emotions, I am not meaning to imply, when I say these praises and emotions are logically unjustifiable, that those who so volubly express them are in any way insincere. Their feelings are no doubt deep and genuine, their moral instincts most true and sound. But granting all this to be so, I only say that their moral life disproves their intellectual theory, and is based upon the very foundation which they are using all their energies to undermine. It is often argued in the present day that **morals** can have no connection with religious belief, because **many men** have notoriously got rid of the latter, and notoriously retained the former. But this argument from experience is

utterly fallacious. The fact I admit freely; but it is explained with the utmost ease. Nearly all feelings, tastes, and practices outlive, like flowers and leaves, the roots from which they spring. How long, for instance, did we build our railway carriages in the shape of coaches! And to this day we wear two buttons at our coat-tails, which at first only found their place there that the sword-belt might be fastened to them. So it is with morality. All the moral feelings at present afloat in the world depend, as I have already shown, on the primary doctrines of religion; but that the former would outlive the latter is nothing more than we should naturally expect—just as water may go on boiling after it is taken off the fire, as flowers keep their scent and colour after we have plucked them, or as a tree whose roots have been cut may yet put out green leaves for one spring more. But a time must come when all this will be over, and when the true effects of what has been done will begin to show themselves. Nor can there be any reason brought forward to show why, if the creed of unbelief was once fully assented to by the world, all morality—a thing always attended by some pain and struggle—would not gradually wither away, and give place to a more or less successful seeking after pleasure, no matter of what kind, so that it should entirely depend on the taste of our posterity whether the earth, in its ideally perfect state, would be an Eden or a Capri. This, if the unbeliever would be logical, were surely a consummation devoutly to be wished. Belief and the painful struggles attendant on it would then appear simply in the light of a disease, which should be jealously guarded against by all whose sympathies were pained by the pain of others. The notion that one kind of pleasure could be intrinsically and apart from its degree better than others, would indeed appear simply as a monomania; and the disposition to strive painfully after an unattainable standard of purity or unselfishness, disturbing and saddening a whole life as it would, would be regarded by the unbeliever (if I may use the metaphor) as a possession by a devil, rather than the inspiration of a Holy Spirit.

Further, let us note this, that the cultivation of science and a wider outlook on humanity, must rather tend to hasten the decomposition of morality and to destroy all division of the lower from the higher pleasures, than to retard it; by destroying gradually, as it must, all notions of our own dignity and the importance of all things human, and thus depriving us of the vague pride that we at present oppose to passion, and the generous enthusiasm by which we try to direct it. For, to the eye of the philosophic unbeliever, the happiness of a million of men is of little more importance than the happiness of one or two. The mind has no sooner soared to the height whence humanity is seen as a great

whole, than it ascends a little higher, and sees that whole as a very little one. A thousand years then, in our sight, become as yesterday. They are passed like a watch in the night. A generation is no more than a man; a thousand generations no more than one. The grandeur of humanity is a conception that is no logical halting-place; for we cannot tie our imagination like a kite, so that it may keep just at the height from which humanity looks grand. Indeed, the farther our scientific researches extend, the more will our own littleness, and the futility of scientific research, be brought home to us. If man be inconceivably great as connected with the universe, he is surely inconceivably little as disconnected from it; and if there be no supreme mind, no all-embracing, all-sustaining personality, any such connection must be either a truism or a pathetic fallacy. The littleness of all the things of men as compared with the things of God is a believer's commonplace—a commonplace, too, with which the unbelievers find special fault. But if humanity be small when compared with an infinite God that cares for it, it is surely far smaller when compared with an infinite universe that does not care for it at all. It has been said that an astronomer must be mad who is not devout to God. Surely the astronomer is still more mad who, if he have no God, is devout to man.

Thus much at any rate is quite clear, that by no conceivable device can virtue, as virtue, have any place in the unbeliever's system. Pleasure that pleases in the long run, no matter of what kind it be, is the only thing that he has any ground for praising; and if he use any phraseology that implies that anything else is praiseworthy, he is doing what on his own ground is deleterious, on the believer's ground is fraudulent, and what is on every ground inconsistent. It will be well, then, for the world at large to remember this, and to remember too that it is not an opinion only, but a demonstrable fact, which may indeed be dexterously concealed, but which can never be contradicted, that whenever an unbeliever makes use of any ethical language, whenever he calls one thing nobler than another, or whenever he calls anything holy or high or sacred, whenever he speaks of reverence as a thing to cultivate, or implies that moral elevation is a thing that can be distinguished from moral degradation,—whenever, in fact, he implies that there is anything desirable beyond the greatest gratification of whatever happen to be our strongest wishes, or that by our faults we can lose anything but so much passing happiness,—it will be well, I say, for the world to remember then that all this language is simply on the unbeliever's part so much contradiction or deception of himself, or else a fraudulent attempt to deceive us. If the latter be the case, we shall not think much

of him as the apostle of truth; if the former, we shall not think much of him as an expounder of the mystery of life. The believer does not desire his opponent to relinquish his moral instincts, but to confess that if he keeps them he must discard his unbelief. In that case let him admit that his physical science, though it may have taken him through the whole universe, yet has not as much as shed a glimmer of light on one entire side of his life. Let him confess that in his journeyings through the stars he has

"Many a knot unravelled by the road,
But not the master-knot of human fate."

Or else, if he will not admit this, but will confine all our cares to this life and to this earth, let him honestly and boldly avow the only creed that can logically be his, and let him trust it to its own merits to find acceptance amongst men. Let him give not to the individual only, but to the whole human race also, the same counsel that a scientific philosopher long ago gave, and which is, as I have already shown, the only counsel that scientific philosophy can yield—

"Come fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garments of repentance fling.
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter, and the bird is on the wing."

W. H. MALLOCK.



THE HISTORY, FUNCTIONS, AND PROSPECTS OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

I.

IT is said to be a fine sight to see a brave man struggling with adversity. It is a finer to watch a whole class of men engaged in the same task. This is what the working men of this country have been doing for nearly a century; with how much success the present paper will endeavour to show.

The materials are wanting from which a connected history of the Friendly Society movement from its beginning could be compiled. The vast number of societies now existing are in many cases the successors of others which have long since vanished, leaving no trace behind them. But the history of the legislation which has taken place during the last eighty years supplies much valuable information on the subject of the societies themselves, and is, therefore, worthy of notice.

Parliament has from the first adopted the principle of non-interference. Legislation has throughout been only permissive, so that Sir Stafford Northcote, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, has only acted up to the traditions of the past in refusing to employ compulsion, in any form, in his Bill of 1875. The two main principles of all Friendly Societies were recognized in the first Act on this subject, which became law in the year 1793. That Act recites first the advantage and "happiness" to be derived from funds for the mutual relief and maintenance of members in sickness, old age, and infirmity, and next alludes to the diminution of the public burdens which would ensue. The powers given by

this Act were very slight; no more than permission to appoint committees which should make rules and impose fines upon the members. The privileges granted were exemption from the heavy stamp duties of those days, summary legal remedies against officers of the societies or against members, a preferential right against the estates of deceased office-bearers, binding arbitration, and the power of suing and being sued. It is astonishing to find how very little the status of Friendly Societies has changed from that which was assigned to them by this Act of 1793. The system of registration then adopted was local, instead of being central as now, the rules of each society registering itself being deposited with the clerks of the peace. Registration was, however, as it has remained, voluntary.

The principles of equality and the sense of chafing under class privileges of which the working classes of Europe became conscious in the latter part of the eighteenth century showed their influence in many ways, but in none more distinctly than in the initiation and rapid progress of the Friendly Society movement. The wage-earning classes felt acutely the insufficiency of the remuneration which they received for their labour, and the degradation to which they had to submit in having the balance due to them doled out in the form of favours from the Poor-law. By the establishment of Friendly Societies of their own, they aspired to emancipate themselves from the debasing influence of that law; whilst, at the same time, they placed themselves in a better position to negotiate an improvement in their earnings. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that in the year 1802, or nine years after the first legislation on the subject in this country, no fewer than 9,672 Benefit Societies had been returned to Parliament. In 1815 the members of these existing societies reached the very astonishing number of 925,429. Of late years a considerable proportion of benefit clubs remain unregistered, that is to say, they prefer complete independence, neither receiving the advantages nor submitting to the restrictions arising from connection with the Government; but it is probable that at the commencement of the century there were few, if any, such societies in existence. Now as the population of England and Wales in 1815 was under eleven millions, one person in twelve was a member of a benefit club. In 1872, the population had rather more than doubled, whilst the members of registered societies were just twice as numerous. It is, however, supposed that there may be now about half as many members of unregistered clubs as there are of the other class; so that, on the whole, the movement has gained some ground. Yet it is very far from satisfactory to find that the legislation of sixty years has had so little effect in stimulating a thoroughly healthy effort of the working classes to improve their own posi-

tion. The figures quoted show, first, that membership in a benefit club is still the exception rather than the rule with the working classes, and secondly, that the advantage of supervision by, and connection with, the Government, is viewed with increasing indifference. On the latter point more will presently be said.

An Act was passed in 1819, which attempted an extremely important change in the whole system of legislation. The first Act had required that the rules of societies should be exhibited to the justices in Quarter Sessions; but these were now no longer permitted to confirm them until it should appear that the tables of payments and benefits had been "approved by two persons at the least, known to be professional actuaries or persons skilled in calculation, as fit and proper, according to the most correct calculation of which the nature of the case will admit."

But this provision, founded as it evidently is upon common sense and justice, came too early. There were no sufficient data in existence on which to found proper tables, nor was the profession of the actuary yet defined. The provision of the Act of 1819, just quoted, thus became a dead letter, for magistrates were compelled to accept the signature of utterly incapable persons, of any one, in fact, who chose to claim the title of accountant or actuary. It is often alleged in the present day that the effort to establish by law a compulsory scale of payments and benefits has been tried and failed. If the experiment were repeated now, the result might be very different, for our knowledge of the subject has made great progress in more than half a century. Already, in 1825, the possibility of investigating and calculating the recurrence of sickness was discussed before a Committee of the House of Commons. Although their report negatived the proposal of a Parliamentary enactment of tables, certain scales both for sickness, death, and superannuation allowances were confidently recommended. Moreover, skilled actuaries, to be named by the commissioners, were to examine and certify the tables of registered societies, and to make such observations and suggestions as might be thought useful. In those days the principle of mutual insurance against the ills of life was not yet fully established, as may be seen from an allusion by the Committee to "the opinion which some persons entertain, hostile to the formation of any common fund by contribution among the lower classes, and the preference given to individual savings." It was shown, in opposition to this view, that savings banks could not do the work of Friendly Societies, the purposes for which the latter are established being highly beneficial to the people and the State. It was well that a Committee of the Legislature should point out the innocence, as well as the usefulness, of such institutions; for in those days Friendly Societies, set up and supported by working

men, suggested to many the same kind of revolutionary communism as is now supposed to be inherent in Trades Unions in the minds of not a few timid Conservatives. This Committee was re-appointed two years later (1827), and urgently recommended that societies should be established on a large scale.

The Act of 1829 marks the transition from local to central registration. The barrister whose business it was to certify the rules of savings banks was to perform the same office for those of Friendly Societies. But the magistrates in Quarter Sessions still held the supreme power, and were required, before confirmation, to satisfy themselves that the tables of each society claiming registration might be adopted with safety to all parties concerned. The Legislature clung to the idea which the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has declared to be not feasible, that it was the duty of the State to protect members of Friendly Societies by insisting on the adoption of such scales of payments and benefits as would secure the objects of the existence of such associations. Benefit clubs were now required to make annual statements concerning their funds to their members—in other words, to establish an annual audit; and the present quinquennial valuation of assets and liabilities was foreshadowed in a compulsory return of sickness and mortality to be made every five years on a prescribed form to the clerks of the peace. In the Act of 1834 "nominees" were for the first time included among the persons who could enjoy the benefits of Friendly Societies; and registration was still further centralized. Complete centralization was established in 1846, when the office of Registrar of Friendly Societies was created.

This Act (9 & 10 Vict., cap. 27) was in many ways an important one. While the field of Friendly Society purposes was widened in several directions, children under six could no longer be insured, and separate accounts were to be kept of each particular benefit. The last point is one of special interest when the funds of one or more great Friendly Societies are employed, as in the case of the recent Erith strike, for strictly Trades Union purposes. The quinquennial returns were to be sent in as before, and together with them a copy of the assets and liabilities of the society. Yet, however insecure a state of things such returns might disclose, the benefits of registration were not to be withdrawn. Among other points in the same Act, affiliated societies were for the first time legally recognized.

A Committee of the Lords sat in 1848, and drew up a very desponding report on the subject. The thirteen Acts which had become law since 1793, had failed to produce the desired effects, and further legislation was urgently needed. Small societies could not meet any accidental pressure; an unhealthy season

made them bankrupt. What clergyman or magistrate could not tell a dozen stories of the wretchedness caused during the last half-century by reliance on such rotten associations as these? If the subject is dismissed in a sentence, it is only because it is useless to harrow the feelings of the reader by tales of human misery perhaps unsurpassed in the history of the world—tales in which starvation, division of families, and the workhouse, fall to the lot of those who had pinched themselves for a weary lifetime in order to procure a small share of comfort and peace in the end. Mr. Tidd Pratt, the registrar, assured the Committee that the funds of such associations were often wasted at a public-house, that the contributions were spent in dinners, and that the rules, although registered and certified, were not enforced. Yet then, as now, these so-called Friendly Societies continued to hold the Government certificate of registration, and by its possession to impose—no other word can fairly be used—upon the public. Large societies, on the other hand, increased and flourished, causing apprehensions in the minds of the members of the Committee of the Lords, because they possessed great power and considerable wealth, and because of the employment of secret signs, the circulation of lectures, and the introduction of funeral orations after the burial service. These associations were not therefore regarded with much favour, and each lodge being looked upon as a separate Society, and being required to pay the registration fee, they were almost invariably excluded from the benefit of registration. Nor did the Committee see its way to a legal adjustment of scales of contributions and benefits.

In 1849 the Lords sent a Bill down to the Commons, as a result of the labours of their Committee, which was in turn referred to a Committee of the Lower House. By this time it had appeared from the Registrar's statement, that 14,000 societies had been enrolled since 1828, of which he estimated that 12,000 were still in existence, besides a still larger number unenrolled. The matter was therefore becoming very urgent; the interests concerned were more important than ever. The Committee declined to recommend the issue of model tables, or to guarantee assurances. It was acknowledged that in the great majority of societies the rate of contributions was insufficient to enable them to pay their benefits, but the Legislature would not interfere. The Act which resulted from the reports of these two Committees was passed in 1850, and was limited to the case of societies which should not assure more than £100 in one sum, £30 per annum annuity, or 20s. a week in sickness, nor could more than the funeral expenses, not exceeding £3, be paid on the death of a child. An attempt was made to divide Friendly Societies into two classes, "certified" and "registered;" the tables and rules of the former being

certified by an actuary, whilst those of the latter did not pass through that process. Affiliated Societies, or branches of Friendly Societies, were now put under the protection of the law. Nominees were disallowed; the obligation to send in annual returns was made more stringent; the settlement of disputes, according to the rules of each society, was arranged for; and the interest payable to Friendly Societies by the National Debt Commissioners was reduced to 2*d.* per day, or just over 3 per cent. per annum.

The next incident to be noticed is the appearance of an abstract by the Registrar of the quinquennial returns of sickness and mortality, and of the reports of assets and liabilities of Friendly Societies in England and Wales during the five years which had elapsed since the Act of 1846. This document is remarkable as the only one of the kind issued by the English Registrar, in spite of the repeated legislation on the very point. It has, however, always been found practically impossible to obtain from the Societies reliable information and trustworthy returns.

The Bill of 1854 was passed under the auspices of such men as Mr. Sotherton-Estcourt, Chief Baron Pollock, and Baron Alderson. Live stock and other property could no longer be insured by Friendly Societies, and the principle of nominees was abolished. Other changes in the scope of such associations were also made. The distinction between registered and certified societies was done away with. An insurance in a single sum of £200 could be made; and the limitation of sick pay to 20*s.* was omitted. No further legislation of sufficient importance to be noticed in a necessarily brief sketch like the present occurred until 1875.*

The Act of 1875 was heralded with a vast amount of anticipatory laudation, but, in reality did little or nothing to settle the difficulties of the question. The subject is treated, as heretofore, permissively only; that is to say, registration is not compulsory, and many of the provisions of the Act are not enforced by any fine. The direct advantages of obtaining registration are not very considerable, and include remission of stamp duties—no longer so great a boon as formerly—a priority of claim on the property of bankrupt or deceased officials, and the power of suing and being sued as a corporation. The general benefits of a Friendly Society are confined to members and their near relations, and nominees are only allowed to a certain limited extent. Insurances are permitted on the birth of a member's child, or on the death of a member, or for the funeral expenses of the husband, wife, or child of a member, or for those of the widow of a deceased member.

* *Vide* the First Appendix of the Fourth Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into Friendly and Benefit Building Societies, 1874.

Members on travel in search of employment, or in distressed circumstances, or in case of shipwreck, or loss, or damage of or to boats or nets, are eligible for benefits; and tools can be insured against fire up to £15. But it must be remembered that these provisions depend entirely upon the rules of the various societies and are only legalized; as a matter of fact no society is likely to avail itself of them all. Finally, benefits are confined to annuities of £50 per annum, and insurances of £200. The Act further applies to Cattle Insurance Societies, Benevolent Societies, and Working Men's Clubs.

Registration is a singularly simple process; on the deposit of the rules of the society, together with the names of the officials, an acknowledgment of registration is at once obtained. With the single exception that societies granting annuities must have their tables certified by a competent actuary, these rules may be, evidently and on the face of them, insufficient to procure the ends for which they profess to be designed. The only point of importance regarding them is that a copy of them must be delivered, on demand, to any person, on the payment of a sum not exceeding one shilling.

The whole principle of the present law is contained in the idea that every registered society shall act openly with regard to its members and the public. It is no new thing to insist upon an annual audit and a quinquennial valuation; but the present Act professes to have turned these two points, which have been previously a dead letter, into a reality. Whether this object has been attained, remains to be seen. The valuer, whose business it is to estimate the assets and liabilities of a society, or, to use a simple word, its solvency, is to be appointed by the society itself. Still the returns to be made to the Registrar are very precise, and every precaution is taken to render all information concerning the affairs of a society easily accessible to all persons interested in it.

The investment clauses of the Act are wide. The funds of Friendly Societies may be invested in any "security expressly directed by the rules of the society, not being personal security," except to a certain small and well-defined extent. The only other point which need now be noticed is the method adopted for the settlement of disputes. These must be arranged according to the rules of the society, and the decision is binding without appeal. Disputes may be referred to the Registrar, but such a course is not compulsory.*

The persons who are more or less affected by Friendly Society legislation in England and Wales alone are probably over four

* 38 & 39 Vict. c. 60.

millions in number. Besides these there are at least as many more interested as wives, children, &c., in the promised benefits of these societies, making in all eight millions of persons, or one-third of the population of the southern portion of the island. The benefits received amount annually to two millions. There are at least 32,000 registered and unregistered societies, the funds of which amount to not less than eleven millions sterling.*

Although it is not possible to trace the history of all these societies, it would be unfair to pass from the subject without some allusion to that magnificent and independent effort of the working classes to better their own condition, known as the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows. By giving a brief account of this society it will be seen what co-operation and union can effect in this direction. Not that it stands alone among Friendly Societies. The Ancient Order of Foresters is second only to it in numbers and importance; but the Manchester Unity is indisputably first among all similar associations, and therefore deserves closer attention. It counts in round numbers half-a-million of members in Great Britain and Ireland. There are 4,000 lodges, or separate clubs, all bound together by a common interest. These are under the same form of government, and derive their great strength from their mutual reliance upon each other. Whilst the business of each lodge is transacted independently, the claim upon the central "Unity" is never lost as long as its laws are adhered to. The great strength of the "Unity" consists in the power of levying funds from so large a body of persons. But the chief merit of this association lies in its determination to set its affairs on a thoroughly sound footing. In 1871 a valuation of assets and liabilities, similar to that which the law now requires from all registered societies, was voluntarily set on foot by the Odd Fellows. This resulted in exhibiting the serious deficiency of some £1,350,000. But inasmuch as the total assets amounted to nine millions and a-half sterling, the deficit represented only about 12 per cent. of the whole; or, in other words, the society was in a position to discharge nearly 90 per cent. of its liabilities. This was, of course, very unsatisfactory; but the worst being known, only a vigorous effort was required to put a going concern like the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows into a thoroughly healthy condition. This is being done, as it is believed, by raising the contributions and diminishing the benefits.

But if the condition of the best of the Friendly Societies has been shown to be defective, what must be that of those numerous clubs which are both unable and unwilling even to inquire into

* Fourth Report of Friendly Societies Commission, p. xvi.

the true state of their affairs? What can be said of those collecting societies which draw a large amount of their apparent prosperity from the forfeiture of their members' previous payments in a moment of pressure? What reasonable assurance of success for the whole movement is to be found in those weak benefit clubs which depend almost wholly upon such an accession of new and young members as they can never expect to acquire?

The history of Friendly Societies is instructive as showing the urgent desire of the working classes to provide some store for themselves beyond what is provided for them by the State. The patience they have exhibited in endeavouring to attain their end is astonishing. The story of the legislation on the subject for the last century is hardly a pleasant one. What has it done for the movement? In England there are probably at least 12,000 Friendly Societies which decline registration, or association, in any form, with the State. In Scotland the majority of societies are unregistered. In both countries the best societies are confessedly above the need of any legislation whatever.

II.

What amount of wages do the working classes of Great Britain hold in hand? Is it likely that they have saved a week's, a fortnight's? They have certainly not got a month's wages stored up. Such at least is the opinion of those who have made a study of the question and have collected the results of observations on it in their own neighbourhoods. The causes of this want of forethought and thrift are not far to seek, and will be presently considered. In view of the undoubted facts that British working men have no hoards on which to fall back, and that it is an instinct of human nature to make some provision for the future, it is clear that the functions of Friendly Societies will not be difficult to define and describe.

The office of these associations is to supply the want of saved capital in individual cases. Whatever advantages a man could expect to derive from the possession of a private reserve fund, a stockingful of guineas, or a comfortable balance in a bank, should be secured to him by membership in a well-managed and firmly-established benefit club. In sickness he should find his income, or a fair proportion of it, still going on. To a reasonable extent* his society should be prepared to help him when he is out of, and seeking for work. In old age he should receive a small,

* To what extent is of course an open question. The Manchester Unity encourages members out of work to travel in search of it, and assists them with voluntary contributions. Many societies are allowed by their rules to help their members when "out of work," and under this head strikes are frequently supported to the great disadvantage of the general funds of the club.

but certain and sufficient pension. At the birth of a child, or the death of a member of his family, the pecuniary claims pertaining to such events should be defrayed by his club. At his own death the insurance should be sufficient to start his widow in a new way of life and give her a chance, at least, of independent existence. Of course, the system cannot be expected always to work smoothly. There will always be exceptional cases in which special and outside help will find room for application. But on the whole, the functions of Friendly Societies, as above described, will be found sufficient to meet the exigences of ordinary lives.

Nor is this system without its advantages. By throwing together the contributions of many, all the benefits which are derived by individuals from their private hoards become at once available for every subscriber to the common fund. Nearly a century ago the words "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*" appeared to preach a new social gospel to the masses. Is it not in co-operation and mutual insurance against the ills of life that their realization, so long waited for, is to be found? From the moment of membership with a Friendly Society the working man becomes possessed of all the advantages of property; not, indeed, to the extent of setting him free from the necessity of labour, but as enabling him to face life with a light heart. Without combination he would have to wait for many a weary year before his hoarded savings would suffice to do for him what his club does at once.

There is a potent influence at work in this country which militates seriously against the universal acceptance of the Friendly Society principle. This is to be found in the existence of a State system of relief, known as the Poor-law, which does exactly the same kind of work as that undertaken by benefit societies. All necessity for prudence, forethought, and thrift is abolished by the existence of this great institution. The State deliberately steps in between a man and his good intentions, and deprecates the idea that any portion of his wages should be set aside, either in a savings bank or club, for his day of need. As has frequently been shown, the working man has no inducement whatever to be self-denying and thrifty, for, under the present Poor-law system, "the improvident are rewarded and the thrifty sent empty away."* There is no ill incidental to life against which the State does not guarantee a working man. Is he sick? The parish doctor is ready to attend him, and the overseers to provide him with every necessity and even luxury. Is he old and past work? The guardians of the poor will provide him with a comfortable pension in the form of out-door relief, or will receive him into a vast

* Fawcett on Pauperism, p. 34.

asylum kept up at the public cost. Is he out of work, or idle? When he has come to the end of his resources, he, being destitute, becomes a legal object of relief at the expense of the rate-payers. Thus at every turn of his life he is provided with an excuse for neglecting a duty, however obviously that duty may have been suggested to him by nature. This is the system with which Friendly Societies have to compete. Is it not wonderful that they should have made any progress at all in the face of such competition?

It may be objected that the action of the Poor-law is in reality that of a great benefit club. Surely this is a monstrous error, although there may possibly be something to be said in favour of such a view. The effect of the Poor-law is undoubtedly to depreciate the value of labour, for the simple reason that employers pay away a portion of their capital in the form of poor-rates, and thus have less left to assign to the workman in the form of wages. But this amount, if added to earnings, would increase the payment of labour very slightly; or, to put the case differently, the amount kept back by the employer to pay rates is not so large a sum as a working man ought to pay in return for the advantages which he can claim from the Poor-law. Nor, as a rule, have the recipients of public relief ever been rate-payers, or at least to such an extent as to give them an extensive equitable claim on public assistance. Thus, then, the right to receive public aid, which is now possessed by the working classes, is one founded not on equity but on law. Is that law a good one? Its strongest condemnation is found in the fact that those classes for whose benefit it is kept up are anxious to obviate its necessity by the establishment of Friendly Societies. The Poor-laws give a legal claim to a benefit to which the recipient has no right. A certain amount of discredit naturally attaches to such relief. This the working classes have perceived, and they are therefore anxiously bestirring themselves to find some means of escape from the contamination of public, unearned aid. They believe that they have found what they need in Friendly Societies.

When it is suggested that the Poor-law should be abolished, objectors invariably ask the question, "What would you substitute for it?" Now the answer to this question should be a simple one: nothing should be put in its place. The object of the abolition of the present unnatural system would be to quicken men's faculties of self-preservation, which for centuries have been dulled by the removal of the necessity for thrift and forethought. If an equally elaborate system were substituted for the Poor-law, the results would be not very different from what they are now. On the other hand, if full wages were paid, and the labour market were no longer hampered by the deduction of rates from the price of

toil, then, on the withdrawal of the artificial prop of the Poor-law, the working-classes would be compelled to find some means of helping themselves in their hours of need. Would it be a cruel thing thus to throw upon them the burden of supplying their own needs? Would not the effect of such a step be at once to give a great impetus to the Friendly Society movement? In round numbers £7,500,000 are spent every year in England and Wales through the Poor-law, whilst £2,000,000 are distributed by benefit clubs among their members in sick-pay and insurances. As long as the State is willing to pay so large a sum as the above to those who have not earned it, or done anything to deserve it, we can scarcely hope that the proportion between these figures will be very greatly changed. Still it is fair to argue that the existing Friendly Societies, which, with all their disadvantages, have done so much, might be expected to do a great deal more. Why should they not, in fact, do all that is necessary to be done? Of course there will always be room left for charity. No system could ever abolish the *pauperes Christi*. But these might safely be left to the well-tryed benevolence of this Christian country. It has been said that to substitute charity for the Poor-law would be to exchange an army of paupers for an army of beggars. Even if this were to turn out to be the case, it is not quite clear that the change would not be advantageous, especially as the now well-established principle of the organization of private charity should certainly reduce the numbers of the latter, in a prosperous community like ours, very much below the figures of the terrible array of modern British pauperism. That very considerable pressure would be put upon the labouring classes by the abolition of the Poor-laws, or even of out-door relief, cannot of course be denied. But it is precisely that pressure which is needed to give back to them those habits of thrift and prudence which they have, in no small degree, already lost. That pressure would compel them by the best possible arguments to seek a stable source of remedy. Would the withdrawal of artificial and unearned assistance leave the pauper to "die in a ditch?" The prospect of such withdrawal would be far more likely to drive him, in his prosperous days, to the door of the nearest benefit club. The set of public opinion is already strongly in favour of the diminution of Poor-law relief, especially that supplied outside the walls of the Workhouse. It is the manifest function of the Friendly Society to step in and occupy the ground thus left free.

A great statesman* has recently confirmed by his authority the often-repeated opinion that the Poor-laws of this country are a great preservative, or safeguard, against revolution. To this

* Mr. Forster at Bradford.

institution, is ascribed the stability of British society during the last two or three hundred years. A form of this view is also held by the more advanced section of thinkers among the working classes themselves. Their writers are distinctly opposed to the abolition or even diminution of parish relief, on the ground, apparently, that it forms an instalment of the debt due to labour by the alleged unjust pressure of class laws. It is a little surprising to find Liberal statesmen relying upon safeguards against disturbance, rather than upon acts of just legislation. Such appliances are rarely found to answer; they are, in fact, two-edged swords which cut two ways at once. The Poor-law is not an exception to the rule. It is equally surprising to hear working men insist upon so clumsy an expedient for giving them the justice they seek, or rather for making up to them the alleged injustice from which they suffer. Are not their demands greatly complicated by the working of the Poor-law? Would it not be better for them to have such grievances as they believe themselves to be suffering under fairly discussed, without the confusing intervention of a clumsy system by which they receive from society a small instalment of what they declare to be due to them? Lastly, if the Poor-law forms really a safeguard against revolution, by giving the working man a stake in the country, it is evident that a sound system of Friendly Societies, covering the ground now occupied by that law, would be a still better safeguard and protection against turbulence of action, or even of thought. If every artisan and agricultural labourer possessed substantial interest in a benefit club, he would be, at least as far as his interest was concerned, an enthusiastic supporter of the established state of things.

In England, the man who saves a small sum of money has the greatest possible difficulty in finding a place in which to keep it, and, at the same time, receive a fair rate of interest for it. The very abundance of capital which exists in the country creates and keeps it up; and there is no facility here, as in some other countries, for the investment of minute sums in public securities or land. Saving, therefore, is attended with unusual difficulties. The Friendly Society naturally steps forward and undertakes the task of relieving the working classes of their troubles in this direction.

III.

We now come to the prospects of Friendly Societies.

The very emphatic refusal of the present Government, through its mouthpiece, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to interfere, beyond a certain and definite point, with the efforts of the working classes to establish a sound system of Benefit Societies, suggests

a very interesting question which nearly concerns the future of these associations. The State does distinctly interfere with some of the concerns of working men; it is by no means clear why it should refuse to do so in others. On what principle is this interference called sometimes lawful and sometimes unlawful? Is there any definite law, written or unwritten, which enables the legislator to say without hesitation that the principle of paternal government may be applied in this case, must be withheld in that? A clearer insight into the grounds on which such conclusions are arrived at will be best obtained by examining one or two of the cases in which the State interferes, or declines to interfere, in this country.

Under the various Factory and Workshop Acts which have become law during the last few years, the number of hours during which women and children may work is very strictly defined. Every child of either sex under thirteen years of age can only work half-time, and must attend an elementary school during the rest of the week. No woman or young person may work for more than sixty hours per week or for more than ten and a-half hours per day. The Factory Act of 1874, which did not indeed become law, but is more than likely to pass the Legislature eventually, contains provisions even more stringent than these. Factory inspectors and others have impressed with great vigour upon the Royal Commission, which took much evidence on this subject during the year 1875 in the manufacturing towns of Great Britain and Ireland, the importance of giving those charged with the execution of these Acts much greater powers than they now possess. As it is they are able, as inspectors of workshops, to enter the houses of private individuals engaged, for example, as tailors or dressmakers, and employing only their own children as their work-people, in order to provide against any infraction of the law by over-work or by working during illegal hours. Of course it may be said that these restrictions apply only to those who are unable, through their age and sex, to protect themselves against oppression. But indirectly the working men are themselves affected to an important extent by the Factory and Workshop Act. In the lacquering trade, for instance, which forms a most important branch of Birmingham business, the work of men is entirely dependent upon that of women and children; the former are obliged to stop when the latter do. In many other occupations the workman is impeded in an equal or less degree by the restrictions imposed on the female or child assistant. But a still more striking instance of the interference of the State with the free action of working men was brought prominently forward by the same Royal Commission. It appears to be customary in many parts of those districts in which

women and children are largely employed for the men to leave to their wives and offspring the duty of maintaining themselves by their own labour. This amiable habit of course places, in the case of the men, a considerable portion of their own earnings at their disposal for such purposes as dog-fighting, drinking, and high living. The working men in many neighbourhoods deliberately choose this course, nor is there anything in the smallest degree illegal in their action. The Factory and Workshop Acts, however, are found seriously to interfere with such a plan of life; for the earnings of women and children being thereby considerably limited, the husband and father is not infrequently called upon to curtail his own enjoyments and amusements in order to provide the necessaries of life for his family, with the alternative, which indeed is often preferred by him, of having his feelings harrowed by the sight of their sufferings. It would be difficult to conceive a stronger case than this of indirect interference on the part of the State with the liberty of the subject. Whether that interference is righteous or not is not now the question. If a working man chooses to arrange his plan of life as we have indicated, he is strictly within his right so to do; and the action of the Factory Acts is a clear case of indirect, but not the less effective, paternal interference with him on the part of the State. The compulsory clauses of the Education Act afford another example of the way in which the State exercises paternal control over her children. In those districts under a Board School which has adopted compulsory attendance, a father is obliged to send his children to school up to a certain age, whatever his own opinions or inclinations on the subject may be. He may be unable, without the assistance of his child, to earn sufficient money for the support of himself and those dependent on him. A paternal Government tells him that in such a case food for the mind is better than food for the body. Or he may have conscientious scruples as to the advantages of education. He may hold that a child who learns to read is more likely, especially in London and large towns, to come across pernicious than improving literature. He may point to the hundreds of hurtful publications which abound in the windows of the small shops in back streets, and he may desire to keep from his child the power of absorbing them. He may even go a step further and say that education does not necessarily make a boy a better labourer, or a girl a better domestic servant. It is well known that these opinions are held by persons in higher spheres of life than his own, and it is difficult for him to see why he should not be allowed to entertain, and act on them, himself. The State, however, is inexorable, and in the exercise of its paternal authority refuses to allow him any discretion whatever. To school his children must go. In the same way no latitude is allowed to that

large class of persons who appear honestly to be of opinion that vaccination is an injurious thing. Men of not inconsiderable position in the medical world, together with large numbers of uninformed persons, are opposed to the system. Yet the State interferes with the freedom of the subject to the extent of requiring every person in the kingdom to submit to the operation. With regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors, whilst no restriction is placed on their use in the homes of consumers, these are only able to purchase what they desire at certain times and places. The State also interferes with ordinary trading on certain days; and the restrictions on the sale of drugs and poisons, and on the adulteration of food, are considerable. The most recent Act on Life Insurance also imposes some important conditions, such as the deposit with the Government of a sum of £20,000 in the case of new offices, before business can be legally carried on. In short, traces of interference with the private concerns and undertakings of the people, on the part of the State, are to be met with on every side.

Why then should the case of Friendly Societies be made an exception to the general rule? Sir Stafford Northcote has declared that to do more than make suggestions, and "throw light" upon the operations of these societies would be to interfere unduly with the free action of their founders. The cases cited above may be undoubtedly shown to differ in detail from that before us, just as they differ in detail from one another; yet they appear to prove with sufficient clearness that, on due necessity shown, the State is prepared to step in, and vigorously interfere with some private undertakings and modes of life. The whole question of the healthy progress of the Friendly Society movement depends upon a correct appreciation of this point—Is legislative interference with these associations fairly allowable? For nearly a century the Legislature has affirmed the contrary. An attempt was indeed made, as has been shown, so far back as 1819, to fit the means to the end by requiring that the rules and scales of societies should be confirmed by actuaries. The failure of that condition is often considered a sufficient excuse for declining a renewed attempt at legislation from that point of view. But no one would seriously deny in the present day that State interference would be desirable—first, if it were not inconsistent with free institutions; second, if it were likely to achieve its end of making Friendly Societies thoroughly sound and trustworthy. From the analogy of similar cases such interference might be beneficially applied in this; and with every prospect of greater success than in the past, because we are now much better informed upon the subject than we were in former years.

But it may be said that the working classes themselves are

universally set against all such proposed direct, as opposed to permissive, legislation. Is this a well-established fact? More than a year ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer made an elaborate defence* of his Act in answer to an address of congratulation, presented to him by a large body of Odd Fellows and Foresters. He received, "with surprise and much scepticism," the intimation of the promoters of the address that, much as they admired the Act, it would be better in their eyes if it contained certain clauses which are now absent from it. These clauses were, that examination of accounts by public auditors should be made compulsory instead of permissive; that registration of all Friendly Societies should be insisted on; that payments and benefits should be regulated by an authorized scale; and that the quinquennial valuations should be made by Government actuaries, or other persons of acknowledged skill. In point of fact, the whole principle of the present Act was attacked by these suggestions. It would be exceedingly difficult to prove that the opinions thus put forward by representative working men are not those, in the main, of the whole class. No writer has, indeed, the right to assume the contrary, and to speak on behalf of the principal parties concerned; nor could reliable information probably be obtained on this point save by a Royal Commission. Still, enough has been said to show that there is no general class feeling against the principle of compulsory legislative interference with Friendly Societies, for the purpose of placing them on a substantial footing by law. The working men of England and Scotland are amenable to reason, and would by no means resist any enactment which could be shown to be to their advantage. Moreover, the best of the existing societies, the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, has already voluntarily carried into effect almost all the regulations which the Government could by any possibility be asked to pass into laws. Several other societies are following the same lead. Is it then likely that the million, or million and a-half of men who form these would feel themselves in any way aggrieved by finding their own rules and scales made the foundation of a new law? Weaker societies might resent interference, but it would be so obviously wholesome in their case that the end would justify the means.

The present law is founded on the notion that publicity will suffice to keep all Friendly Societies in the paths of prudence and solvency. Every precaution is taken that each member may, if he chooses, inform himself fully on the pecuniary position of the association to which he belongs. Unfortunately, human nature is very sanguine; and just as unbusiness-like members of the upper

* Sir Stafford Northcote at Ilfracombe, 25th October, 1875.

and middle classes go on insuring in life offices, and investing their money in banks and bonds, which are notoriously rotten, unprotected working men will in the future, as they have in the past, continue to pin their faith to societies of which the statistics, if they could understand them, would prove their utter want of stability. However sad may be the result of the annual audit or quinquennial valuation, the Government certificate of registration will remain, duly framed, suspended on the walls of the club-room. A very little skill on the part of sanguine and specious officials will suffice to explain away the temporary bad effect of an unfavourable report. And so the old story of misplaced confidence and certain ruin will be told again and again. There do not appear to be sufficient grounds for assuming that publicity will suffice to meet existing abuses.

There are no means of obtaining accurate statistics as to the number of unregistered Friendly Societies now in existence; but it is known that they are very numerous. It may not unreasonably be anticipated that the increased stringency of the Act now in force will have the effect of largely increasing the numbers of this class of society. It is hoped that the five years from January 1876, which will elapse before the first quinquennial valuation must be made, will give the more substantial clubs time to set their house in order, and prepare to meet their clients with a fair balance-sheet. This may occur; but it is equally probable that a large number of weak societies will cut the Gordian knot of their difficulties by severing their connection with the Government. Many unregistered benefit clubs have existed and even prospered for years. The advantages to be gained by registration are neither very great nor very obvious. Still it would be a great calamity if the numbers of unregistered societies were to increase. The greatest evils of the present system are undoubtedly to be found among them.

The prospects, then, of the movement do not seem very brilliant under the existing law. The only remedy which suggests itself is a much closer supervision, accompanied with far greater powers of compulsion and prohibition, on the part of the State. But for some time past there has been a growing tendency to avoid direct legislation. Nor is this tendency confined to the subject before us, or to England alone. Mr. Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, referring to an Act of the permissive kind, which passed the Legislature of New York in 1874, but which has since remained a dead letter, remarks that "this kind of legislation, the passing of laws which are intended to be shams, is highly characteristic, and enables the State which adopts it to combine the credit of advanced civilization with the realities of barbarism." No one would accuse so earnest a politician as Sir Stafford Northcote of intentionally fostering a sham; but what Mr. Pattison has

said of compulsory education is certainly true in the case of Friendly Society legislation. A merely permissive law will have far less effect than is needed to put this great movement into a healthy condition. Nor is there any real interference with the liberty of the subject, or any unduly paternal supervision of the efforts of private individuals, in the proposal to legislate firmly and vigorously on Friendly Societies. Such interference and paternal supervision would really be found in a very different direction. The law which is desired would be no attempt at domination by one class over another; it would be, on the contrary, a rational act of legislation passed by a Parliament elected by a large number of the very persons who would be most interested in its effects.

Apart from the sentimental objection on the part of successive Governments to interfere with the efforts of a large class of private individuals, there is a difficulty which is undoubtedly of a formidable kind. After collecting information and obtaining statistics,—both of which are available after an experience of eighty years,—the Government might proceed to enforce the adoption of certain scales of payments and benefits. These might work fairly well in ordinary times, but exceptional seasons or circumstances might arise in which the system might break down to the obvious discredit of the Government. As, however, this is the only real difficulty in the way, it is hard to believe that a scheme could not be devised by which exceptional fluctuations might be met. At any rate the Legislature might insist upon a *maximum* and a *minimum* of payments and benefits respectively. This would do away with a vast amount of the misery which springs up in the absence of any such regulation.

It is neither suggested that the State should undertake the business of conducting Friendly Societies, nor that it should incur the responsibility of guaranteeing any scales. To do either of these things would be really to interfere with the voluntary action of working men. Only one thing would be a still stronger and less unwarrantable act of interference—to compel every working man to join a benefit club.

The ground is now clear to suggest that what would probably set the Friendly Society movement in a healthy position would be :—

1. Compulsory registration of every benefit society.
2. The compulsory adoption of a limit in scales of payments and benefits.
3. Audit and valuation by a Government official.
4. The winding-up of every society proved to be in a hopelessly insolvent condition.*

* In the State of New York every insurance office is under strict Government supervision, and is subject to this rule.

If the views now put forward are correct, the future of Friendly Societies would be very different under these rules from what it may be expected to be without further legislation. One incidental result of the adoption of such regulations would certainly be that the small societies would be absorbed into the great ones. Nor would this be an evil. It would certainly be advantageous that every member of a Friendly Society should be an Odd Fellow or a Forester. And as these societies are already, in a sense, above the law as proposed to be modified, it would appear that the coercive legislation suggested would hardly be felt after a few years. And with the small societies the abuses of the present system, such as the squandering of club funds on dinners or their employment for Trades Union purposes—that is, on political rather than social objects—would also disappear. The question must not be allowed to sleep. As the pernicious action of the Poor-law, which suggests carelessness, becomes better understood, and is, therefore, gradually modified—a process which is already going on in the diminution of out-door relief—it is important that the only true substitute for it, the Friendly Society, which suggests self-reliance, should be strengthened and encouraged.

W. WALTER EDWARDS.



IMPERFECT GENIUS: WILLIAM BLAKE.

PART II.

OUR examination of Blake's claims to the higher qualities of genius as a designer and painter must be limited to the notice of such salient features of his art as are apparent to an ordinarily educated observer, without pretensions to an expert's skill. We may first review the impressions derived from a series of visits to the recent exhibition of his unpublished works at the Burlington Club, which, from its comprehensiveness as a collection, afforded to those who knew him imperfectly by his published works an opportunity of estimating his power at successive periods, and introduced him to many who were only acquainted with him by report. We venture to think that it must have dispelled not a little illusion concerning the sources and the range of his ideas. To any one moderately familiar with the works of the great artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and some of Blake's own contemporaries, a single visit brought repeated suggestions of reminiscence. A little observation disclosed an amount of self-repetition and mannerism strangely at variance with his reputation for fertility. Out of three or four hundred designs, we doubt if the number of original conceptions exceeded twenty, and of these, several were rather entitled to be so called on account of their wildness or mysteriousness than of their beauty or force. Such designs as "The Nativity" (No. 89), "Jephthah's Sacrifice" (No. 168), and "Famine" (No. 140), stand out almost apart in our remembrance, as examples of underived idea and unexaggerated

realization. Commencing with his early works, such as "Joseph ordering Simeon to be bound," and "Joseph making himself known to his Brethren," one recognized the weak manner of West and Hamilton. A somewhat later series of designs from "Comus" and others bore a marked resemblance to the style of Stothard. The characteristic mannerisms of Fuseli, theatrical posing and violent exaggeration of muscular action, were discernible in such works as "Samson breaking his Bonds," and "The Blasphemer Stoned," among others; but whether the influence of their common master, Michel Angelo, reached Blake after being filtered through his associate's mind, or through a different channel, might be open to question. Any one acquainted with the fact that he had devoted himself in youth to copying the works of the great Italian and German masters from engravings purchased at art-sales or procured for study at the Royal Academy library,* would find confirmation of it in the frequent stiffness, timidity, and tameness of his drawing, and in observing that he comparatively seldom imitated directly from a single master, but compounded reminiscences of more than one. Some instances, however, of direct imitation or reminiscence were obvious enough. The conception of Jehovah, in the design for the creation of Eve (Nos. 214, &c.), reproduced the type and attitude of Raffaele's, in one of the Loggie frescoes; the attitude of Newton measuring the earth with a compass (No. 172), that of Archimedes, in "The School of Athens;" the action of Moloch (in one of the Miltonic series) holding up a child by its foot, that of the executioner in "The Judgment of Solomon." Michel Angelo's Moses reappeared more than once, as in "The Burning Bush," and "The Transfiguration" (Nos. 78 and 79). The representation of the serpent tempting Eve, with the plucked apple in its mouth (No. 180), occurs in Lucas van Leyden's design on the same subject. The bat's wings with which Satan was depicted in his "Triumphing over Job" (No. 150) are appended to a demon in one of the frescoes relating to the history of Job in the Campo Santo of Pisa. General and specific resemblances of composition and manner were elsewhere evident, *e.g.*, between the designs for "The Last Judgment" (Nos. 68 and 70) and Michel Angelo's in the Sistine Chapel; the design for "Jacob's Dream" (No. 154) and Raffaele's in the Loggie. The grouping and attitudes of the figures in "The Crucifixion" and "The Entry into Jerusalem" coincided with the conventional treatment of these subjects by successive Italian and German schools.

Of self-repetition the examples seemed to us well nigh innumerable. Only a few can be cited. The design of "Elohim

* Malkin's "Father's Memoirs of a Child," p. 20.

creating Adam" (No. 205) reappeared in one of the Job series—"With dreams upon my bed thou scarest me." The attitude of Death stretching a scroll in "The Lazar-house" (No. 19) was reproduced in another figure in No. 96, and (without the scroll) recurred in "Satan's Entrance into Paradise" (No. 119). The attitude of two of the children in "Count Ugolino and his Sons" (No. 124) was repeated from an emblem in "The Gates of Paradise." A design entitled "The Lord shall break the staff of the Wicked" (No. 130) was repeated in No. 167, entitled "Lucifer showing the Pope his Destiny," with the substitution of a theatrical and lean demon for a theatrical and muscular angel. A similar substitution was observable on comparing the attitudes of some of the "Devils in Council" (No. 192, "Paradise Regained") with those of the angels in "Satan going out from the Presence of the Lord" (Job). Slight modifications of the same composition were apparent in the "Deaths of St. Joseph and the Virgin" (Nos. 216 and 218); in the figure with his head bowed between his knees represented in Nos. 27 and 247, and others.

Mannerisms of the most marked character abounded. One gesture of outstretching or uplifting the hand with the fingers spread served either to express the violent emotions of pain, horror, and surprise, or the gentle action of announcement or protest. In No. 66, God blessing the seventh day; in No. 78, Christ Transfigured; in No. 181, the Obedient contemplating the destruction of the Rebellious Angels; No. 180, Adam during Eve's temptation; No. 176, Adam listening to Raphael; No. 178, Adam and Eve being conducted out of Paradise; and No. 17, the Lady in "Comus," were all thus depicted. In No. 178, the hands of Adam and Eve were employed to balance the composition on either side, and in another design the same gesture was thrice repeated. Other gestures, as of pointing the finger to indicate command, defiance, and scorn, and wreathing the arms above the head to express distress, seemed to recur by rule, and to be framed upon the theatrical mechanism brought into fashion by the Kembles. A tendency to monotony of composition was habitual, and the observance of the pyramidal form secured at a frequent sacrifice of nature. Such devices as the tapering of angel-wings to an apex, the sprawling of demon-limbs in opposite directions, the gradation of groups beneath a central figure's outstretched arms or a tree's spreading boughs, were repeated so often as to weary the eye. The types of face and form were very limited. A rounded oval face, with a simple, innocent expression, served alike for Eve, the Virgin Mary, Jephthah's Daughter, Queen Catherine, the Wise and Foolish Virgins. A different type employed for Eve in some of the "Paradise Lost" designs recalled a model of Michel Angelo's school, and the type for Adam an adaptation from the antique.

The Deity, Death, and Job bore a strong family likeness to one another, the type being obviously adapted from that of Jehovah in Raffaele's Loggie frescoes. The worst features of the Jewish *physique*—low forehead, leering eyes, fleshy, hooked nose, and coarse, wide mouth—were allotted with little variation to all personifications of evil humanity. With few exceptions, children were represented as pigmy men and women, having heads too large if nude, and shapeless bodies if draped.

Inequality carried to its extreme limits met the eye at every turn. The designs of "Famine" (No. 140), so weird and ghastly in its rendering of universal desolation, gaunt skeleton, leaden sky, herbless soil, and withered tree; of "The Nativity" (No. 89) where, in a manger tenanted by cattle and dimly lit by the Star in the East, the spirit-form of the Holy Child was depicted flying through the air into the welcoming arms of Elizabeth, while Mary swooned in the embrace of Joseph; and of "Jephthah's Sacrifice of his Daughter" (No. 68), wherein the victim, naked and lovely, with awe-struck but serene face and clasped hands, was represented kneeling on the high altar before which her father bowed with uplifted hand, while one of her companions stood on each side in the statuesque attitude of mourning; these, in which no technical defects availed to hide the artist's fine and forcible invention and competent skill, it seemed impossible could have proceeded from the brain and hand responsible for the many unworthy, feeble, and inaccurate performances around them. How mean and tame, for example, was the design (No. 208) "Unto Adam and his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins," which represented Jehovah as a weak, undignified old man, and the parents of mankind as an overgrown boy and girl with undersized heads and the faces of sheepish rustics! How ludicrous the unreality of No. 153, which illustrated the uncertainty of life by a scene of tender farewell between a husband and his family on the eve of a journey, the man being depicted in travelling dress, his wife as bare to the waist on a moonlight night in the open air, with their naked child of about three months old standing upright on her open palm, while two assassins of a melodramatic cast, one with the face of an old woman, lurked in a hollow tree beside them! What disregard of drawing and proportion in the anatomy of Adam (No. 55)—an athlete with a bull's neck ill-set upon his shoulders and the tapering ankle and foot of a girl! What a caricature of nature in representing a bed of roses by blocks of pink chalk as in No. 213, or an ass as of the dimensions and with the lips of a camel (No. 184, &c.)! Side by side with such imaginative touches as the introduction into "The Last Judgment" of the figures of Adam and Eve kneeling at the head of the redeemed throng, and graceful variations of often-

repeated subjects, were numerous suggestions either commonplace to baldness or unnatural to the point of absurdity. The grouping of Adam and Eve with the sleek and portly angel sent to conduct them out of Eden (No. 178) seemed to be borrowed from a quadrille-figure. The action of the green-scaled demon, emblematic of the pestilence that destroyed the first-born of Egypt (No. 134), conveyed the idea of a harlequin's jaunty skip over the stage. The cherubim with their wings crossed downward, intended for the steeds of Jehovah (No. 97), resembled grotesque birds; and the muscular exaggeration of the "Blasphemer's" body (No. 76) gave it the appearance of a huge bulbous root. The drawing of the nude figure when standing or reclining seemed generally correct, and in some examples could scarcely be finer, while the foreshortening of draped and seated figures was almost always awkward and often incorrect. The height of the body compared with the head was repeatedly out of all proportion. In other examples the head was extravagantly large, and enormous bulk in some parts of the body contrasted with flaccidity elsewhere. Blake's colouring impressed us as not less uncertain than his drawing. In the tempera pictures it was usually powerful and rich; in some of the colour-printed engravings there were vivid suggestions of flame; and in a few water-colour paintings—*e.g.*, "The Deaths of St. Joseph and the Virgin"—the tinting was very tender and delicate; but in the larger number it varied between a coarse, harsh style, which resulted in blotchiness and crudity, and a weak, washy style which produced a prevailing lividness.

In regard to the qualities of artistic coherence and articulateness, the exhibition displayed Blake most favourably, inasmuch as the majority of the designs were labelled either by himself or their owners. The subject having been suggested to the observer beforehand, he was hardly qualified to say if he could have divined the purport without assistance. Where the theme was selected from Jewish history or Christian tradition, there could be little difficulty; but where the artist drew upon his own resources, the case was notably otherwise. The intention of the designs stated to represent the "spiritual forms" of Pitt, Nelson, and Napoleon was mere matter for conjecture, and that of the inventive and allegorical pictures generally too vaguely disclosed to allow of certainty that the labels correctly expressed it. In not a few cases the compilers of the catalogue were at fault, and had to enter the subject as "unknown."

The impressions thus recorded are open to correction, but they were not hastily formed, and the study of Blake's published (or printed) works has strongly confirmed them. His indebtedness not only for instruction in thought and style, but for suggestion

of idea and type, to Michel Angelo, Raffaele, and their scholars, to Albert Dürer, and other of the Germans, is too obvious to be overlooked by any one fairly acquainted with their works; and a trained art-critic would probably discover much additional evidence of it. On comparing a page of Michel Angelo's "Academy Studies" with the nude articulated figures in Blake's "America," "Europe," or "Jerusalem," the resemblance will be seen at a glance. The attitude of one of his oftenest-repeated figures, best known as the emblem of resurrection in "Death's Door" ("The Grave"), is plainly imitated from that of a figure in Michel Angelo's "Last Judgment." A remarkable type, which with some little variation is introduced in three of the Sistine spandrels—a man's head with snaky hair, beardless face, and wild eyes—Blake has borrowed more than once ("America," plates 1 and 7a). The figure of Jehovah in the "Creation of Eve" will be recognized as his model in plates 9 and 17 of "Job." The action and attitude of the trumpet-blowing angel in "The Dream of Human Life" are reproduced with scarcely any variation in the frontispiece to "The Grave." The great Pietà sculpture in St. Peter's must have been present to Blake's mind when designing the upper half of plate 33 in "Jerusalem." From another of the Sistine spandril frescoes he doubtless borrowed the effect of a rushing wind behind the head in blowing the hair forward, which he is fond of depicting. Martin Hemskirk's far-off presentment of Michel Angelo's manner is also recalled by Blake, who, moreover, has followed almost literally his delineations of the horse and ass. Of obligations to Raffaele and his scholars there is further evidence. The impressive action of "Jehovah dividing Light from Darkness," in the Loggie frescoes, has been caricatured in plate 3 of "The Book of Urizen." The God's hovering attitude in "Jacob's Dream" is twice copied in "The Visions of the Daughters of Albion," and elsewhere. The linear grouping of the feeding sheep in "The Burning Bush" and "Joseph's Dream," is reproduced in plate 1 of "The Songs of Innocence." The fantastic designs frequently met with among the drawings of Pierino del Vaga probably furnished some hints for Blake's serpentine monstrosities. To the German masters he seems to have been similarly indebted. Albert Dürer's Rhinoceros was unmistakably the model of the Behemoth in "Job." A quaintly-twisted tree in that master's etching of "Christ Praying" seems to have suggested one in plate 33 of "Jerusalem," and another in "Phillips' Pastorals." Those who have happened to meet with the works of the Nuremberg engraver Jamnitzer will scarcely doubt that the grotesque representations of children riding on flying serpents in "The Book of Thel" and "America" were derived from this source. Martin Schongauer's delicate foliation and quaint rendering of natural

objects in his marginal decorations are likely to have originated some of those in the "Songs of Innocence and Experience." The plan of the entire series of illustrated and symbolic works was doubtless prompted by the emblematic art of Germany and Holland during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. In Holbein's foliated alphabets, David Hopper's elaborate ornamentations, and the title-page borders, headpieces, and colophons of the contemporary schools of engraving, one may surely discern the prototypes of those "springing lines" and sweeping curves which give so much charm to the students of Blake's art.

That Blake deliberately plagiarized from the works of his great predecessors and passed them off as inventions there is no reason to suppose. His mind seems to have been in an extraordinary degree receptive and retentive, and to have become so saturated with reminiscences that in whatever direction he essayed production he failed to distinguish between the ideas of other men and his own. That he was not wholly unconscious of this inability, nor desirous to conceal it, appears from an observation that he made to Crabb Robinson in reference to a charge that he had "stolen" a figure in the "Canterbury Pilgrimage" from a picture of the Old German School in the possession of Mr. Aders. Admitting the resemblance, Blake said "that he had drawn the figure in question twenty years before he had seen the original picture," but added, "However, there is no wonder in the resemblance, as in my youth I was always studying that class of paintings."* The figure of "Nebuchadnezzar" in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," according to Mr. Palmer,† is almost identical with one among the woodcuts of an old German work in his possession,‡ and though many years are said to have elapsed after making his own design before Blake saw the latter, there is no difficulty in reconciling this with the supposition that he was equally indebted to it. In youth an omnivorous reader of out-of-the-way literature and a diligent copyist of any art-works that appealed to his sympathies, in manhood a fervid enthusiast possessed with the idea that "everything that lives is holy," and has a symbolic or spiritual sense under the visible, he pressed all imaginable materials into the service of his faith, without consideration to literary or artistic rights of property. How far afield he went in his research for symbols may be seen in the "Jerusalem," where the man-headed bull of ancient Greece and the hawk-headed god of ancient Egypt make their appearance.

That to the large contributions which he levied from others he added much native ore of imagination is beyond question, and

* Gilchrist, l. p. 339.

† Ibid. i. p. 88.

‡ "Old German translations of Cicero and Petrarch," writes Mr. Gilchrist; a vague collection of names. Blake's figure considerably resembles one of St. Christopher crawling on his hands and knees, in an etching by A. Dürer.

there can be no hesitation in pronouncing it richest in the vein of symbolism. Most of his best works are conceived in an emblematic spirit, and some are characterized by a happy boldness in the direct translation of imagery. "Death's Door," "The Sons of God shouting for Joy," "Death on the Pale Horse," "The River of Life," "The Soul's hovering over the Body," are notable examples. The greatest possible disparity, however, is apparent in the significance and value of his symbols, and, as so often noticed, grotesqueness is called in to supply the want of beauty or force. This may be seen in certain emblems of "The Gates of Paradise," *e.g.*, "What is Man?" "Water," and "Air;" still more distinctly in the "Night Thoughts;" and unmistakably in "The Song of Los," "The Book of Urizen," "Jerusalem," and throughout the prophetic books with scarcely an exception. All feelings of solemnity or pity are dispelled by laughter at the representation of Death as a bloated, saucer-eyed ruffian in the character of a huntsman cheering on his monstrous dogs to their prey ("Night Thoughts," plate 70); at the squatting stride intended to depict an attitude of terrified surprise in plate 72; at the childish emblem chosen for "thunder" in plate 80, and the idiotic expression of the man it is supposed to alarm. The last plate of "The Song of Los," plates 6, 10, and 22 of "The Book of Urizen," and the lower half of plate 33 of "Jerusalem," may be cited as special instances wherein Blake's efforts to be appalling or pathetic have a directly contrary tendency.

Occasionally, as in "Death on the Pale Horse" ("Jerusalem," plate 35), he produces an impression of real and even terrible power by strictly legitimate means, but too commonly the strong effects that he succeeds in obtaining are only due to the incongruity of the parts which he welds together, and the appeal which inchoate suggestions are apt to make to the spectator's imagination. An artist who secures novelty by such devices as attaching a bird's head or a snake's neck to a man's body, depicting a monster with three heads or limbs without extremities, and acrobats engaged in clambering up or tumbling down space in the embrace of serpents, earns his reputation too cheaply to claim equal honours with one who limits his search for materials to the visible universe and respects the possibilities of human anatomy.

The ratio of fertility to productiveness in Blake will be found curiously small upon taking a general view of his works. It is astonishing what ingenuity he shows, when he has once lighted on a promising idea, in eking it out by minute modifications over a large number of plates. One or two favourites recur again and again. The athlete with wide-stretched legs and retorted arms, whom he borrowed from Michel Angelo, is introduced in "The

"Marriage of Heaven and Hell," reappears with an additional touch of ungainliness in plate 6 of "America," is modified into the impressive emblem of Resurrection in "The Grave," and is repeated with a little variation in plate 95 of "Jerusalem." The figure of the old man entering the grave in "Death's Door" occurs also in "The Gates of Paradise" and in "America." The figure seated with his knees drawn up to his shoulders and his head buried will be found in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," twice in "Urizen," and twice in "Jerusalem." The figure of Orc in plate 8 of "America" is repeated in plate 14 of "Job." The design of "Aged Ignorance" in the "Songs of Experience" recurs in plate 84 of "Jerusalem." The tumbling demons in plate 16 of "Job" are reproduced from plate 5 of "The Song of Los," and plate 7 of "The Grave." These instances might be multiplied. To enumerate those in which the same details of writhing serpent, bursting flame, drooping tree, curling drapery, &c., are served up *ad libitum* would exhaust the reader's patience. The mannerisms of composition, type, and gesture already noted are to be met with in all his works.

In his first important work of design, the "Songs of Innocence," Blake's healthy genius seems to have attained its culmination, every succeeding work showing more or less trace of disease. Though its art is certainly not underived, and may even be called composite, the charm of natural truth and pastoral peace which pervades its figure-grouping and landscape framework, harmonizing with the tender feeling and gentle music of the verse, gives it an exceptional place among its author's productions and in the history of art-literature. *O si sic omnia!* "The Book of Thel," which followed it at a brief interval, exhibits the first symptoms of inequality, and the spasmodic character of his inspiration is thenceforth attested by the alternate strength and weakness, refinement and uncouthness, of successive and contemporary designs. Contrast, for example, the weak drawing and conventional drapery of Thel's figure in the frontispiece with the Peruginesque grace of her representation in plate 3. In the second plate of his next work, "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," observe how the pleasing composition in the right-hand corner is spoilt by the atrocious drawing of the youth's left arm, which appears to grow out of his neck; and in plate 14 how the weird symbolism of the lower design is spoilt by the bad execution of the figure that darts from the flames. "The Visions of the Daughters of Albion," which contains at plate 2 perhaps the most exquisite of Blake's minor compositions, a girl plucking a fairy from the heart of a flower, contains on the frontispiece and the concluding plate other figures which rank among his worst in point of drawing and proportion.

In the frontispiece of "Europe" a figure of the Deity, with streaming hair, standing on a flaming disk amid clouds, is conspicuous for its noble conception and execution, although marred by the prosaic literalism with which Blake has rendered the Hebrew image of setting "a compass upon the face of the depth" (Proverbs viii. 27). The succeeding design of an assassin lying in wait for a traveller is as conspicuously feeble and ill-drawn. Singular contrasts occur in the symbols selected for Fire and Famine (plates 15 and 16), of which the one depicts with dramatic vividness the rescuing of a family from a burning house by the strength of a powerful arm; the other, with ridiculous unreality, the preparations which a rosy and plump matron is making to roast her dead child for dinner. The "Book of Urizen" and "Song of Los" present equally startling contradictions of fine and paltry conception, accurate and incorrect drawing. They will be found, indeed, more or less frequently throughout the prophetic books. The series of illustrations to "Blair's Grave" upon the whole sustains Blake's power as a religious artist at a higher level than any other work, but even here there is striking disparity. The exquisite designs of "The Soul Hovering over the Body" (plate 6), of "Death's Door" (plate 11), and of "The Reunion of Soul and Body at the Resurrection" (plate 12), are truly "beyond all praise;" but how poor and smooth is the figure of the descending Christ in plate 2; how still more unworthy of its subject the figure of the Judge in plate 8; how theatrical the pose of "The Strong Wicked Man's Death," and how substantial the representation of his departing spirit! In the designs for the "Night Thoughts" the vigour and beauty of a few, as the frontispiece, plates 4, 24, 27, and 46, are belied by the trite symbolism and theatrical exaggeration of the majority. Witness especially plates 15, 16, 23, 31, 35, and 73, wherein a body bound with thorns and struggling in deep water suffices for an emblem of affliction; a philosopher spanning a baby with his hand serves to image the shortness of life; and a number of flying nymphs, bearing little scrolls to a complacent person seated, represent the hours bringing their report to the conscience.

The "Inventions to the Book of Job," pronounced by Mr. Gilchrist to be "the most remarkable series of etchings on a Scriptural theme which has appeared since the days of Albert Dürer and Rembrandt,"* and selected for reproduction by Mr. D. G. Rossetti as typical examples of the artist's capacity, exhibit the same contrast of impressive strength and inflated weakness as his other works. In the fifth plate, *e.g.*, who cannot perceive the disparity between the upper and lower halves of the composition, the feebleness of the sentimental old man

* Vol. i. p. 285.

who stands for Jehovah, the ungainliness of the sprawling contortionist who stands for Satan, and the unloveliness of the middle-aged angels who shrink from the flames round the throne, as compared with the beauty of the floating angels on either side of the patriarch, the venerable faces and dignified attitudes of the patriarch himself and the aged man to whom he gives alms? Throughout the "Inventions," the Deity is only once conceived in a manner that suggests to us the notion of spiritual existence, viz., in plate 13, "The Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind," where the reminiscence of Raffaele's type is most obvious. Elsewhere the conception is inadequate if not ignoble, as in plates 2 and 5. Satan from first to last is a monstrous athlete who retains no trace of archangelic resemblance to the "Sons of God" among whom the author of Job numbers him. The compositions, sometimes finely harmonious, as in plates 1, 18, and 25, are at other times laboriously artificial, as in plates 2, 5, and 20. The marginal outlines are almost invariably graceful, and great beauty of form is to be found in a few of the angelic and human figures; but the attitudes are sometimes laughably violent, as the acrobatic stride of Satan in plate 2, and the squatting distortion of the bat-winged demon in plate 3; or stagey and forced, as the running messenger's in plate 4, the hand-lifting friends' in plate 7, and the pointing scorners' in plate 10. Continuing the survey to Blake's latest work, the illustrations to Dante's "Inferno," one is met by the same fitfulness of effort, the same inequality of achievement.

As with design so with colour. The delicacy and harmony of tinting in one plate contrast with harshness and violence in the next. Most of the plates in the "Songs of Innocence," plates 1 and 3 of "The Book of Thel," and plate 2 of "The Visions of the Daughters of Albion," show him at his best. In "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "Europe," "The Book of Urizen," and "The Song of Los," he is to be seen at his worst. The disparity observable between various hand-coloured copies of the same work renders it difficult to select illustrations which admit of being tested, but appeal must be made to such as are open to inspection in the British Museum. For coarseness, it would be hard to match the representations of the solar disk in plate 15 of "The Book of Urizen," and the last plate of "The Song of Los." Of extravagance a prominent instance occurs in "The Songs of Experience," where, to cite Mr. D. G. Rossetti's admission—

"The tiger is painted in fantastic streaks of red, green, blue, and yellow, while a tree-stem by his side tantalizingly supplies the tint, which one might venture to think his due, and is perfect tiger-colour." (Gilchrist, vol. i. pp. 372, 373.)

This is very far, however, from being "the only striking instance
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of the kind." "The Book of Urizen" abounds in absurdities of colour, but they culminate in plate 22, in which, against a cloudy background of red and yellow, a man with bright *blue* hair is represented hovering above a sea tinted black and blue, from which peers a woman's head with green hair. The pink corona affixed to the head of Urizen in plate 4 of the same work, and the coat of many colours allotted to the leviathan sea-serpent in plate 20 of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," are instances scarcely less *bizarre*. The tendency, already noted, to blotchiness when the tints are laid on thickly, and to lividness when surface-washed, prevails in all Blake's hand-coloured works that have come under our observation.

What has been said respecting the difference in point of coherence, and intelligibility between such of his unpublished designs as were made to order and labelled, and those which he put forth as spontaneous inventions, equally applies to his published and engraved works. As the exponent of other men's ideas he may be trusted to keep within a moderate distance of their meaning. Left to himself he continually drifts away from the theme, until his illustrations seem to derive their title *a non illustrando*, and cease to have any visible connection with the text. This is admitted to be true in certain cases by Mr. Gilchrist (i. pp. 115, 134, 195), by Mr. Swinburne (p. 239), and by Mr. William Rossetti (p. 97), but whether admitted or not can scarcely be disputable.

A few words will conclude all that need be said touching Blake's chief shortcomings, and the place which he appears to occupy in the history of English art. That his invention sometimes soared may be frankly conceded to his worshippers, without ignoring that it often grovelled. The examples to which Mr. Scott points as typical manifestations of his power,* we should be disposed to cite as exceptional flashes of it. That Blake always aimed high is undeniable, but his frequent failure to attain the mark is thereby rendered the more conspicuous. His treatment of certain subjects which have been consecrated by the touch of incomparable masters—pretentious and grandiose where theirs is reverent and grand—produces upon some minds at all events, for we can answer for others beside our own, an effect of sheer disgust. At other times he simply fails to impress, but the failure to do so, considering the usual dignity of his themes, sufficiently condemns his ill-judged ambition. He reaches his highest level, perhaps, in decorative art; his marginal illustrations especially showing a delicacy of fancy and grace of form which, owing to the conditions of scale, are less marred than his larger designs by incorrectness of execution. The blunders in the very grammar of his art, to which

* Introductory Remarks to Catalogue of Burlington Club Exhibition.

attention has been called, are not to be wondered at when we find that at the outset of his career as a student in Par's school he had no opportunity of drawing from "the life;" that, as a student in the Royal Academy, he disliked the practice. "The life in this condition—*i.e.*, of the living model—appeared to him more like death, and smelling of mortality." (Malkin, p. 20.) As a man "he never painted his pictures from models," says Mr. Gilchrist, and his own words assign the reason. "Models are difficult, enslave one, efface from one's mind a conception or reminiscence which was better;" and again—"Natural objects always did and do weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination in me." Fuseli's dogma, that "Nature puts one out," was, as Mr. D. G. Rossetti regretfully admits,* adopted and "unreservedly followed" by Blake.

What we have called his theatrical manner of expressing emotional and passionate action is plainly referable to this misleading principle. Upon the basis of a very limited observation of real life, and copious reminiscences of ideal representations of it, he drew and coloured objects as he himself imagined, or remembered that others had imagined them. Many of his portraiture of ordinary humanity have as unlikelike a look as his visionary personages. Witness the gesticulating shepherd in the first of the designs to Phillips' Pastorals, who would pass for a caricature of the sentimental type he was seriously intended to portray. The monumental faces and expressions of the figures in the "Canterbury Pilgrimage," most of whom have closed lips, and many stare fixedly into space, as if consciously sitting for their portraits; the want of concerted movement in the cavalcade, some of the horses walking while others amble and trot; and the unnatural crowding of so large a procession, are sensible drawbacks to its merits in point of drawing and occasional power of characterization. Inferior to it in these respects, the design of Stothard possesses a freshness of every-day life and open-air truth, which justifies its superior popularity. For want of the same recourse to living models, Blake often fails to convey any deep impression of terror or pity, as inspired by portent or pain. A striking instance occurs in plate 2 of the "Inferno" designs, which represents a devil torturing Ciampolo, by tearing out the sinews of his left arm. For the instinctive movement of the victim's right hand to the tortured spot, which a truthfully realistic painter would have been certain to depict, Blake substitutes an exaggerated propulsion of the fingers and lateral depression of the head, which are not less calculated to excite mirth in the human than in the diabolic spectators. Though he was sedulous as a copyist, and

* Gilchrist, vol. i. p. 371.

preached that "to learn the language of art, copy for ever" was his rule, Blake's blind devotion to the works of Michel Angelo as his model could only lead, in the absence of correction by nature, to the reproduction of his master's mannerisms. What Mr. Wornum says of Fuseli is as true of Blake :—

"Many of his works, conceived with all the power of a fervid poetic fancy, are in their execution as designs mere burlesques of Michel Angelo and the antique, and his forms are a series of repetitions."—*Epochs of Painting*, p. 494.

As is the wont of an imitator, he emulated the defects and missed the beauties of his pattern. Abundantly violent as are Michel Angelo's representations of physical effort, how predominant and sublime is his conception of repose, how perfectly rendered in the massive composure of limbs and flowing lines of drapery! With Blake, on the contrary, in his male figures at all events, the expression of strain is persistently monotonous. With muscles developed to excess, and thrown into unnatural attitudes, they now tumble in mid-air, now writhe in the folds of serpents; here climb and there stride; they crawl or kneel or squat, but they are seldom if ever in repose. Even when seated their limbs are usually contorted, or foreshortened so awkwardly as to appear deformed. His female figures are generally graceful and placid, but their slight variety of type, and the anatomical display in which he is apt to indulge, are a considerable drawback to their charm.

Compare, again, the endless variety wherein Michel Angelo disposes his groups, while still observing the pyramidal form of composition, with the tiresome monotony of Blake's efforts to secure that effect and thrust it prominently before the eye. In facial type and expression his sameness and conventionality speak loudly of the disregard of nature. The frequent formality and hardness of outline, and the preference shown for flabby cheeks, long noses, and lips which curve when closed into a complacent simper, are mannerisms that fatally interfere with his delineation of character. The tendency to repeat favourite ideas and successful effects, which has been noted as a sign of deficient originality, was doubtless confirmed by his perverse habit of refusing to leave one place of abode, or seek any change of scene and occupation.* His narrowness of view was further attested by the neglect of the recognized methods of painting in favour of self-invented processes, which has resulted in the premature deterioration of much of his work. No clearer testimony to his intellectual limitation could be given than the fact, which Mr. Gilchrist records, in apparent unconsciousness of its significance,

* Gilchrist, vol. i. p. 246.

that "he had an indestructible animosity towards modern science."^{*}

Respecting Blake's historical standpoint, we cannot presume to deliver any definite judgment, but may venture to dissent from that pronounced by Mr. D. G. Rossetti upon his "central and derivative"[†] position in relation to certain of his contemporaries. Of this, if it be capable of proof, none at least is offered. The only apology for it which seems to satisfy Mr. Rossetti is the "constant decisive words" in which Blake himself affirms that his contemporaries stole from him. How much value is to be attached to these words the reader will be able to determine when he has heard a few more of them. Blake's advocates, moreover, are at issue upon the point. Some marks of his indebtedness to Flaxman, Fuseli, and Stothard are admitted by Mr. Gilchrist, and several instances of it as respects the two first are noted by Mr. William Rossetti. Mr. W. B. Scott, who refuses to believe concerning Fuseli and Blake that either imitated from the other, candidly points out that the latter had not that access at first-hand to their common source which was enjoyed by the former. The consideration that this source was common to them both renders it immaterial in our opinion to discuss the question of precedence. Until good reason be shown for setting him apart, it seems needless to dissociate Blake from that little band of artists, including Romney, Mortimer, Barry, Flaxman, Fuseli, Haydon, and Hilton, who, turning away from contemporary fashions and conventional traditions, set before them the art of ancient Greece and of the great Italian masters most nearly approaching its perfection as the only worthy ideal, and strove with more or less earnestness and success to reproduce it. Each doubtless possessed characteristics of his own, and imbibed other influences which distinguished him from the rest, but this sympathy was shared by all alike, and may serve to mark them historically as members of a school.

The estimate of Blake's genius which has thus been submitted to verification is only excelled in extravagance by that which his leading worshippers (Mr. William Rossetti excepted) have put forth of his character, and their plea for his canonization as a martyr. Mr. Gilchrist announces him as "*Pictor ignotus*," and his life and character as "new, romantic, pious—in the deepest natural sense—as his works;" holds him up to admiration, after allowing for a little wilfulness and perversity in certain transactions, as an injured, poor, and neglected artist, but withal "a sweet, gentle, lovable creature;" "courageous too, yet not bitter;" and although admittedly given to "extravagances and vehemences of speech" against those to whom he was antipathetic, exhibiting to those

^{*} Gilchrist, vol. I. p. 328.

[†] We adopt without endorsing Mr. Rossetti's neology, his meaning being obvious.

with whom he was in sympathy "a certain innocence and even humility of heart." Mr. Swinburne talks of his "neglected labour and unbroken poverty;" avers that in spite of both "he was fearless, blameless, and laborious; . . . as there was nothing base in him, so there was nothing harsh or weak;" and contends that he only showed "a just and distinct self-assertion in the audible undertone of scornful and passionate rebuke" wherein he chided society for its neglect of him. Mr. D. G. Rossetti, in reference to the same subject, passes by Blake's utterances respecting his fellow-artists, as "eccentricities here and there laughably excessive," and his attacks on the great masters who represented antagonistic principles to his own, as merely "whimsical onslaughts."

What are the facts concerning Blake's artistic status and the relations that subsisted between him and his contemporaries? It is to be observed in the first place that he was by profession neither designer, painter, nor poet, but an engraver; and that, by the admission of his warmest admirers, his skill in this capacity was inferior to that of the Schiavonettis and others, whose style, as less stiff and "old-fashioned," was better suited to the public taste. Though his professional emoluments were consequently small, he was never without employment, and might have readily increased this secure means of subsistence, had he not voluntarily laid it aside for prophetic tasks which he knew to be unremunerative, but which his belief in his mission impelled him to fulfil. That in his moments of cool sense he blamed himself for yielding to a "want of steady perseverance" and an "abstract folly" which often brought him and his wife to the verge of starvation, appears from one of his letters.* Mrs. Blake's tactics, after the manner of a moss-trooper's wife, to induce him to work at his legitimate calling, are amusingly described by Mr. Gilchrist.† Such works as he chose to send to the Academy exhibitions appear to have been always accepted, but he only exhibited on five occasions. For the most part his works, whether of design or colour, poetry or prophecy, were unpublished and unannounced; printed and coloured by the hands of himself or his wife, and circulated among his professional and private acquaintances.‡ In the few instances in which his designs were duly published and advertised they obtained the suffrages of distinguished artists, and as much public approbation as the standard of artistic culture then reached in this country entitled

* *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 182, 183.

† Vol. i. p. 313.

‡ The limited number of illustrated writings which he was thus able to produce or dispose of accounts for the high price which they fetched as rarities, before the growth of the enthusiasm which has led to their present fancy-value as works of art, while the success attending the enthusiasts has been not a little due to the difficulty of testing the evidence to which they appealed.

him to expect. For his water-colour and tempera pictures he had two or three steady patrons at successive stages of his career, Butts, Hayley, Aders, and Mr. Linnell, who purchased them at the prices which he himself fixed. Besides patrons, he had a few devoted friends, especially Flaxman, Fuseli, and Varley, who heartily appreciated his power, and did their best to make it known to the world. That he did not retain the patronage and friendship of some members even of this small circle, was owing, so far as we can judge, to no fault of theirs, but to certain mental flaws and moral failings of his own, for which his advocates have made most inadequate allowance. Into the vexed question of his insanity we need not enter, but that he was eccentric to a degree which induced a belief in it among men such as Flaxman, who knew him intimately, and still more among those who knew him only by his writings or general report, cannot be denied; and the fact would of itself account for the limited success which attended the efforts of his friends to enlarge his list of patrons. It may be admitted without reserve that his artistic aims were high, and his advocacy of them earnest; that though poor, he was honourable and unworldly, just and generous. But it is equally incontestable that he was excessively suspicious and irritable in temper, inordinately vain, and intolerantly opinionated; jealous, if not envious, of the estimation in which the public held those either among his predecessors or contemporaries whose ability he deemed inferior or whose theories of art were opposed to his own; and intemperate, to the point of being virulently abusive, in the expression of either artistic or personal antipathies. Almost every friend or patron with whom he came in close contact for a sufficient length of time had to suffer in turn from his bitter reproaches of injustice or ungenerosity. Flaxman, who proved himself for years his warm ally and admirer, and for whom no language of praise and affection was too strong while their friendship lasted, he subsequently denounced as "a blockhead" and an "ass," and accused of having "blasted" his artistic character at the very time that he was gratuitously designing one of the first monuments by which the sculptor came into notice. Fuseli, whose friendship had been scarcely less devoted, was eventually held up to odium as having given him "a dark black rock and a gloomy grave;" a vague charge, which resolved itself into that of having conspired with the publisher Johnson to drive him from London by a threat that if he did not confine himself to drudgery "he should not live." Hayley, whose fussy diletantism and kindly disposition were of the utmost service to Blake at a critical stage, and who, after a coolness had grown between them, came forward at much personal sacrifice to exonerate him from the charge of sedition preferred by the soldier Scholfield,

was rewarded by a shower of scurrilous epigrams, one of which imputed that he had "hired" the accuser. Stothard, a friend of many years' standing, Blake suddenly charged, on grounds which Mr. Gilchrist admits to have been imaginary, with having stolen his design for the "Canterbury Pilgrimage," and proceeded to vilify as an ignorant blunderer who owed everything to him except a "heart of iron," a "head of wood," and a "face of brass." This coarse abuse of his friends might be excused as the language of passion, but in the invective which he employed against his compeers and antagonists it is difficult to avoid seeing a deliberate *animus*. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough were stigmatized as rival blotters and blurrers, whose popularity was a national disgrace. Of the former especially Blake entertained a fanatical hatred, alike as artist, critic, and man. His copy of the "Discourses on Art" is annotated with such comments as these upon the opinions with which he disagreed—"villainy;" "a lie;" "damned fool;" "a liar, he never was abashed in his life and never felt his ignorance;" "pitiful and pitiable imbecility;" "the simulation of the hypocrite who smiles particularly when he means to betray;" "Such artists as Reynolds are at all times hired by the Satans for the depression of art; a pretence of art, to destroy art." Elsewhere he accuses his successful contemporary of having hired "a gang of cunning ruffians" to oppress his genius and prevent it from obtaining recognition.

His professional competitors, the engravers Strange, Woollett, Heath, and Bartolozzi, he described as "blunderers," "imitators," or worse; the two first were reviled as "heavy lumps of cunning ignorance," and their works as proceeding from "ignorant journeymen like those of Titian and Correggio." It will be seen that the most reverend names in the annals of Art fared no better than the humblest if they had the misfortune to differ from him in theory or practice. "Titian and the Venetians were idiots, not artists."

" . . . The unorganized blots and blurs of Rubens and Titian are not art, neither can their method ever express ideas or imagination. . . . I do not condemn Rubens, Rembrandt, or Titian because they did not understand drawing, but because they did not understand colouring. . . . Talk no more then of Correggio or Rembrandt or any other of these plagiaries of Venice or Flanders. They were but the lame imitators of lines drawn by their predecessors, and their works prove themselves contemptible, disarranged imitations, and blundering, mis-applied copies."*

* Mr. William Rossetti's attempt (Memoir, p. 107) to excuse this drivelling on the plea of Blake's ignorance of the genuine works of the masters whom he reviled, will not bear examination. Malkin expressly states that he had had early in life "opportunities of seeing pictures in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen, and in the King's palaces." He had at least the same means of access to Titian and Correggio as to Raffaele and Michel Angelo, viz., through engravings. If, however, it be true that "Blake had never yet seen a genuine (or at any rate a first-class) Titian," his violent dogmatism was the more unwarrantable.

Side by side with these estimates of others must be read Blake's valuation of himself.

"He knows that what he does is not inferior to the grandest antiques. Superior it cannot be, for human power cannot go beyond either what he does or what they have done; it is the gift of God; it is inspiration and vision." "Rubens, Titian, Correggio, and all of that class, are like leather and chalk; their men are like leather, and their women like chalk, for the disposition of their forms will not admit of grand colouring. In Mr. Blake's Britons* the blood is seen to circulate in the limbs; he defies competition in colouring."

Of his exhibited works generally he writes:—

"It is not the want of genius that can hereafter be laid to our charge; the artist who has done these pictures and drawings will take care of that: let those who govern the nation take care of the other." "I do not pretend to paint better than Raphael or Michel Angelo or Giulio Romano or Albert Dürer, but I do pretend to paint finer than Rubens or Rembrandt or Correggio or Titian."†

After these specimens of Blake's "constant decisive words," the reader is in a position to say whether Mr. D. G. Rossetti's confidence in them as justifying the charge of plagiarism against Flaxman and Stothard be well-founded or otherwise. In later life Blake's acerbities seem to have considerably abated, and he became the centre of a small circle of reverential disciples, of whom the survivors testify to his lovable character; but the language above quoted is that of his middle age, when he underwent the "neglect" of which he complained so bitterly.‡ Is there not a manifest connection between the two? Can any one be surprised that an artist so self-asserting and disdainful of others, so loose of affirmation, and vituperative in condemnation, should have been the object of animosity and aversion? We doubt if Blake's advocates have been wise in challenging the evidence for a supposition which would afford the one effectual excuse for his aberrations of thought, act, and speech. But their policy of elevating his merits into high light, and sinking his defects into shadow, has been consistently pursued. Mr. Gilchrist's gushing enthusiasm, Mr. D. G. Rossetti's confident admiration, Mr. Swinburne's reckless championship, and Mr. William Rossetti's deferential criticism, though differing in degree, are alike in kind, and animated by a common impulse.

The question proposed at starting must now be answered. Is there any special attraction in Blake's gifts which may explain the fascination he has exercised? The charm of tender sentiment

* In his picture of the Ancient Britons.

† Descriptive Catalogue, and Public Address, *passim*; Gilchrist, vol. ii. pp. 120—176.

‡ As usual with men who are their own worst enemies, he believed the world to be in a conspiracy to injure him. See the verses—

"Why was I born with a different face?" &c.

—*Poetical Works*, p. 233.

and musical verse, allied to graceful illustration, would legitimately account for the value set upon "The Songs of Innocence." The occasional grandeur and beauty of conception and execution shown in the designs to "The Grave," the "Night Thoughts," and "Job," would be sufficient to win for them the approbation of discerning students, in spite of their many shortcomings. The grotesqueness and unreality of the designs to the prophetic books might arouse curiosity, and afford matter for a nine days' wonder. But all this is inadequate to explain the passionate zeal with which a small number of men distinguished in art and letters have proclaimed Blake as an original genius, a prophet and martyr of whom the world was not worthy while he lived, and whose sepulchre it behoves the present generation to build. We would rather suggest than impute a motive that seems adequate to account for it, but the operation of which they cannot themselves have recognized. Is it a fact without significance that those by whom the Blake-cultus has been most actively diffused are members of a coterie which has identified itself with extreme views in theology, ethics, and politics? Does any one believe that if Blake had been, say, a Calvinist and Conservative, we should have heard of his artistic and prophetic inspiration from those who now avouch it? If the doubt does them injustice, they have none but themselves to thank for it. The prominent relief into which Mr. Swinburne brings the prophet's "rebellion" against the most sacred codes and creeds of his time and our own; the inordinate space and elaborate attention devoted to expounding his oracles and manifestoes, and helping to plant their blows most effectively against "that twice-battered god of Palestine," round which all Philistia rallies" (p. 136); the tolerance extended to their worst defects of expression, provided the thought be sufficiently heretical; what construction but one can be put upon these symptoms? Would an artist so impatient of bad verse, "a thing not in the least bearable," be so lenient to the "doggrel" of "The Everlasting Gospel," than much of which he admits none "can be rougher, looser, heavier-weighted" (p. 159), were it not useful as a sling wherewith to slay the Philistine? Would a poet's sensitive ear find a "supremely noble and enjoyable effect of verse," a "cadence hardly to be matched anywhere," (p. 137) in two such lines as

"Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair,"

of which the first absolutely hisses with sibilants, unless the sentiment itself had been the real source of the music? Would Mr. William Rossetti, whose impartiality as a biographer is otherwise unimpeachable, refer so often to Blake's having retained his

"republican and liberty-loving" opinions to the last, but pass by in silence the conflicting evidence on the subject cited in our first paper,* unless he were biassed by his own love of those opinions to idealize his hero's? If this prepossession were not unusually pronounced, he would hardly be so careful to assure us, *à propos de bottles*, in how much honour he holds "the survivors of the much-maligned Parisian Commune" (p. 81). Why such pains, again, to prove, on the strength of one or two isolated expressions, that Blake was really a Pantheist, in the teeth of his repeated avowals of Theism, unless the necessity had presented itself of bringing the opinions of a deceased teacher, whose name was still good to conjure with, into some sort of harmony with the current philosophy of his party? We shall be glad to be set right if we are wrong, but the impression forced upon us by the tone of Blake's most zealous advocates, that he has chiefly been commended to their acceptance by his serviceableness as a stalking-horse for revolutionary propaganda, is so distinct that it would be uncandid to conceal it. That sympathy with the teacher should influence the judgment respecting the artist would not be surprising in ordinary men, but that the apostles of "art for art's sake" should thus violate their own canon is a crowning proof of human frailty.

"Be to his virtues very kind,
Be to his faults a little blind,"

however admirable as a rule in friendship, is absolutely fatal in criticism.

When a grocer advertises his second-rate tea as "the finest in the world," one condones his deceptive language on the ground of the impossibility that it should really deceive. But attempts, with or without motive, to elevate inferior art to the rank of the greatest by all the pomp and splendour of rhetoric, loading it with excessive eulogy, and selecting the most illustrious comparisons to do it honour, cannot be so lightly forgiven. Proceeding from writers to whom many look up as authoritative leaders of æsthetic opinion, they are calculated to work grave mischief. After reading some of Mr. Gilchrist's or Mr. Swinburne's sentences, wherein the loftiest superlative adjectives are employed to glorify performances of Blake's which shrink into insignificance when measured by the highest standards, one is obliged to ask, what words of praise are henceforth available for Shakespeare and Raffaele? Their truest lovers must be silent if language is to be expended in such a reckless fashion. No doubt, extravagant attempts of this kind generally defeat themselves, and are doomed to certain failure as soon as public intelligence is rightly informed, but meantime much useful enthusiasm,

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, October, 1876, p. 777, note.

of which the supply is never too abundant, has been misdirected and wasted. Nor does the mischief end here; for the intellectual, like the bodily taste, is but too liable to depravation, and may become so accustomed to the monstrous or the *bizarre* in art that, in spite of better knowledge, it can relish no other. There is but one remedy for such a case—viz., rigid abstinence from the beloved dainties, and a long course of wholesome diet. Or, to revert to a former illustration, let any one who has habituated himself to an idolatry which he cherishes but cannot justify, try the experiment of forsaking it for a while, and worshipping exclusively at shrines indisputably consecrated, divinities removed from the risk alike of undue exaltation and depreciation, the types of perfect genius with which it is the vain ambition of imperfect genius to be comparable. Their quiet dignity and simplicity may at first repel him, but if he persevere long enough in his devotion, he will come to wonder that vehemence, grotesqueness, and incoherence could ever have had any charm for him.

"Heartily know
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."

HENRY G. HEWLETT.



AN INNER VIEW OF THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

*"Quid te, Tucca, juvat retulo miscere Faerno
In Vaticana conitla musta cadis?
Quid tantum fecere boni tibi pessima rina?
Aut quid fecerunt optima rina mali?"*
—MARTIALIS, *Epigr.* l. 19.

JUST as the gradual quiescence of Latin Christendom, after the upheaving of its surface under the stress of the Vatican Council and of the Old Catholic revolt, seems to amply justify the prescience of those most experienced Curialists who declared all along that the Infallibility Dogma, once voted by a majority, however obtained and of whatsoever dimensions, would be received with submission where it was not welcomed with joy, a voice of warning comes to us from the victorious side, and, what lends it a sadder interest, from the grave.

It has been the weak point of that section to which I once took the liberty of giving the name of the Roman Disobedience, that it consists of two classes of persons, whom it is always in the power of the dominant majority to brand as "bad Catholics"—namely, such as, like Professor Friedrich, the Abbé Michaud, Canon Mouis, and Father Hyacinthe, have broken definitely with the Roman See, and have taken up a ground of opposition even to the Tridentine standpoint; or else those who, like Bishops Dupanloup and Ketteler, have themselves brought doubt on the sincerity of their present attitude by the rapidity of their conversion after the Curialist victory of July 18, 1870. The former class are entirely out of court now in attempting to argue with ~~now~~ who accept the new dogma, since they are charged with ~~all~~ and formal heresy; the latter, when they venture any ~~m~~ on the wildest freaks of modern religiosity, are apt to

render themselves suspected of ulterior motives, and of the deadly sin of *in-papisme*, as the Bishop of Orleans found the other day, when he essayed a remonstrance against unaccredited prophecies and omens which happened to be in favour with M. Veuillot and his school.

Practically, therefore, any warning which either of these sections of Liberal Catholics may utter as to the inevitable working out of principles to their logical results falls on deaf ears, except amongst audiences whose convictions already go further in the same direction, or which, being outside the pale, are restricted to the attitude of mere criticism.

But, as I have said, a voice from the camp of victory, echoing almost the words of Pyrrhus after the battle of Asculum, has lately made itself audible, and the ideas it suggests or unfolds are too important to be passed over without comment. A writer who veils his identity under the pen-name of Pomponio Leto (a jurist and antiquary of the Renaissance, who was persecuted by Paul II., but was tutor of Paul III., and friend of Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII.) prepared a work which has been issued in an English version, under the title of "Eight Months at Rome during the Vatican Council." It is matter of notoriety that he was in truth Cardinal Nobili-Vitelleschi, Bishop of Osima, raised to the Archbishopric of Seleucia and to the purple after the Vatican Council by Pius IX., and who died six weeks after his elevation, leaving behind him materials wrought into the work which his brother, the Marchese Nobili-Vitelleschi, has the credit of making public.* He voted in the majority, for reasons that probably satisfied himself, but with something less than hearty approval of the measure. Yet as he gave a *placet*, and not a *juxta modum* suffrage at the final session, it is not practicable for Ultramontanes to rank him amongst the "bad Catholics," especially as he was singled out shortly afterwards for exceptional honour by the Supreme Pontiff.

What will strike attentive readers first, and perhaps chiefly, is the minute and precise confirmation which his narrative lends to the "Letters of Quirinus" and to the "Tagebuch" of Professor Friedrich. He writes from a different point of view, and had clearly access to private sources of information which were sealed to members of the Opposition; but in all particulars which go to prove the care that was taken to bind the Council hand and foot, the obstacles put in the way of the minority, the bribery and terrorism which were freely exercised, and the incessant and undignified interference of the Pope himself to coerce the Fathers,

* It should be said that some cleverly worded disclaimers on the part of the Cardinal's brothers have been published in England. But they studiously avoid explicit denial either of his substantial authorship of the volume, or of their own share in its production, confining themselves to negating unimportant side-issues.

he establishes indisputably the essential veracity of the Opposition writers. It is needless to offer detailed proof of this coincidence, but necessary to mention the fact, because the truth of "Quirinus" was very vehemently assailed by the whole Ultramontane press, and not less in England than in Germany. We may take that objection as quashed henceforth, and restrict the present inquiry to the new facts or noteworthy opinions which we owe to Cardinal Vitelleschi's narrative.

The real value and importance of his work, as it seems to me, is its confutation of that opinion expressed, rather as a hope than a belief, by the Minimizing school, that the Vatican decrees, after all, are no more than the final recognition of what potentially existed long before, and that their conciliar promulgation will make no great practical difference to anybody. This is in a large measure the gist of Dr. Newman's Letter to the Duke of Norfolk, as well as of various other apologies which have been hazarded. But this impression is by no means confined to those who are naturally reluctant to face the true position. I have seen a thoughtful and temperate article in a moderate Anglican journal, which maintained that whatever troubles and heartburnings may come to the intellectual few by reason of the new problems which try their faith, yet the great mass of pious, childlike, uninstructed folk, who are in every modern country the real strength of the Roman Catholic Church, must needs be entirely unaffected by the dogma, or if affected at all, only by the increased sense of absolute stability which they may gain, a view which Mr. Gladstone seems to recognize as true. I have never been able myself, as a thinker, to look at the situation in this light, because my faith in the inexorable logic with which principles will work themselves out sooner or later is fixed; but I have been content to abstain from open contradiction of a theory sufficiently plausible to justify its supporters. However, finding that Cardinal Vitelleschi's opinions on the matter are as closely allied to my own as the fundamental differences between our antecedents and circumstances permit, I the more gladly bring some of his more salient observations to bear on the discussion.

The first noteworthy thing is the firm grasp he seems to have had of the key to the whole situation, almost the last notion that one would have expected to arise in the mind of an Italian prelate, namely, to what a very large extent the vast organization and wide diffusion of Latin Christianity is deceptive, as conveying an idea of Catholicity not borne out by closer investigation. Now, as it was precisely this idea which the Vatican Council was intended to convey, and did in fact convey to many of its critics, Cardinal Vitelleschi's common-sense deductions are very striking. He points out that the Bishop of Chicago does not represent a

Catholic Chicago, nor the Patriarch of Babylon a Catholic Babylon; that the American prelates represent a mere fraction of their dioceses, and that even in nominally Catholic countries, such as France, the Bishops are not able to feel themselves the pastors of the whole or the greater part of their flocks, or indeed of a Catholic society or majority at all. There may be exceptions, doubtfully, in Spain and Italy, Ireland and Poland, and certain parts of Germany, but broadly speaking, the Catholicism which sent its delegates to the Council is largely a paper one, and not a vital, energizing fact. What is more, the actual condition of things does not denote mere tardiness of missionary success, such as faces Christians in China or Hindostan, but positive retrogression and loss, first by the Reformation, and next by the Revolution. It is all very well to point to eight hundred or a thousand Catholic dioceses, but the East has been alienated for a thousand years, and the greater part of the West, inclusive of America and Australia, for three hundred. Yet further, the results of former Councils have not been encouraging as providing a remedy for this condition of things. The early Œcumenical Councils did indeed do their work effectually, because they dealt with questions of theology alone, and did in truth embody the convictions of the Catholic majority in their decrees; but where the conflict was against great national interests or tendencies, as at Florence and Trent, the Councils proved inadequate to the magnitude of the occasion.

Thus, the great issue which really lay before the Vatican Synod, the choice it had in its power to make, was between the policy of comprehension and that of exclusion; between the effort to embrace the greater portion of mankind within the Church, or to drive many of those now within it into revolution; whether, in short, the Catholic nations of Europe are or are not to have a real religion, not a mere nominal and outward form, but a genuine belief which shall be held in common, shall be manifest in their actions, and be in harmony with their institutions.

These words appear to have been written, from the structure of the work, which is seemingly a recast diary of jottings, at the very outset of the Council; and it is enough to say that the view they embody was never so much as glanced at for a moment by the majority, and therefore, owing to the machinery employed, could not be set forth by any action of the minority. But they do in fact put the real question at stake very truly; and if it had not been for the hope that some attempt at solving it would have been made by the Council, there would have been little of that stir and interest which the news of its convocation aroused throughout Christendom.

It was thought by not a few that the very abstention of the

Latin Church from holding a Council since that of Trent had been dissolved—a longer interval by far than had ever elapsed before—denoted that the new assembly would prove a step in the direction of liberal reforms, as appealing to the collective Episcopate instead of gathering up all the threads of power into a single hand. But the event proved that only that half of the work of Trent which consisted in transforming the Papacy from a constitutional into an absolute monarchy was to be continued and completed, while the nobler and more useful work of pruning abuses, which that Synod, after all deductions, did largely accomplish, was adjourned indefinitely, if indeed not made henceforward impossible for any representative Church assembly even to ventilate. The next point the Cardinal makes is to express his belief in the entire insincerity of the invitations issued to non-Roman Communions, with a view of giving a specious character of œcumenicity to the summons, because these invitations were worded in such terms as to involve submission beforehand to the Holy See on the part of all who might accept them, and accordingly the refusals were unanimous. Nevertheless, I have known Anglican Ultramontanes declare that English Churchmen have no right whatever to express disapproval of anything which was voted in the Vatican Council, because the Anglican Bishops were invited to attend, and if they chose to absent themselves and to let questions in which they were interested go by default, instead of being present to speak up in defence of their own views, they had no more right to object afterwards than the Opposition here in England would have to disobey an Act of Parliament once duly passed, which they had suffered to reach its final stage without any resistance during its progress. This little matter of the invitations belongs to a whole class of ingenious contrivances for keeping up the theory of œcumenical supremacy, one of the very cleverest of which, cleverer even than the creation of a quasi-Oriental Church to simulate the real East, is the bestowal of the title of Patriarch on the Archbishops of Venice, Lisbon, and Goa, who have no precedence over other Archbishops, so as to convey the idea that the Pope is exalted as high above Patriarchs as over any other members of the Episcopal order, and has a right to deal with Constantinople or Alexandria as he may with Lisbon. The statement of “Quirinus” that three hundred of the Bishops were the guests of the Pope, and thus placed under a very strong pressure not to go against his wishes, is fully confirmed, and the expense computed at 2,500 lire daily (£100); but a new fact is revealed, that even as a pecuniary speculation this outlay was highly remunerative, as some devotees had devised a plan, shortly before the Council assembled, for collecting funds in aid of its expenses at a special mass in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the Pope’s own first mass, by which

means several millions of francs (say at least £200,000) were raised, and paid into the Papal treasury.

The first public evidence that was given of the restrictions which were to be put on debate was the Apostolical Letter known as *Multiplices inter*. It not merely enjoined absolute secrecy on all the persons in any way officially connected with the Council, but ruled that questions to be proposed by any of the Fathers must (a) first be communicated in writing to a special Congregation of Cardinals and Bishops; (b) must be of general importance; (c) be shown to be opportune; (d) and be in harmony with the mind and traditions of the Church. As the Congregation of reference was not elected by the Council, but nominated by the Pope, it is easy to see that no question whatever could be debated at all unless he pleased, because it was the easiest thing possible to refuse permission without assigning any reason, or at best on the plea that the prior conditions *c* and *d* were not fulfilled. The Opposition saw this result clearly, but its protest was unheeded. Cardinal Vitelleschi's estimate of the strength of the two parties in the Council seems to have been singularly accurate from the very beginning, and there is much political insight exhibited in the reasons he assigns for the prevalence of Ultramontane opinions in France and England, where a contrary tradition might be expected to prevail. As for the Italians, he is plain enough in saying that they did not care in the least for the dogmatic aspect of the question, but viewing the Papacy as what it is in truth, a purely Italian and not a cosmopolitan institution, they supported, from national motives, a measure intended to enlarge and enforce the domain of Italian supremacy in the world of religion. And therefore, despite a very large measure of theological indifference, not to say scepticism, amongst them, their vote was safe all along, as safe as that of those Oriental prelates and Bishops *in partibus* who, as they were dependents of the *Propaganda*, looked to Rome for the very bread they ate, and durst not disobey any mandates of their superiors.

But, quite apart from this great mass, itself already a majority of the Council, which was bound to the car of Infallibility by political or personal interests, there was another large section which had been thoroughly frightened by the Revolution, especially by the events which marked Italian history in 1859-60, and which had persuaded itself that the increased directness and homogeneity of action which the Church would gain by the absorption of all power and jurisdiction into the hands of one man, was the only weapon to meet the crisis—exactly as Caesarism owed its birth, nearly two thousand years before, to the anarchy of the dying Republic. It is reasonable to class Cardinal Manning in this group, though his brother Cardinal, who had clearly no admiration

for him on any ground whatever, ascribes his action throughout to the "immoderate restlessness" of a half-converted Protestant, lacking in the traditional ecclesiastical spirit, and striving to be more Catholic than the Pope himself.

Yet again, there was a third section in the Council which ardently embraced the dogma because it is so sublimely contrary to reason. Cardinal Vitelleschi has put this point so neatly that it is desirable to reproduce the passage:—

"The first [grand question of principle] is the ancient conflict, always going on in the Church from the earliest ages, between those who maintain a direct supernatural agency in all matters, and those who, without rejecting it, believe also in secondary causes. The infallibility of a single man is a more striking miracle, and a greater infraction of the laws of nature, than the infallibility of a large and well-organized assembly under the security of a strong and severe discipline; it is much more so, because the infallibility of a society with regard to itself is by its very nature relative, while that of an individual towards a society cannot be other than absolute. It is reasonable to believe that God protects the Church, as we believe that God protects the world; and that the Church in her own office should be infallible may be in a certain sense reasonable; but that God should take away from an individual man the liability to error which is characteristic of humanity, would be an absolute and standing miracle. In the first case faith allies herself with reason, in the second she subdues it."

Now, it is an indisputable fact that, quite apart from any such careful training of the clergy, and by consequence the Bishops, of the Latin Church in the principles of Infallibility through falsified text-books in the seminaries for some two generations, as the Abbé Michaud alleges, the whole religious tendency of Ultramontanism is to make incessantly the largest demands on faith, and to estimate the degree of spirituality by the readiness with which they are met. Devout minds are not merely taught to accept miracles when adduced on the very weakest kind and degree of evidence, totally inadequate to establish even the simplest fact of ordinary life; but to look for and expect miracles as constantly recurrent manifestations in the sphere of religion, and as the easiest solution of any event in that sphere which seems to require explanation, even though another solution may be at hand which sufficiently accounts for all the facts without making any such demand on reason. Consequently, Tertullian's famous saying, limited by him to the one central historical dogma of Christ's resurrection, "It is certain because it is impossible," is applied to every form of ecclesiastical miracle, and becomes the one test and standard of assay; so that to a large number of minds the very dimensions of the demand upon credulity actually insures acceptance, not rejection, of the new dogma. It is a noticeable truth that whereas the trained and logical intellect requires that the proof shall be always proportionate to the magnitude of the thing to be proved, there is a very large class of minds for which audacious assertion has such a fascination, that if only the assertion

be daring enough, no other proof is desired; just as experience shows that one class of speculators will trust considerable sums to any swindler who will promise twenty per cent. interest, without even the shadow of security, and another will confide in the infallible "tips" of sporting prophets, without once giving a thought to the obvious inference that persons endued with such unerring acquaintance with coming events must needs have retired from the turf long ago with fortunes beyond the dreams of human avarice, and cannot possibly want to pick up the stray half-crowns of the impecunious. I may digress for a moment to say that there is one literary test which discloses with sufficient accuracy the class to which an apologist of Infallibility belongs, that of sincere believers in its truth, or that of the entirely incredulous who regard it simply as a convenient tool of government. The former will state the facts of Church history so far as he knows them, and will simply be unable to see their discrepancy with his preconceived notions. Certain that they must agree with his belief, his attempts to reconcile them, or his setting them aside as insoluble but not serious difficulties, are clearly honest. But the Ultramontane sceptic, who believes the doctrine no more than M. Littré does, will adjust the facts to fit the theory, and will invert the affirmatives and negatives of crucial documents which bear upon it; because he understands perfectly that a statement of the real facts would not merely present some difficulties, but would supply complete disproof, and therefore he rules further that any attempt to examine the original vouchers and title-deeds thus garbled must be shunned by all Catholics as a treason and a heresy.

The passage cited above from Cardinal Vitelleschi is almost the only one in the book wherein he gives any clue to his personal opinion on the theological question, and, though very guarded, it appears to point in the direction of Bossuet's theory, as formulated in the Gallican Articles of 1682. At any rate, it is at least presumable that the sense in which he must have voted for the dogma was something less than the most moderate view which the Minimizing school has ventured to publish since the decree was passed; and this circumstance discloses a flaw in the casting, of which we may hear again, despite the present triumph of the majority.

It seems now established that the Opposition began as a body of not less than two hundred Fathers, including amongst them the occupants of nearly all the most important sees in the Latin Church, representing by far the greater number of at least nominal Catholics throughout the world, and moreover almost all the prelates outside the Roman Curia itself who possessed any reputation for learning, ability, and statesmanship. Cardinal Vitelleschi's testimony to these facts is as clear as that of "Quirinus" himself, and their accuracy is not likely to be seriously questioned henceforward.

But then a problem at once suggests itself which needs solution. Why did so formidable a body, even granting its certain defeat beforehand by the mere brute force of numbers in a drilled, bribed, and terrorized majority, make so poor a fight as it actually did make, and exert such an infinitesimal influence on the final result?

Apart from two reasons which I have before now assigned in explanation, their extreme terror of even seeming to impinge on the Note of Unity, and the adroit manner in which numbers of them had been induced to compromise and pledge themselves for twenty years previous to the Council, our author lets us into the secret in one pregnant sentence, showing that there did not exist so much as a general wish for broad practical reforms amongst them, though a small inner group no doubt had such in view. Their attitude was that of the Girondins in the beginning of the Terror, that of desiring that a downward movement which they had themselves largely helped to create, and which was acquiring fresh momentum hourly, should be arrested at the point which it had just attained, the furthest which suited them, but not by any means the furthest of its necessary tendency. Now the mere acceptance of the *status quo* as it was in 1869, though it was the standpoint taken up by the Old Catholics at first, and but slowly abandoned, can readily be seen to have no secure or intelligible basis at all. If 1869 was right, 1870 with its dogmas is right too, for there has been nothing done except to work out accepted premises to their logical conclusions. But if 1869 was wrong, and reforms of some kind were as needful as at the date of Trent, no good could come of trying to keep the pyramid balanced on its apex, and those of the majority who rejected the plea that to define infallibility was "inopportune," were perfectly right in arguing that if no more could be said against it than that, the duty of those who believed it to be divine truth was to say so, and leave results to Providence.

The arrangements made by the document *Multiplices inter*, stringent as they were, by no means exhausted the restraints put upon discussion. Five Papal Commissions classified under as many heads the matters to be treated, and nothing whatever could be brought forward unless ruled to fall under one of these divisions, so that at last the Fathers of the Council were reduced to the condition of witnesses before a Parliamentary Committee with us, who are summoned merely to answer certain questions put to them, but have no right to volunteer information or suggestions of their own. This was not all. The Schemes, as they were called, were communicated to the Council one by one by the secretaries, as the time for the discussion drew on, so that the Bishops never knew beforehand what was ripening for debate, and consequently could not prepare themselves to deal with any

question whatever, nor even ask leave to bring on a motion on their own account, since for all they knew, it might be wholly out of order, or be already embodied in one of the Schemes, and thus be mere surplusage. There seemed one safety-valve at first, in that the Council was empowered to elect four Committees of its own, to consider any amendments to the Schemes as drafted by the Pope's five Commissions, so that the amendments, when returned to the assembly by these Committees, might be reported as its own spontaneous measures, and not as mere Government Bills, so to speak, sent down to it to be passed in block. But by a very ingenious method of packing, which Cardinal Vitelleschi details, these conciliar Committees proved to be as unexceptionably Ultramontane as the Commissions named by the Pope himself, and there was not so much as a colourable Opposition element upon any of them which might give even a specious show of fairness.

Cardinal Vitelleschi's account of the strictures on the *Schema de Fide* (which *Schema* he ascribes to F. Franzelin, Professor of Theology in the Collegio Romano), levelled against all the heresies of ancient and modern times, is noteworthy, as they seem to embody his own view of it. It was objected to as useless, because it dealt with persons and opinions avowedly outside the pale of the Roman obedience, and not with erroneous doctrines held by professing Catholics; as mischievous, in merely condemning philosophical systems or views, instead of arguing with them, offering a competing theory, or being wisely silent; as unconstitutional, because headed with the words "Pius, Bishop," instead of those "The Holy Synod," as had been the usage even so late as Trent; and as being in its own manner and structure mean, invidious, trivial, and likely to repel the minds of the nineteenth century, because drafted by a little knot of the writers in the *Civiltà Cattolica* and of other theologians who were mere cloistered dreamers, utterly unfamiliar with the ways and needs of modern society. And so numerous and powerful were the attacks made by the Opposition on these grounds, that the *Schema*, instead of being passed by acclamation, was referred back to the Commission of Review, to be put into some less objectionable shape.

The next event of importance was Dr. Manning's petition for the immediate definition of Infallibility, to which he succeeded in obtaining the names of seventeen Bishops to follow his own, which headed the list; on which Cardinal Vitelleschi has some severe things to say, and, returning with alacrity to fill in a portrait which he did but sketch earlier, he remarks:—

"The persistence of the Archbishop of Westminster was, perhaps, the logical result of his own antecedents. Having been a priest and a Protestant at the outset of his career, he knew his own religion from within and not from without [?], and the Catholic religion from without and not from within. He was well acquainted with the many divisions and subdivisions

of Protestantism and admired the majestic unity of Catholicism. He did not appreciate the good effects of allowing a moderate degree of liberty and the constant exercise of the conscience and reasoning powers; neither did he understand the dangers arising from the excessive authority exercised by united Catholicism. In fact, he was enamoured of the principle of authority as the slave adores the idea of liberty; and the want of discrimination and of real Catholic perceptions in his dealings with the Council was a matter of reproach to him even by the most faithful and devout clergy at Rome."

However, though this first effort to force the hand of the Council failed, others took up the work, moved by the fact that counter-addresses against Infallibility had been signed and issued by about 160 bishops. M. Mermillod, titular Bishop of Hebron, and practically of Geneva, on the occasion of the *presepio* being set up on the Epiphany in the church of St. Andrea della Valle, took occasion to draw so close a parallel between the grotto of Bethlehem and the Vatican, between the Babe adored in the one and the old man venerated in the other, that he roused the opposition of even Infallibilists themselves, and one cynical Italian remarked that as fifteen vacant cardinals' hats were visibly hovering in the air, some excited Father might mistake them for the fiery tongues, and speak accordingly as if inspired.

Some little alarm was created amongst the Bishops when the scheme *De Episcopis*, depriving them of their historical immunities and immediate diocesan jurisdiction, to reduce them to mere curates of the Pope, was mooted. Archbishop Darboy and Bishop Dupanloup led the Opposition, and it was found impracticable to force on this scheme either at this stage of the proceedings. But even on this head there was no unanimous feeling amongst the prelates. Many, perhaps most, of them derived nearly all their rank, influence, and position, such as they were, from the Curia, and were more disposed, naturally enough, to side with it and with the Ultramontane party than with the general feeling of their flocks, which, when unaffected by the pressure of the absolutist school, was usually adverse to the new dogma. Yet the Opposition was growing so far organized and adroit, that although it had no prospect of ultimately winning over a sufficient number of the majority to balance the votes, nevertheless it interposed serious delays to the Infallibilist programme, and Cardinal Vitelleschi gives the draft of a *via media* scheme of voting Infallibility in a modified fashion, intended to avoid the very difficulty which has since cropped up from the form the decree finally took, that of deciding whether any Papal utterance is really *ex cathedra*, and so binding on the conscience, or not. This scheme was to condemn (without anathema) all appeal from the Pope's sentence to a future Council, all who allege that only apparent and not real obedience is due to the Pope's judgment, and all who maintain that there may arise such a discordance between the Pope and

the Episcopate as to render it necessary to settle which is the greater. This scheme, which appears to have been Vitelleschi's own, aimed, as he tells us, at blending the infallibility of the Pope with the infallibility of the Church, and thus reverting to the elder school of Roman theology, more moderate, and less definite, absolute, and exclusive, than the new Ultramontane opinions. The merit of this compromise, which is not very apparent to outsiders, seems to lie in its laying down rather certain practical maxims of ecclesiastical government than new dogmatic opinions, and while providing that as matter of fact the Pope's orders should be exactly obeyed, yet not imputing any moral guilt to such as might be disposed to criticize without disregarding them. This is only valuable now as helping us to grasp what the *juxta modum* vote meant in a good many cases, and it does not seem far removed from the Scottish verdict of Not Proven. But this project of accommodation, rejected alike by the Infallibilists and the Opposition, broke down, as did every other effort of the sort. It was just after this, and still in February, 1870, that the Pope's stormy interview with the aged Chaldean Patriarch took place, ending in the enforced submission of the old man; and the few words in which Vitelleschi describes it amply vindicate the charge of indecent violence which "Quirinus" alleges in connection with the matter, though no mention is made of the threat of imprisonment in a Roman dungeon which the latter implies to have been one of the agencies employed to extort obedience. But he does tell us that some of those Bishops who were dependents of the Propaganda were threatened with prosecution before the tribunal of the Inquisition if they did not exhibit more docility in their demeanour and votes, a sufficiently weighty comment on the alleged freedom of the Council.

The grave impolicy of the *Schema de Ecclesiâ*, even more remarkable than that of its predecessor *de Fide*, is next considered. The grounds of objection stated are: 1. The new canons do but reiterate offensively old decisions which great numbers had rejected and were not likely to accept now; that their tendency is to cast whole governments and peoples out of the pale of the Church, and thus narrow her true area instead of extending it; that they destroy the diocesan rights of bishops; that they utter an anathema against any one who says that salvation is possible outside the Roman Church, and thus conflict with the belief of millions of Catholics; and that by the condemnation of liberty of conscience, they block up the old safety-valve of "invincible ignorance" by limiting it to the comparatively rare case of material incapacity for acquiring knowledge of Roman doctrine, as the only conceivable palliation for nonconformity. And after a number of other shrewd criticisms on the civil aspect of the scheme, which are well worthy of notice, the writer brings the whole question to a practical test

by asking what would be the result of any attempt to carry out the programme of this scheme in any modern nation. And with a degree of prescience which in February, 1870, was well nigh prophetic, he draws an almost accurate picture of the subsequent strife in Prussia under the Falk laws as the probable result of attempting to realize such an ideal.

But the most valuable and remarkable part of the work is that dissertation on the condition of the Catholic nations, which in the author's mind ought to have formed the principal subject of inquiry and debate at the Council. His own conclusions—most weighty and startling when his position is considered—are in direct antagonism to the Ultramontane view of society. It is not merely that he dwells on the superior prosperity and civilization of Protestant countries as compared with Catholic ones, nor even on their greater advance in science, art, and great undertakings. That has long been a polemical commonplace, and may be very neatly evaded by pointing out that precisely the same contrast existed between the Jewish nation at a time when it was the sole depository of Divine truth in the world, and its Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman oppressors; while the pursuit of wealth and material prosperity is more than compatible with a very degraded condition of morals and a very debased type of creed. But Cardinal Vitelleschi goes deeper, and points out that even in Catholic nations their culture, order, and prosperity are due precisely to the anti-clerical element in each country, and are in exact ratio to its strength and influence; while, on the other hand, liberty, tolerance, and amicable, peaceful intercourse between citizens are so far from being marks of Catholic leaven, that it is exclusively in Catholic countries that the spirit of Revolution makes its home, that very spirit for which the Fathers of the Vatican Council professed to think a new Ultramontane dogma the sole remedy. And there is thus the dilemma presented to us, that either the Catholic religion is fitted only for races incapable of political order and the higher civilization, or else that the system which has prevailed amongst these races is not the Catholic religion, since it has produced such irreligious results. Nor is such a conclusion to be evaded by dwelling on the fervid resistance which the clerical party habitually opposes to revolutionary projects and ideas, because its own methods are responsible for a large part of the reaction.

" Absolutism generates rebellion, and extreme severity in the law secures impunity to the law-breaker. Events balance themselves in human affairs; the chain which begins with the Inquisitor finishes with the sectary; and the partisan of Mazzini stands at one end of the diameter, the opposite end of which is occupied by the 'Sanfedista.' England does not possess either the *Unicors* or the *Rappel*, at least her existence is not daily threatened by

similar publications, neither has she inquisitors nor revolutionary fanatics, and Fenians come only from the neighbouring shores of Ireland."

After this significant language, Cardinal Vitelleschi proceeds to point out the mischiefs which directly result from overstraining the principle of authority. First, by sacrificing everything to the maintenance of order and unity in the Church, it tends to paralyse the collective action of the hierarchy, and to concentrate it in the Head, thereby isolating the clergy from the rest of society. Next, it destroys the sense of personal responsibility, by making Church authority instead of conscience the one standard of appeal, so that all personal knowledge of good and evil is apt to be lost, and the average Catholic comes to have no acquaintance with it whatever, save that derived from the nearest external authority, which may be any chance priest, however incompetent. Even this influence of external authority is precarious, because its hard and fast despotism provokes recoil, and drives its own pupils and whole populations into revolt and revolution; while in cases where this result does not issue, there are two other scarcely less formidable perils to society. On the one hand, the stern condemnation of errors of intellect, because more menacing to authority, as compared with errors of the will, leads to the creation of a small class to do all the thinking; and the general body, finding thought not merely dangerous, but fatiguing, leaves it off altogether and devotes itself to animal indulgence, on which the Church looks leniently, and thus the moral level drops at once and fatally. On the other hand, where Ultramontane education has its way, it promotes amongst its devoutest pupils an ascetic, speculative, and abstracted mode of life, incompatible with the necessities of human nature or the adequate discharge of the duties of a citizen, whereas idleness, mendicancy, and superstition are exalted into virtues, and patriotism becomes transformed into a sin, while centralization in few and incompetent hands creates a faction instead of a Catholic world, and begets inevitable revolt in the young. The singular coincidence of this impeachment with much which Mr. W. R. Greg has urged in his "Enigmas of Life" will strike the reader; and there can be little correction offered to Vitelleschi's summing up, in which he describes the characteristic marks of Ultramontane nations to be "many churches, but few schools; more devotion than virtue; more passion than judgment; general intolerance and scanty prosperity, with fluctuations of submission and rebellion: they are characterized everywhere by a craving for authority, whether in a convent or a sect, but without any appreciation of authority, which is alternately adored with servility and subjected to outrage." Some other remarks towards the very end of the volume belong so closely to this category of ideas that it is well to depart from the writer's order, that they may be brought under review here, though they were written

two years later, long after the great crime and blunder of the Council had been perpetrated.

He adds, then, that one Roman tendency, that of isolation, dangerous and prevalent enough before the dogma, is now intensified :

"Catholicism [*i.e.* Ultramontanism] has practically succeeded in placing the faithful in a condition of almost hostile isolation, in real life, from the members of all other Christian confessions. Catholics of the present day very often neither have nor profess any religion whatever; but they rarely attempt, whether as individuals or as societies, to fraternize with others, or in the slightest degree to modify their views from contact with forms of religion the nearest and most akin to their own. On the contrary, this curious phenomenon may be observed among them in this matter, that they seem to draw closer to those confessions of faith which tend most towards Rationalism than to those which have kept the nearest to religion."

Further, this attitude of abstention is not merely passive, but rancorously active, and a formidable element of strife in modern society, because the very authority which is able to overpower resistance from its subjects is yet not strong enough to mould them into real harmony with its ideal, and therefore never can muster forces sufficient to do successful battle with the modern world. It never does more than slightly check its foes, but often buries its friends in ruinous discomfiture.

Yet more, the incessant process of defining, systematizing, and multiplying dogmas, laws, penalties, devotions, guilds, institutions, badges, and the like, has made the full Roman Catholic system so intolerably burdensome that real Catholics, the *praticanti*, answering to the "Church-members" of several Protestant societies, have dwindled into a mere fractional party in the Latin obedience, while the general body, for whom this discipline has proved too burdensome, have given up both theory and practice, have fallen into indifferentism and habitual corruption, even though the safety-valve of Indulgences is freely opened, and now constitute at best a second circle of "honorary members for life" of the Church, on the easy terms of never arguing on matters of principle, of observing a few external practices of religion, and of promising a death-bed repentance. And the net result is that the Roman Church is an element of social war, and has brought about a position of things in the civil and religious condition of the nations and states which it affects, universally regarded as uncomfortable, dangerous to public order, and obstructive to the diffusion of civilization and religion; while the only remedies it even offers are Peter's pence, French pilgrimages, mystical confraternities, and periodical religious demonstrations.

It is again necessary to emphasize the fact that these are the deliberate convictions of a Roman Bishop and Cardinal and member of the majority which voted the Infallibility Dogma, and whose personal orthodoxy and piety have never been called in question.

If even a small part of the picture be true, then it is idle to say that the dogma has made no difference, and that the general body of pious unlearned Roman Catholics are no worse off than they were before it. On the contrary, they have lost heavily. Their isolation from the rest of mankind, including often their own nearest kindred, has become more absolute; the range of intelligent thought on religious matters open to their minds has been visibly narrowed; their own numbers must be thinned still further as the increased pressure of despotism expels one class and plunges another down into that lower circle of *non-praticanti*, the Malebolge of the Vatican; the very creed tendered to them for acceptance is losing more and more the semblance of a moral and spiritual life, and daily assuming more of the character of a mere credulous reception of unauthenticated marvels. In a paper I wrote in this REVIEW on a cognate subject, I mentioned that when Bernadette Soubirous came back with the story of the apparition of Lourdes, a test-miracle was proposed by the clergy, that a certain thorn-bush at the grotto should blossom out of season. This miracle was not vouchsafed, as all the narratives are agreed in acknowledging. But a letter I received lately from a recent English visitor to Lourdes tells me that the *cure* has adopted the flowering thorn as a device on his stationery, and that a hymn in its honour has been added to the local canticles. On the reverend gentleman being appealed to by my correspondent to explain this discrepancy, he simply shrugged his shoulders and said, "Cela fait croire." And I have been furnished by another correspondent with a detailed and authoritative contradiction of a Lourdes miracle which I cited as alleged to have taken place in Madagascar. He happened to be there when the story was first set going, and on inquiring into the facts, which was easy, from the high rank of the natives concerned, received the curt information from the child's father that "it was all lies," and from another source that the ailment was cutaneous, and cured, to the knowledge of the Sister whose name figured in the narrative, by medicine sent by the Prime Minister to his friends the parents. The shock of discovering frauds of this sort is not a light peril, and it cannot be reasonably supposed that some instances of the kind will not get abroad so as to overthrow the faith of several of even that tiny sect into which Ultramontanes are busily reducing the once vast communion of which they have been the destroyers.*

* Monsignor Capel, in a letter he addressed not many months ago to the *Times* in defence of the genuineness of the Lourdes mythology, let out the real facts with touching and childlike simplicity, by mentioning that he had acquired detailed and accurate information on the subject from inquiries he made during six successive years that ill-health had obliged him to winter in the Pyrenees; and that the miraculous cures were attested as scientific facts by an "eminent resident medical practitioner," Dr. Dozous. Here the sceptical intellect observes that 1868 is the date of the alleged miracle; that Mgr. Capel began his visits to Southern France in quest of health in 1870, but that he

Reverting to the order of the narrative, it seems that in March, 1870, two new contrivances for cutting short unwelcome speeches were devised—one that the President might stop a speaker at any moment by ruling that he was wandering from the point, a measure put into operation the very first day against Mgr. Haynald, Bishop of Kolocsa, for an only too relevant historical statement, showing that a former Pope of the seventeenth century had been of a different opinion from the present majority in the Council; the other that any ten Fathers might stop an entire debate by alleging that the subject had been sufficiently discussed; so that the majority could of course at any time silence an inconvenient orator. The apathy and negligence of the Catholic Governments of Europe, with the single exception of Bavaria, at the crisis then fast drawing on, is severely censured by the author, pointing out how the skilled diplomacy of the Vatican found its account therein, and also making the significant comment that the reason of this unwise attitude was the general belief of the Cabinets that religious feeling has so universally declined that nothing belonging to its sphere could seriously affect national and political life, an opinion itself sufficiently condemnatory of the course pursued by the Church ever since the French Revolution. After this Vitelleschi cites, apparently with approval, Döllinger's famous article in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, protesting against the validity and competence of a Council fettered as that of the Vatican, unlike all its predecessors, by rules imposed on it from without, and also urging that no solemn declarations had ever been made in the Church save with unanimous consent, so that a mere majority, even if very large, is incapable, not merely of making dogmas, but even of attesting them, since the very existence of a tangible majority or minority is at variance with the idea of Universality, as the latter begins where the former ends, and that on these two grounds the Vatican Synod has no title to be ranked as Œcumenical (even if the factitious Oriental Church in communion with the Pope, and represented therein, be taken as the real East), and cannot bind the conscience. This powerful letter had one instantaneous effect, for it caused the majority to drop a measure they were going to force through, declaring all persons who did not accept the Infallibility Dogma *ipso facto* outside the Church. That the Pope was ready and willing to proceed to personal violence against the Opposition is established by the arrest and imprisonment of an Armenian Vicar-General for blaming two other prelates for undue servility towards Rome, and it was only

has never yet had faith enough in the spring to try its virtues, instead of merely "inquiring;" or else that he did try its effect, but got no good from it. And the exact utility of an "eminent"—and presumably thriving—"resident medical practitioner" in competition with an unfailing and miraculous panacea, is difficult to understand, on any ground save that of indigenous incredulity.

the prompt interference of the Turkish Minister which secured his release. "Quirinus" gives an additional circumstance or two here—first, that the French Embassy refused its aid, and next that the Cardinal Secretary of State replied to the first Turkish remonstrance, that all Catholic priests when at Rome lost their national rights, became simply subjects of the Pope, and were under the jurisdiction of the Inquisition alone. It is most important to bear this fact in mind, when passing judgment on the timorous flight of Opposition Bishops a little later, when the Infallibilist victory was assured, since they had private warning from well-wishers of Vitelleschi's stamp that punitive measures were being prepared for them, and perhaps not imprisonment only, but a more extreme penalty for disobedience, such as overtook Cardinal Andrea.

It has long been a contention of Anglican controversialists that the technical use of the word "Roman" as a qualifying adjective by the Latin Church is a confession that it is in truth only a part, and not the whole which it claims to be; and an amusing comment in favour of this view cropped out at a sitting wherein the formal addition of the word *Romana* to *Catholica Ecclesia* was urged by the Curialists. An English Bishop complained that in his diocese some land had been left by will to the "Catholic Church," and that the Anglicans had claimed and got it on the ground that they were the "Catholic Church" of the country, whereas the so-called Catholic Church was officially styled *Roman Catholic*, a distinction which limited and barred it. But the majority voted the limiting adjective, and by their own act have thus destroyed a specious claim.

A curious fact, not mentioned by "Quirinus," which occurred in May, 1870, illustrates the forcible pressure exercised by the authorities. A Roman parish priest, at a sort of ruridecanal chapter held in the city periodically by incumbents of churches, suggested to his colleagues to draw up an address in favour of Infallibility. Another replied that it was no business of theirs, that their opinion had not been asked, and that it would be inopportune and presumptuous for them to express it before the Church had decided. The other clergymen present agreed with the amendment, and the matter dropped. But the newspapers got hold of it, and the public learnt to its surprise that the very flower of the clergy in the Pope's own domestic diocese had no mind to further his apotheosis. Accordingly, the authorities at once intervened with all the force which ecclesiastical law permitted them to use against their subordinates, and *strongly advised* (the italics are Vitelleschi's) that the scandal should be repaired by the presentation of an address. The unfortunate parish priests had to submit, but took care that their petition should not be unduly ferrid,

and might indeed be read in a different sense from that in which it was ostensibly drafted. By June the majority had got so overbearing that it was proposed that the whole of the Opposition—even before the dogma was voted—should be declared excommunicate and out of the Church, and that an anathema should be fulminated against all who held that the Bishops shared the supreme authority vested in the Church, a proposal so outrageous that even Mgr. Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, one of the most ardent Papalizers in the Council, was forced to resist it. Indeed, it could have issued only from men who, by succeeding in binding the Council hand and foot lest it should have freedom of utterance, had testified their entire disbelief in that fundamental tenet of Christianity, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the body of the Church as Guide and Teacher. No man who really thought infallibility true, and the Church at large—even under its restricted sense of Roman—to be the keeper, witness, and definer of divine truth, would have attempted any constraint, for he would have felt entire confidence in the necessary utterance of the truth, and the whole truth, by an assembly of prelates exceeding in actual numbers the largest of those ancient Œcumenical Councils which established the faith of Christendom on a basis which fourteen centuries have not shaken. The inevitable conclusion is that the extreme absolutists in the Council neither believed in infallibility nor in the Church, whatever language they may have used then and since to simulate such belief. It is unnecessary to go over again the familiar narrative of the closing days of the Council, how after the Bishops of the minority, thinned by the malarious heats of a Roman July, and told from a very exalted quarter that they might perish sooner than any respite till healthier weather should be granted to their petition, had withdrawn under protest, the fatal step was taken which abolished the Christian Church so far as the Council understood that term, since by teaching that the Pope alone holds the same authority as the Pope together with the whole Church, it laid down in algebraic terms that $a = a + b$, and therefore $b = 0$. The story is written at large in "Quirinus" and in Friedrich, and more briefly in the sad and weighty pamphlet of the martyr Darboy, "*La Dernière Heure du Concile*." It is enough to echo here the closing words of that memorable protest, that "the Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ to defend the land of freedom made ready the defeat of Salamis for the pitiless wave of despotism." Cardinal Vitelleschi's ending of his journal is not less significant, though somewhat differently toned:—

"History is bound to award to the author and originator of every work the praise or blame which is due to him. All must remember the part taken by the Fathers of the *Civiltà Cattolica* and Monsignor Manning,

Archbishop of Westminster, in promoting the dogma of the personal Infallibility of the Pope, and all know it was their mind and their will that carried it. On the day of the promulgation of the dogma, Monsignor Manning received as a gift from the Society of the Jesuits a portrait of Bellarmine [St. Charles Borromeo], with the following inscription:—

HENRICO EDUARDO MANNING,
ARCHIEP. WESTMONAST.
SODALES SOC. JESU
COLLEGII CIVILITATIS CATHOLICÆ
SESSIONIS IV. CONCILII VATICANI
MNEMOSYNON."

The singular problem remains unsolved, and is by me insoluble, how a man like Vitelleschi, clear-sighted, learned, temperate, seemingly most honest, profoundly disbelieving alike in the truth and the expediency of the new dogma, and evidently uninfluenced by that personal awe and devotion for the Pope which swayed many others (since his criticisms are almost as frank, if not as incisive, as Mr. Greville's on the two kings whom he served), could have voted as he did in the majority on July 18, 1870. And it is clear that nothing occurred between the prorogation of the Council and his own death to bring him round in the smallest degree towards inward conviction in favour of the dogma; whence it is not unreasonable to conjecture that its position is by no means so secure as its promoters think, even apart from any consideration of the formidable evils it is incubating for Christendom.

Those evils are near at hand and readily foreseen; the good which the Vatican Council has done for Christianity is as yet indiscernible, and lies in the womb of a perhaps distant future. It has not achieved even the smallest of its projects, for one direct issue of the inevitable ambiguities of even the trenchant paragraphs in which a divine attribute—as Cardinal Vitelleschi calls it—was bestowed upon a single man has been the creation of four rival schools of interpretation, absolutely incompatible with each other, but all firmly lodged with full right of tenure within the pale of the Latin obedience. But what it has done is to perpetuate the strife between the clergy and modern society, to narrow the scope and possibilities of Christendom, to constitute a mere fractional sect and party the executor, administrator, and assign of a dead and buried Western Church, and so to change the sweet teachings of the Gospel into the harsh anathemas of the Curia as to cause millions to turn away from divine revelation as a monstrous and hurtful delusion, and make them say with the epigrammatist of old—

"Imputet ipse Deus nectar mihi, fiet acutum,
Et Vaticani perfida vappa cadi."

RICHARD F. LITLEDALE.



ON NIRVĀNA, AND ON THE BUDDHIST DOCTRINES
OF THE "GROUPS," THE SANSKĀRAS, KARMA,
AND THE "PATHS."

IT must seem strange to those who take an interest in Buddhism that the scholars most competent to judge are not yet agreed as to the meaning of what is rightly considered as its most important doctrine, its *summum bonum*, its Nirvāna; that while some take it to be a complete extinction of the soul at death, others would rather regard it as an eternal existence of the soul in a kind of trance, indifferent alike to sorrow and to joy. The reason perhaps is not far to seek. The attempt has been made to take the citadel of Nirvāna by assault, without first being in possession of the outworks; to understand Nirvāna without understanding the *system of thought* of which Nirvāna is the last conclusion, and in the nomenclature of which it is necessarily expressed. To discuss and compare what Buddhist—much less what European—authors have said on the subject must be of little use, so long as a previous study of undisputed, and perhaps easier, questions has not taught us what sense to attach to the words they use, and what other ideas about the nature and condition and destiny of man underlie their views of Nirvāna. It is intended therefore in the present paper to approach the question indirectly; by means of, and subsequent to, the discussion of one or two other points of doctrine, which will also, it is hoped, be found to be by no means without interest of their own. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world has the bare and barren tree of metaphysical inquiry put forth, where one would least expect

it, a more lovely flower than one, at least, of these doctrines seems, to the writer, to be—that flower of the “Noble Eightfold Path,” which grew into “the fruit” which gave “the nectar of Nirvāna.”

At the outset of our inquiry we are met by an encouraging fact, which promises to lighten our labour. Buddhism does not attempt to solve the problem of the primary origin of all things:—

“When Mālunka asked the Buddha whether the existence of the world is eternal or not eternal, he made him no reply; but the reason of this was that it was considered by the Teacher as an inquiry that tended to no profit.”*

Buddhism takes as its ultimate fact the existence of the material world and of conscious beings living within it; and it holds that everything is subject to the law of cause and effect, and that everything is constantly, though perhaps imperceptibly, changing. There is no place where this law does not operate; no heaven or hell therefore in the ordinary sense. There are worlds where gods or angels live whose existence is more or less material, according to the lower or higher degree of holiness reached by them in their previous lives; but the gods and angels die, and the worlds they inhabit pass away. There are places of torment, where the evil actions of men or angels produce unhappy beings; but when the active power of the evil that produced them is exhausted, they will vanish; and the worlds they inhabit are not eternal. The whole kosmos—earth and heavens and hells—is always tending to renovation or destruction, is always in a course of change, a series of revolutions or of cycles, of which the beginning and the end are, alike, unknowable. To this universal law of composition and dissolution men and angels form no exception. The unity of forces which constitutes a sentient being must sooner or later be dissolved; and it is only through ignorance and delusion that such a being indulges in the dream that it is a separate and self-existent entity. A watchman on a lofty tower sees a charioteer urging his horse along the plain: the driver thinks he is moving rapidly; and the horse, in the pride of life, seems to scorn the earth from which it thinks itself so separate; but to the watchman above horse and chariot and driver seem to crawl along the ground, and to be as much a part of the earth as the horse's mane, waving in the wind, is a part of the horse itself. As a child grows up its mind reflects, as in a dim mirror, the occurrences of the world around it; and practically, though unconsciously, it regards itself as the centre round which the universe turns. Gradually its circle widens somewhat; but the grown man never escapes from the delusion of self, and spends

* Spence Hardy's *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 375.

his life in a constant round of desires and cares, always engaged in the pursuit of some fancied good to call his own, always longing for something which when obtained produces, not happiness, but fresh desires and cares.

Such teachings are by no means peculiar to Buddhism; and similar ideas lay at the foundation of earlier Indian philosophies. They are to be found, indeed, in other systems widely separated from these in time and place; and Buddhism, in dealing with the truth which they contain, might have given a more decisive and more lasting utterance if it had not also borrowed a belief in the curious doctrine of transmigration; a doctrine which seems to have arisen independently in the valley of the Ganges and the valley of the Nile. The word transmigration has been used, however, in different times and at different places for very diverse, though similar, theories; and Buddhism, in adopting the general idea from post-Vedic Brahminism, so modified it as to produce, in fact, a new hypothesis.

The modification thus introduced into the idea of transmigration was necessitated by the early Buddhist theories as to the nature of the constituent parts and powers of man, which it divides into five Skandhas or "Groups;" and as the point is of vital importance for a right appreciation of Buddhist teaching, while the enumeration is not without interest for its own sake, a few words must be devoted to the details of each of these five aggregates or "Groups." They are Material Qualities, Sensations, Abstract Ideas, Tendencies (mental and moral), and Reason; each of which are again subdivided as follows:*

1. The *Material* properties or attributes (Rūpa) are twenty-eight in number.

- | | | | |
|------------------------------|---|---|---|
| 4 Elements (bhūta) | - | - | Earth, water, fire, air.† |
| 5 Organs of sense | - | - | Eye, ear, nose, tongue, body. |
| 5 Attributes of matter | - | - | Form, sound, smell, taste, substance. |
| 2 Distinctions of sex | - | - | Male, female. |
| 3 Essential conditions | - | - | The heart, vitality, space. |
| 2 Means of utterance | - | - | Gesture, speech. |
| 7 Qualities of living bodies | - | - | Buoyancy, elasticity, power of adaptation, and of aggregation, duration, decay, change. |

2. The *Sensations* (Vedanā), which are divided into six classes.

* I add the most important Pāli names, under which all the authorities will be found in Professor Childers's Pāli Dictionary.

† According to Colebrooke, the Buddhists taught that these elements of matter consist of atoms; and that compound bodies consist of conjoint primary atoms. Essays, vol. i. 416 (ed. Cowell).

according as they are originated immediately by contact through each of the five senses (1—5), or sixthly by the mind, through memory; and further into eighteen classes, as each of these six kinds of sensation may be either pleasant, or unpleasant, or neither.

3. The *Abstract Ideas* (Saññā), which are divided into six classes, corresponding to the six classes of sensation; for instance, the ideas blue, a tree, are referred to sight; the idea sweetness to taste.

4. The *Tendencies, Dispositions, Potentialities* (Pāli Sankhāra, Sanskrit Sanskāra, confection), which are fifty-two in number, the divisions not being mutually exclusive. Some of them also include, or are identical with, divisions of the previous Groups; but whereas the previous Groups are arranged, as it were, from an objective, this Group is arranged from a subjective point of view.

1. Contact (Phassa)
2. Sensation, resulting from No. 1, = Group 2 (Vedanā)
3. Abstract Ideas, formed on No. 2, = Group 3 (Saññā)
4. Thought, the regrouping of ideas, No. 3 (Cetanā)
5. Reflection, dwelling on thoughts, No. 4 (Manasikāra)
6. Memory (Sati)
7. Vitality (Jīvitindriya; also in Group 1)
8. Individuality (Ekaggatā)
9. Attention (Vitakka, which may cause contact, No. 1)
10. Investigation (Vicāra, = continued attention, No. 9)
11. Effort, (Viriya, which assists all other faculties)
12. Steadfastness, (Adhimokkha, continued effort, No. 11)
13. Joy (Pīti)
14. Impulse (Chanda)
15. Indifference (Majjhataṭṭā)
- 16, 17. Sleep and Torpor (Thīna and Middha; the opposites of Nos. 9 and 10, and of Nos. 33 and 34)
- 18, 19. Stupidity and Intelligence (Moha and Paññā)
- 20, 21. Covetousness and Content (Lobha, and Alobha)
- 22, 23. Fear and Rashness (Otappa and Anottappa)
- 24, 25. Shame and Shamelessness (Hiri and Ahirika)
- 26, 27. Hatred and Affection (Dosa and Adosa)
- 28-30. Doubt, Faith, Delusion (Vicikicchā, Saddhā, Diṭṭhi)
- 31, 32. Repose, Calm; of body or mind (Pasiddhi)
- 33, 34. Lightness, Activity; of body or mind (Lahutā, also in Group 1)
- 35, 36. Softness, Elasticity; of body or mind (Mudutā, also in Group 1)
- 37, 38. Adaptability Pliancy; of body or mind (Kammaññatā, also in Group 1)

- 39, 40. Dexterity, Experience ; of body or mind (Paguññatā)
- 41, 42. Straightness, Uprightness ; of body or mind (Ujjukatā)
- 43-45. Propriety ; of speech, action, and life (Sammā)
- 46. Pity ; sorrow for the sorrow of others (Karunā)
- 47. Glad Sympathy ; rejoicing in the joy of others (Muditā)
- 48. Envy ; sorrow at the joy of others (Issā)
- 49. Selfishness ; dislike to share one's joy with others (Macch-
ariyā)
- 50. Moroseness (Kukkucca)
- 51. Vanity (Uddhacca)
- 52. Pride (Māno)

5. *Thought, Reason* (Viññāna), is really an amplification from another point of view of No. 4 in the last Group, which is inherent in all the "Tendencies." It is divided, from the point of view of the resulting merit or demerit, into eighty-nine classes—a division which throws no light on the Buddhist scheme of the constituent elements of being, and does not therefore concern us here.

It is for its historical interest, not for its scientific value, that attention is claimed for this doctrine of the Groups or Skandhas. Modern classifications would not overlap as Buddhist lists so often do: perhaps those lists are not so much classifications as explanations, intended to assist the understanding and the memory, and they are not constructed to avoid redundancy or tautology. As explanations they are often very successful; and the enumeration of "the Groups" will enable us at least to understand the meaning of the words Skandha and Sanskāra, when we find them in the definition of Nirvāna.

These "Five Groups" include all the bodily and mental parts and powers of man, and neither any one group, nor any one division of any group, is permanent; they are constantly changing, are never for two consecutive moments the same; their nature is to arise and pass away.

"The first Group (the bodily qualities) are like a mass of foam, that gradually forms and then vanishes. The second Group (the sensations) are like a bubble dancing on the face of the water. The third Group (the ideas) are like the uncertain mirage that appears in the sunshine. The fourth Group (the tendencies) are like the plantain stalk, without firmness or solidity; and the fifth Group (the reason) is like a spectre or magical illusion. In this manner is declared the impermanency of the five Groups."*

The body, and all its functions, produced by the contact of external objects with the organs of sense, will decay and be dissolved; and there is in man no soul, no abiding principle whatever.

This important doctrine is repeatedly and distinctly laid down

* Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 424. He gives his authorities at page 399.

both in the Pitakas and in later books; but so difficult is it for a mind impregnated with Christian ideas to recognize it, fully and freely, as a fundamental tenet of the widely adopted religion of Gautama, that must I ask attention to the following authorities. The first will be from the Sutta Pitaka, the second division of the Buddhist scriptures, and is also found in a Sanskrit work of the Northern Buddhists, from which Burnouf drew a great deal of his information.* Gautama is there reported to have said:—

“Mendicants, in whatever way the different teachers (Sramanas or Brahmins) regard the soul, they think it is the five Groups or one of the five. Thus, mendicants, the unlearned, unconverted man, who does not associate either with the converted or the holy, or understand their law, or live according to it, such a man regards the soul either as identical with, or as possessing, or as containing, or as residing in the material properties (Rūpa); or as identical with, or as possessing, or as containing, or as residing in sensation (Vedanā)”

And so on of each of the three other Groups.

“By regarding soul in one of these twenty ways he gets the idea ‘I am.’ When that idea has arisen, each of the five senses enters into it; and so of the fifth Group, and the second, third, and fourth Groups, and ignorance. Mendicants! it is from sensation, the offspring of contact and ignorance, that the unlearned man derives the notions ‘I am,’ ‘This I exists,’ ‘I shall be,’ ‘I shall not be,’ ‘I shall or shall not have the first Group,’ ‘I shall or shall not have, or shall be neither with nor without, the third Group.’”

And so on.

Gogerly quotes the following passages from the Pitakas:†—

“Mendicants, the first Group is not the soul, the second Group is not the soul.”

And so on of all the five Groups.

“Mendicants, the eye is impermanent, but what decays is grievous; what is grievous is not the soul; of what is not the soul it cannot be said, ‘This is I,’ or ‘I am this.’”

And so on of each of the five senses and of the mind. There is more of a similar and still more emphatic kind, but I am afraid the reader may grow weary, and I turn therefore to a different mode of argument.

This belief in the soul, this delusion of self, is regarded so distinctly as a heresy that two well-known words in Buddhist terminology have been coined on purpose to stigmatize it.

* The *Abhidharma Kosha Vyākhyā* partly quoted by Burnouf, *Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien*, pp. 263, 508. The original Pāli is in the 5th Sutta of the *Khanda Vagga* of the *Sanyutta Nikāya* of the Sutta Pitaka; *apud* Alwis, *Buddhist Nirvāṇa*, p. 71.

† *Journal of the Ceylon Asiatic Society* (1867), 120, 121. Repeated almost word for word in the *Avadāna Sataka*, a late Sanskrit work of the Northern Buddhists. Burnouf, *Introduction*, 509.

The first of these is *Sakkāya-ditṭhi*, "the heresy of individuality," the name given to it as the first of the three primary delusions (the others being doubt about the Buddhas, and belief in the efficacy of rites and ceremonies), which must be abandoned at the very first stage of the Buddhist Path of Holiness. The other is *Attarāda*, "the doctrine of soul or self," the name given to it as a part of the chain of causes leading to the origin of evil: and it is instructive to notice that it and two similar delusions are there classed with sensuality and ritualism as the immediate cause of birth, decay, death, sorrow, lamentation, pain, grief, and despair.

Another proof of the prominence of this doctrine of the non-existence of a soul is the fact that the Brahmins, who have misunderstood many less important, or less clearly expressed, tenets of Buddhism, recognize this as one of its distinctive features.*

It is expressed in a more popular manner in the *Milinda Prashnaya* or "Questions of Menander," a Ceylonese translation of a very ancient Pāli work, professing to elucidate that view of Buddhism taught by Nāgarjuna, one of the founders of Northern Buddhism. It is a series of conversations between the Greek king Menander, of Sāgala in the Punjāb, and Nāgarjuna (also called Nāgasena); and at the very beginning of the series is placed the following dialogue.

The king said, "How is your reverence known? What is your name."

Nāgasena replied, "I am called Nāgasena by my parents, the priests, and others; but Nāgasena is not a separate entity."

To this the king objected, very much as a modern Christian might, that in that case there could be no virtue nor vice, no reward nor retribution (in other words no "sanction"). He then mentioned one after another all the parts of the body and mind, and the Groups just described, and asked of each whether it was Nāgasena. All these questions were answered in the negative. "Then," said the king, "I do not see Nāgasena. Nāgasena is a sound without meaning. You have spoken an untruth. There is no Nāgasena."

The mendicant asked, "Did your Majesty come here on foot or in a chariot?"

"In a chariot," was the answer.

"What is a chariot?" asked Nāgasena. "Is the ornamented cover the chariot? Are the wheels, the spokes of the wheels, or the reins, the chariot? Are all these put together (in a heap) the chariot? If you leave these out, does there remain anything which is the chariot?"

To all this the king said, "No."

* Colebrooke Essays, vol. i. 417 (ed. Cowell).

"Then I see no chariot. It is only a sound, a name. In saying that you came in a chariot, you have uttered an untruth. I appeal to the nobles, and ask them whether it is proper for the great king of all Jambudwipa to utter an untruth!"

Truly, not undeserved! But the king is not convinced. "No untruth have I uttered, venerable monk. The cover, wheels, seat, and other parts all united or combined (chariotwise) form the chariot. They are the usual signs by which that which is called a chariot is known."

"And just so," said Nāgasena, "in the case of man." And he quoted the words of the Teacher where he had said, "As the various parts of a chariot form, when united, the chariot, so the five Groups (skandhas) form, when united in one body, a being, a living existence."

Whatever we may think of the argument, it is at least clear that a soul is as little acknowledged in man as a separate *substance* is acknowledged in a chariot. It shows also that this doctrine is not drawn from Buddhism by implication; but must have been clearly and consciously held, with some apprehension, more or less correct, of the possible objections to it.

To remove the last shadow of doubt I add the following curious passage from the Brahma Jāla Sutta in the second Pitaka, where the argument is quite ludicrously complete. To quote all that relates to our question would be quite impossible; but, in short, Gautama discusses sixty-two different kinds of *wrong* belief. Among these are those held by men who think—

"The soul and the world are eternal; (it is true) there is no newly-existing substance, but *these* remain as a mountain-peak, unshaken, immovable. Living beings pass away, they transmigrate, they die, and are born; but these continue as being eternal."

After showing how the unfounded belief in the eternal existence of gods or lords arose, Gautama goes on to discuss the notion of the future existence of the soul, and points out thirty-two beliefs concerning it which he holds to be wrong. These are shortly as follows:—

"Upon what principle or on what account do these Mendicants and Brahmins hold the doctrine of future existence? . . . (1.) They teach that the soul is material, and that it will for ever consciously exist after death. (2.) They teach that the soul is immaterial and will have an eternal conscious existence after death. (3.) They teach that the soul partakes both of materiality and of immateriality, and will have an eternal conscious existence after death."

And so on; the rest of the condemned teachings are—(4.) That the soul will be neither material nor immaterial. (5—8.) That it will be finite or infinite, or both, or neither. (9—10.) With one, or

many modes of consciousness. (11, 12.) With few, or innumerable perceptions. (13—16.) Happy or miserable, or both, or neither. Then follow eight heresies, teaching that the soul—material or immaterial, or both, or neither, finite or infinitely diffused, or both, or neither—has an *unconscious* existence after death. And finally eight others, teaching that the soul, in one of the same eight ways, exists after death in a state of being, neither conscious nor unconscious.

We are not to suppose that each of these thirty-two heresies was actually held by any school or teacher. This is merely a mode of denying, as completely and categorically as possible, the notion that there is any soul, any thing, of any kind, that continues to exist, in any manner, after the dissolution of the "Groups," or, in other words, after death.

But Gautama had not been able to give up his belief in transmigration. He had gradually formed his belief—not by working up from the simple to complex, from the well known to the less known, and pausing humbly where uncertainty begins—but by gradually rejecting or modifying those parts of his early creed which could be proved to his mind to be inconsistent with what he held to be fact. In such cases each surrender causes a wrench, each standpoint is more strongly defended than the last; and the ultimate belief is not necessarily *more true* than those which have been abandoned, but only *less disprovable*. It is natural, moreover, for the mind to resist the longest the disproof of those hypotheses which satisfy it most completely by the explanation they afford of otherwise inexplicable mysteries. Now the doctrine of transmigration, in either the Brahmanical or Buddhist form, is not capable of disproof; while it affords an explanation quite complete, to those who can believe it, of the apparent anomalies and wrongs in the distribution, here, of happiness or woe. A child, for instance, is blind; this is owing to its eye-vanity, lust of the eye, in a former birth; but he has also unusual powers of hearing: this is because he loved, in a former birth, to listen to the preaching of the Law. The explanation can always be exact, for it is scarcely more than a repetition of the point to be explained; it may always fit the facts, for it is derived from them; and it cannot be disproved, for it lies in a sphere beyond the reach of human inquiry.

The reader will see that we have thus arrived at a dead-lock: to save what it holds to be psychological truth Buddhism rejects the notion of a soul; to save what it holds to be the necessity of justice, it retains the belief in transmigration. Where does it find the link of connection, the bridge between one life and another?

In order to do this, and thus preserve its "moral cause," it resorts to the desperate expedient of a mystery—one of the

four acknowledged mysteries in Buddhism* (which are also the four points on which it is most certainly wrong), the doctrine, namely, of *Karma*. I will state the doctrine as clearly as I can; but, as it is inconsistent with orthodox Buddhism for any person not a Buddha to understand it, I shall not hope to make it intelligible.

When a sentient being (man, angel, or animal) dies, a new being is instantly produced in a more or less painful and material state of existence, according to the *Karma*, the Desert—merit or demerit—of the being who has died. The cause which produces the new being is *Trishnā*, thirst, or *Upādāna*, grasping—expressions for very similar states of mind, which will be explained more fully further on. Sensations originate in the contact of the organs of sense with the exterior world; from sensation springs a desire to satisfy a felt want, a yearning, a “thirst” (*Trishnā*); from this, again, results a “grasping” after objects to satisfy that thirst. *It is this grasping state of mind (Upādāna) which causes the new being*—not, of course, a soul, but a new set of “Groups” (*Skandhas*), a new body endowed with mental and moral tendencies and capabilities (*Sanskāras*).

One can attach some meaning to the saying “Sensation causes excitement, yearning; yearning causes grasping;” but the words in italics contain an unfathomable mystery, on which I can throw no light, except to add that the grasping state of mind is divided (or explained) into four states—sensuality, the two great heresies,† ritualism, and the delusion of self—which are like the straws caught at by drowning men, the broken reeds on which they lean for happiness.

But though the mode of action of *Karma* is an incomprehensible mystery (simply because the force itself is a non-existent fiction of the brain), it is possible to find the foundation of truth on which the hypothesis rests—the same truth which lies at the bottom of the widely prevalent beliefs in fate and predestination. Not that fate and *Karma* are the same; the difference is very obvious. Fate is *un-moral* (neither moral nor immoral), and is an interruption to the law that effects are due to causes; the doctrine of *Karma* finds a *moral cause* for the effects it seeks to explain. But both depend on a perception of the fact that happiness and misery in this life are apportioned with an utter disregard of the moral qualities of men, according to the current notions of good or bad. When the innocent is oppressed, and his

* These are:—1. The effect of *Karma*. 2. The supernatural powers of the Buddha (*Iddhi*). 3. The size and first cause of the Universe. 4. The omniscience of the Buddha. Hardy, *Manual*, p. 9.

† These are very nearly the same as Materialism and Theism. The Pāli words are *kāma*, *dīṭṭhi* (of two kinds, *uccheda-vāda* and *saṁsāra-vāda*), *silabbata*, and *attavāda*. Alabaster, *Wheel of the Law*, 239.

persecutor prospers in the world, the sufferer—if he believed in fate—might think, "This was pre-ordained; I must submit," and would try to rectify the balance of justice by assuming a *result*, beyond what he sees, in the darkness of the *future*. If he believed in Karma, he would think, "This is my own doing, I must bear no malice," and would try to rectify the balance of justice by assuming a *cause*, beyond what he sees, in the darkness of the *past*.

Karma, from a Buddhist point of view, avoids the superstitious extreme on the one hand of those who believe in the separate existence of some entity called the soul, and the irreligious extreme on the other of those who do not believe in moral justice and retribution. Buddhism claims to have looked through the word "soul" for the fact it purports to cover, and to have found no fact at all, but only one or other of twenty different delusions which blind the eyes of men.* Nevertheless, if a man reaps sorrow, disappointment, pain, he himself, and no other, must at some time have sown folly, error, sin; and, if not in this life, then in some former birth. Where, then, in the latter case, is the identity between him who sows and him who reaps? *In that which alone remains*, when a man dies and the constituent parts of the sentient being are dissolved; in the result, namely, of his action, speech, and thought, in his good or evil *Karma* (literally his doing), *which does not die*.

We are familiar with the doctrine, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and can enter into the Buddhist feeling that, whatever a man reaps, that he must also have sown. We are familiar with the doctrine of the indestructibility of force, and can sympathize with the Buddhist dogma that no exterior power whatever can destroy the fruit of a man's deeds; that they must work out their full effect to the pleasant or the bitter end. But the peculiarity of Buddhism lies in this, that the result of what a man is or does is held (not to be dissipated, as it were, into many streams), but to be concentrated together in the formation of one new sentient being—new, that is, in its constituent parts and powers, but the same in its essence, its being, its doing, its *Karma*.

As one generation dies and gives way to another—the heir of the consequences of all its virtues and all its vices, the exact result of pre-existing causes—so each individual in the long chain of beings inherits all of good or evil which all its predecessors have done or been; and takes up the struggle towards enlightenment precisely there, where they have left it. But it is never conscious (except in a few rare instances when it has risen above the possibility of pleasure or of pain) of what its predecessors were, or of what its successors shall be. And so the true Buddhist saint does not stain the purity of his self-denial by lusting after a positive happiness

* See the passage quoted above, p. 254.

which he himself is to enjoy hereafter. His consciousness will cease to feel, but his virtue will live and work out its full effect in the decrease of the sum of the misery of sentient beings.

There may be some who say, "Seek for happiness here by the satisfaction of your natural cravings and desires:" others may say, "This is folly, but the faithful and the holy shall find happiness hereafter in a better world beyond." Buddhism maintains that the one hope is as delusive as the other, that the consciousness of self is a delusion, and that the attempt to satisfy the desires, born of sensation and ignorance, can never succeed in this world or in any other. "Drop then," it would say, "this petty foolish longing for such happiness, either here or hereafter! Here it comes of ignorance and leads to sin, which leads to sorrow; and there the conditions of existence are the same, and no new birth will render you anything but finite and ignorant still. Be pure then, and kind, not lazy in thought! Be awake, shake off your delusions, catch no longer at these drifting straws, and enter resolutely on 'the Path' which will lead you away from the restless tossing waves of the ocean of life, and take you to the calm City of Peace, to the real joy and rest of Nirvāna!"

We may learn, I think, a grave lesson from the influence which this appeal has had over the human race, its attractive power over so many earnest hearts! They have trusted themselves to the so-seeming stately arch which Buddhism has tried to build over the river of the mysteries and sorrows of life; they have been charmed and awed, perhaps, by the delicate or noble beauty of some of the several stones of which the arch is built; they have seen that the whole rests on a more or less solid foundation of fact, that on one side of the keystone is the necessity of justice, on the other the law of causation. But they have failed to see that the very keystone itself, the link between one life and another, is a mere word—this wonderful hypothesis, this airy nothing, this imaginary cause beyond the reach of reason—the individualized and individualizing force of Karma.*

The reader who has persevered thus far will begin to think perhaps that the doctrines of the Groups or Skandhas and of Karma have rendered impossible any kind of Nirvāna at all; but I would ask his special attention to the two doctrines of the Noble Truths, and the Noble Eightfold Path, which we must now briefly explain. These seem to me to be the centre teachings of Buddhism, which all the other doctrines were invented to lead up to and explain and justify; and it is especially in the Noble Eight-

* *Individualized* in so far as the result of a man's actions is concentrated in the formation of one second sentient being; *individualizing* in so far as it is the force by which different beings become one individual. In other respects the force of Karma is real enough.

fold Path that we shall find the original idea, the motive force, of the whole of Gautama's system.

The four Noble Truths are those laid down in Gautama's first sermon, the "Sutra of the Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness," and may be briefly explained as follows:*

1. *Sorrow*.—Birth, the five Groups, Decay, Disease, and Death (those conditions which are especially distinctive of individual existence), and also Contact with disagreeable objects, Separation from loved ones, Unfulfilled Desire of possession (those feelings which bring forcibly into mind the sense of our separate individuality), are precisely those conditions and feelings which are full of suffering and sorrow.

2. *The Origin of Sorrow*.—The kind of craving excitement which follows on sensation, and causes the delusion of self and the lust of life; which leads either to delight in the objects that present themselves or to a grasping (at straws) to supply a felt want; which grows into sensuality, desire of future life, or love of the present world—this eager yearning thirst (*Trishnā*) is the origin of all suffering. "The man whom this contemptible thirst (the poison of the world) overcomes, that man's sorrows grow, like the Birana-weed when it is spreading."†

3. *The Destruction of Sorrow*.—Sorrow and suffering will be overcome, extinguished, if this "thirst" be quenched, this lust of life destroyed. "He who overcomes this thirst, difficult to be overcome in this world, sufferings fall off from him, like water drops from a lotus leaf."‡

4. *The Noble Path*.—To accomplish this end there is only one way, the "Noble Path" of a perfect life, that is, a virtuous and thoughtful life.

"Enter on this Path and put an end to sorrow: verily the Path has been preached by me, who have found out how to quench the darts of grief. You yourselves must make the effort; the Buddhas are only preachers. The thoughtful who enter the Path are freed from the bondage of the Deceiver (*Māra*)."

The meaning of the expression "Noble Path" will be best understood by a consideration of its divisions into eight Angas or Parts, and into four Stages, with their four Fruits. The eight divisions are:—

* The Pāli text will be found in "Parinibbāna Sutta," p. 65; Gogerly's translation of the first sermon in the J. R. A. S., 1867; and the Sanskrit text in chapter xxvi. of the Lalita Vistara. All other versions are modifications, more or less correct, of these.

† Dhamma-pada, verse 335. As *Trishnā* is produced by sensations received through the five senses, or through the memory, it is said to be six-fold; as each of these may grow in the three ways mentioned in the text, it becomes eighteen-fold; by further dividing each class into two (outward and inward), it becomes thirty-six-fold; and as each of these may be past, present, or future, it becomes 108-fold, "and thus the little *Trishnā* becomes a hydra-headed monster, possessed of one hundred and eight modes of inflicting suffering on humanity." Wijesinha Mudaliar, *apud* Childers's Pāli Dict. s. v. *Taṇhā*.

‡ Dhamma-pada, verse 336.

§ Dhamma-pada, verses 275, 276.

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|---------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Right views. | 5. Right means of livelihood. |
| 2. Right feelings. | 6. Right exertion. |
| 3. Right words. | 7. Right memory. |
| 4. Right behaviour. | 8. Right meditation. |

The four Paths or stages of the Path are :—

1. Conversion : the entering upon the stream (*Sotā-patti*) which follows on one of four favourable conditions—companionship with the good, hearing of the Law, enlightened reflection, or the practice of virtue. The unconverted man (*puthujjana*) is under the influence of sin, sensuality, and enmity, is vain and thoughtless; when by one of the four means just mentioned he has arrived at a perception of the Noble Truths, he has entered the Paths, and is “in the stream.” While in the first Path he becomes gradually free from three “fetters”—namely, *the delusion of self, doubt,† and belief in the efficacy of rites and ceremonies*. Freedom from these “fetters” is the “fruit” of the first Path. “Better than universal empire in this world, better than going to heaven, better than lordship over all worlds is (this threefold) fruit of the first Path.”‡

2. The Path of those who will only return once to this world. The converted man (*sekha*), free from doubt and the two delusions of self and ritualism, gradually succeeds in this stage in reducing to a minimum *sensuality, ill-will, and foolishness*. To have done so is the “fruit” of the second Path.

3. The Path of those who will never return to this world. In this stage *the last remnants* of sensuality and malevolence are destroyed. When not the least low desire for oneself, or ill-will towards others, can arise in the heart, the “fruit” of the third Path has been attained.

4. The Path of the holy ones (more exactly, worthy ones, *Arahats*). In this the *Arahat* becomes *free from desire for life under material or immaterial conditions; from pride, self-righteousness, and ignorance*. He is now free from all delusion (*āsava*), from all sin (*kilesa*); he sees things as they are; evil desires of all kinds being rooted up from his mind, he only experiences right desires for himself, and tender pity and regard and exalted spiritual love for others.

“As a mother even at the risk of her own life protects her son, her only son, so let there be good-will without measure among all beings. Let good-will without measure—unhindered love and friendliness—prevail in the whole world, above, below, around.”§

* *Parinibbāna Sutta*, in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. vii. part i. p. 67. Compare Hardy's *Eastern Monachism*, 288.

† Explained in later books to mean doubt as to the Buddhas.

‡ *Dhamma-pada*, verse 178. Modern Buddhists put Christianity under the head of the third fetter. Alabaster, *Wheel of the Law*, p. 237.

§ *Metta Sutta*, verses 8, 9, from Childers's text, *J. R. A. S.*, 1869, describing the character of the *Arahats*.

The ten sins, or rather sinful dispositions, thus conquered in the course of the four stages of the Noble Path, are called the ten fetters (*sanyojanas*); and of the Arahāt it is said, "Let him lay aside ill-will, let him altogether put off pride, let him conquer every Fetter: to such a one, no longer tied to the five Groups, sorrows come not near."*

One might fill pages with the awe-struck and ecstatic praise lavished in the Buddhist writings on this condition of mind, the fruit of the fourth Path, the state of an Arahāt, of one made perfect according to the Buddhist faith. But all that could be said is included and simplified in one pregnant phrase—*This is Nirvāna*.

"To him who has finished the Path, and passed beyond sorrow, who has freed himself on all sides and thrown away every fetter, there is no more fever of grief." "He whose senses have become tranquil, like a horse well broken in by the driver, who is free from pride and the lust of the flesh, and the lust after life, and the defilement of ignorance, him even the gods envy." "Such a one whose conduct is right remains like the broad earth, unvexed; like the pillar of the city gate, unmoved; like the pellucid lake, unruffled. For such there are no more births." "Tranquil is the mind, tranquil the words and deeds, of him who is thus tranquillized, made free by wisdom."† "They who, by steadfast mind, have become exempt from evil desire, and well trained in the teachings of Gautama; they, having obtained the fruit of the fourth Path and immersed themselves in that ambrosia, have received without price, and are in the enjoyment of Nirvāna."‡ "That mendicant does well who has conquered sin by means of holiness, from whose eyes the veil of errors has been removed, who is well trained in religion, who is free from (that yearning) Thirst, and who is skilled in the knowledge of, and has attained unto, Nirvāna."§

Here, then, we have the answer to the question, What is Nirvāna, which literally means simply "going out," "extinction?" It is the "going out," the disappearance, of that sinful, yearning, grasping condition of mind and heart which would otherwise, according to the great mystery of Karma, be the cause of renewed individual existence. That extinction is to be brought about by, and runs parallel to, the growth of the opposite condition of mind and heart; it is complete when that opposite condition is reached. Nirvāna is therefore a moral condition, a pure, calm, clear state of mind, and if translated at all, may best be rendered HOLINESS—holiness, that is, in the Buddhist sense—perfect peace, goodness, and wisdom.

To attempt translations of such pregnant terms is, however, always dangerous; for the new word—part of a new language, the outcome of a different tone of thought—while it may denote the same, or nearly the same, idea, usually calls up together with it very different ones. This is the case here. Our word holiness

* Dhamma-pada, verse 221.

† Ibid., verses 90, 94, 95, 96.

‡ Ratana Sutta, verse 7.

§ Sammā-paribbājaniya Sutta.

would often suggest the ideas of love to, and awe in the presence of, a personal Creator—ideas quite inconsistent with Buddhist holiness. On the other hand, Nirvāna implies intellectual energy and the cessation of individual existence; of which the former is not essential to, and the latter is quite unconnected with, our idea of holiness. Holiness and Nirvāna, in other words, may express states of mind not greatly different; but these are due to different causes, and end in different results; and in using the word holiness, it is impossible to confine one's thought to the thing expressed, without also thinking of its origin and its effect. It is better, therefore, to retain the word Nirvāna as the name of the Buddhist *summum bonum*, which is a blissful, holy state, a modification of personal character; and we should allow the word to remind us, as it did the early Buddhists, both of the "Noble Path" which leads to the extinction of sin, and also of the break in the transfer of Karma which the extinction of sin will bring about.

That this must be the effect of Nirvāna is plain; for that state of mind which in Nirvāna is extinct (*upādāna*, *trishṇā*, *klesa*, grasping, yearning, sin) is precisely that which will at death, according to the doctrine of Karma, lead to the formation of a new individual, to whom the "doing," the Karma, of the dissolved or dead one will be transferred. The Buddhist Arahāt who has reached Nirvāna, the saint of the fourth Path, is still alive. The Skandhas or Groups, the product of his former sin, remain;* but these are impermanent, and will soon pass away. There will then be nothing left to bring about the rise of a new set of Groups, of another sentient being. The Arahāt will be no longer alive in any sense at all; he will have reached Parinirvāna, complete extinction, death with no new life to follow.

It is the confusion between these two expressions, Nirvāna and Parinirvāna, which has led to much of the uncertainty; a confusion to which European writers on Buddhism were especially liable, as they naturally take for granted that the highest happiness, the aim of a religious man, *must* be some state to be attained to *after* death. But "Nirvāna" and "Parinirvāna," though, like "phrase" and "paraphrase," they have something in common, are perfectly distinct words, applied to perfectly distinct ideas; and in the Buddhist scriptures they are never confounded one with the other.

The life of man then—to use a constantly recurring Buddhist simile or parable—is like the flame of an Indian lamp, an earthen-

* In reference to this belief, Nirvāna is called in the Vangīsa Sutta (verse 14) *sa-upādi-sesa-nibbāna*, Nirvāna with the Skandhas remaining, *upādi* being a collective name for the five Groups. In contradistinction, Parinirvāna is called *nir-upādi-sesa nibbāna-dhātu*, par. S. p. 238; where *dhātu*, I suppose, is added because without it the expression would seem like a contradiction in terms.

ware or metal saucer in which a cotton wick is laid in oil. One life is derived from another, as one flame is lit at another; it is not the same flame, but without the other it would not have been. As flame could not exist without oil, so life, individual existence, depends on the cleaving to low and earthly things, the sin of the heart. If there is no oil in the lamp it will go out, though not until the oil already absorbed into the wick is exhausted; and then no new flame can be lighted there. And so the parts and powers of the sinless man will be dissolved, and no new being will be born to sorrow: the wise will be extinguished like the flame of a lamp, and their Karma will be individualized no longer. Stars long ago extinct may be still visible to us by the light they emitted before they ceased to burn; the rapidly vanishing effect of a no longer active cause will soon cease to strike upon our senses, and where the light was will be darkness. "Their old Karma destroyed, no new Karma arising, their hearts no longer lusting after future life; the seed of their existence being destroyed, and no new yearnings springing up within them, they—the wise—go out like the flame of this lamp."*

But this is a result of, it is not Nirvāna. The Buddhist heaven is not death; and it is not death, but a perfect life here and now, which is held up in the Pitakas as the highest happiness, the noblest aim, the most elevating hope, for mankind. Thus of the Dhamma-pada, the most considerable Pitaka text yet published, Professor Max Müller, who was the first to point out the fact, says:—

"If we look in the Dhamma-pada at every passage where Nirvāna is mentioned there is not one which would require that its meaning should be annihilation; while most, if not all, would become perfectly unintelligible if we assigned to the word Nirvāna that signification."†

The same thing may be said of such other parts of the Pitakas as are accessible to us in published texts. Thus the commentator on the Jātakas quotes some verses from the Buddhavansa or "History of the Buddhas," one of the books of the second Pitaka. In those verses we have (*inter alia*) an argument based on the logical assumption that if a positive exists its negative must also exist—if there is heat there must be cold, and so on. In one of these pairs we find existence opposed not to Nirvāna, but to non-existence (*vibhava*); while in another the three fires (of lust, hatred, and delusion) are opposed to Nirvāna. It follows, I think, that to the mind of the composer of the Buddhavansa, Nirvāna meant not the extinction of being, but the extinction of the three fires of passion.‡

* Ratana Sutta, verse 14.

† Buddhaghosha's Parables, p. xli.

‡ Fausbøll's Pali Text of the Jātaka, p. 14.

To quote here *all* the passages in which the word Nirvāna occurs would be tedious; but they will be found brought together in the appendix to this paper, together with references to the most important passages from the Ceylon fifth century commentators. From those passages it would seem that the word was used in its original sense only, even as late as the time of Buddhagosa. After that time we occasionally—but very seldom, and only when the context makes the modification clear—find Nirvāna used where we should expect Parinirvāna, just as “bow” is actually used for “rainbow,” when “in the heavens,” or some such expression is in the context; and it is conceivable that “phrase” might come to be used for “paraphrase.” In these cases the general sense of the context has the same qualifying force as the prefix would otherwise have had; and so far from this usage being a proof that Nirvāna, without the qualifying prefix, originally meant the same as Parinirvāna, it is very striking that such a use of the word should not occur in books much earlier than those in which it is actually found.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Sanskrit Buddhist texts differ on this point from those composed in Pāli. So little indeed is known of the books of the Northern Buddhist canon* that it is difficult to discover their doctrine on any controverted point; but so far as it is possible to judge, they confirm that use of the word Nirvāna which we have found in the Pitakas. In the Lalita Vistara the word occurs in a few passages, in none of which the sense of annihilation is necessary; and in all of which I take Nirvāna to mean the same as the Pāli Nibbāna.† The Tibetan rendering of the word is a long phrase, meaning, according to Burnouf, “the state of him who is delivered from sorrow,” or the state in which one finds oneself when one is so delivered (*affranchi*).‡ This is confirmed by Mr. Beal’s authoritative work on Chinese Buddhism, where the Chinese version of the Parinirvāna Sūtra has the following passages: “Nirvāna is just so. In the midst of sorrow there is no Nirvāna, and in Nirvāna there is no sorrow.” “I (Gautama) devote myself wholly to moral culture, so as to arrive at the highest condition of Moral Rest, the highest Nirvāna.”§ And so again in the verse quoted from the epilogue to the Prātimoksha.

“The heart scrupulously avoiding all idle dissipation, diligently applying itself to the holy Law of Buddha, letting go all lust and consequent disappointment, fixed and unchangeable, enters on Nirvāna.”||

* If indeed they ever had a canon, which is still doubtful. Compare the Rev. S. Beal’s Report on the Buddhist Tripitaka of China and Japan, p. 110.

† Foucaux, pp. 106, 235, 262, 290, 340, 364-8, 391.

‡ Introduction à l’histoire du Bouddhisme Indien, p. 19.

§ Catena of Buddhist Scriptures from the Chinese, pp. 174, 183; comp. 283.

|| Ibid. p. 159.

If we can trust these translations through the Chinese—and I think for our present purpose we may—they certainly do not contravene the position I have endeavoured in this paper to prove, and they seem to me very strongly to support it. In the later Sanskrit books the notices of Nirvāna are so scanty that no conclusion can be drawn as to the views of their authors, but it is clear that they use Parinirvāna in the sense of death with no life to follow.*

Finally, it has been maintained that the popular notion of Nirvāna differs from that found in the books. I can find no confirmation of this view. Every supposed authority for it resolves itself into a misapprehension on the part of the European interrogator; and when a careful scholar like Bishop Bigandet records the Buddhist answer, it is found to support the doctrine laid down in the Pitakas.

But Europeans ignorant of the doctrine of the Groups, and of the doctrine of Karma, or taking for granted that the *summum bonum* must be in a future state, have confused the Buddhist idea of Nirvāna, with that of a new and temporary birth among the gods, and have actually drawn the conclusion that the Buddhist Nirvāna was a Mohammedan paradise! I venture to think that no Buddhist of any school, or any country, or any time either thought or said so; and—whether this be so or not—that the Nirvāna taught by the early Buddhists was a moral condition, a modification of character, to be brought about by personal self-control and self-discipline of mind and heart; a state of peace, goodness, and wisdom attainable here, in this life, and in this world. I am not unaware that this view may appear somewhat new and startling; but it is so, I think, more in appearance than in reality; and it seems to me to derive its chief confirmation from the fact that it stands very near to, and in some degree justifies and explains the origin of most of the divergent opinions previously expressed.†

* Nirvāna is mentioned at pp. 114, 116, 118, 120, of Burnouf's translation of *Saddharma Puṇḍarīka*. Where he writes, "Nirvāna complet," the original has, I presume, *Parinirvāna*. Compare the quotations from the *Avadāna Śataka*, and *Pancakrama*, at pp. 78, 83, 590, 591, of the Introduction.

† The most important expressions of opinion by European writers on the question of Nirvāna are by *Professor Childers*, in his *Pāli Dictionary*, under the words *Nibbānam*, *Parinibbānam*, and *Upādi*. *Professor Max Müller*, *loc. cit. supra*, p. 265; and also *Chips from a German Workshop*, i. 247—250, 280—290. *Jas. d'Alois*, *Buddhist Nirvāna*, 1871: a pamphlet full of information, which has been too little read. *The Rev. J. Gogerly*, *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Ceylon branch, 1867, p. 130. *The Rev. J. Scott*, *ibid.*, p. 89. *The Rev. R. Spence Hardy*, *Eastern Monachism*, 280—309; and *Legends and Theories of the Buddhists*, 169—174. *Bishop Bigandet*, *Life and Legends of Guṇadama*, 320—323. *Alabaster*, *Wheel of the Law*, xxxvii. and 165. *Sir Coomāra Seena*, *Sutta Nipāta*, xxiv. *Rémusat*, *Foo Kone Ki*, 80—156. *Wassilief*, *Der Buddhismus*, #4, 93—101. *The Rev. S. Beal's* *Catena of Buddhist Scriptures from the Chinese*, 154, 172. *Köppen*, *Die Religion des Buddha*, i. 304—309. *Burnouf*, *Introduction*, &c., pp. 516—522. *Lotus*, 519. A number of references to other writers will be found in *Oley's Du Nirvāna Bouddhique*, Paris, 1863.

APPENDIX.

Passages in the published parts of the Pitakas in which the word *Nibbāna* (Pāli for *Nirvāna*) occurs :—

1. *Dhamma-pada*, ver. 23.—These wise people (speaking of Arahats) meditative, persevering, ever full of strength, attain to *Nirvāna*, the highest bliss.

2. *Dhp.* ver. 32.—The mendicant who delights in diligence, and looks with terror on sloth, cannot fall away; he is in the very presence of *Nirvāna*.

3. *Dhp.* ver. 134.—If thou keepest thyself as silent as a broken gong, thou hast attained *Nirvāna*; no angry clamour is found in thee.*

4. *Dhp.* ver. 184.—The Buddhas declare the best self-mortification to be patience, long-suffering; the best (thing of all) to be *Nirvāna*—for he is no (true) monk who strikes, no (true) mendicant who insults others.

5. *Dhp.* vers. 202, 203.—There is no fire like lust; there is no sin like hate; there is no misery like the Skandhas (Groups); there is no happiness like peace. Hunger is the worst disease, the Sanskāras (Tendencies) the worst suffering; knowing this as it really is, is *Nirvāna*, the highest bliss.†

6. *Dhp.* ver. 226.—Those who are ever on the watch, who study day and night, whose heart is set on *Nirvāna*, their delusions‡ (āsavas) die away.

7. *Dhp.* ver. 283.—Cut down lust, not a tree; from lust springs fear; having cut down with all its undergrowth (vanatha) the forest of lust (vana), become *Nirvāna*'d (dis-lusted, free from yearning), O mendicants.§

8. *Dhp.* ver. 285.—Cut off the love of self, as (you might) an autumn lotus with your hand; devote yourself to the Path of Peace alone, for by the Blessed One *Nirvāna* has been revealed.||

9. *Dhp.* ver. 289.—The wise man restrained according to the Ten Commandments, seeing the force of this truth, should at once clear the Path leading to *Nirvāna*.

10. *Dhp.* ver. 369.—Bail out, O mendicant, this boat; when

* The previous verse condemns harsh speaking. Comp. James iii. 2.

† On the Groups and Tendencies see above, p. 252.

‡ The āsavas are four: sensual pleasure, lust after life, delusion (about a soul), and ignorance. Burnouf (Lotus, p. 823) says there are three, and omits delusion; but this is probably a slip, for his authority is the Parinibbāna Sutta, and the text itself (edition Childers, J. R. A. S., 1876, pp. 228, 230, &c.), gives the same four as Hardy, Manual, 496, E. M. 230. An-āsava is a synonym of the Arahāt who has attained to the fruit of the fourth Path.

§ This curious pun is repeated at verse 344, in nearly the same form. As there is a doubt, however, about the reading, I do not quote that verse, which would strongly support my view.

|| Though Gautama revealed the Path, only personal exertion can bring one along it. Comp. verse 276, quoted above, p. 261.

bailed out it will go quickly;* when thou hast cut off lust and hatred thou shalt arrive at Nirvāna.

11. *Dhp.* ver. 372.—There is no meditation (Dhyāna)† without wisdom, no wisdom without Dhyāna; he who has both wisdom and Dhyāna is in the presence of Nirvāna.

12. *Mangala Sutta*, ver. 11.—Temperance and chastity, to discern the Noble Truths, to experience Nirvāna—that is the greatest blessing.

13. *Ratana Sutta*, ver. 12.—(Beautiful) as groves and thickets covered with blossoms in the first hot month of summer, the Buddha preached for the good of all his glorious Law, which leads to Nirvāna.

14. *Nidhi-kāṇḍa Sutta*, ver. 13.—All earthly glory and heavenly joy, and the bliss of Nirvāna, can be procured by this treasure (charity, piety, and self-control).

15. *Buddhavaṇsa* (*apud Jātaka*, p. 14).—And as where heat is there is also cold, so where the threefold fire (of lust, hatred, and delusion) is, there Nirvāna (the “going out” of that fire) must be sought. (Quoted above, p. 265.)

16. From the *Mahā Vagga* of the first Pitaka (*apud* Gogerly on Buddhism, p. 6).—This is a matter hard to understand, the suppression of all the *sankāras*, the forsaking of all sin (*klesa*), the destruction of yearning (*trishṇā*), the absence of lust, the cessation (of sorrow) Nirvāna.

Some of the above passages are so ambiguous that they would allow of any of the definitions of Nirvāna, but while several of them seem to me to be inconsistent with the belief in the annihilation of a soul, others are inconsistent with that of a blissful existence of a soul after death. On the other hand the definition of Nirvāna given above (p. 263) agrees very well with each one of the sixteen passages.

The same moral condition which from one point of view is called Nirvāna, is often referred to under other epithets; and it would very much strengthen the case could we quote all those passages also. A few of the most frequent of these names of Nirvāna are—“The Sweet Food and Heavenly Drink” of the wise, “The Lake of Ambrosia” in which their sins are washed away, “The Tranquil State, the Unshaken Condition” (alluding to the final perseverance theory), “Cessation” (of sorrow), “Absence” (of sin), “Destruction” (of *trishṇā*), “The Uncomposed” (which cannot therefore be dissolved), “Purity” (from sin), “Freedom” (from

* At *Kāma Sutta*, verse 6, the same figure is used. I take the water to represent the sins and delusions conquered by the Paths; the water-logged boat to be the sinful man; the sea to be transmigration; and Nirvāna to be the other shore, or the happy island, having reached which, one is safe.

† On the Four Dhyānas or stages of religious meditation and ecstatic trance, see Childers's Dict. s. v. *Jhānam*.

the Ten Fetters), "Tranquillization," "Bliss," and so on. One of its best known synonyms occurs in the account of Gautama's victory over the Spirit of Evil under the Bo tree (vimutti, J. 77, 78, 80); and Nibbāna itself is mentioned in an instructive passage (p. 61 of the same commentary), just before the Great Renunciation (compare the commentary on the Dhamma-pada, pp. 118, 282). The word Nibbāna also occurs in the Rasavāhini, p. 29, and in the Jina Alankāra as quoted by Burnouf, Lotus, 332, 516, 545, 831; and see 376.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.



WEIMAR UNDER SCHILLER AND GOETHE.

"To Goethe himself this connection with Weimar opened the happiest course of life which, probably, the age he lived in could have yielded him. Moderation, yet abundance; elegance without luxury or sumptuousness; art enough to give a heavenly firmament to his existence; business enough to give it a solid earth."

CARLYLE.

WEIMAR, the capital city of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, is, in every material sense, one of the least considerable of the cities of Europe. But it is charmingly situated among the gentle hills and leafy woods of Thuringia. It is near Luther's Wartburg; it is not far from Jena, the city of the University and of the great battle, and from Erfurt. It has, it is true, some claim to dignity in respect that it is a *Residenz*; but it has no trade, and had, at the beginning of the present century, a population of only 7,000 inhabitants. Weimar is nevertheless exceptionally great as one of the spiritual cities of Europe. People still come from all parts of the cultured earth to visit Stratford-upon-Avon, the Mecca of England; and persons, actuated by the same motives which inspire the Stratford pilgrims, still visit gentle, pretty, quiet little Weimar, which was once a republic of letters, ruled by two great kings—Schiller and Goethe. Here, after Goethe had brought Schiller to Weimar, and had procured for his brother-poet a suitable appointment from the Grand Duke, the poet-princes worked in harmonious co-operation and generous emulation in a constant and noble effort to inspire and to elevate German literature and thought. They worked by means of personal influence, of lofty criticism, and by the example of their own productions. Germans still fondly and proudly term Weimar the "Athens on the Ilm;" and it has seemed to me worth while to endeavour to present some picture of Weimar at the close of the

last, and at the commencement of the present century; that is, of Weimar in its day of glory as the focus and centre-point of German literature while under the reign and influence of the immortal Dioscuri.

The two poets, in their joint Weimar career as the leaders and inspirers of German literature, appear to us as double stars, as twin peaks; and yet those who have eyes that can penetrate the mysteries of space, may discern that the one star is larger and brighter than the other; those who can judge as they gaze from the flat up to the great heights will easily see that one of the two peaks which, superficially regarded, appear to be of equal altitude, is much loftier than the other. Goethe, immeasurably too great for envy or for jealousy; Goethe, in whose soul littleness could find no place, was desirous of sharing the burden of intellectual rule with a co-operator whom he could love and trust. He inspired Schiller for the post, and then elevated him to the dignity of the second person in the duumvirate. Schiller was his most worthy assistant, but, critically considered, Goethe must be regarded as the great king of German literature. He is the Jupiter of Germania.

The history of German literature presents us with one curious and singular phenomenon. It differs therein from the literatures of England and of France in respect that it flowered late; that its classic writers may be counted as contemporaries; and that its times of bud, of blossom, and of fruit may be compressed well within a century. Lessing produced "*Minna von Barnhelm*" in 1757, and Heine died in 1856. German literature presents no long and almost unbroken stream of literary activity and excellence. It has not a succession of great epochs or a continuous line of mighty names. It has no early objective poet who can rank with Father Chaucer. It has no Elizabethan era of Reformation impulse and Shakspearian splendour. It has no Civil Wars period which includes a Milton. It has no Restoration day of meretricious tarnished brilliancy, the mirror of national decadence. It has no time of Dryden, no Augustan age of Anne, of Addison, and Swift, and Pope; it has now no literature still vitally maintaining itself supreme, and containing such names as Carlyle, Tennyson, George Eliot, Froude. It has no long-descended and still splendid career of continuous achievement in prose, in poetry, in the drama, in history, in essay. During many of the centuries at which we have just glanced it was comparatively dumb; but it flowered splendidly indeed during one century which had finished by the middle of the present century. The causes of this comparative silence, and of this late glory, are to be sought in political and in social history.

Frederick the Great, who marks the termination of an epoch, was

wholly French in his literary culture and tastes. He lived, indeed, to see, in his old age, the dawn of the coming day of his nation's literary greatness; but he had little sympathy with the advent of German genius, and Lessing, Goethe, and the others remained unknown to him, unrecognized by him. He said of "Götz von Berlichingen," that it is an *imitation détestable de ces mauvaises pièces anglaises*. He could hardly express his contempt more strongly than by comparing a drama to those of Shakspeare. The Emperor Joseph II., a man of clear head, but without poetic sympathy, could not spare, from the conflicts and troubles of his reign, much time to appreciate or to further literature, but he yet patronized Blumauer; and Germany, in that day of national disunion, which left the country so dangerously exposed to the foreign foe, possessed, in addition to the great Courts of Berlin and Vienna, many smaller Courts, some of which deserve credit for the help which they gracefully and graciously rendered to letters in a time, and under institutions and manners, which left the literature of the country so greatly dependent upon Court patronage.

Freiligrath, depressed by the sad condition of the then disjointed Fatherland, sang, in his "Knospe Deutschlands"—

" Herr Gott im Himmel, welche Wunderblume
Wird einst vor Allem dieses Deutschland seyn ! "

and the aspirations for unity and strength of the most ardent German patriot of the old day, have since been more than realized by the magnanimous genius of Bismarck, seconded by the loyal wisdom of Kaiser Wilhelm. Only those who knew the circumstances in Germany before the reign of Bismarck, can worthily comprehend how great his services have been to a great nation: but literary greatness has not kept pace with political success, and for the poetical glories of Germany we must look backwards to the days of disunion, to the epoch of national political weakness, and to the life of the smaller Courts.

Let us glance for a moment at some of these smaller German Courts towards the close of the eighteenth century.

For instance, let us look at Mannheim, where the Kurfürst Karl Theodor was a real patron of art, and, more particularly, of the drama. Count Wilhelm von Schaumburg-Lippe was the friend of Abt, and, in 1771, invited Herder to settle at Bückeberg; while the Landgräfin Karoline von Darmstadt caused a collection of Klopstock's Odes to be printed and published. Wieland thought so highly of this highly-placed lady, that he expressed a fervent wish that she could be made Queen of Europe. At the Court of Darmstadt, Schiller read aloud his own "Don Carlos," and was rewarded for the reading with the title of *Rath*. The Courts of Gotha, Coburg, and Meiningen evinced the truest interest in literature,

and delighted to honour humour through its best and most genial representative, Jean Paul. This Court theatre of Gotha flourished under the auspices of Ernst II., and possessed Ekhof, the greatest actor of the time. In Gotha Gotter wrote his "Medea," and the fine and gifted Thümmel, after resigning his office of Minister in Coburg, transferred his residence to Gotha, and lived there until his death, in 1817. The whimsical but talented Emil August lived in intimacy with Jean Paul, and wrote his "Kyllenion, oder ein Jahr in Arkadien" in imitation of the style of Richter. Jean Paul said that Emil August had the wittiest head that ever wore a crown; and the Titan also praises highly Herzog Franz, of Coburg, and the honest, genial Herzog Georg von Meiningen. It is clear that some of the smaller German Courts have acquired a claim to the respect and gratitude of posterity by their enlightened and genial patronage of art, of letters, and of literary men. The political misfortune of Germany—a misfortune which was proved to demonstration by Napoleon in 1806, after the battle of Jena, when conquered Germany was overrun by the French, and when Weimar, and even Goethe's house, were occupied by French soldiers—was yet not without its good results for literature. In the absence of centralization and of a large reading public, those of many minor Courts which did their duty rendered good service to the literature of the nation.

Among the smallest of these small Courts was that of Weimar, which yet was to eclipse them all, and to become one of the greatest European centres of intellect, of poetry, and of the drama. Weimar not only reckoned among its resident great men, all attracted to the place by the Dowager Duchess Amalie and by the Duke Karl August and his Duchess Luise, Goethe and Schiller, Wieland and Herder; but it became, as we shall see, a focus and centre of attraction for all other German and even European celebrities who visited it.

The foundation of the intellectual pre-eminence of Weimar is ascribable to the "Dowager Duchess" of Goethe's time. Anna Amalie of Brunswick, a niece of Frederick the Great, married, in 1756, Ernst August Constantin, the reigning Grand Duke, and was left a regent and a widow in 1758. She had one son, Karl August, the well-known princely Mécenas and intimate friend of Goethe; and, in 1772, the Duchess invited Wieland to Weimar, as tutor to the heir apparent. As assistant tutor to the young Duke, Karl Ludwig von Knebel, a Prussian officer, was added in 1773. This Knebel was a man of mark and merit, and his *Briefwechsel*, or Correspondence with Goethe, is one of the books which throw light upon the relations of the interesting Weimar circle. The Duchess was a woman of active and cultured intelligence; and her friendship for Wieland remained steadfast and unalterable.

The epicurean patriarch, the apostle of *Schöngeisterei*, the representative of Greek-German-French influences, held as his evangel, *der heitere Genuss des Lebens*, "the cheerful enjoyment of life;" and the gay Duchess, who loved the beautiful in art and nature, was a disciple of the doctrine of her lively and gifted friend, who exercised a strong influence over her life and views of life.

Goethe, who then owed his fame to "Werther" and to "Götz," was visited in Frankfort, in 1774, by the young Duke, who seems even then to have been capable of a deep and noble hero-worship. In 1775 Karl August came of age, and one of the first acts of his memorable reign was to invite Goethe to transfer his residence to Weimar. The great poet, who had already done so much, but who had yet so much more and higher work to do, complied; and that long career of glorious activity, which rendered Weimar an immortal city, then commenced. Goethe (born 1749) was at the time twenty-six. He had begun "Egmont," and had just broken off his *Verhältniss* to "Lili."

Goethe was appointed in 1776 *Geheimer Legationsrath*; in 1779 he was made *wirklicher Geheimrath*; in 1782 he was raised to the high office of *Kammer Präsident*; and Karl August, in order to overcome the prejudices and the opposition of the nobility, elevated his poet-friend to the rank of noble.

But these distinctions, however merited, were not conferred without a conflict between the *Kleinstädtereie* of the little Duchy and the world-wide genius of the great poet. There were, at first, cabals, intrigues, oppositions, all of which the clear-willed Duke resolutely overcame. Wieland was annoyed at the invitation to Goethe, and showed his jealous resentment, although he was soon influenced by the magic of the poet's personality and genius, and wrote, in 1775, that "his soul was as full of Goethe as a dewdrop of the morning sun." His tone towards Goethe altered, as time went on, with every variation of his mood, or of circumstances. The warm, womanly partisanship of the Duchess Amalie never failed him, but Karl August was as resolute and as constant in support of his greater rival. Of the Duke, Goethe said truly, that *edelstes Wohlwollen und reinste Menschenliebe haben ihn beseelt*: that he was "animated by the noblest benevolence, and by the purest love of humanity." He knew how to estimate Goethe, and no cabal, whether of Court intrigue or of literary envy, could prevail against his noble steadfastness.

Of the frolics of the princely poet and of the poet-loving prince, in the close intimacy of their wild youth, I have no space to speak. Of their cracking whips in the market-place, of their dancing in the mines, of their life in the *Borkenhaus*, I can give no pictures here. Enough that their friendship was warm, noble, and human. Youth is its own god, and they enjoyed it to the top of its bent.

The next figure added to the round table of Weimar is that of Johann Gottfried von Herder, who, in 1776, was called by Goethe from Bückeberg to Weimar. *Freund Humanus*, as Goethe termed him, was the high priest of Humanity, and Goethe hoped much from his co-operation. Herder was appointed, at Goethe's request, *Hofprediger* and *Generalsuperintendent*. Goethe had known him at Strasburg, and he used all his influence to obtain the appointment for his old friend. He also found a residence for Herder.

But Herder was not suited either for Weimar or for Goethe, and a gulf soon opened between him and the Court, between him and Goethe. Herder, as a preacher, may have genuinely disliked the circles out of which Marianne and Philine could be created; but he was also of a gloomy and hypochondriacal temperament, and he soon became isolated from his Weimar life surroundings. He disliked the doctrines of Kant, and disliked Schiller as a disciple of Kant. His temper, too, was fitful and uncertain. Goethe, who knew his worth, and was filled with large, sweet tolerance and sympathy, treated Herder invariably with all respect, kindness, and consideration, but no effort on the part of Goethe could produce cordiality on the part of Herder. As a grouse which, while feeding in the purple heather, is all the while secreting a certain bitter in his back, so Herder, in his life at Weimar, was nourishing a morbid, sullen bitterness, which lay latent in his character. Goethe was alternately attracted and repelled; attracted by Herder's many fine qualities, repelled by his harsh and unsocial bitterness. Their art aims and sympathies were not in close accord; and when Schiller came to Weimar, Herder and Wieland formed the nucleus of a *Fronde*, and went into open opposition. Herder attacked the poet-duumvirate, and wrote bitterly against "Meister" and against "Wallenstein." Wieland and Herder fought each for his own hand, but they were united in opposing the leadership and in attacking the work of Goethe and of Schiller. Wieland, a man of gay, sweet nature, with fine poetic sensibility, was at times conquered and charmed by the genius and the character of Goethe. His opposition wavered; but Herder's enmity remained, and was consistent.

We next come to Schiller. He also was brought to Weimar by Goethe. Ten years younger than Goethe, Schiller (born 1759) came from Jena to Weimar in 1799. The two poets first became friends in Jena in 1794, and their personal and literary intercourse and correspondence had been since that time constant and cordial. Goethe assisted Schiller in the production of the *Horen*, a work which soon died, because it did not pay its expenses. *Ein Zeichen*, says Gottschall, *wie wenig damals unsere grossen Dichter auf ein grosses Publikum zu rechnen hatten!* "A proof how little great German poets could then reckon upon a large public."

Schiller's dramatic reputation rested, in 1799, upon his "Robbers," "Fiesco," "Kabale und Liebe," and "Don Carlos." His first work, like the first work of Goethe, had met with extraordinary success; the "Robbers" and "Werther" had alike attained to extreme popularity; both had given rise to a flood of imitative literature; both were looked back upon in after-years by their respective authors with moderate satisfaction; both pandered in some degree to the morbid or sentimental popular taste of the hour. No after-work of either writer achieved the same spontaneous and easy success. When they wrote better they had to wait for a slower reverberation, but Schiller and Goethe were both of them men who understood thoroughly the immense difference between immediate popularity and enduring fame.

One of the notes of false criticism is a tendency to incessant and uncalled-for comparison; superfluous comparison, put in the place of penetrating, finely-sundering analysis. Small critics are always comparing—say, for a modern English illustration, Fielding with Smollett, Thackeray with Dickens, Tennyson with Browning. Goethe himself never compares; he always appreciates. He estimates the work of every individual according simply to its intrinsic individual worth. Thus, to take again an example drawn from English literature, he enjoys and criticizes, each separately and without comparison with the other, Walter Scott and Byron. For a direct comparison between Schiller and Goethe I shall let the poet-critics speak for themselves. Schiller says, *Gegen Goethe bin und bleib' ich ein poetischer Lump*—i.e., "Compared with Goethe, I am, and shall remain, a poetical thing of shreds and patches." When Goethe heard of comparisons between himself and his more popular rival, he said that, instead of comparing them, Germany ought rather to be proud of possessing two such poets. Thus, while avoiding that direct comparison which I condemn, it will yet be necessary to analyze their several qualities and characters in order to arrive at a clear understanding of the nature and scope of the noble dual kingship of letters which commenced in Weimar in 1799.

Goethe had at last found a fitting coadjutor. He was incapable of any sense of rivalry, and welcomed every worker who could assist him in furthering the great cause of ennobling German literature. Wieland and Herder had failed him; Schiller now came to more than supply their places. And there was work enough to do. There was nothing that can justly be called a nation behind literature; but there was a reading public, which worshipped false idols, and there were popular writers, who pandered to ignoble popular tastes. The time was subjective, and was tinged with vulgar romanticism. Healthy action was the want of the time and of the land; and popular literature,

which is ever the mirror of popular taste, was amorphous, insurgent, and thoroughly debased in tone. It needed great intellectual kings to stamp and mould literature into something true, and sane, and ideal. What may be termed the "Castle Spectre" strain and style was predominant in popular literature. "Ardinghello," "Aballino, der grosse Bandit," "Rinaldo Rinaldini" (the latter written by the man who afterwards became Goethe's brother-in-law, the brother of Christiane Vulpius), were works which sold well and enjoyed great public favour. In the field of chivalry-romance, Veit, Weber, Cramer, Spiess, Schlenkert worked indefatigably, and owed their inspiration to "Götz von Berlichingen." Schiller's "Robbers" had called into existence a large "Robber literature." Gottschall alludes to Cramer's "Domschütz," to romances about she-pirate queens, bandit-brides in nunneries, terrible maiden-stealers, and noble sons of brigands. The reverberation of the "Sturm and Drang" school was vulgarized in its echo. Meanwhile the works of Germany's best writers were neglected, and were unremunerative to author and to publisher. As, in order to understand the French Revolution, you must commence by reading backwards, and becoming acquainted with that state of society and politics in France which produced the revolution, so, if we would rightly understand the crusade in which Goethe sought the help of Schiller, we must cast a glance at the condition of literature and of the reading public towards the end of the eighteenth century. A pillar of fire was, indeed, necessary to lead a favoured people across the dark wilderness to a better land; and the two poet-princes furnished to the Germans the guiding light.

It may be here recorded, as a curiosity of literature, that Goethe's own works were not in his own time commercially successful. After his return from Italy, the edition of his collected works, which he had prepared and revised with labour and with care, sold, as his publisher complained, only "very slowly." Our own Coleridge mentions that he gained no money by his writings. He says, "I question whether there ever existed a man of letters so utterly friendless, or so unconnected as I am with the dispensers of contemporary reputation, or the publishers in whose service they labour." In Coleridge's case there was no want of a nation, and a reading nation. The one thing wanting was competent criticism to interpret between author and public. It is true that he wrote somewhat above the heads of ordinary critics, but it remains a reproach to the criticism of his day that the works of Coleridge were not at once successful. He suffered, as other authors before and since have suffered, from the inability of contemporary criticism to recognize high ideal thought or work. He is another instance of the truth that immediate popularity

differs widely from enduring fame. When Newton lectured, as Lucasian Professor, "so few went to hear him that oftentimes he did, in a manner, for want of hearers read to the walls."

We have now arrived at the period at which the poet-friends entered upon their campaign of German literary leadership. Schiller, the younger and the second king, strenuous, ardent, eager, supplied stimulus and impelled his greater, calmer friend to activity and productivity. He also tended to wean Goethe from too much leaning to science, and to win him back to poetry, to romance, to the drama.

Grave and earnest, Schiller was comparatively narrow, limited, and one-sided. He was more positive and intolerant than Goethe, and was harsher in the expression of his convictions or opinions. Goethe, so infinitely profounder as a thinker, so almost immeasurably greater as a poet, is yet his inferior in dramatic intuition, energy, swing, impulse, and construction. The dramatic difference between the two poets may conveniently be illustrated by Goethe's "Egmont." Schiller would not have constructed so weak a drama; he could never have conceived or created such immortal figures as Egmont and Clärchen. It is in their lyrics that these poets most nearly approach each other; but, when they seem to touch, Goethe sweeps lightly and easily aloft, with the airy wing of a sunny song-god.

They had work enough before them. To repress and discourage the popular tide of false and mean literature; to excite and encourage nobler work in authors, and a purer taste in the public—these were aims high indeed, but difficult. Truly a task needful in our own day and land—if we had but a Goethe to undertake it!

In estimating Goethe, we must try to realize to our own thought what he was as well as what he did. We know so little of the man Shakspeare, and his work is so sublimely perfect, that we dare not say the same thing of him. The poet who has done "Faust" needs, indeed, but little allowance on the score of work performed; but yet Goethe himself was, perhaps, greater than anything that even he did. A king of men, sovereign over himself, and over this complex, mysterious, many-sided life of ours, was Goethe; nor should it ever be forgotten that he was always ready to sacrifice himself, as an individual writer, to the best needs of his time and country. He never cared, or stooped, to be merely popular; he said of himself that his work never would or could be popular; he despised all striving for ignoble popularity, and waited for fame. Such men can wait.

He was ardently eager to serve Germany by opposing every low and unworthy tendency, by furthering all noble work and ends. He was, probably, often less anxious to produce work

which would best have unfolded his own rarest powers than he was to write that which would most influence a whole literature by example and by critical models. He possessed in the highest degree the magnanimous critical tolerance which is a note of the very highest genius. Self never blurred his vision or obstructed his view. He bore all his weight of learning lightly, like a flower; and his serene and splendid temperament and character were never tainted by the infirmities which are born of angry temper. He had the truest sympathy with every true achievement, and the most generous help at the service of any genuine worker. He estimated, as only he could estimate, all worthy effort; and he praised and furthered any right worker in any domain of science or of art with the heartiest goodwill, and with the most stimulating comprehension and encouragement.

It is all hushed now, and the traces of it are far to seek, and are lit up only by the light which surrounds the splendid success of Schiller and of Goethe in their noble self-imposed task, but the opposition originally offered to their crusade was furious, acrid, and general. They were what they were, but they were not yet recognized by the general public to be what they were. We have already seen that Wieland and Herder were antagonistic in very Weimar itself; and Berlin was extremely active in attack. The Dioscuri were treated as two pretenders of doubtful gifts, and the romanticists of the day vehemently impugned their pretensions in the *Athenæum*. Had I space, I could easily adduce proofs of the enmity which their efforts excited. The hatred which was aroused proves, however, the effect with which they worked. Patient merit takes many spurns of the unworthy, but sometimes even patient merit becomes impatient—especially for the sake of the cause; and in the present instance it flamed into heat and light in the *Xenien*. These epigrammatic little “Dunciads” have nothing of the intense malignity of Pope’s satire, but they can sting too, upon occasion. They not only attack bad writers, but bad writing; hence they have a wider wisdom, if less bitterness and fury of invective. They were, in the strictest sense, the joint work of the two poets, and were discontinued only when Goethe became immersed in “*Meister*.” They were at once spear and shield; they could heal and hurt; they were for attack and for defence; and the very fact that such a weapon was resorted to by two such men proves the extent of the antagonism, misconstruction, and enmity which they had to encounter and to overcome.

In the after-time, when great men stand before our thought in the white calm of death, colossal in the marble statues of their immortality, we feel only the glory and the majesty of deathless fame, and forget the sorrow, the struggle, the warfare, all fallen

silent now, through which their day of striving and endeavour, of weariness, of disappointment, of toilsome achievement, slowly and often sadly passed. We overlook the contemporary enmity, hatred, and malice; the gross misconception, the ungenerous rivalries, the fierce oppositions, and the savage slanders which surrounded and embittered so many years of their warring lives; we see them, in short, as we *now* see Goethe and Schiller; we look upon the triumphant warriors, and fail to realize the struggles of the time when, though they had all worth and all merit, they had not yet conquered fame or silenced envy. Time, which soothes sorrow, alone renders justice to genius.

We have seen somewhat of the long and fierce opposition with which two poets had to struggle. It was necessary to exhibit this phase of their noble enterprise, in order that the reader may appreciate the fulness of their after-triumph. We are about to pass to the time at which Weimar became the city of the pilgrims, the mount of the lawgivers, the central light of intellectual Germany.

In this place it may be pointed out that the activity of Weimar in poetry was concurrently emulated by Jena in philosophy. Thuringia was the heart and brain of Germany. At that classic epoch Jena contained Reinhold, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel. Germany has once or twice presented instances of pairs of eminent brothers. At the time which we are now considering, the two Humboldts represented science, and the two Schlegels, together with Hölderlin, represented art in Jena. The correspondence between the great men in Weimar and in Jena was unceasing, and few departments of the post have ever carried so many valuable and interesting letters as did then the Weimar-Jena post-offices.

In the year 1800 Kotzebue returned to Weimar, which was, indeed, his native city. Kotzebue had won great reputation in Germany by his many popular dramas, and it occurred to him that it would be desirable to associate himself with Schiller and with Goethe, and to exalt the Dioscural government of intellectual letters into a triumvirate in which he should be the third person. He staked his popularity against the genius of the poet-princes, and could not understand that men less popular could be his superiors. He showed great adroitness in endeavouring to compass his ends, but he had reckoned without his master. Goethe seldom descended to anything resembling opposition to a would-be rival; but when Goethe chose to fight he was a man who was never vanquished. His quiet force and calm majesty were stronger than the heat and effort of other and of smaller men; and he thoroughly baffled the too ambitious popular dramatist. Kotzebue found means to be presented at the Ducal Court; but by no means

could he obtain an introduction *bei dem geistlichen Hofe*, to the spiritual court over which Goethe presided. Kotzebue intrigued for the support of the ladies, Gräfin Einsiedel, Amalie von Imhoff, Frau von Wolzogen, who were members of that small intellectual circle which met at Goethe's house; and with these ladies he had some success, but Goethe remained calmly firm in his invincible opposition. The playwright next tried to gain over Schiller by rendering honour to the lesser poet, which should introduce jealousy and division between the kings; but in this attempt he signally failed: the whole intrigue collapsed, the storm subsided, and the Weimar lighthouse remained unshaken and in steadfast shining.

It will now be worth while to glance briefly at some of the great pilgrims who were attracted to Weimar by the literary chiefs. The *Xenien* prove how bitter was the animosity which they had to overcome; the list of world-renowned visitors will show how complete their influence became. To two of these world-renowned visitors—Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, the ideal humourist, and Ludwig Tieck, the romantic wildling—we owe most valuable and graphic pictures of Weimar in its day of glory, and of the men who made it glorious—Schiller and Goethe.

Jean Paul twice visited Weimar—the first time in 1796, just in the flush of the great success of his "*Hesperus*." He went at once to Goethe, Wieland, Herder. After a round of visits to the notabilities, he writes, cynically, to his friend Otto, *Schon am zweiten Tage, warf ich hier mein dummes Vorurtheil für grosse Autoren ab, als wären es andere Leute.* Jean Paul had in him a strain of vanity and a touch of affectation; nor could he easily sink self. He resented the Weimar leadership of German literature, and did not consider what service he might have rendered to letters by cordially supporting it. On Goethe he did not make a favourable impression. Goethe, writing to Schiller, then at Jena, termed Richter's "*Hesperus*" *einen Tragelaphen erster Sorte*. This Aristophanic epithet may be paraphrased into "an extremely fantastic animal"—*i.e.*, one compounded of a goat and a stag. What was said of the work seems to have been also meant for the man. Goethe adds that he does not think Jean Paul will ever assist them in any practical way. Schiller agreed with his friend's estimate of their visitor; and yet both poets did full justice to the great and unique merits of Jean Paul. Personal characteristics play often as important a part as a man's abilities; and Jean Paul was not quite great or unselfish enough to help men greater than himself to accomplish noble work. His personality and his training were both in the way of cordial relations with Goethe and Schiller. He was passionately full of modern instinct in art, and was defiantly in opposition to the antique beauty of perfect form and

exquisite proportion in literary work. He praises Goethe's pantheon of a house in the "Frauenplan." He awaits with trepidation the appearance of the god, finds him cold and monosyllabic, but describes his eye as a ball of light. They drank champagne together; an animated conversation about art arose between them, and then *man war bei Goethe*—"I saw Goethe." Schiller rather repelled the glowing Titan, who threw himself into the arms of the *Fronde*, and became intimate with Wieland and with Herder. On his second visit to Weimar, in 1799, Jean Paul consorted ostentatiously with the opponents of the Dioscuri; and his description of his meeting with Herder may be quoted as a curious example of the manners of the time. He says, "Beneath the open sky I hung upon his [Herder's] lips, and on his breast. I could scarcely speak in the tumult of my joy; I could only weep! Herder could not embrace me enough. When I looked round, I saw that Knebel's eyes also were wet." Rousseau would have made a good third in this touching scene of weeping and of kissing. A sarcastic remark of Jean Paul against Goethe was promptly avenged in the *Xenien* and the breach between him and the two Great Powers became too wide to be bridged over. Jean Paul retained his original prejudice against the chiefs.

And yet it is a pity that Jean Paul could not have been added to Goethe and to Schiller as their coadjutor. Despite his caprices and vanities, he was yet the only man worthy of that post which Kotzebue had vainly striven to grasp; and he could—working cordially with two such men—have rendered great service to Germany and German literature.

Jean Paul, through the grotesque and bizarre, was yet a poet. He is certainly the greatest humourist in German literature; and he is a poetical humourist. The source and fount of his peculiar humour is not drollery, but is excited by the conflict, ever going on in human existence, between the ideals of youthful enthusiasm and the actual facts of social and practical life. Hence his humour is sad, is tender, is earnest, is essentially poetical. He lacked the intense feeling for the beautiful which distinguished Goethe; he had not the swing, the impulse, the enthusiasm of Schiller; his want of the sense of form led him often into mere eccentricity in his writings, nor is his style free from affectations on the top of extravagances; but he would yet have added to the eager art ethics of Schiller, and to the exalted æsthetic idealism of Goethe, a tenderness, a humour, and a conscience, a sympathy with the purely modern spirit, which were all his own. Among the Weimar guests was Novalis (Fr. von Hardenberg), the somnambulist of mysticism, whose somewhat sickly strivings after the "blue flower" of poetry contrast strongly with the kingly certainty and ease with which Goethe, the born poet, attained to the

heavenly flower which is more mystic than all Novalis' mysticism. Novalis found Goethe only a "practical poet," and considered him deficient in transcendentalism. The fact was that Goethe, though a transcendentalist after a certain sort, had so healthy an ideal nature, that mystery gave him no pause. His view was not obscured by mist, because he could divine the light behind it. Goethe mastered Kant; Schiller was mastered by Kant. Novalis' own deficiency in the highest elements of poetry led him to estimate Goethe, the author of "Faust," as only an "elegant manufacturer of poetic wares."

The voluptuary of romanticism, Ludwig Tieck, visited Weimar and its gods in 1799. Tieck says that Goethe is a "great, complete man, before whom you may bow down in reverence." He also was repelled by Schiller, whom he afterwards stigmatized as a "Spanish Seneca." Herder seems to have received Tieck with cold politeness only. After Goethe's death, a party sought to place Tieck on the monarch's vacated throne; but no party could enable any man to replace Goethe.

After the pilgrimage to the Athens on the Ilm had become a fashion, we find amongst the many visitors of more or less note the brothers Stolberg, Lenz, Klinger (Goethe could not stand Klinger's reading of his own works), Merck, the Abbé Raynal, Villoison, and that *Sturmwind im Unterrock*, that "hurricane in a petticoat," as Heine calls her, Madame de Stael, whose French vivacity was surprised because Goethe would not talk more freely; Benjamin Constant, Jacobi, Georg Förster, Elisa von der Recke, Lavater, Voss, Bürger—who, to his own discomfiture, introduced himself with the startling announcement, "Are you Goethe? I am Bürger;" and many others. The whole of the cultured young Germany of that time performed pilgrimage to the shrine; and the great man, tormented by many visitors, became reserved, stiff, and something haughty in manner towards all but the few who had the good qualities or the good fortune to please him. There is evidence of his fame and power in the hatred of those whom he would *not* admit to intimacy. An empty-headed, merely curious windbag visiting Goethe, would not, it is probable, carry away a very pleasant or grateful recollection of the interview. Men judge according to their capabilities. I must here record an amusing anecdote. A Prussian staff-officer (name unhappily unregistered) was quartered in Goethe's house after Jena. This officer, being afterwards much interrogated by the curious as to his impressions of the great man, replied "that he had thoroughly tested the fellow [Goethe] and found that he had nothing but nonsense in his head!" I wish that I could give the name of this staff-officer.

I now pass to the last branch of the subject for which the

present essay affords space—the theatre. Goethe always took, as he himself tells us, the pleasure of a child, and the delight of an artist, in theatricals. The Weimar theatre was opened in 1790, and Goethe undertook the supreme direction, with unlimited power. It is interesting to consider the principles upon which he undertook to manage a theatre; though that theatre was, be it remembered, one in a small *Residenz* containing only about seven thousand inhabitants. He says: *Das Publikum will determinirt seyn; seinen schlechten Gelüsten muss entgegengetreten, sein Geschmack geläutert werden*: i.e., “The public must be controlled; its false likings must be opposed; its taste must be bettered.” He said later to Schiller, that *am Gelingen oder Nichtgelingen nach Aussen gar Nichts liegt*; “success or failure, from outside, is a matter of no importance.” He intended in fact to use the theatre as a dramatic school, for national objects, and, careless of popularity or success, he used it also for critical experiments, as he would have used a telescope for scientific investigation. He distinguished keenly between amusement and delight; he would give his small public that which ought to delight it, but he would on no account allow it to have the vulgar food which would best amuse it. The result was often *Langeweile*, and ill-will, amongst the Weimar audiences; but the splendid successes between 1799 and 1805 of Schiller’s later dramas—successes which gave to Goethe the purest delight—were great and popular triumphs for the Weimar theatre. In 1799, the then King and Queen of Prussia came to Weimar to be present at the first representation of “Wallenstein;” and in 1802, the *Schauspielhaus* in Berlin was opened with a performance of Schiller’s “Maid of Orleans.” One of Goethe’s objects was to present the poetical and classic drama, and so to oppose the prevailing taste for the pathetic domestic drama, and other realistic forms of plays. Kotzebue and Iffland were, at the time, the most popular dramatists and stage managers in Germany, and against their whole tendency Goethe proclaimed war. One of his great difficulties was to teach to his actors the poetical declamation of blank verse; of the *idealen Vers*; an art which was then almost lost upon the German stage. Goethe took himself the greatest trouble to teach declamation. He had to struggle with provincial pronunciation, as well as with inaptitude and a dislike to ideals. Some members of the troop recognized no difference between *b* and *p*, between *d* and *t*; and few were capable of conceiving Goethe’s aims. However, a man of genius, with unlimited power and with patient impatience, can do something even with players; and the æsthetic despot gradually trained a good company, which comprised Graff, Schiller’s favourite actor, the original representative of Wallenstein, Malcolmi, Pius Alexander Wolff, Goethe’s favourite pupil, Genast, an excellent low

comedian, the younger Unzelmann; and had, as actresses, the daughter of Malcolmi, the wife of Wolff, and the charming and talented Jagemann. The latter ripened afterwards into Frau von Heygendorff, and the Duke's mistress. She it was who caused Goethe to retire finally from the management of the theatre—but thereby hangs a dog's tale; to which we shall come in time.

The Weimar stage had no nation pulsating in its auditorium, had scarcely a public to assist the drama with its reverberation of emotion. Such public as there was, was cold, and could not even applaud in the presence of the Court. The audience was a family party, of poor and rich relations, ill at ease amongst each other, and not linked by any strong affection.

The actors were poorly paid—Goethe's own Weimar income was *not* large—and were mediocre; while the chief life in the theatre was imported by an occasional irruption of Jena students, who sometimes behaved turbulently. Eduard Devrient relates that Goethe commonly sat in a chair placed in the centre of the pit, and with those eyes which Thackeray afterwards found to be "extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant," he controlled the assembly. He had small respect for the noisy criticism and applause of the Jena students, and on one occasion, when their conduct was particularly obnoxious, he rose and threatened to have the unruly turned out by hussars. When Schlegel's "*Alarcos*" was produced in 1802, the piece was received with loud ironical laughter, and the Jupiter, rising from his chair, thundered out, "Let no one laugh!" The Weimar theatre was, in short, subject to a singularly enlightened despotism.

It will be interesting to see something of the style of drama produced during his reign at Weimar. Goethe himself translated and prepared for the stage Voltaire's "*Mahomet*" and "*Tancred*;" Shakspeare's "*Romeo and Juliet*"—the latter adaptation the mistake of a great man; and Schiller produced Racine's "*Phädra*," Gozzi's "*Turandot*," and "*Macbeth*." A. W. Schlegel's "*Ion*" and F. Schlegel's "*Alarcos*" were played; and we find the "*Andria*" and "*The Brothers*" of Terence given, with the players in antique masks. Schiller's "*Bride of Messina*" was brought out in the summer theatre at Lauchstädt, but all his great later dramas were first acted in Weimar, and Schiller himself adapted Goethe's "*Egmont*" for the stage. Goethe wrote for his stage his "*Iphigenia*" and "*Tasso*," two magnificent dramatic poems which yet are not dramas; and he also produced—probably in order to supply the theatre with pieces—his "*Natürliche Tochter*," "*Gross-Kophta*," and "*Bürgergeneral*," the two latter being his weakest pieces. The greatest dramatic triumph of the Weimar theatre was, without doubt, Schiller's "*Wallenstein*;" and the

influence of the Weimar school of poetical and ideal acting is still felt on every high-class stage of Germany. The traditions of Weimar are still handed down, and are held in high respect by every cultured artist actor. It may be here remarked that he knows nothing of acting who has never seen a great actor; in acting, the lightning of genius is the father of light. We may easily divine how Goethe would have detested the ultra-realistic modern drama, manufactured only for vulgar theatrical effect, and the depraved modern French drama. Do away with the Seventh Commandment, and you destroy the drama of modern France.

With Schiller's too early death, in 1805, Goethe's active interest in the Weimar theatre ceased. In 1813, Graf von Edeling was appointed as his *Intendant*; in 1817, Goethe's son, Kammerherr August von Goethe, became a member of the Direction. But Goethe's connection with the theatre was finally and wholly broken off by means of a dog and a mistress. One Karsten possessed a performing poodle and travelled about with this intelligent animal, representing a certain melodrama—*der Hund des Aubry*. The pampered and petted Von Heygendorff, formerly the Jagemann, bore a spite against the inflexible director, and, with feminine malice, she, in order to annoy Goethe, induced her lover, the Duke, to consent to an engagement of Karsten and his dog. Goethe at once resigned, and the Duke accepted the resignation. He afterwards withdrew his acceptance, but Goethe remained proudly inflexible; and the classic epoch of the Weimar theatre was terminated by a clever and unconscious poodle, who emulated the mischief produced by Newton's dog Diamond.

We have now glanced rapidly, as the eye runs from peak to peak of an Alpine chain, over the leading features of the great day of great men in classic Weimar. Its Gartenhaus, its Park, all its charming country surroundings, are now bare ruined quires where once the sweet birds sang; but round the whole city gather the sacred associations of deathless memories. The chief figure in the place is that of him who lived there longest, and who will live longest as the greatest name in German literature—Goethe. As the years glide on, and he becomes an ancient of many days, all the clouds disappear, all the contentions, and jealousies, and enmities cease; and his old age stands out against a background of noble calm, surrounded by the serene harmony of a most splendid sunset. He has honour, love, obedience, troops of friends; he has all that even such a man can have around life's glorious close. There is sadness too; for where are the friends of youth, the fellow-workers of manhood? Goethe has outlived much—and many. Herder and Wieland are gone; Schiller, the nearest and dearest of all, sleeps in God's Acre of Weimar; wife and son have left him; Karl August lies by Schiller, and shall rest, when the other comes,

between his own loved poets, Schiller and Goethe. The third grave waits; but Goethe has immortality on earth, and a calm confidence in the divinity of Deity. His dying exclamation, "More light!" had been the aspiration of his long and nobly striving life, aiming ever to live resolutely *im Wahren, Guten, Schönen*; and more light shall come, blended with diviner harmony. His writings remain our possession. "What the experience of the most complexly-situated, deep-searching, every way *far-experienced* man has yielded him of insight, lies written for all men here. He who was of compass to know and feel more than any other man, this is the record of his knowledge and feeling! 'The deepest heart, the highest head to scan,' was not beyond his faculty; thus, then, did he scan and interpret; let many generations listen." So says our own Carlyle. In any attempt, such as this present is, to picture Weimar in its day of greatness, the central figure ever must remain that of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.



THE ETHICS OF BELIEF.

I.—THE DUTY OF INQUIRY.

A SHIPOWNER was about to send to sea an emigrant-ship. He knew that she was old, and not over-well built at the first; that she had seen many seas and climes, and often had needed repairs. Doubts had been suggested to him that possibly she was not seaworthy. These doubts preyed upon his mind, and made him unhappy; he thought that perhaps he ought to have her thoroughly overhauled and refitted, even though this should put him to great expense. Before the ship sailed, however, he succeeded in overcoming these melancholy reflections. He said to himself that she had gone safely through so many voyages and weathered so many storms, that it was idle to suppose she would not come safely home from this trip also. He would put his trust in Providence, which could hardly fail to protect all these unhappy families that were leaving their fatherland to seek for better times elsewhere. He would dismiss from his mind all ungenerous suspicions about the honesty of builders and contractors. In such ways he acquired a sincere and comfortable conviction that his vessel was thoroughly safe and seaworthy; he watched her departure with a light heart, and benevolent wishes for the success of the exiles in their strange new home that was to be; and he got his insurance-money when she went down in mid-ocean and told no tales.

What shall we say of him? Surely this, that he was verily guilty of the death of those men. It is admitted that he did sincerely believe in the soundness of his ship; but the sincerity

of his conviction can in nowise help him, because *he had no right to believe on such evidence as was before him*. He had acquired his belief not by honestly earning it in patient investigation, but by stifling his doubts. And although in the end he may have felt so sure about it that he could not think otherwise, yet inasmuch as he had knowingly and willingly worked himself into that frame of mind, he must be held responsible for it.

Let us alter the case a little, and suppose that the ship was not unsound after all; that she made her voyage safely, and many others after it. Will that diminish the guilt of her owner? Not one jot. When an action is once done, it is right or wrong for ever; no accidental failure of its good or evil fruits can possibly alter that. The man would not have been innocent, he would only have been not found out. The question of right or wrong has to do with the origin of his belief, not the matter of it; not what it was, but how he got it; not whether it turned out to be true or false, but whether he had a right to believe on such evidence as was before him.

There was once an island in which some of the inhabitants professed a religion teaching neither the doctrine of original sin nor that of eternal punishment. A suspicion got abroad that the professors of this religion had made use of unfair means to get their doctrines taught to children. They were accused of wresting the laws of their country in such a way as to remove children from the care of their natural and legal guardians; and even of stealing them away and keeping them concealed from their friends and relations. A certain number of men formed themselves into a society for the purpose of agitating the public about this matter. They published grave accusations against individual citizens of the highest position and character, and did all in their power to injure these citizens in the exercise of their professions. So great was the noise they made, that a Commission was appointed to investigate the facts; but after the Commission had carefully inquired into all the evidence that could be got, it appeared that the accused were innocent. Not only had they been accused on insufficient evidence, but the evidence of their innocence was such as the agitators might easily have obtained, if they had attempted a fair inquiry. After these disclosures the inhabitants of that country looked upon the members of the agitating society, not only as persons whose judgment was to be distrusted, but also as no longer to be counted honourable men. For although they had sincerely and "conscientiously" believed in the charges they had made, yet *they had no right to believe on such evidence as was before them*. Their sincere convictions, instead of being honestly earned by patient inquiring, were stolen by listening to the voice of prejudice and passion.

Let us vary this case also, and suppose, other things remaining as before, that a still more accurate investigation proved the accused to have been really guilty. Would this make any difference in the guilt of the accusers? Clearly not; the question is not whether their belief was true or false, but whether they entertained it on wrong grounds. They would no doubt say, "Now you see that we were right after all; next time perhaps you will believe us." And they might be believed, but they would not thereby become honourable men. They would not be innocent, they would only be not found out. Every one of them, if he chose to examine himself *in foro conscientie*, would know that he had acquired and nourished a belief, when he had no right to believe on such evidence as was before him; and therein he would know that he had done a wrong thing.

It may be said, however, that in both of these supposed cases it is not the belief which is judged to be wrong, but the action following upon it. The shipowner might say, "I am perfectly certain that my ship is sound, but still I feel it my duty to have her examined, before trusting the lives of so many people to her." And it might be said to the agitator, "However convinced you were of the justice of your cause and the truth of your convictions, you ought not to have made a public attack upon any man's character until you had examined the evidence on both sides with the utmost patience and care."

In the first place, let us admit that, so far as it goes, this view of the case is right and necessary; right, because even when a man's belief is so fixed that he cannot think otherwise, he still has a choice in regard to the action suggested by it, and so cannot escape the duty of investigating on the ground of the strength of his convictions; and necessary, because those who are not yet capable of controlling their feelings and thoughts must have a plain rule dealing with overt acts.

But this being premised as necessary, it becomes clear that it is not sufficient, and that our previous judgment is required to supplement it. For it is not possible so to sever the belief from the action it suggests as to condemn the one without condemning the other. No man holding a strong belief on one side of a question, or even wishing to hold a belief on one side, can investigate it with such fairness and completeness as if he were really in doubt and unbiassed; so that the existence of a belief, not founded on fair inquiry, unfits a man for the performance of this necessary duty.

Nor is that truly a belief at all which has not some influence upon the actions of him who holds it. He who truly believes that which prompts him to an action has looked upon the action to lust after it, he has committed it already in his heart. If a belief is not

realized immediately in open deeds it is stored up for the guidance of the future. It goes to make a part of that aggregate of beliefs which is the link between sensation and action at every moment of all our lives, and which is so organized and compacted together that no part of it can be isolated from the rest, but every new addition modifies the structure of the whole. No real belief, however trifling and fragmentary it may seem, is ever truly insignificant; it prepares us to receive more of its like, confirms those which resembled it before, and weakens others; and so gradually it lays a stealthy train in our inmost thoughts, which may some day explode into overt action, and leave its stamp upon our character for ever.

And no one man's belief is in any case a private matter which concerns himself alone. Our lives are guided by that general conception of the course of things which has been created by society for social purposes. Our words, our phrases, our forms and processes and modes of thought, are common property, fashioned and perfected from age to age; an heirloom, which every succeeding generation inherits as a precious deposit and a sacred trust, to be handed on to the next one, not unchanged, but enlarged and purified, with some clear marks of its proper handiwork. Into this, for good or ill, is woven every belief of every man who has speech of his fellows. An awful privilege, and an awful responsibility, that we should help to create the world in which posterity will live.

In the two supposed cases which have been considered, it has been judged wrong to believe on insufficient evidence, or to nourish belief by suppressing doubts and avoiding investigation. The reason of this judgment is not far to seek; it is that in both these cases the belief held by one man was of great importance to other men. But forasmuch as no belief held by one man, however seemingly trivial the belief, and however obscure the believer, is ever actually insignificant or without its effect on the fate of mankind, we have no choice but to extend our judgment to all cases of belief whatever. Belief, that sacred faculty, which prompts the decisions of our will, and knits into harmonious working all the compacted energies of our being, is ours not for ourselves but for humanity. It is rightly used on truths which have been established by long experience and waiting toil, and which have stood in the fierce light of free and fearless questioning. Then it helps to bind men together, and to strengthen and direct their common action. It is desecrated when given to unproved and unquestioned statements, for the solace and private pleasure of the believer; to add a tinsel splendour to the plain straight road of our life, and display a bright mirage beyond it; or even to drown the common sorrows of our kind by a self-deception which

allows them not only to cast down, but also to degrade us. Whoso would deserve well of his fellows in this matter will guard the purity of his belief with a very fanaticism of jealous care, lest at any time it should rest on an unworthy object, and catch a stain which can never be wiped away.

It is not only the leader of men, statesman, philosopher, or poet, that owes this bounden duty to mankind. Every rustic who delivers in the village alehouse his slow, infrequent sentences, may help to kill or keep alive the fatal superstitions which clog his race. Every hard-worked wife of an artisan may transmit to her children beliefs which shall knit society together, or rend it in pieces. No simplicity of mind, no obscurity of station, can escape the universal duty of questioning all that we believe.

It is true that this duty is a hard one, and the doubt which comes out of it is often a very bitter thing. It leaves us bare and powerless where we thought that we were safe and strong. To know all about anything is to know how to deal with it under all circumstances. We feel much happier and more secure when we think we know precisely what to do, no matter what happens, than when we have lost our way and do not know where to turn. And if we have supposed ourselves to know all about anything, and to be capable of doing what is fit in regard to it, we naturally do not like to find that we are really ignorant and powerless, that we have to begin again at the beginning, and try to learn what the thing is and how it is to be dealt with—if indeed anything can be learnt about it. It is the sense of power attached to a sense of knowledge that makes men desirous of believing, and afraid of doubting.

This sense of power is the highest and best of pleasures when the belief on which it is founded is a true belief, and has been fairly earned by investigation. For then we may justly feel that it is common property, and holds good for others as well as for ourselves. Then we may be glad, not that *I* have learned secrets by which I am safer and stronger, but that *we men* have got mastery over more of the world; and we shall be strong, not for ourselves, but in the name of Man and in his strength. But if the belief has been accepted on insufficient evidence, the pleasure is a stolen one. Not only does it deceive ourselves by giving us a sense of power which we do not really possess, but it is sinful, because it is stolen in defiance of our duty to mankind. That duty is, to guard ourselves from such beliefs as from a pestilence, which may shortly master our own body and then spread to the rest of the town. What would be thought of one who, for the sake of a sweet fruit, should deliberately run the risk of bringing a plague upon his family and his neighbours?

And, as in other such cases, it is not the risk only which has to be

considered ; for a bad action is always bad at the time when it is done, no matter what happens afterwards. Every time we let ourselves believe for unworthy reasons, we weaken our powers of self-control, of doubting, of judicially and fairly weighing evidence. We all suffer severely enough from the maintenance and support of false beliefs and the fatally wrong actions which they lead to, and the evil born when one such belief is entertained is great and wide. But a greater and wider evil arises when the credulous character is maintained and supported, when a habit of believing for unworthy reasons is fostered and made permanent. If I steal money from any person, there may be no harm done by the mere transfer of possession ; he may not feel the loss, or it may prevent him from using the money badly. But I cannot help doing this great wrong towards Man, that I make myself dishonest. What hurts society is not that it should lose its property, but that it should become a den of thieves ; for then it must cease to be society. This is why we ought not to do evil that good may come ; for at any rate this great evil has come, that we have done evil and are made wicked thereby. In like manner, if I let myself believe anything on insufficient evidence, there may be no great harm done by the mere belief ; it may be true after all, or I may never have occasion to exhibit it in outward acts. But I cannot help doing this great wrong towards Man, that I make myself credulous. The danger to society is not merely that it should believe wrong things, though that is great enough ; but that it should become credulous, and lose the habit of testing things and inquiring into them ; for then it must sink back into savagery.

The harm which is done by credulity in a man is not confined to the fostering of a credulous character in others, and consequent support of false beliefs. Habitual want of care about what I believe leads to habitual want of care in others about the truth of what is told to me. Men speak the truth to one another when each reveres the truth in his own mind and in the other's mind ; but how shall my friend revere the truth in my mind when I myself am careless about it, when I believe things because I want to believe them, and because they are comforting and pleasant ? Will he not learn to cry, "Peace," to me, when there is no peace ? By such a course I shall surround myself with a thick atmosphere of falsehood and fraud, and in that I must live. It may matter little to me, in my cloud-castle of sweet illusions and darling lies ; but it matters much to Man that I have made my neighbours ready to deceive. The credulous man is father to the liar and the cheat ; he lives in the bosom of this his family, and it is no marvel if he should become even as they are. So closely are our duties knit together, that whoso shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.

To sum up: it is wrong always, everywhere, and for any one, to believe anything upon insufficient evidence.

If a man, holding a belief which he was taught in childhood or persuaded of afterwards, keeps down and pushes away any doubts which arise about it in his mind, purposely avoids the reading of books and the company of men that call in question or discuss it, and regards as impious those questions which cannot easily be asked without disturbing it; the life of that man is one long sin against mankind.

If this judgment seems harsh when applied to those simple souls who have never known better, who have been brought up from the cradle with a horror of doubt, and taught that their eternal welfare depends on *what* they believe; then it leads to the very serious question, *Who hath made Israel to sin?*

It may be permitted me to fortify this judgment with the sentence of Milton *—

"A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determine, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy."

And with this famous aphorism of Coleridge†—

"He who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or Church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all."

Inquiry into the evidence of a doctrine is not to be made once for all, and then taken as finally settled. It is never lawful to stifle a doubt; for either it can be honestly answered by means of the inquiry already made, or else it proves that the inquiry was not complete.

"But," says one, "I am a busy man; I have no time for the long course of study which would be necessary to make me in any degree a competent judge of certain questions, or even able to understand the nature of the arguments." Then he should have no time to believe.

II.—THE WEIGHT OF AUTHORITY.

Are we, then to become universal sceptics, doubting everything, afraid always to put one foot before the other until we have personally tested the firmness of the road? Are we to deprive ourselves of the help and guidance of that vast body of knowledge which is daily growing upon the world, because neither we nor any other one person can possibly test a hundredth part of it by immediate experiment or observation, and because it would not

* *Areopagitica.*

† *Aids to Reflection.*

be completely proved if we did? Shall we steal and tell lies because we have had no personal experience wide enough to justify the belief that it is wrong to do so?

There is no practical danger that such consequences will ever follow from scrupulous care and self-control in the matter of belief. Those men who have most nearly done their duty in this respect have found that certain great principles, and these most fitted for the guidance of life, have stood out more and more clearly in proportion to the care and honesty with which they were tested, and have acquired in this way a practical certainty. The beliefs about right and wrong which guide our actions in dealing with men in society, and the beliefs about physical nature which guide our actions in dealing with animate and inanimate bodies, these never suffer from investigation; they can take care of themselves, without being propped up by "acts of faith," the clamour of paid advocates, or the suppression of contrary evidence. Moreover there are many cases in which it is our duty to act upon probabilities, although the evidence is not such as to justify present belief; because it is precisely by such action, and by observation of its fruits, that evidence is got which may justify future belief. So that we have no reason to fear lest a habit of conscientious inquiry should paralyze the actions of our daily life.

But because it is not enough to say, "It is wrong to believe on unworthy evidence," without saying also what evidence is worthy, we shall now go on to inquire under what circumstances it is lawful to believe on the testimony of others; and then, further, we shall inquire more generally when and why we may believe that which goes beyond our own experience, or even beyond the experience of mankind.

In what cases, then, let us ask in the first place, is the testimony of a man unworthy of belief? He may say that which is untrue either knowingly or unknowingly. In the first case he is lying, and his moral character is to blame; in the second case he is ignorant or mistaken, and it is only his knowledge or his judgment which is in fault. In order that we may have the right to accept his testimony as ground for believing what he says, we must have reasonable grounds for trusting his *veracity*, that he is really trying to speak the truth so far as he knows it; his *knowledge*, that he has had opportunities of knowing the truth about this matter; and his *judgment*, that he has made a proper use of those opportunities in coming to the conclusion which he affirms.

However plain and obvious these considerations may be, so that no man of ordinary intelligence, reflecting upon the matter, could fail to arrive at them, it is nevertheless true that a great many persons do habitually disregard them in weighing testimony. Of the two questions, equally important to the trustworthiness of a

witness, "Is he dishonest?" and "May he be mistaken?" the majority of mankind are perfectly satisfied if *one* can, with some show of probability, be answered in the negative. The excellent moral character of a man is alleged as ground for accepting his statements about things which he cannot possibly have known. A Mohammedan, for example, will tell us that the character of his Prophet was so noble and majestic that it commands the reverence even of those who do not believe in his mission. So admirable was his moral teaching, so wisely put together the great social machine which he created, that his precepts have not only been accepted by a great portion of mankind, but have actually been obeyed. His institutions have on the one hand rescued the negro from savagery, and on the other hand have taught civilization to the advancing West; and although the races which held the highest forms of his faith, and most fully embodied his mind and thought, have all been conquered and swept away by barbaric tribes, yet the history of their marvellous attainments remains as an imperishable glory to Islam. Are we to doubt the word of a man so great and so good? Can we suppose that this magnificent genius, this splendid moral hero, has lied to us about the most solemn and sacred matters? The testimony of Mohammed is clear, that there is but one God, and that he, Mohammed, is his prophet; that if we believe in him we shall enjoy everlasting felicity, but that if we do not we shall be damned. This testimony rests on the most awful of foundations, the revelation of heaven itself; for was he not visited by the angel Gabriel, as he fasted and prayed in his desert cave, and allowed to enter into the blessed fields of Paradise? Surely God is God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God.

What should we answer to this Mussulman? First, no doubt, we should be tempted to take exception against his view of the character of the Prophet and the uniformly beneficial influence of Islam: before we could go with him altogether in these matters it might seem that we should have to forget many terrible things of which we have heard or read. But if we chose to grant him all these assumptions, for the sake of argument, and because it is difficult both for the faithful and for infidels to discuss them fairly and without passion; still we should have something to say which takes away the ground of his belief, and therefore shows that it is wrong to entertain it. Namely this: the character of Mohammed is excellent evidence that he was honest and spoke the truth so far as he knew it; but it is no evidence at all that he knew what the truth was. What means could he have of knowing that the form which appeared to him to be the angel Gabriel was not a hallucination, and that his apparent visit to Paradise was not a dream? Grant that he himself was fully persuaded and honestly believed

that he had the guidance of heaven, and was the vehicle of a supernatural revelation; how could he know that this strong conviction was not a mistake? Let us put ourselves in his place; we shall find that the more completely we endeavour to realize what passed through his mind, the more clearly we shall perceive that the Prophet could have had no adequate ground for the belief in his own inspiration. It is most probable that he himself never doubted of the matter, or thought of asking the question; but we are in the position of those to whom the question has been asked, and who are bound to answer it. It is known to medical observers that solitude and want of food are powerful means of producing delusion and of fostering a tendency to mental disease. Let us suppose, then, that I, like Mohammed, go into desert places to fast and pray; what things can happen to me which will give me the right to believe that I am divinely inspired? Suppose that I get information, apparently from a celestial visitor, which upon being tested is found to be correct. I cannot be sure, in the first place, that the celestial visitor is not a figment of my own mind, and that the information did not come to me, unknown at the time to my consciousness, through some subtle channel of sense. But if my visitor were a real visitor, and for a long time gave me information which was found to be trustworthy, this would indeed be good ground for trusting him in the future as to such matters as fall within human powers of verification; but it would not be ground for trusting his testimony as to any other matters. For although his tested character would justify me in believing that he spoke the truth so far as he knew, yet the same question would present itself—what ground is there for supposing that he knows?

Even if my supposed visitor had given me such information, subsequently verified by me, as proved him to have means of knowledge about verifiable matters far exceeding my own; this would not justify me in believing what he said about matters that are not at present capable of verification by man. It would be ground for interesting conjecture, and for the hope that, as the fruit of our patient inquiry, we might by-and-by attain to such a means of verification as should rightly turn conjecture into belief. For belief belongs to man, and to the guidance of human affairs: no belief is real unless it guide our actions, and those very actions supply a test of its truth.

But, it may be replied, the acceptance of Islam as a system is just that action which is prompted by belief in the mission of the Prophet, and which will serve for a test of its truth. Is it possible to believe that a system which has succeeded so well is really founded upon a delusion? Not only have individual saints found joy and peace in believing, and verified those spiritual experiences which are promised to the faithful, but nations also have been

raised from savagery or barbarism to a higher social state. Surely we are at liberty to say that the belief has been acted upon, and that it has been verified.

It requires, however, but little consideration to show that what has really been verified is not at all the supernal character of the Prophet's mission, or the trustworthiness of his authority in matters which we ourselves cannot test; but only his practical wisdom in certain very mundane things. The fact that believers have found joy and peace in believing gives us the right to say that the doctrine is a comfortable doctrine, and pleasant to the soul; but it does not give us the right to say that it is true. And the question which our conscience is always asking about that which we are tempted to believe is not "Is it comfortable and pleasant?" but "Is it true?" That the Prophet preached certain doctrines, and predicted that spiritual comfort would be found in them, proves only his sympathy with human nature and his knowledge of it; but it does not prove his superhuman knowledge of theology.

And if we admit for the sake of argument (for it seems that we cannot do more) that the progress made by Moslem nations in certain cases was really due to the system formed and sent forth into the world by Mohammed; we are not at liberty to conclude from this that he was inspired to declare the truth about things which we cannot verify. We are only at liberty to infer the excellence of his moral precepts, or of the means which he devised for so working upon men as to get them obeyed, or of the social and political machinery which he set up. And it would require a great amount of careful examination into the history of those nations to determine which of these things had the greater share in the result. So that here again it is the Prophet's knowledge of human nature, and his sympathy with it, that are verified; not his divine inspiration, or his knowledge of theology.

If there were only one Prophet, indeed, it might well seem a difficult and even an ungracious task to decide upon what points we would trust him, and on what we would doubt his authority; seeing what help and furtherance all men have gained in all ages from those who saw more clearly, who felt more strongly, and who sought the truth with more single heart than their weaker brethren. But there is not only one Prophet; and while the consent of many upon that which, as men, they had real means of knowing and did know, has endured to the end, and been honourably built into the great fabric of human knowledge; the diverse witness of some about that which they did not and could not know remains as a warning to us that to exaggerate the prophetic authority is to misuse it, and to dishonour those who have sought only to help and further us after their power. It is hardly in

human nature that a man should quite accurately gauge the limits of his own insight; but it is the duty of those who profit by his work to consider carefully where he may have been carried beyond it. If we must needs embalm his possible errors along with his solid achievements, and use his authority as an excuse for believing what he cannot have known, we make of his goodness an occasion to sin.

To consider only one other such witness: the followers of Buddha have at least as much right to appeal to individual and social experience in support of the authority of the Eastern saviour. The special mark of his religion, it is said, that in which it has never been surpassed, is the comfort and consolation which it gives to the sick and sorrowful, the tender sympathy with which it soothes and assuages all the natural griefs of men. And surely no triumph of social morality can be greater or nobler than that which has kept nearly half the human race from persecuting in the name of religion. If we are to trust the accounts of his early followers, he believed himself to have come upon earth with a divine and cosmic mission to set rolling the wheel of the law. Being a prince, he emptied himself of his kingdom, and of his free will became acquainted with misery, that he might learn how to meet and subdue it. Could such a man speak falsely about solemn things? And as for his knowledge, was he not a man miraculous, with powers more than man's? He was born of woman without the help of man; he rose into the air and was transfigured before his kinsmen; at last he went up bodily into heaven from the top of Adam's Peak. Is not his word to be believed in when he testifies of heavenly things?

If there were only he, and no other, with such claims! But there is Mohammed with his testimony; we cannot choose but listen to them both. The Prophet tells us that there is one God, and that we shall live for ever in joy or misery, according as we believe in the Prophet or not. The Buddha says that there is no God, and that we shall be annihilated by-and-by if we are good enough. Both cannot be infallibly inspired; one or the other must have been the victim of a delusion, and thought he knew that which he really did not know. Who shall dare to say which? and how can we justify ourselves in believing that the other was not also deluded?

We are led, then, to these judgments following. The goodness and greatness of a man do not justify us in accepting a belief upon the warrant of his authority, unless there are reasonable grounds for supposing that he knew the truth of what he was saying. And there can be no grounds for supposing that a man knows that which we, without ceasing to be men, could not be supposed to verify.

If a chemist tells me, who am no chemist, that a certain substance can be made by putting together other substances in certain proportions and subjecting them to a known process, I am quite justified in believing this upon his authority, unless I know anything against his character or his judgment. For his professional training is one which tends to encourage veracity and the honest pursuit of truth, and to produce a dislike of hasty conclusions and slovenly investigation. And I have reasonable ground for supposing that he knows the truth of what he is saying, for although I am no chemist, I can be made to understand so much of the methods and processes of the science as makes it conceivable to me that, without ceasing to be man, I might verify the statement. I may never actually verify it, or even see any experiment which goes towards verifying it; but still I have quite reason enough to justify me in believing that the verification is within the reach of human appliances and powers, and in particular that it has been actually performed by my informant. His result, the belief to which he has been led by his inquiries, is valid not only for himself but for others; it is watched and tested by those who are working in the same ground, and who know that no greater service can be rendered to science than the purification of accepted results from the errors which may have crept into them. It is in this way that the result becomes common property, a right object of belief, which is a social affair and matter of public business. Thus it is to be observed that his authority is valid because there are those who question it and verify it; that it is precisely this process of examining and purifying that keeps alive among investigators the love of that which shall stand all possible tests, the sense of public responsibility as of those whose work, if well done, shall remain as the enduring heritage of mankind.

But if my chemist tells me that an atom of oxygen has existed unaltered in weight and rate of vibration throughout all time, I have no right to believe this on his authority, for it is a thing which he cannot know without ceasing to be man. He may quite honestly believe that this statement is a fair inference from his experiments, but in that case his judgment is at fault. A very simple consideration of the character of experiments would show him that they never can lead to results of such a kind; that being themselves only approximate and limited, they cannot give us knowledge which is exact and universal. No eminence of character and genius can give a man authority enough to justify us in believing him when he makes statements implying exact or universal knowledge.

Again, an Arctic explorer may tell us that in a given latitude and longitude he has experienced such and such a degree of cold, that the sea was of such a depth, and the ice of such a character.

We should be quite right to believe him in the absence of any stain upon his veracity. It is conceivable that we might, without ceasing to be men, go there and verify his statement; it can be tested by the witness of his companions, and there is adequate ground for supposing that he knows the truth of what he is saying. But if an old whaler tells us that the ice is three hundred feet thick all the way up to the Pole, we shall not be justified in believing him. For although the statement may be capable of verification by man, it is certainly not capable of verification by *him*, with any means and appliances which he has possessed; and he must have persuaded himself of the truth of it by some means which does not attach any credit to his testimony. Even if, therefore, the matter affirmed is within the reach of human knowledge, we have no right to accept it upon authority unless it is within the reach of our informant's knowledge.

What shall we say of that authority, more venerable and august than any individual witness, the time-honoured tradition of the human race? An atmosphere of beliefs and conceptions has been formed by the labours and struggles of our forefathers, which enables us to breathe amid the various and complex circumstances of our life. It is around and about us and within us; we cannot think except in the forms and processes of thought which it supplies. Is it possible to doubt and to test it? and if possible, is it right?

We shall find reason to answer that it is not only possible and right, but our bounden duty; that the main purpose of the tradition itself is to supply us with the means of asking questions, of testing and inquiring into things; that if we misuse it, and take it as a collection of cut-and-dried statements, to be accepted without further inquiry, we are not only injuring ourselves here, but by refusing to do our part towards the building up of the fabric which shall be inherited by our children, we are tending to cut off ourselves and our race from the human line.

Let us first take care to distinguish a kind of tradition which especially requires to be examined and called in question, because it especially shrinks from inquiry. Suppose that a medicine-man in Central Africa tells his tribe that a certain powerful medicine in his tent will be propitiated if they kill their cattle; and that the tribe believe him. Whether the medicine was propitiated or not, there are no means of verifying, but the cattle are gone. Still the belief may be kept up in the tribe that propitiation has been effected in this way; and in a later generation it will be all the easier for another medicine-man to persuade them to a similar act. Here the only reason for belief is that everybody has believed the thing for so long that it must be true. And yet the belief was founded on fraud, and has been propagated by credulity. That

man will undoubtedly do right, and be a friend of men, who shall call it in question and see that there is no evidence for it, help his neighbours to see as he does, and even, if need be, go into the holy tent and break the medicine.

The rule which should guide us in such cases is simple and obvious enough: that the aggregate testimony of our neighbours is subject to the same conditions as the testimony of any one of them. Namely, we have no right to believe a thing true because everybody says so, unless there are good grounds for believing that some one person at least has the means of knowing what is true, and is speaking the truth so far as he knows it. However many nations and generations of men are brought into the witness-box, they cannot testify to anything which they do not know. Every man who has accepted the statement from somebody else, without himself testing and verifying it, is out of court; his word is worth nothing at all. And when we get back at last to the true birth and beginning of the statement, two serious questions must be disposed of in regard to him who first made it: was he mistaken in thinking that he *knew* about this matter, or was he lying?

This last question is unfortunately a very actual and practical one, even to us at this day and in this country. We have no occasion to go to La Salette, or to Central Africa, or to Lourdes, for examples of immoral and debasing superstition. It is only too possible for a child to grow up in London surrounded by an atmosphere of beliefs fit only for the savage, which have in our own time been founded in fraud and propagated by credulity.

Laying aside, then, such tradition as is handed on without testing by successive generations, let us consider that which is truly built up out of the common experience of mankind. This great fabric is for the guidance of our thoughts, and through them of our actions, both in the moral and in the material world. In the moral world, for example, it gives us the conceptions of right in general, of justice, of truth, of beneficence, and the like. These are given as conceptions, not as statements or propositions; they answer to certain definite instincts, which are certainly within us, however they came there. That it is right to be beneficent is matter of immediate personal experience; for when a man retires within himself and there finds something, wider and more lasting than his solitary personality, which says, "I want to do right," as well as, "I want to do good to man," he can verify by direct observation that one instinct is founded upon and agrees fully with the other. And it is his duty so to verify this and all similar statements.

The tradition says also, at a definite place and time, that such and such actions are just, or true, or beneficent. For all such

rules a further inquiry is necessary, since they are sometimes established by an authority other than that of the moral sense founded on experience. Until recently, the moral tradition of our own country—and indeed of all Europe—taught that it was beneficent to give money indiscriminately to beggars. But the questioning of this rule, and investigation into it, led men to see that true beneficence is that which helps a man to do the work which he is most fitted for, not that which keeps and encourages him in idleness; and that to neglect this distinction in the present is to prepare pauperism and misery for the future. By this testing and discussion, not only has practice been purified and made more beneficent, but the very conception of beneficence has been made wider and wiser. Now here the great social heirloom consists of two parts: the instinct of beneficence, which makes a certain side of our nature, when predominant, wish to do good to men; and the intellectual conception of beneficence, which we can compare with any proposed course of conduct and ask "Is this beneficent or not?" By the continual asking and answering of such questions the conception grows in breadth and distinctness, and the instinct becomes strengthened and purified. It appears then that the great use of the conception, the intellectual part of the heirloom, is to enable us to ask questions; that it grows and is kept straight by means of these questions; and if we do not use it for that purpose we shall gradually lose it altogether, and be left with a mere code of regulations which cannot rightly be called morality at all.

Such considerations apply even more obviously and clearly, if possible, to the store of beliefs and conceptions which our fathers have amassed for us in respect of the material world. We are ready to laugh at the rule of thumb of the Australian, who continues to tie his hatchet to the side of the handle, although the Birmingham fitter has made a hole on purpose for him to put the handle in. His people have tied up hatchets so for ages: who is he that he should set himself up against their wisdom? He has sunk so low that he cannot do what some of them must have done in the far distant past—call in question an established usage, and invent or learn something better. Yet here, in the dim beginning of knowledge, where science and art are one, we find only the same simple rule which applies to the highest and deepest growths of that cosmic Tree; to its loftiest flower-tipped branches as well as to the profoundest of its hidden roots; the rule, namely, that what is stored up and handed down to us is rightly used by those who act as the makers acted, when they stored it up; those who use it to ask further questions, to examine, to investigate; who try honestly and solemnly to find out what is the right way of looking at things and of dealing with them.

A question rightly asked is already half answered, said Jacobi; we may add that the method of solution is the other half of the answer, and that the actual result counts for nothing by the side of these two. For an example let us go to the telegraph, where theory and practice, grown each to years of discretion, are marvellously wedded for the fruitful service of men. Ohm found that the strength of an electric current is directly proportional to the strength of the battery which produces it, and inversely as the length of the wire along which it has to travel. This is called Ohm's law; but the result, regarded as a statement to be believed, is not the valuable part of it. The first half is the question: what relation holds good between these quantities? So put, the question involves already the conception of strength of current, and of strength of battery, as quantities to be measured and compared; it hints clearly that these are the things to be attended to in the study of electric currents. The second half is the method of investigation; how to measure these quantities, what apparatus are required for the experiment, and how are they to be used? The student who begins to learn about electricity is not asked to believe in Ohm's law; he is made to understand the question, he is placed before the apparatus, and he is taught to verify it. He learns to do things, not to think he knows things; to use instruments and to ask questions, not to accept a traditional statement. The question which required a genius to ask it rightly is answered by a tiro. If Ohm's law were suddenly lost and forgotten by all men, while the question and the method of solution remained, the result could be rediscovered in an hour. But the result by itself, if known to a people who could not comprehend the value of the question or the means of solving it, would be like a watch in the hands of a savage who could not wind it up, or an iron steamship worked by Spanish engineers.

In regard, then, to the sacred tradition of humanity, we learn that it consists, not in propositions or statements which are to be accepted and believed on the authority of the tradition, but in questions rightly asked, in conceptions which enable us to ask further questions, and in methods of answering questions. The value of all these things depends on their being tested day by day. The very sacredness of the precious deposit imposes upon us the duty and the responsibility of testing it, of purifying and enlarging it to the utmost of our power. He who makes use of its results to stifle his own doubts, or to hamper the inquiry of others, is guilty of a sacrilege which centuries shall never be able to blot out. When the labours and questionings of honest and brave men shall have built up the fabric of known truth to a glory which we in this generation can neither hope for nor imagine; in that pure and holy temple he shall have no part nor lot, but his

name and his works shall be cast out into the darkness of oblivion for ever.

III.—THE LIMITS OF INFERENCE.

The question, in what cases we may believe that which goes beyond our experience, is a very large and delicate one, extending to the whole range of scientific method, and requiring a considerable increase in the application of it before it can be answered with anything approaching to completeness. But one rule, lying on the threshold of the subject, of extreme simplicity and vast practical importance, may here be touched upon and shortly laid down.

A little reflection will show us that every belief, even the simplest and most fundamental, goes beyond experience when regarded as a guide to our actions. A burnt child dreads the fire, because it believes that the fire will burn it to-day just as it did yesterday; but this belief goes beyond experience, and assumes that the unknown fire of to-day is like the known fire of yesterday. Even the belief that the child was burnt yesterday goes beyond *present* experience, which contains only the memory of a burning, and not the burning itself; it assumes, therefore, that this memory is trustworthy, although we know that a memory may often be mistaken. But if it is to be used as a guide of action, as a hint of what the future is to be, it must assume something about that future, namely, that it will be consistent with the supposition that the burning really took place yesterday; which is going beyond experience. Even the fundamental "I am," which cannot be doubted, is no guide to action until it takes to itself "I shall be," which goes beyond experience. The question is not, therefore, "May we believe what goes beyond experience?" for this is involved in the very nature of belief; but "How far and in what manner may we add to our experience in forming our beliefs?"

And an answer, of utter simplicity and universality, is suggested by the example we have taken: a burnt child dreads the fire. We may go beyond experience by assuming that what we do not know is like what we do know; or, in other words, we may add to our experience on the assumption of a uniformity in nature. What this uniformity precisely is, how we grow in the knowledge of it from generation to generation, these are questions which for the present we lay aside, being content to examine two instances which may serve to make plainer the nature of the rule.

From certain observations made with the spectroscope, we infer the existence of hydrogen in the sun. By looking into the spectroscope when the sun is shining on its slit, we see certain definite bright lines; and experiments made upon bodies on the earth

have taught us that when these bright lines are seen, hydrogen is the source of them. We assume, then, that the unknown bright lines in the sun are like the known bright lines of the laboratory, and that hydrogen in the sun behaves as hydrogen under similar circumstances would behave on the earth.

But are we not trusting our spectroscope too much? Surely, having found it to be trustworthy for terrestrial substances, where its statements can be verified by man, we are justified in accepting its testimony in other like cases; but not when it gives us information about things in the sun, where its testimony cannot be directly verified by man?

Certainly, we want to know a little more before this inference can be justified; and fortunately we do know this. The spectroscope testifies to exactly the same thing in the two cases; namely, that light-vibrations of a certain rate are being sent through it. Its construction is such that if it were wrong about this in one case it would be wrong in the other. When we come to look into the matter, we find that we have really assumed the matter of the sun to be like the matter of the earth, made up of a certain number of distinct substances; and that each of these, when very hot, has a distinct rate of vibration, by which it may be recognized and singled out from the rest. But this is the kind of assumption which we are justified in using when we add to our experience. It is an assumption of uniformity in nature, and can only be checked by comparison with many similar assumptions which we have to make in other such cases.

But is this a true belief, of the existence of hydrogen in the sun? Can it help in the right guidance of human action?

Certainly not, if it is accepted on unworthy grounds, and without some understanding of the process by which it is got at. But when this process is taken in as the ground of the belief, it becomes a very serious and practical matter. For if there is no hydrogen in the sun, the spectroscope—that is to say, the measurement of rates of vibration—must be an uncertain guide in recognizing different substances; and consequently it ought not to be used in chemical analysis—in assaying, for example—to the great saving of time, trouble, and money. Whereas the acceptance of the spectroscopic method as trustworthy has enriched us not only with new metals, which is a great thing, but with new processes of investigation, which is vastly greater.

For another example, let us consider the way in which we infer the truth of an historical event—say the siege of Syracuse in the Peloponnesian war. Our experience is that manuscripts exist which are said to be and which call themselves manuscripts of the history of Thucydides; that in other manuscripts, stated to be by later historians, he is described as living during the time of the

war; and that books, supposed to date from the revival of learning, tell us how these manuscripts had been preserved and were then acquired. We find also that men do not, as a rule, forge books and histories without a special motive; we assume that in this respect men in the past were like men in the present; and we observe that in this case no special motive was present. That is, we add to our experience on the assumption of a uniformity in the characters of men. Because our knowledge of this uniformity is far less complete and exact than our knowledge of that which obtains in physics, inferences of the historical kind are more precarious and less exact than inferences in many other sciences.

But if there is any special reason to suspect the character of the persons who wrote or transmitted certain books, the case becomes altered. If a group of documents give internal evidence that they were produced among people who forged books in the names of others, and who, in describing events, suppressed those things which did not suit them, while they amplified such as did suit them; who not only committed these crimes, but gloried in them as proofs of humility and zeal; then we must say that upon such documents no true historical inference can be founded, but only unsatisfactory conjecture.

We may, then, add to our experience on the assumption of a uniformity in nature; we may fill in our picture of what is and has been, as experience gives it us, in such a way as to make the whole consistent with this uniformity. And practically demonstrative inference—that which gives us a right to believe in the result of it—is a clear showing that in no other way than by the truth of this result can the uniformity of nature be saved.

No evidence, therefore, can justify us in believing the truth of a statement which is contrary to, or outside of, the uniformity of nature. If our experience is such that it cannot be filled up consistently with uniformity, all we have a right to conclude is that there is something wrong somewhere; but the possibility of inference is taken away; we must rest in our experience, and not go beyond it at all. If an event really happened, which was not a part of the uniformity of nature, it would have two properties; no evidence could give the right to believe it to any except those whose actual experience it was; and no inference worthy of belief could be founded upon it at all.

Are we then bound to believe that nature is absolutely and universally uniform? Certainly not; we have no right to believe anything of this kind. The rule only tells us that in forming beliefs which go beyond our experience, we may make the assumption that nature is practically uniform so far as we are concerned. Within the range of human action and verification, we may form,

by help of this assumption, actual beliefs; beyond it, only those hypotheses which serve for the more accurate asking of questions.

To sum up:—

We may believe what goes beyond our experience, only when it is inferred from that experience by the assumption that what we do not know is like what we know.

We may believe the statement of another person, when there is reasonable ground for supposing that he knows the matter of which he speaks, and that he is speaking the truth so far as he knows it.

It is wrong in all cases to believe on insufficient evidence; and where it is presumption to doubt and to investigate, there it is worse than presumption to believe.

W. K. CLIFFORD.



ECONOMIC FALLACIES.

FREE TRADE *v.* PROTECTION.

IN a lecture recently delivered in New York by Professor Bonamy Price, on Metallic and Paper Currency, he related an anecdote which is thus reported in the *New York Tribune* :—

“At one time I had to pay a bill at a hotel in Geneva. I happened to have no French money, and I gave an English coin to the innkeeper, expecting him to take it for 25 francs. He took it, looked at it, and said to me, ‘This coin has got the mark of St. George and the Dragon. Have you got any with the mark of Queen Victoria on it?’ I looked, and I had one. ‘Well, sir,’ he said, ‘I shall be very glad if you will let me have the one with the mark of Queen Victoria, and not the one with the mark of St. George and the Dragon.’ I said, ‘Will you be kind enough to tell me why you prefer the one to the other?’—‘Because the one with the mark of St. George and the Dragon is old, and this is new,’ he answered. And he said to me these singular words :—‘Sir, this coin will be melted before nightfall. It will be converted into pure metal of gold. If I have the recent coin, it will be of full weight ; if I have the other, it is likely to be worn or a light sovereign, and to be deficient in the proper weight of gold.’”

Upon this narrative Mr. Price remarks :—

“This is absolutely clear as the sun, that what the man gave me in the hotel was exchanged against pure metal without any reference to money—without any reference to coinage, I mean. It was, ‘Mr. Price, we will give you so much dinner, so much tea, so much bed, and so much waiting, against a certain lump of gold.’ And if you say that money when it is coined—that gold when it is coined and called money—has a different value from gold in the lump, what will happen in England? . . .”

Later, in the same lecture, Mr. Price says:—

"No man is obliged to give me his goods for gold, but he will, because the convenience is so great; and I have shown you upon what principles the exchange is made. Now, it follows from that—and it is a very serious matter when considered with reference to paper—that the man who sells his goods for coin is paid. *The gold is payment.* It is one commodity given for another. The gold, if desired, can be melted, and sold in ingots for purposes of art, for those who use gold in different kinds of manufactures; and this shows that it is full payment. People will take it because *it is a commodity worth the goods I took from them.*"

In every word of these remarks I thoroughly agree with Mr. Price. But I have no hesitation in saying that they are totally inconsistent with the doctrine he proceeds to expound, and altogether neutralize the rest of his lecture. It is nothing but a fanciful figure of speech, after such a clear exposition of the true character of true money, to talk of it as "a tool of exchange," "a thing invented as a machine for exchanging goods, and for nothing else." We might as well speak of a beef-steak as a tool for dining—a machine invented to enable us to get food for to-morrow's dinner.

My purpose, however, at present is not to compare the inconsistencies of Mr. Price's doctrines, but to apply the statements of facts which I have quoted from him in examining the chapter of Professor Cairnes' recent book on "Some Leading Principles of Political Economy newly expounded," wherein he deals with the vexed question between Protection and Free Trade.

In a preceding portion of his work,* when commenting upon some views of Mr. Longe's, Mr. Cairnes concedes that if Mr. Longe were right in supposing that money spent abroad on the Continent is withdrawn from the British wages fund, there would be some justification for the doctrines of Protectionists; but he proceeds to remind Mr. Longe and his readers of the prevalent, and what he regards as the true, doctrine, that expenditure of British tourists in foreign countries has eventually to be defrayed by exportation of British manufactures. Now, here is the real question at issue; for certainly this cannot be the case if Mr. Price's statement is true that the *gold is payment*—that it is *one commodity given for another*; for then the transaction is complete on payment of the money; no demand for British productions being either necessary or created; and that Mr. Price is right in this seems to me scarcely to admit of question. Mr. Price furnishes in his own person an example of the supposed tourist, and distinctly states that he paid for what was supplied to him with the sovereign as with a commodity.

It remains therefore to be considered how far the fact that money is a substantive article of exchange affects the controversy between Free Trade and Protection.

* In a note, p. 20.

In attempting some examination of this question I would premise that so far as my own opinions are concerned I am neither protectionist nor free-trader. I am disposed to regard the controversy as in many respects not more scientific than would be a discussion of the comparative merits of speed and of slowness, regardless of the laws of correlation of forces and conservation of energy, and the fact that what is gained in speed is paid for by the expenditure of some form of force. As if the advocates of speed, for instance, should contend that because speed, rapidity of motion, is often a good and useful thing, it must always be so, and that therefore in all machinery the object should be to make every wheel rotate with the utmost possible velocity; while the defenders of slowness, on the other hand, should tenaciously hold that, as the propriety is obvious of not allowing some wheels to revolve more than a certain number of times per minute, it must therefore be desirable, if not indeed necessary, to restrain the revolutions of all other parts of the machinery to the same rate. In truth, in all discussions of commercial principles or policy during the last thirty or forty years there is an obvious tendency, which may be seen in many other fields of inquiry, to imagine that it is not possible to have too much of a good thing, as we express the idea in colloquial language. Because commercial restrictions are often burdensome to particular interests or certain classes, it is assumed that it must always be for the good of the whole of any community to enjoy untrammelled freedom of trade.

I think that, in accordance with this general tendency to push the application of abstract principles to extremes, the admirers of commercial liberty have overlooked the fact that there are limits and circumstances within which alone healthy growth and beneficial action may be expected from perfectly free and unprotected trade. And the curious misapprehension which has existed, and still exists among many who ought to be clearer-sighted, as to the true character of money, has helped to support them in adherence to more or less erroneous conclusions.

Lord Palmerston gave utterance to a profound truth when he said that "half the wrong conclusions at which mankind arrives are reached by the abuse of metaphors, and by mistaking general resemblance or imaginary similarity for real identity." The sooner it is perceived that the phrases "medium of exchange," "circulating medium," "tool of exchange," and all the rest, are metaphorical expressions as fanciful and absurdly inappropriate when examined as the expression "staff of life" applied to bread, the more quickly shall we let in a flood of light upon many questions which are now involved in dense obscurity. Professor Tyndall's recent papers on fog-signalling have afforded a remarkable instance, showing how thoroughly erroneous are many assumptions in science

which are accepted *a priori*, and taken as data in further investigation. In economics, no less than in acoustics, it will be found that we must altogether discard some of the beliefs which have been confidently cherished during the last half-century.

I am satisfied that it cannot be long before all persons see with Mr. Bonamy Price that "it is clear as the sun" that when money is exchanged for any other goods or services whatever, these goods or services are "exchanged against pure metal without any reference to coinage." It will then be comprehended that money is a separate commodity in itself—a distinct variety of property, whether in the form of gold or bank notes; these latter merely being valuable in proportion to their credit, because they are promises to pay gold. A little further consideration will show that money is the form of property into which all profits on exchanges, whether between individuals or between communities, will and must eventually be collected for preservation. It will also be seen that thus the profits in trade will accumulate in the hands of the traders, the distributors and exchangers, rather than those of the producers—the masses who are the working bees of the human hive. And it will also be soon apparent that the augmentation of the national wealth in money, in gold, so obtained by the mercantile classes, has the effect of raising the prices or relative values more or less of all other commodities to the labouring masses.

All these conclusions turn upon the fact that money is an article of exchange, and in them is to be found the true apology and explanation for the views still held by protectionists in America and the British Colonies, which are so vexing to the souls of Professor Cairnes and others of the dominant school of economists. In America and the Colonies men dimly perceive that in some way protection does generally do them good, though they are unable to explain scientifically the reason why, or to refute the arguments by which it is endeavoured to show that they are quite mistaken. They do, as Mr. Greg says, "scent" the unsoundness of those arguments, but they do not discern where the error lies. Their justification is found in the fact that money is an indestructible article of commerce, which really constitutes the capital of any community, though its relative value in each will vary.

For viewing certain aspects of economical problems the masses of any people may properly be marshalled in the two characters of consumer and producer, though of course the same person often appears in both. But the division is important, because as a consumer he buys with indestructible capital which he did not produce; as a producer he sells a perishable commodity, upon the more or less constant consumption of and demand for which

depends his ability to procure in exchange the indestructible capital with which he is to obtain the supplies for his necessities. Free trade, by lowering prices of commodities in relation or comparison to gold, favours the capitalist consumer (the owner for the time being of the gold), though, as we shall hereafter see, this effect is limited, and after a time neutralized. But it is clearly the interest of the producer as producer that the value of his products should be high relatively to gold, and this protection obtains for him. Free trade promotes the export of money from places which are not themselves large producers for a foreign market. Protection certainly tends to keep money—that is, capital—within the borders of the community. These may be accepted almost as general principles; and yet they afford an instance of the misleading character of general principles accepted without allowance for causes which disturb their operation. For not only has free trade not led to export of money to any great extent from Great Britain—although her imports enormously exceed her exports—but the special character of the business which she transacts as the commercial centre and money market of the world tends to draw the precious metals to her; and we know as a fact that prices of almost all commodities are greatly enhanced as compared to gold—in other words, that the relative value of gold has been lessened. But we must remember that the ownership of the money by members of foreign nations does not necessarily cause its removal from England, nor prevent its circulation there with all the effects which its presence must produce. Under the peculiar and artificial arrangements made possible by our banking system, a million or ten millions of pounds' worth of gold may remain for years in circulation in England, yet during the whole period be really the property of foreigner after foreigner; the right to claim it from the banks using it in the meantime being transferred from hand to hand by means of bills of exchange. The effect is on a larger scale the same as that which may be observed with regard to the London Clearing-House, often erroneously supposed to afford an example of the advantages of credit. There is no principle of credit involved in this matter *per se*. The transaction is simply one of transfer, or setting off one against another claims to property deposited in known places. The credit comes into action because banks are allowed to use money not theirs.

I am acquainted with a little island in the West Indies in which in former years the edible roots called yams were used as money. They were the chief, almost the only article of production, and were in great demand as food in all the adjacent archipelago, and therefore readily exchangeable. The natives were great cock-fighters; and I have been told an amusing story

of a stranger who heard them betting hundreds of pounds at a cock-fight, they being really very poor people; and his indignation was only allayed when he found that these were pounds avoirdupois of yams. The yams were stored in some warehouse, and the losers of bets at the cock-fight gave orders to deliver so many hundred pounds to the winners. Suppose on settling their engagements all the bettors had orders to receive yams, and all also had to give orders to pay yams; obviously the shortest mode of settlement, instead of moving so many hundreds of pounds backwards and forwards, would be to set off orders on either side, and so to determine the residuary right of ownership to the stock of yams in store. The transactions of the Clearing-House are precisely similar, and only determine the right of ownership which has changed hands to certain amounts of gold, or to certain definite promises to pay gold.

It is exactly on the same principle that large amounts of money, which belong to other nations, may still remain in Great Britain as the great bank as well as great clearing-house of the world; the right to claim them being yesterday with America, to-day with France, and to-morrow with Germany, transferred repeatedly by bills of exchange, but the money itself remaining still in England. And thus, singularly enough, the very distinction of England as the commercial centre and money market of the world has had the effect of so raising prices and wages—in other words, of depreciating the value of gold or money relatively to other things—as to bring about the state of affairs lamented over by Mr. Greg and others, which foreshadows the departure of our manufacturing supremacy.

In the chapter on Free Trade and Protection, in Professor Cairnes' recent work, he observes that "the system of protection naturally grew out of the system of the balance of trade." "They were not," he says, "so much distinct systems as different aspects of the same system." I am not disposed to dispute that there is very intimate connection between the idea of protection and the fact of the balance of trade. But I submit that the balance of trade is a fact, and not a system. The imaginary equation of national demand, supposed by Mr. Mill and others, is a fanciful hypothesis quite untenable. Of course an interchange of goods and services between two communities, amounting to exactly the same value, or amount of money of account, is conceivable, but never happens in practice. If a difference in value exists amounting to one pound, one dollar, or one franc, that difference is the balance of trade, is a fact; and the difference has to be paid in gold or silver, though it may be so paid by merely transferring the right to claim the coin, in the country against which the balance is apparent, without moving the

precious metal itself. And the circulation of this right is part of the operation of what we call credit, to which we attribute so great advantage without seeing the injury which the manufacture of credit in place of money inflicts upon all those whose incomes are fixed and paid in money, and indeed upon every one who purchases with money.

Money being in fact, as so clearly shown by Mr. Bonamy Price, an article of exchange, everything which serves in the place of true money becomes an article of exchange also; and thus, for instance, the enormous issue of inconvertible paper currency in the United States has helped to lower everywhere the value of money relatively to other commodities; and not a clerk in London, with three hundred a-year, but has suffered in his circumstances from the flood of American *Greenbacks* which displaced the precious metals in America, and sent them abroad to swell the amount of the exchangeable commodity (money) in other places. None of us gets as much in exchange for a sovereign as if the issue of American legal-tender notes had not taken place.

Suppose an amount of other exchangeable commodities equal to 1,000 units of account (let it be £*), and an aggregate of the commodity gold—apportioned in pieces of certified quality and weight as coin—also amounting to 1,000 units of account (£). Now a unit of gold will exchange for a unit of other commodities. Then suppose the amount of gold, money of the world at large, augmented by the issue of paper promises to pay gold to the amount of 1,000 units. You then have money to the amount of 2,000 units against other commodities of 1,000 units: one unit of other commodities will only exchange against two of money. All money is depreciated to one-half of its original value, and the owner of true property, true money, is mulcted of half its original value in exchange by the manufacturers of credit. This action is modified by circumstances, as, for example, by the fact that the paper currency in the States does not pass at its nominal value as compared to gold; but the principle which I have roughly described is in action all round us at the same time. Every bank note or legal-tender note helps to reduce the value of fixed incomes payable in money.

The connection at first may not be obvious, but these facts have a strong bearing upon the controversy between free trade and protection, which Professor Cairnes says is unfortunately not yet extinct, or indeed may rather be said to be active and glowing with something of its pristine fervour. In truth it cannot die

* My answer to Sir Robert Peel's famous question—"What is a pound?"—is that a "£" is a unit of account of value, as a "lb." is a unit of account of weight

while a balance of trade, payable in the commodity money, exists as a fact.

As Mr. Bonamy Price well said in his New York lecture, the reason that so much confusion prevails about the subject of currency, as well as other economical questions, is that "we do not begin from the beginning." "*A priori* notions taken up without examination form the staple of our thoughts," and until we get rid of the absurdly inaccurate *a priori* notion, that money is only a tool of exchange, we shall wander helplessly in the mazes where his Oxford friend was lost, who declared that currency passed his understanding.

Professor Cairnes observes that nations only trade with one another when by so doing they can satisfy their desires at smaller sacrifice or cost than by direct production of the commodities which minister to them; and he states that this is the justification of free trade. And this would be a perfect justification if nations really did exchange their own products directly for the products which they obtain from other communities. But to suppose that they do so is only true in an abstruse, scientific sense, as it is true in such a sense to say that mankind feeds on air and earth, because the flesh which we eat has been formed of vegetables, nourished by the earth and the atmosphere. If we tried to obtain our aliment directly from these sources without the intervention of our usual kinds of food, we should not find the operation successful. Free trade, without the intervention of gold, is quite as impossible; and the intervention of gold produces most important modifications in the results expected from theoretical free trade. The smaller sacrifice or cost which we secure is a smaller sacrifice or cost of money as an article of exchange; not less labour nor less production. Free trade, of itself, unneutralized by other circumstances, tends to give an advantage to the holder of money—which is the accumulated result of former labour—as compared to the existing working producer of consumable goods. Now, upon the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, this is not to be desired. Those who have the money are always the few and the rich—the capitalists. The many—the labouring class—are those who only have their labour and its products to sell for money, and whose interest it is to get the temporary use of as much of the indestructible money as they can. This is the question between labour and capital. But no variation in the proportions in which money is exchanged for labour or products destroys that portion of the exchangeable property of the nation.

It is very remarkable how, while professing to be followers of Adam Smith, we have inverted some of his leading principles. It must be admitted he was not always himself consistent; but it is

obvious that he did regard the internal or home trade of a country as being the most important. He represents it as that in which equal capital affords the greatest revenue, and creates the greatest employment to the people of the country; and he protested against subordinating this to foreign trade. On the contrary, the advocates of the commercial system against which he fought saw clearly enough that foreign trade, if prosperous, produces its results to the nation in gold and silver, which are and must be the commodities eventually rewarding successful commerce. In answer to the prohibition to export the precious metals, they urged that "the exportation of gold and silver, in order to purchase foreign goods, did not always diminish the quantity of those metals in the kingdom; that on the contrary, it might frequently increase the quantity, because, if the consumption of foreign goods was not thereby increased in the country, those goods might be re-exported to foreign countries, and, being there sold for a large profit, might bring back much more treasure than was originally sent out to purchase them."

These defenders of foreign trade were right. They saw that if the foreign goods were consumed in the country they at least would recover their money from the consumers, their fellow countrymen, though gold might go out of the country; and they saw, too, that if used again in foreign trade the eventual profit must be more gold and silver.

But Adam Smith in this matter was right also, and did see more clearly what might be for the benefit of the community notwithstanding the glittering allurements of foreign trade, and the consequent enrichment in the precious metals. He saw that—in spite of the indisputable fact that money is always an article of exchange, which he did not see—the value of money is relative, and does not constitute it food or clothing, or any of the necessary comforts of life. He saw that so far as the trade of a country is contained within itself, and influx of money from without is prevented, it matters nothing how small a quantity of money exists, for it would be relatively enough. Let us imagine a community possessing all materials and forms of industry sufficient to produce necessary comforts, and even luxuries for themselves, and prevented from holding commercial intercourse with other communities. Suppose that its population is in number a , that its annual production of all kinds amounts to x , and that it possesses, as a body, gold used as money equal in value to y . Then let us suppose that in the course of a century the population increases to $2a$, and that from improved machinery, and inventions, and greater industry, the production has increased to $3x$, while the amount of money remains at y , there being no means of augmenting the quantity of coin. It is this third factor, y , which the economists

always omit in their calculations. The whole property of the community is $3x + y$. But it is, I think, here obvious that without any freedom of trade, or foreign trade at all, each individual on an average is half as rich again in material comfort, in worldly goods, and that each possessor of a fractional part of y will be able to purchase with it three times the quantity of x which he could have done a century before. Such an instance as this is Utopian in its character, but it illustrates the idea, which was evidently present in Adam Smith's mind, and is the same idea which is the root of the system of the protectionist. Practically, the difficulties in the way are numerous, but theoretically, it might be possible under a system most strictly prohibitive to have all productions which it is possible for a community to develop much cheaper as measured against gold, than under free trade, which lets in additional supplies of money.

And the supposed case also exposes the fallacy of regarding money as merely machinery, of which a certain quantity is necessary for effecting exchanges, and of which more than that quantity cannot be required. If we think of this for a moment we see that it is nonsense. There is not the slightest reason why an ounce of gold should not exchange for double the quantity of any goods which it now purchases, except the fact that gold is only worth half as much relatively to other things as it would then be. But one shilling or a gold dollar could just as easily "circulate" the same amount of goods as it is supposed that it takes a crown or a half-eagle to move.

It is essential to a correct understanding of this subject to remember that whenever we talk of cheapness or dearness of goods—whether we intend it or not—the language we use means cheapness or dearness as measured against gold, for we have no other real standard. It is only by cost in money that any comparison can be instituted. And any attempt to explain these problems without reference to the intervention of money is simply hopelessly misleading. How, for instance, according to prevalent theories of favourable production, is it possible to account for the fact that wheat can be grown in South Australia at a profit on land that does not yield on an average more than ten bushels per acre, and where wages are six shillings per day; and not only at a profit in the Colony, but that it can be taken to England and there compete successfully with wheat produced from land four times as fertile, cultivated by labourers not getting a fourth of the money wages, and certainly not living half as well as their fellows in South Australia? The natural facilities in land and labour, the primary necessities for the production of wheat, are incomparably superior in England, and according to commonly received doctrines, what I have stated ought to be impossible, but it is the fact. The

true explanation is simply that the Australian wheat does not cost so much in money to produce. Land is almost rent-free, and peculiarities of climate enable machinery to be used for reaping, which saves *money*, which must otherwise be paid for labour. But the fact shows that we delude ourselves when we suppose that these questions are settled altogether by imagined superior facilities of countries for producing this or that commodity.

On the principles of free trade it is contended that Providence has endowed nations with special facilities; that one people admirably gifted for working in metals are not equally so for making cloths; that others, having peculiar advantages for growing food, cannot, without infringing natural laws, turn their attention to weaving calicoes. It is even said that it is not necessary for a people to produce their own food. They can do some other thing, and with the price of their labour purchase from foreigners their meat and their bread.

But it is soon found that these principles cannot be pushed far without working some practical inconvenience. In many countries—as has been pointed out by M. Alby in the article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, referred to by Professor Cairnes—the national products being nearly all more expensive to produce, as measured against money, than similar products in foreign countries, the advice would have so often to be repeated, that, in France for instance, it would enjoin abandonment of the production of pit-coal, of iron, of cloth and calico, of all the great industries, of all that constitutes the true strength and riches of nations; and France might have left for her production, champagne, works of art, paper-hangings, perfumery, shoes, and gloves, all that constitutes the airy and ephemeral empire of fashion. M. Alby may well exclaim, “Is it to France, who has given birth to such industrial marvels, that language like this should be held!”

But we may go nearer home, and take for consideration a condition of affairs to which we seem to be fast approaching in England. There can be little doubt that unless something like a revolution occurs, touching the annual rent or cost of land to the farmer, it will be impossible for England any longer to compete in her own markets with the agricultural products of countries where land is to be had for the asking. She must cease to cultivate her own food, and depend for it upon nations who can furnish it, not with greater natural ease, but more cheaply as compared to money. This is the obvious and natural result of the fashionable economical doctrine. But will it suit our national pride, or indeed be consistent with our national existence, to be dependent for our food upon the sufferance of two nations like the United States and Russia, who, if united in any quarrel with us, need scarcely take the trouble to fire a shot, but could

quietly starve us into submission by shutting off our supplies of food? But suppose even this difficulty removed or provided for. We know that our principal productions are cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures, iron and steel, coal, and machinery. It is the fact, account for it as we may, that there is not one of these branches of industry in which other countries are not now treading on our heels. We have enough to do to hold the lead, and it may be that we shall be surpassed. In this case are we to be customers to our rivals, abandoning what we can do as well, but not so cheaply, as measured by money? And if so, with what productions is the nation then to buy the food which it has ceased to be able to produce at a profit?

The point involved in these questions is also present in the issue between the squatter and the farmer in Australia. The squatter is naturally a free-trader, as is his analogue, the cotton-grower of the Southern United States. He says in effect to the farmer, and I have heard it said, "It is all nonsense your attempting to grow corn here. You can only make at best a very moderate subsistence, and you can never become wealthy. One hundred thousand acres divided between 200 of you may give you and your families a scanty support, but at the outside you will not make between you a profit of £10,000 to add to the wealth of the community. Now let me have the 100,000 acres and I will stock them with 200,000 sheep, which I have the gold to buy, and I will make single-handed a profit of £50,000 a year. It is quite true that in so employing the land it will produce no food for man, except my surplus sheep, which I don't think it worth my while to keep for wool, and under your cultivation it would have supported your 200 families, numbering 1,000 souls; but that is nothing to the point, which is according to all economical doctrines, that the country should devote itself to those occupations by which the greatest amount of wealth can be produced; and I demonstrate to you that wool-growing is more profitable than growing food. So you must make way for me, and you can import the food whence you like, and can get it cheapest." Naturally the farmers do not see the matter in this light. They say, "We have no money with which to stock sheep runs, and next to none to buy food. If the country is to be devoted to sheep pasture and wool-growing, as the most profitable pursuit, there will be no room and no employment for us, as sheep-farming requires very few hands; but without employment we cannot live, and to make way for you is not so easy as you may wish. The development of the greatest amount of wealth in the country is a matter of very subordinate consideration to us compared with our personal subsistence. Even, therefore, if corn-growing has to be protected; even if you are made to pay five shillings for it, when by free trade you could get it for four shillings,

that is better for us, the far greater number. You will have to forego the luxuries which you might purchase with those extra shillings, or the wealth which you might amass by accumulating them, but we shall get those extra shillings wherewith to purchase necessities. Protection will force, to a certain extent, a more equal distribution of the comforts of life."

And there is little room to doubt that the farmer is right so far as he is concerned. All the promised profits to the nation from free trade—all the greater wealth derived from growing wool instead of wheat, consist only of greater accumulations of gold; and like Midas, the people may be starved while they, or at least some of their fellow-countrymen, are rolling in wealth. Who shall say indeed that the myth of Midas's request to Dionysius and its consequences is not the remains of some exploded attempt at free trade in some remote post-gorilla period, when our progenitors had not lost their pointed ears?

But it is indeed very remarkable how the questions between the people and the landowners—between capital and subsistence—between the wool-growers and wheat-growers in the time of Henry VIII., of which the circumstances are so graphically described by Mr. Froude in his *History*, are now reproduced in countries then unknown. In a note to his first chapter Mr. Froude disclaims any intention to oppose the received and ascertained conclusions of political economy in expressing sympathy with the social policy of the Tudor government; and, no doubt, the circumstances of England are not the same now as then. But even he does not seem to have apprehended how precisely the same great causes still produce the same effects in accordance with the laws of which the operation has been obscured by the extraordinary delusion that exchangeable property is only a medium of exchange.

These considerations may help to clear the ground for us somewhat in examining the arguments of Professor Cairnes and his comments upon the views of M. Alby.

Mr. Cairnes regards protection as growing out of the system of the balance of trade, of which the former aimed at enriching the country by drawing to it the precious metals. As I have before remarked, it would be more accurate to say that the balance of trade is a fact of which the inevitable tendency is to draw the precious metals into the country to which the balance is favourable; and notwithstanding the repetition, I recall attention to this fact. Mr. Cairnes himself, in the chapter immediately preceding, states that, as a matter of fact, commercial equilibrium does not exist; "it very rarely happens that the whole exports of a country, even if we take an average of many years, exactly pay for the whole of its imports; nor can it truly be said that there is any tendency in the dealings of nations towards this result." Now, if so, we get

rid of all the nonsense which has been talked about equation of national demands; we see that there is always an inequality—always what we call a balance, which has to be paid or received in the shape of the precious metals in the trade between any two countries. Free trade is based upon the idea that this interchange shall be made at a profit—that we should buy with money in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, and so make a profit which can only be embodied in the precious metals, thus drawing them to the successful nation, and most effectually reproducing the old commercial system.

Protection, on the other hand, without specially aiming at it, does tend to reduce the profits of foreign trade, and, *pro tanto*, additions to quantity of the precious metals, while it has, as can be shown on the admission of Mr. Cairnes, a decided effect in inducing a more thrifty manipulation of raw materials for production.

He calls protection “the venerable sophism.” The whole of the confusion in this matter arises from another aged sophism, old as Adam Smith, but not venerable except from its age—the doctrine that nations can get rich and accumulate capital by interchanging perishable articles with one another—that England can become wealthy by exchanging hardware with France for wine; as if a cutler, who should make a penknife and scissors every day, and change them with a publican and a butcher for a bottle of wine and a beefsteak, which he drinks and eats, could by this process make provision for his family.

Free trade is indeed a reproduction of the commercial system under a specious disguise; and it is not too much to say that Great Britain does now suffer from some of its consequences as such. She would have suffered more but for the fact pointed out by Mr. Cairnes that a permanently favourable inclination of the balance cannot be ensured. Influx into any nation of large quantities of gold—which is the true money of the world—so rapidly tends to raise prices of everything else in that community that money soon flows out again to places where it can be exchanged to greater advantage; but not before the effects so well described by Hume have been more or less produced, as they may be seen to have been produced already in Great Britain; and they have been stimulated by every form of credit by which paper money has taken the place of gold.

Mr. Cairnes refers to the article by M. Alby in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, of 15th October, 1869, as accepted by protectionists as a triumphant exposition of their argument. He is scarcely fair to M. Alby, or else the protectionist party in France must have so modified their views as to make them look very like an admission of the propriety of free trade. At the end of his essay, in

summing up his conclusions, M. Alby speaks of protection as a system which has had its day, and has been an advantage to industry, but which in the nature of things and course of time necessarily becomes burdensome to it. That day he thinks has arrived, and French industry can only gain by being disembarassed. True protectionists would scarcely speak in this wise.

In former pages M. Alby has shown the disadvantages in the complicated and interwoven industries of old countries, belonging to a protective system, which it is impossible to adjust fairly between numerous interested parties, each of whom wishes to be relieved of the burdens which press upon himself, but is most willing that those of his neighbours should be retained. But from a certain point of view he is right in saying that it is only an arbitrary and theoretic doctrine which teaches that there is constant opposition between the interests of the consumer and the producer. They are, for by far the most part, the same persons in different characters, except where the consumers are people living on accumulated property or money which is capital; and then, indeed, the interests of the producers should take the first place, for they furnish all that annual revenue from capital which provides for the expense of consumption.

Mr. Cairnes objects to M. Alby's statement that the strength of the protectionist's case lies in its *ensemble*,—"that it is an associative pact which embraces the whole country. Each consents to pay for all the products he requires a price augmented by the customs tariff on the condition of obtaining for his own products in the home market a price equally augmented by the same means."

But theoretically, and if protection amounted to prohibition of all trade, this would be true. As I have shown above, a state of things is quite conceivable in which the money prices of everything might become less and less under strict protection, but, if any commerce is permitted, in proportion as prices fell, would demand from other places able to purchase with money tend to raise them again, unless those other places protected their own similar products.

Mr. Cairnes thinks that the fact is overlooked "that it is only those industries which are carried on at a relative disadvantage that stand in need of protection, and that, consequently—since in no country are all industries equally favoured by Nature—the consummation M. Alby contemplates with so much satisfaction is incapable of realization in any part of the world during any stage of commercial progress. It is precisely because in no country are all industries equally favoured by Nature that Mr. Cairnes' objection fails. According to the free trade theory, pushed to its logical extent, each country should only do that thing, produce that article of commerce, in respect of which it is

most favoured—gold countries should produce nothing but gold; countries with specially good copper mines nothing but copper; wine countries nothing but wine; China nothing but tea; Australia nothing but wool; South America nothing but hides. But the inhabitants of these places say naturally: "It is quite true, this is by far the most favoured industry in this country, but this is not sufficient to employ all of us; we want employment—work to do that we may live. We cannot remove to other countries, for in each the favoured industry is over-supplied with labour. That the few engaged in the favoured industry enjoy exceptional advantages in competition with all the rest of the world is no reason why we should starve. On the contrary that is an excellent argument why they should pay us rather more for all the supplies which they want, and which we can furnish if we are protected, than they could get them for in the open markets of the world. We can then obtain the capital necessary to prosecute the industry under disadvantageous circumstances, if we know that sufficiently high prices will be ensured to enable us to recover the capital expended, and give us a profit to live upon. And then remember that the capital will not be destroyed, nor sent out of the country, but remain within our borders and circulate among ourselves. If you spend a little more money upon us than you otherwise would, we also shall spend more upon those whom we employ."

This is the answer to the wine-growers and silk-weavers of France, the western farmers, and southern cotton-planters of the United States, and I may add the wool-growers and gold-diggers of Australia. It is exactly because the favoured industry in any nation requires no assistance, that it can assist the industries not so fortunate. And it is forgotten that nothing is otherwise saved except labour, which is wasted in idleness; no other wealth can be accumulated. If those crowds of agricultural labourers who have recently emigrated from England had remained, they must either eventually have submitted to the old rate of wages, or have starved; it certainly would not be found that there was room for them in the occupations still enjoying advantages in England, which do not remain with agriculture. Suppose that the high price secured by protection is rendered necessary by the onerous conditions under which native industry is tempted to work; suppose that Frenchmen, as Mr. Cairnes says, are encouraged to produce iron from ores of inferior quality by the high price secured to them—what has happened? Useful iron has been extracted from ores which would otherwise have been wasted; employment has been afforded to many who might otherwise have been idle for want of occupation; people have been fed who would otherwise have starved; and, as a set-off to this, some others have been obliged to smoke fewer cigars and drink less

wine than they would have had money to purchase, if they had not been compelled to spend it on iron. In the absence of protection, "they," we are told, "would obtain their iron on more favourable terms at a smaller sacrifice of labour and abstinence by exchanging for it their wines and silks with England." The sooner we send "labour and abstinence" after "medium of exchange," the better for economical science. Whose labour? and abstinence from what? Unfortunately the persons who have the wine and silks are not those who want the iron. The truth is, we do not want to save labour—we want to find wholesome and remunerative employment for paupers. And if the sacrifice of "abstinence" only means, as I believe it does, that riches will not accumulate so fast in the hands of capitalists—that the employers of labour will have to forego some luxuries that they may give higher wages to the labourers, and that the comforts of life may be thus more equally distributed—I cannot see much objection to this, though personally, as a consumer, I suffer from such a state of things in the place of my residence, where my income certainly does not purchase for me half the amount of luxuries that it could procure in many other countries, but where, I rejoice to say, there are no paupers, properly so called, and no poor, except the aged and infirm, the widow and the orphan.

Leaving the French case as stated by M. Alby, Mr. Cairnes proceeds to deal with the position taken in the United States, that protection is only asked for where American industry is placed at a disadvantage. He quotes Mr. Wells to the effect that the criterion by which the disadvantage is to be established is the cost of production, and that cost estimated by the money price of labour. Mr. Cairnes thinks that to argue that because the rates of wages measured in money are higher in the United States than in England, therefore the cost of producing commodities is higher, is to prove too much. And he goes on to say that the high rates of wages are not peculiar to any branch of industry, but are universal; therefore, if high wages mean high cost of production, and this high cost proves a need for protection, it follows that the farmers of Illinois and cotton-planters of the Southern States stand as much in need of fostering legislation as the cotton-spinners of New England or the iron-masters of Pennsylvania. He exclaims at this that a criterion which leads to such results must be regarded as sufficiently condemned. He does not see that the whole basis of his conclusion is a fallacy—that rates of wages alone do not determine the cost of production, which not only must be measured by, but absolutely consists of, money. The cotton-grower, the cotton-spinner, the wheat-grower, the iron-master, each has to pay in the article money for the labour and materials necessary to produce the other articles which he

does not want himself, but is to sell for money; and his profit can only consist of the difference in quantity between what he has given and receives of this commodity, as Mr. Bonamy Price has shown money to be. In the case of the cotton-grower, he possesses certain advantages of climate and cost of land which, although he may have to pay higher rates of wages, diminish the expense in money of producing the cotton as compared with that in other places. The farmer in Illinois has his land rent-free. He does not pay per annum so much in money for the annual produce of his farm as he would have to give if he were the tenant of a landlord, and he is able to spend more in the wages of labour than he otherwise could, and yet make a handsome profit in the commodity, money, which he can again exchange for what he wants.

The cotton-spinner and iron-master have not these advantages. For all their machinery, and for all the labour they employ, they have to pay greatly more of the article money than their competitors find sufficient, and they cannot prosecute their industry unless they obtain a larger return of the same commodity than their rivals. A high rate of wages alone does not indicate a high cost of production, for labour often forms a very small part of this where land is concerned, though economists have amused themselves with the *quodlibet* that rent is no part of the cost of production; and Mr. Cairnes asks us to believe that a high rate of wages, *per se*, indicates not a high but a low cost of production for all commodities. He regards the circumstance that the rate of wages in the United States is high, whether measured in gold or in the most important articles of the labourer's consumption, as a "fact which proves that the cost of producing gold, as well as that of producing those other commodities, is low in the United States." As he says respecting M. Alby's article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, there is an air of "elaboration and parade of scientific precision about this statement." But what does it really mean? Does Mr. Cairnes intend it to be understood that an ounce of gold can be bought for less than that amount of gold? Surely this he cannot mean. Does he mean that the labourers engaged in gold-mining are worse paid in money or in the amount of articles of consumption which they use than those engaged in other occupations? I can answer, having been the governor of a gold colony, that such is not the case. There is no class of men who live more extravagantly than the workers in gold mines. In what sense, then, is gold supposed to be produced more cheaply in one place than another? It can only be that in some places less labour is required to produce the same amount of exchangeable value in gold than in other commodities. But this fact is wholly incompatible with Ricardo's famous principle to which Mr. Cairnes evidently gives his adherence; and even then the

circumstance can have no influence whatever in affecting the value of gold as measured against true money. Standard gold will still be worth £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce. And relatively to other things its value will only be affected in so far as the total quantity of gold, first in the country and then in the world, has been augmented by each new production from the bowels of the earth. This will not affect the truth that unless a manufacturer can recover as much gold in the course of his business as he expends in carrying it on, with some addition to that sum as profit and remuneration for his own time and labour, the business must stop.

And this is the true explanation of the fact, which Mr. Cairnes admits, that the United States are unable to compete in neutral markets in the sale of many important wares with England and other countries. He has to concede that the cost of production is not low in the case of all commodities, and then he proceeds to contend that the alleged inability of New England and Pennsylvania to compete with Manchester and Sheffield in calico and cutlery is only an inability "to do so consistently with obtaining that rate of remuneration on their industry, which is current in the United States." As if this settled the question, or explained anything! As if capitalists in America would not be content with the fortunes made in Manchester or Sheffield! As if this does not bring us back again to the point that American labour is better paid, chiefly through the distributive effect of protection; and that American capitalists cannot hope to compete with the cheaper labour of England until want of employment should so increase the need of the labouring classes as to compel them to be content with lower money wages.

According to Mr. Cairnes, because with vast extents of free land, the United States enjoy unparalleled advantages in producing the food of man, and the special article cotton, of which far the largest portion of their exported production consists, they are to make no effort to supply their own wants in other respects—to be content to make no progress in any of the culture implied in scientific manufactures, in the self-respect belonging to reliance on their own powers, and to becoming complete in all the fulness of their natural resources. A great and populous nation, possessing every requisite for human happiness, is not to strive to develop those for herself, but should be satisfied to remain the hewer of wood and drawer of water—the purveyor of raw material and mere food for others of mankind.

Perhaps no more curious application of economical fallacies in an argument can be found than in that portion of his chapter where Mr. Cairnes proceeds to consider how their "bold attempt to override the laws of nature has fared" in their endeavour to render their resources sufficient for themselves.

He begins by enumerating advantages supposed to be possessed by a student of political economy in dealing with such a problem, which advantages consist in assuming as postulates certain admissions which, if we take Mr. Bonamy Price's advice, and really begin at the true beginning, we by no means find ourselves able to make. He assumes, for example, that the destruction caused by the civil war must have left a large gap in the then existing wealth—in other words, in the capital of the United States. As I have endeavoured to show in a former paper,* it is far from clear that there was any such gap of great extent; and it is very certain that a large number of persons, keenly alive to their own interests, have seen reason to regard the war as a potent cause of the recent prosperity of the Union. This fact, that some persons believe it so to be, is referred to by Mr. Cairnes in a note, and can scarcely be disputed. He then proceeds to assert the doctrine that the taxation caused by a national debt is tantamount to a deduction from the general earnings of the community, which cannot be true except in so far as that deduction is transferred to another community for money or goods borrowed from them. Taxation, in whatever shape, which is gathered from the several members of the whole body, and then re-distributed among the same body, though in different proportions and to different members, is not a deduction from the earnings of the body as a whole. But notwithstanding causes which he regards as most injurious to the welfare of the community, and which, if they were true causes, could scarcely be neutralized in so short a time by the advantages to which he refers, Professor Cairnes has no hesitation in accepting the almost universal opinion of Americans, that the period of warfare once passed, the influences favouring industrial progress have on the whole largely preponderated over those tending to retard it. And he then goes on to the wholly inconsequent conclusion that therefore we should be justified in expecting that there should be a more liberal expansion of American commerce than prevailed in the period previous to 1861, when the Morrill tariff became law, and that this has been prevented by the Morrill tariff alone.

What a remarkable instance have we here of devotion to the commercial system, and the belief that foreign trade is the one thing needful to a nation! It does not seem to occur to Mr. Cairnes that the foreign trade has diminished in proportion as protection has fostered that home or internal trade concerning which Adam Smith was solicitous, and that, apart from this, it is impossible justly to estimate the progress of a nation by the proportion of its necessities which it is obliged to supply from foreign sources; even if we lay little stress upon the fact that, as employment is more largely afforded in manufacturing and other industries

* "Capital"—CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, October, 1874.

which do not produce food, so is internal consumption increased of those commodities which form almost entirely the exports of the United States.

But Professor Cairnes is content, he says, to rest his entire case against protection in the United States on the fact that the real remuneration of the labourer there in all the leading departments of industry has, during the nine years ending in 1868, positively fallen in a proportion not less than 20 per cent. on his previous earnings. He thinks that these are singular results to have accrued from the numerous advantages which the nation possesses. And it does not seem to him necessary to look elsewhere than in the obnoxious Morrill tariff for an explanation. It is difficult to assign the true explanation of social phenomena, and happy is he who knows the causes of things; but suppose he had looked into the statistics of population and immigration. He would have found that in the ten years previous to 1870, nearly four and a-half millions of immigrants, whom we know to be almost exclusively of the labouring classes, had been introduced into the United States, and formed more than *one-ninth of the total population* of the nation in 1870. If we subtract from the total all those classes which do not compete for daily wages, we see that the proportional addition to the actual labouring class probably does not fall short of 20 per cent., and it would be unreasonable to suppose this augmentation of labour supply not to produce a marked effect upon the rate of wages.

Mr. Cairnes instances ship-building as affording an example of trades which cannot be expected to prosper while coal, timber, and iron are loaded with heavy duties. But ship-building is a trade of an exceptional character, because ships when built must necessarily in the commerce of the world come into competition with other ships built under more favourable circumstances, and manned by seamen content with less wages than are required to tempt Americans to leave the ever-extending resources of their western country. Ships for over-sea trade, in a word, cannot now be protected without closing the national ports against foreign flags; but the ships in the coasting trade can be protected, and are protected with success.

The defence of protection, however, may be offered in Professor Cairnes' own words when he speaks of "the net outcome of the protectionist experiment which commenced with the passing of the Morrill tariff." He says: "Protectionists then undertook to secure for the protected interests of their country as high industrial rewards as are reaped in the most flourishing branches of United States production—and it may be allowed they have succeeded in their adventurous enterprise." But he urges that this has been effected "by lowering universally the level of those

rewards; by enforcing, through the medium of artificially enhanced prices, a huge deduction from the income of the community at large, and handing over the proceeds to the protected trades." Herein lies Mr. Cairnes' error. His explanation assumes what is not physically true. Enhanced prices do not make any deduction from the income of the community as a whole. My paying thirty shillings for a product which I otherwise might obtain for twenty shillings does not cause any increased consumption or destruction of that or any other commodity; it has lessened my consumption; and the thirty shillings and their purchasing power have not been destroyed by my having parted with them. If the rewards of industry can be levelled or equalized by any system, which will lessen inordinate gains in some occupations and hand over the deduction to others less fortunate, surely such a system may well be viewed with satisfaction by philanthropists in an age when the good things of this life seem to be more and more unequally distributed.

No doubt such a remedy as we are supposing protection to be is not easily applied in the case of old and thickly-populated communities, where many and complicated industries are closely interwoven in their relations, and success in many of them almost wholly depends upon materials or appliances being obtained where they can be bought most cheaply for money. In the case of a nation like Great Britain, her exported products may be so entirely or almost entirely the products of skill and scientifically developed manufacture, that it may be considered beneficial to the whole to disregard the interests of a minority engaged in the production only of food and raw material of an unimportant kind procurable elsewhere. To get the food and raw material as cheap as possible is the interest of the majority, for this alone will enable them to meet competitors in the great foreign markets; and they do not fear any rivalry from foreigners on their own ground in their own country. It is difficult in cases like this, in an exclusively manufacturing nation, to say what industries should be called upon to compensate others for their less-favoured position. But the collocation of circumstances is different in a new country with boundless extents of fertile land like the United States. Her exported products are almost entirely raw material or food, and it is in these that she need fear no rivalry either abroad or at home; and her pre-eminence in this department of industry is such that she can well afford to submit to some deduction from the advantages she enjoys, for the purpose of fostering those arts and manufactures in which she is deficient; even if she does so at the expense of diminishing profits from trade which go to swell the gains of the distributing rather than the producing classes of the community.

It is curious how the traders, while denying protection to producers, can in that remarkable manner in which extremes are made to touch, find political reasons for seeking advantages in national trade which are wholly inconsistent with the proclaimed principle of perfectly unshackled and unfavoured commercial intercourse. There is not a single commercial treaty from that negotiated with France by Mr. Cobden, or the first Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Canada, downwards, which is not in spirit at variance with the principles of free trade. They mean nothing at all if they were not meant to secure advantages to the nations entering into them, which other nations would not enjoy. If they do not create a preference for commercial dealings with ourselves, purchased by a concession of something which is thought by the other party to be equivalent, then they have no *raison d'être*. And this preference and this concession are nothing less than protection and differential duties under other names.

The principle has also been set aside by the recent Imperial Act authorizing special customs arrangements between the group of Australian colonies, by which among themselves their own products may be interchanged free of duties still imposed on like articles imported from other places. I, for one, think it most expedient and justifiable, on economical grounds, that the axioms of free trade should be disregarded in these cases. And it is not easy to see why, on any philosophical principle, communities, which have a common origin and a common flag, should be compelled to treat each other as foreigners, any more than that England and Scotland should maintain between themselves customs duties which they might collect from other nations. But let us not preach as economical gospel and proclaim as a law of Nature that which we readily discard when it suits our own convenience to do so.

What is called by Mr. Cairnes the political argument in favour of protection has been, perhaps, sufficiently referred to in some of the foregoing remarks. But there are one or two observations which he makes under this head which can scarcely be passed without comment. He admits that free trade made possible and favoured the low state of civilization in the slave States of America; that if part of the Union had been dependent mainly on its own industry for the direct supply of its material wants, a greater variety of industrial occupations would have been necessary. A considerable portion of the negro population must have been educated for this purpose, and a foundation have been thus laid for social progress. He concedes that the argument is not without support in the facts of experience; and then he coolly proceeds to say that this argument amounts to no more than that

barbarism and tyranny have sometimes gained strength from the expedients of civilization. Nothing can be more unfair. The argument will hold quite as well now that the quondam slaves are a nation of free men, and would be just as applicable if the labouring people of the Southern States were a white race. And it is as forcible in the case of other communities than the United States, where the mass of the people are engaged upon the development of raw materials, needing for their production thews and sinews rather than culture and intelligence.

Mr. Cairnes thinks not; but he bases his opinion upon that other fallacious economic principle that the cost of the most costly portion governs the price of the whole. This is true sometimes, but most decidedly untrue in practice in a great variety of cases. This principle would be worth a great deal to the English farmer just now, for in accordance with this he would be able to raise the wages of his labourers as much as his generosity might dictate. His corn being the most costly in production would regulate the price, and he would be sure to lose no money on cultivation. The Russian and American wheat merchants do not trouble themselves with the agreeable principle. They can sell in London corn which has been bought in Odessa or San Francisco, at a certain rate, making a fair profit in money on the transaction. If the English farmer does not like to take that price, he can keep his corn, and would probably have to do so until it rots, unless in case of a scarcity in the general market. It is far more true to say that the cost of producing where it can be grown in largest quantity at the least money cost, regulates the market price. There is not the slightest necessity for the consumer of corn in England first to have recourse to the corn producer in England, as all these theories assume that he must.

We delude ourselves therefore when we suppose that protection does not maintain in countries like the United States "a single industry which would not exist equally under free trade;" and that "the effect of free trade would not be to extinguish any of those branches of production in either country, but merely to alter the proportions in which they are carried on." Great Britain, in fact, does not produce corn so far as it is profitable to do so, and then satisfy her remaining wants by importation, as laid down by Mr. Cairnes. Her course is very different. She first buys as cheaply as she possibly can from foreigners who undersell her own producers, and when she can get no more so cheap, she buys from her own producers at as low a rate as the temporary supply and demand and the "higgling of the market" will get it for her. This is the avowed object and essence of free trade; and it is only throwing dust in our own eyes to pretend the contrary.

And so it would be with the United States in the case of iron

and coal, only that the process would more rapidly extinguish these industries in America than wheat-growing in England, unless the money cost of labour should fall. Mr. Cairnes further cites the case of such products as lumber and leather, in which he thinks that Canada has greater resources than the United States, and that "it is probable that the abolition of the high import duties now imposed by the latter country would lead to some readjustment of the proportions in which the industries they occasion are carried on." What does Mr. Cairnes mean by resources? Does he mean to say that it takes less labour to cut down a tree or to tan a hide in one place than in the other, or that Canada has more trees and more hides than the United States? In this, as in other cases, the fact is, that any real advantage can only consist in the possibility, through water carriage, cheaper labour, or some other circumstance, that the lumber or the hides can be produced for less money in one place than in the other.

When writers on economical subjects make admissions like that of Mr. Cairnes, where he grants the fact as undeniable that over a considerable area of manufacturing industry European manufacturers are capable, under free trade, of underselling Americans in their own home market, it is strange that it should not occur to them that those American manufacturers well understand the circumstances of their own business; and that it is no consolation to the cotton-spinner for a failure to be told that he may grow the raw material instead of weaving it.

The questions which economists discuss arise out of the movements of social machinery, which in old countries has become so complicated, and in some instances so broken and dislocated, that the true springs of action are scarcely recognizable as such. We must go to rudimentary societies to learn the true meaning of economic facts. If the writers who are regarded as authorities on these subjects had devoted eighteen or twenty years to the observation or administration of affairs in impecunious colonies and struggling infant communities, they would scarcely have any doubt about the fact that money is an article of exchange; and they would then see consequences that flow from this fact as they influence protection and free trade, the land question, and a good many others. Mr. Herbert Spencer has said that there is no mode of establishing the validity of any belief except that of showing its entire congruity with all other beliefs. The indisputable truth that coinage does not alter the character of the precious metals as articles of exchange affords ground for a belief which is wholly irreconcilable with nine-tenths of the doctrines commonly accepted as economical science.

ANTHONY MUSGRAVE.

MR. LOWE AND THE VIVISECTION ACT.

IT is an injudicious friend who proclaims on the housetops that a gentleman has received a *soufflet*, when the little incident to which he refers might have been described as an amicable tap, or as a blow aimed at a third party. With such ill-advised partisanship we think that the wiser members of the medical profession must just now charge several of their advocates who have discussed the Vivisection Act, and notably the right honourable representative of London University, who in the October number of this REVIEW informed the world that the doctors had been "singled out for treatment to which no Government ever before thought of exposing any respectable trade, much less a highly-educated, liberal, and honourable profession."* The spectacle is, of course, impressive of an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer converted, like another Saul, by sudden illumination, to the true faith of Science, and casting in his lot thenceforth with the persecuted vivisector. It may prove also a valuable lesson to London University that a Tory Government has been guilty of deliberately insulting the learned profession which has therein its head-quarters. Nevertheless, even these objects may, we should apprehend, be attained at too dear a cost if, when the passions of the hour have had time to cool down, reflection should show that the real dignity of that honourable profession has been needlessly jeopardized, and a hastily-judging public led to think that a

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, October, 1876, p. 719.

majority in both Houses of Parliament has seen good reason for administering to it a rap on the knuckles.

A year ago the leading physiologists of England, and the medical body which has, with rather superfluous chivalry, identified itself with their affairs, occupied a position which we venture to think was infinitely more respectable than that to which its over-zealous friends have now consigned it. At that time, when general attention had been called to the cruelties practised in foreign laboratories, and to those seemingly recommended to English students, in the "Handbook of the Physiological Laboratory," several physiologists and other scientific men of great eminence were understood to have instructed their Parliamentary champion in ordinary, Dr. Lyon Playfair, to bring into the House of Commons a "Bill to Prevent Abuse in Experiments on Animals made for the purpose of Scientific Discovery." This measure sets forth in the preamble that it is "expedient to prevent cruelty and abuse in the experiments made on living animals," and proceeds to lay down that "any person, for the purpose of new scientific discovery, but for no other purpose, shall be permitted to make an experiment," on conditions very closely resembling those enforced by the present Government Act. In particular it is provided (clause 4), that "any person desirous to obtain a license under this Act may apply for the same to one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State." The Secretary of State is at liberty to grant, and subsequently to revoke, the license, if he see fit. Offences under this Act are to involve penalties not exceeding £50 or three months' imprisonment, and may be prosecuted and recovered "in manner directed by the Summary Jurisdiction Act." As we have said, this was the legislation which English physiologists themselves promoted, and which the Royal Commissioners in their Report (p. xii.) say "must be accepted (without committing to all its provisions all who were favourable to it generally) as a *proof of the readiness of men of the highest eminence in science to submit to the consideration of the legislature this difficult question.*"*

The tone, in short, of the (genuine or assumed) representatives of science was at that time,

"Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

"We are conscious of no cruelty, and we desire to prevent the

* Dr. Pavy thinks the passing of Dr. Playfair's Bill would pacify public feeling without interfering with legitimate vivisection.—*Minutes of Royal Commission*, Question 2074.

Dr. Burdon Sanderson has had some conferences with Dr. Playfair, and assents to the general scope of his Bill (2220).

Mr. Charles Darwin cordially approves in the main of Dr. Playfair's Bill (4662).

Dr. Gamgee cannot consider that reasonable regulations would be a slur on the profession, and is of opinion that a properly worked system of licenses would be a great advantage (5425).

Dr. Handyside does not object to legislation (5938). Thinks there would be no more "slur" felt under legislation with regard to vivisection, than there is with regard to the Anatomy Act (5962).

actual or possible perpetration of it by other people, whether raw students or unauthorized amateurs, and to forestall any importation of the reckless practice of foreign laboratories into English schools."

This attitude was certainly far from undignified, and, had the Government Bill been permitted to pass as originally introduced by Lord Carnarvon (or with such slight modifications as the experience of physiologists *working in good faith to make the measure effective*, might have advised), the profession would have continued to hold as high a position, possibly a higher one than ever, in public estimation. It would have been understood that its leading members had resolved to make good the well-sounding but hitherto ineffective Resolutions passed by their representatives at Liverpool in 1871, and that, at a critical juncture in the advance of physiological investigation, they desired to co-operate with the State in setting up a permanent barrier against the abuses to which, from the nature of the case, their pursuit is liable, and which already accompany it in those foreign schools where it is most ardently followed.

A counter-current of sentiment bearing the strongest marks of professional pique and irritable *amour-propre* unhappily arose last summer, and soon carried the physiologists and their medical and political adherents in a direction totally opposite to this larger-minded and more worthy policy. It was discovered at the eleventh hour that the legislative interference, which the wiser members of the profession had last year invited, and which was recommended to the Royal Commission by such men as Sir Thomas Watson,* Sir George Burrows,† Professor Humphry,‡ Dr. Taylor,§ Professor Rolleston,|| Dr. Pavy,¶ Dr. Antony,** and Mr. Darwin,†† would (as certain younger and hotter heads had asserted) involve a "slur" on the profession, and place its honourable members on a par with licensed publicans and sinners. A whole band of trumpets suddenly broke forth in a Great-is-Diana chorus, glorifying the "noble," "humane," "learned," and thrice "honourable" profession of medicine, till it seemed as if Mr. Cross and Lord Carnarvon had been almost guilty of impiety in touching anything which concerned men possessed of all the virtues and liable to none of the failings of humanity; and that it was, to say the least, totally superfluous, if not outrageously impertinent, for the State to interfere with them and insist on any inspection of their proceedings as it is authorized to do regarding those of meaner mortals like schoolmasters and manufacturers. It was even forgotten that when another great medical scandal arose in the last generation, and the public took alarm at the suspected complicity

* *Minuter*, 170, et seq.

† *Ibid.* 173.

‡ *Ibid.* 753.

§ *Ibid.* 1175.

|| *Ibid.* 1340.

¶ *Ibid.* 2074.

** *Ibid.* 2444.

†† *Ibid.* 4662.

of some too ardent students of science with the mode adopted by Burke and Hare for supplying their "subjects," the profession had gladly sanctioned the Anatomy Act, involving precisely the same principle of State Inspection as the Vivisection Act, with the difference (well pointed out by Professor Rolleston), that if inspection were needful where only dead matter is concerned, *à fortiori* it is called for where the quivering flesh of living animals is subjected to the scalpel.

In the storm of angry emotion thus aroused a spirit of trades-unionism seems to have silenced the voices of those wiser and calmer men who must needs have regretted that in zeal against wholly imaginary insult, their colleagues were losing sight of the true dignity which should have been won by the exhibition of a cordial desire to co-operate with Government in relieving their profession from even a suspicion of complicity with cruelty, and a readiness to submit, if needful, even to vexatious formalities for such a purpose. The principal medical bodies held a series of excited councils, and the Home Office stood a siege of deputations, till the contest ended in a compromise, of which Mr. Lowe remarks (and in this we agree with him) that it is satisfactory to none of the parties concerned, neither to the physiologists, to the Government, nor to the public. Perhaps it was inevitable that some such lame conclusion should ensue when 3,000 representative members of the profession which introduced Dr. Playfair's Bill in 1875 signed in 1876 a remonstrance to the Home Secretary, in which (as Mr. Lowe describes it) they "repudiated with a just indignation the idea of placing them under inspection, and of requiring that they should take a license" (p. 719). It is carrying the knight-errantry of a Parliamentary representative far to qualify as "just" the indignation of gentlemen at receiving one year what, in substance, they had asked for the year before. Mr. Lowe, after analyzing the Government Bill, observes (p. 716) that "a measure more objectionable can hardly be conceived." We respectfully invite him to compare it afresh with Dr. Playfair's Bill, and to specify in what essential particular (except the fifth clause) it differs from that measure. Can it possibly happen that a measure seems to Mr. Lowe to be harmless when promoted by Mr. Lowe's constituents, but in the highest degree "objectionable" when introduced by Mr. Lowe's political foes?

Where the sentiments of irritated *amour-propre* on one side, and humane indignation on the other, are exasperated as they have been during this most painful controversy, it is not marvellous that accusations of misstatement and exaggeration should be mutually bandied about. Among the opponents of vivisection the lavish use of strong adjectives by one cohort of their camp ("our army swore terribly in Flanders") has been confounded

with the very different error of voluntary misrepresentation of facts. If the latter could be laid in many cases at the door of even the most hot-headed of humanitarians, we should not find again and again (even in the recent article in the *Fortnightly Review*) the hundredth repetition of the taunt respecting the blunders about the eyes of animals dissected at one of the London hospitals. That mistake, it is needless to repeat once more, was caused by the bad grammar of the learned hospital authorities in their prospectus, and was perfectly justified by the plain construction of the quoted sentence.

On the other hand it is really surprising to see how often positive assertions on the side of the physiologists are ventured upon, which it requires only the reference to an easily attainable book to disprove. The most common of these (exposed over and over again in the *Spectator*) is once more reproduced by Mr. Lowe; namely, that the Royal Commission "entirely acquitted the physiologists of any charge or even suspicion of inhumanity," and that the Commission reported "directly to the contrary" of the suggestion that "the desire of knowledge has overpowered the feelings of humanity and that the great results of research have been bought at an unnecessary amount of suffering" (p. 717). Similarly Mr. Hutchinson, in the *Fortnightly Review* (Sept. 1855, p. 315), coolly observes that "every one who has read the valuable report of evidence collected by the Royal Commission must have felt relieved at the discovery that neither by the testimony of friend or foe could it be proved that any excesses or abuses had taken place in England."* To read such passages, and much more to the same purpose which has appeared in the *Times*, the *Standard*, and the medical papers, a simple person might imagine that the writers either never saw the Parliamentary Blue Book and took all they wrote from some garbled extracts, or else that they possessed a calm assurance that their readers would never compare their statements with that recondite volume—as inaccessible apparently to the "general reader" as if it were the *Codex Vaticanus*.

* Mr. Hutchinson goes on to say: "As regards the vague reports which reach us respecting the doings in foreign laboratories, it behoves us to receive them with caution and charity. For the most part they are capable neither of proof nor disproof, and in many cases the testimony on which they are at present based is open to much doubt" (p. 315). Does Mr. Hutchinson mean by "*vague reports*," the extracts which have been printed *verbatim* by the S. P. A. V., from the published writings of the physiologists themselves, Messrs. Schiff, Béclard, Gavarret, Bert, &c., recording their own experiments? If a man's own account of his own act be "testimony open to much doubt," which must be "received with caution and charity" (save the mark!), we ask, what kind of testimony ought to be taken as conclusive? The above quotation is a typical instance of the soft words with no definite sense wherewith the advocates of vivisection are in the habit of smoothing down the feelings of tearful old ladies, who come to them and say: "Oh, dear doctor! tell me if those dreadful things can be true which it is said are done to poor animals by physiologists?"—"My dear madam, I assure you that we need pay no attention to these 'vague reports'; the testimony on which they are based is 'open to much doubt,' and should be 'received with the utmost caution and charity.'" (Old lady dries her tears, asks the doctor to luncheon, and resolves not to send that cheque of £5 to the Society for Protection of Animals.)

The Report of the Royal Commission, with the Minutes of Evidence, is nevertheless to be obtained by any humble member of the community, at the reasonable price of four shillings and fourpence, through the Parliamentary publisher, Mr. King, of King Street, or any other bookseller; or may be consulted *gratis* by any one all day long at 1, Victoria Street, at the office of the Society for Protection of Animals liable to Vivisection.

An attentive perusal of this, not mysterious, volume will establish a few important facts.

1st. The Royal Commission was so constituted as to afford every advantage of fair play to the physiologists.* Of the seven gentlemen who received Her Majesty's Commission "to inquire into the practice of subjecting live animals to experiments," the first four were eminent statesmen, the fifth a surgeon, the sixth a professed physiologist, and the seventh the editor of a political and literary newspaper. There were thus two *experts* on the side of science; and the progress of the inquiry shows that these two gentlemen acted throughout as counsel, the one for the physiologists and the other for the medical profession. The present writer does not presume to question whether public inquiry of this kind ought to be carried on in this forensic manner; but, assuming that such a course was befitting, it certainly seems to follow as a matter of plain justice that there should have been on the humanitarian side some gentlemen no less well versed in so abstruse a subject, and able to draw forth from the witnesses such facts as might bear in an opposite direction. The great ability and acuteness displayed by Mr. Hutton, who acted as counsel on behalf of the victims of experiment, could not possibly supply the lack of technical knowledge possessed by Messrs. Huxley and Erichsen.

2nd. This constitution of the Commission being borne in mind, the results at which its members unanimously arrived will appear noteworthy, *not* for any sweeping exoneration of vivisectors—which is not to be found therein, albeit Mr. Lowe's observations would make us suppose it to be the principal conclusion—but for the very weighty observations made in the opposite sense; and for the final decision that legislation was unquestionably necessary. The Commissioners say indeed that "they have great satisfaction in assuring her Majesty that at the present time a general sentiment of humanity appears to pervade all classes in this country," and that Mr. Darwin's principle that the infliction of unnecessary pain "deserves detestation and abhorrence" is "accepted generally

* It was, for example, not a little astonishing when one witness (Mr. Jesse) read out the record of an experiment which he deemed sufficiently cruel to deserve the attention of the Commission, to find that one of the Commissioners unexpectedly observed (6459): "Those experiments were *made by me*," &c., &c. It is a singular position for a gentleman to be called to report on the morality of his own actions.

by the very highly educated men whose lives are devoted either to scientific investigation or to the mitigation of the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, though *differences of degree in regard to its practical application* will be easily discernible by those who study the evidence laid before us." The Commissioners proceed to say that Dr. Sharpey gave no small testimony of humane sentiment by quitting Majendie's lectures in disgust; that several instructors bore testimony to the good feeling of students; and that Mr. Colam said he "did not know a single case of wanton cruelty" among English physiologists. This is absolutely all that is to be found in the Report resembling that perfect acquittal of the physiologists by the Commissioners which Mr. Lowe would have us think rendered the subsequent promulgation of a restrictive law an act of absurd inconsequence on the part of the Government. If "whitewashing" was to be done, we may be pardoned for thinking it could scarcely have been effected with a less expenditure of lime. However this may be, the Commissioners, having paid their compliments, as they saw fit, to the physiologists, proceed immediately to the business of legislative interference, and remark that they have found in some minds, as in the case of Mr. Lister, a decided "prepossession" against it, but that from such prepossession "many of those whose position and character entitle them to the greatest weight are wholly free;" and they go on to give their reasons for legislation, which, to any unbiassed reader, appear very much more weighty utterances than their vague compliments to the humane sentiments of all classes—physiologists included. They say (p. xvii.) that "*it is not to be doubted that inhumanity may be found in persons of very high position as physiologists;*" that "*it cannot be doubted that very severe experiments are constantly performed, and that witnesses have spoken from personal knowledge of the sufferings which they say have been often unnecessarily inflicted in the name of science.*" They add that "*they have had evidence that cases have arisen in which the unpractised student has taken upon himself, without guidance, in his private lodgings, to expose animals to torture without anaesthetics.*" And beside the cases in which inhumanity exists, "*they are satisfied that there are others in which carelessness and indifference prevail, to an extent sufficient to form a ground for legislative interference.*"* In accordance with these facts demonstrated to their conviction, and from the consideration that the "*practice is, from its very nature, liable to great abuse,*" the Commissioners proceed to sketch the outline of the legislation they recommend, of which the Government Bill was (Mr. Lowe confesses) the substantial embodiment.

Will anybody readily believe that the gifted member for London University had this report actually under his vision when

* Report, p. xvii.

he wrote in this REVIEW (p. 716), The Commissioners "proceeded to consider to what restrictions they should subject the humane and excellent persons in whose favour they had *so decidedly reported*. Their proceeding was very singular. They *acquitted* the accused, and sentenced them to be under the surveillance of the police for life?"

Having ventured to offer these corrections of Mr. Lowe's cardinal positions, namely, that the indignation of the physiologists at the Government Bill was "just," and that the Royal Commission reported "decidedly in their favour," I shall leave the right honourable gentleman's criticism of the new Act,—which I am in no way concerned to defend, in the shape to which his friends reduced it,—and add only a few incidental remarks.

That exasperating form of procrastination which consists in always suggesting the duty of doing B when it is proposed to do A, and urging the solemn obligation to attend to D when we have just spoken on behalf of C, has probably never had more lively exemplification than during the course of this weary controversy. No sooner was a novel and peculiarly hateful kind of cruelty brought to light and denounced, than every other cruelty under the sun was adduced as affording good reason why we should not meddle with it. Of course it is nearly as rational to refer to fox-hunting, rabbit-gins, and Strasburg geese as arguments against endeavouring to check the cutting up of living dogs and cats in a laboratory, as it would have been, when cholera or diphtheria first invaded us, to discountenance all efforts to stop their ravages till we had cured all the gouty and consumptive patients in the kingdom. The anti-vivisectionists simply endeavoured to put down *the worst form of cruelty they knew*, and, especially, that worst form directed against the *most sensitive animals*, whose sufferings under any injury indefinitely exceed those of less highly organized or nervous creatures. For this confession of weakness (seeing that *if* they were omnipotent they might have stopped all cruelty at once), they have been severely satirized by Mr. Lowe, whose "real anxiety" to prevent "all wanton and unnecessary cruelty to any animal" (p. 723) embraces so vast a circuit of benevolence that we have reason to apprehend he will suffer no Bill henceforth to pass which does not protect from torture "all other animals" beside those now under partial shelter—a principle which of course involves the advent ere long of a state of things wherein the coats of right honourable gentlemen will resemble the hospitable cassock of the "sainted Aloys," whose small fellow-lodgers never received notice to quit:—

"Kind, tender, forgiving, to everything living,
From injury still he'd endeavour to screen 'em;
Fish, flesh, and fowl, no difference between 'em,
Nihil putavit a se alienum."

In our inability to extend our hopes to such a millennium of parasites, common sense and common morality tell us to protect *first*, and to extend the most complete protection to, the highest animals; and though Mr. Lowe sneers at us for craving for immunity from torture for our "pets" (as if any shame were involved in gratitude for their love and services), and tells us that it is "low, paltry, and worthless" to make any such distinctions, we must continue to urge their paramount claims so long as a line must be drawn short of the flea and the zoophyte.

A noteworthy point connected with the agitation concerning the fifth clause of the Act (the complete prohibition, as it originally stood, of experiments on dogs and cats) is the diversity of the reasons given for opposing such immunity. Mr. Lowe repeats the assertion that these animals, "from certain similarities in their structure and functions to those of man, were peculiarly adapted for experimental purposes;" and we presume he is cognizant of the fact that the most important experiments are commonly made at their expense. Why then, we may reasonably ask, whenever the advocates of vivisection need, for the purposes of their rhetoric, to contrast the vast benefits to man which they hope to obtain, against the sufferings of animals, *why* do they invariably ignore the all-important part played by the tortured dogs and cats, and raise a laugh among their sympathetic audience by talking of "scratching a newt's tail?"

Let us understand what they really mean, and be told whether it be the sacrifice of 14,000 dogs by one professor in every variety of torture, which the advocates of vivisection intend to defend, and which they demand liberty to copy? If so, let them, like honest men, cease to repeat contemptuous jests about this frightful slaughter-house work, and to make misleading allusions to "newts' tails." On the other hand, if trifling experiments on humble reptiles be actually (as their words would lead us to suppose) their sole pursuit, let them permit us to assure ourselves by law that the noble creatures we love, and who return our affection, will never be left to endure the agonies of their torture troughs.

Though Mr. Lowe thinks it "low, paltry, and worthless" to make distinctions between domestic and wild animals, he thinks it a "disaster" (p. 722) that the word "invertebrate" was substituted at the last moment in the Bill for "cold-blooded," and that thus "uncontrolled power over the frog is lost to physiologists, and their absolute dominion is restricted to creatures of structure and functions very far removed from the human race." Thus in one breath he condemns Mr. Cross for not extending an equal measure of protection to all animals, and for not leaving frogs to the uncovenanted mercies of the physiologists!

Marshall Hall (in our humble opinion rather blasphemously)

called the frog "God's gift to the physiologist." How shocking of the Home Secretary to dream of placing any restrictions (even, alas! the very feeble and ineffective ones of the new Act) on his "uncontrolled power" over that miserable creature!

In spite of Mr. Lowe's very ambiguous concluding hope, we do not anticipate that this controversy will again come before Parliament for some years to come. How far the existing Act will be of use it is for time to show.* The effort of the friends of animals to obtain a compromise which should fulfil the aspirations of the Commissioners and "make the progress of medical knowledge compatible with the just requirements of humanity" have for the time been defeated. There is little doubt that, had the physiologists so pleased, it was possible to secure liberty for the careful and painless performance of all, or nearly all, the experiments from which any hope of real benefit to humanity can be derived, while at the same time guarding the animals against torture and reckless waste of suffering. The behaviour of the physiologists has unhappily left us to conclude that they would prefer that a hundred unhappy brutes should suffer useless torture under random experiment, rather than that the "profession" should submit to the necessary machinery of State inspection, or a physiologist be put to the trouble of procuring a certificate. It is *they* who have virtually forced on the friends of animals the dilemma of either resting satisfied while torture may be going on all around them unchecked, or else adopting an attitude of uncompromising hostility to a practice which they find they cannot succeed in guarding by any sufficient legal machinery from horrible abuse. To such as think with me there can be little doubt as to which of these alternatives ought to be adopted. The vast and mighty advantages to be derived from vivisection—so freely prophesied, so poorly hitherto performed!—cannot in our view, even were they tenfold greater than they are, be set against the crime of inflicting excruciating pain upon unoffending creatures, and transforming into a curse the lives which God meant to be a blessing. There is no use in taunting us with our inability to form a judgment of the scientific value of experiments, or of the necessity for making them of extreme severity. We leave the physiologists to decide these matters for themselves, but simply hold that *whatever* be the value of that scientific discovery which must be obtained by *torture*, it is morally forbidden to us, just as if it were to be gained by robbery, rapine, perfidy, or any other crime

* It is highly desirable—indeed, a mere matter of justice—that publicity should be immediately given to the names of the gentlemen who have taken out licenses under the Act, and are no longer liable to prosecution without consent of the Home Secretary. Some interest will be felt by the public in observing whether a license has been granted to the gentleman who told the Commission so honestly that he had "no regard at all" for the sufferings of animals. A rumour is current that he *has* received a license to experiment at the Brown Institute!

between man and man. We are not sentimentalists, though it is a favourite sneer at us to say so ; and few or none of the anti-vivisection party would, I believe, have taken any action in the matter were the experiments of physiologists kept within such limits of suffering, as, for example, the existing Prevention of Cruelty Act is ordinarily ruled to reach. *De minimis non curat lex*. It would have been absurd and Quixotic to interfere with the vivisector if he never did anything worse to animals than the sportsman or the farmer do every day. It is because vivisection as now practised not seldom involves protracted and hideous tortures,—tortures which make the whole existence of the victim to appear a frightful wrong and evil under Heaven,—that we denounce and condemn it.

And when we are told, as by Mr. Hutchinson, to “trust a specially qualified class,” and “believe that the humanity of this class is on a fair average with that of mankind generally,”* we reply that we find it utterly impossible to do so for two reasons. The first of these is, that it is idle to quote the merits of persons as reassuring us respecting their actions, when we have in our hands their own avowals that they have already done what we deprecate. Where the question at issue in any case is, “whether certain men have done certain things,” testimony to their good character is highly valuable as showing, for example, that a generally honest man is not *likely* to have done a dishonest thing, nor a generally humane one exhibited cruelty. But where there is no doubt at all about the fact of the deed being done, or of the individuals who did it, nothing can be gained (unless it be another mournful lesson of the inconsistency of human nature) by reference to those virtues which *did not hinder the offence*. And the second reason why we cannot trust “a specially qualified class” is that the “qualification” which fits physiologists to judge of the *scientific* value of experiments appears to us to have distinctly detracted from their ability to see the *moral* issues of the question as they appear to an onlooker who is not carried away by the passion of discovery, and has not committed his conscience to the side of severity. The expressions of several of the witnesses before the Royal Commission (with which the public are too familiar to need further reference) seem to us to display a callousness and a stolidity regarding animal suffering little short of absolute moral blindness, and proving most distinctly to our judgment the fatal influences of their pursuit upon the human heart.†

* *Fortnightly Review*, September, 1876, p. 309.

† Mr. Hutton says, “The inquiry of the Royal Commission has convinced me that, while foreign physiologists have come, in very many cases, to think little or nothing of the sufferings inflicted, . . . even English physiologists, though not so reckless, recognize a very different standard of morality in these matters from that by which they abide in ordinary life. . . . The truth is, that nothing seems easier than for a scientific man to

All this line of argument, in short, in the mouths of the vivisectors, may be turned, with the utmost nicety of parallel reasoning, into a defence of the Spanish Inquisition, and an exoneration of the Civil Power in Spain for leaving the members of the highest of all professions (that of Divinity) to decide whether certain "experiments" of the stake and the rack were, or were not, necessary in the case of interests of a still deeper kind than the cure of physical disease. Arguing from the exalted and disinterested character of Torquemada and many of his associates, who, it may be asked, should presume to question whether such men were not fitly entrusted, as a "specially qualified class," to judge concerning the "necessity" of an *auto da fê*?

These things being so, it is obviously impossible for those who have engaged in this most painful contest to yield the required trust in the vivisectors, or in any way to allow the matter to stop at its present most unsatisfactory point. They must sorrowfully recognize, however, that their work for some time to come must take the shape of a social instead of a political movement, an ethical and religious propagandism rather than a Parliamentary agitation. As I have said elsewhere, this task must necessarily be a long and heavy one. The evil has taken much deeper root than at first we perceived. Not perhaps till the whole moral sense of England, nay, of Europe and America, has been aroused; not till the duty of mankind towards the inferior animals has been reviewed afresh, and placed on loftier, truer ground; nay, perhaps, not till men have learned that the law of Love and Mercy is alone Divine, while the thirst for Knowledge may be the passion of a devil, will the practice of *torturing animals in the cause of science* be looked on with the same abhorrence and condemnation as the civilized world now regards the once equally well-established practice of *torturing men in the cause of justice*.

In conclusion, a few words must be said respecting the recent reference to this subject by Dr. Tyndall at Glasgow.

It appears from this very solemn announcement of the learned Professor that, after all, one point has been discovered concerning the UNKNOWN AND UNKNOWABLE. It is—that He approves of vivisection! We had grown accustomed to hear from a variety of quarters that the practice in question was "harmless,"—was "justifiable,"—was even a Moral Duty. It was reserved for Professor Tyndall to discover that it is Religious, and that the new God of Science

- believe, without much or any evidence, that the signs of pain which a creature exhibits, if it does exhibit any, are all due to 'reflex action.' . . . An eager mind, with a great appetite for knowledge, has an immense power of overleaping the considerations which obstruct its search. . . . It is in this way, I believe, that humane men will justify, when applied to the lower animals which cannot tell us what they feel, elaborate tortures, which they would shrink, as the greatest wickedness, from inflicting on the lowest criminal in the condemned cells of our gaols."—*The University of London and Vivisection*, p. 11.

is henceforth, it would seem, to be chiefly "propitiated" (the word is Dr. Tyndall's, not ours) by vivisection. After speaking of the "hideous cruelty" of those who would enact "short-sighted restrictions upon physiological investigations" as being a "zeal for God, but not according to knowledge," and describing all that he hopes physiologists will discover by-and-by about epidemic diseases (though as yet their achievements seem limited, like those of Pharaoh's magicians, to *causing* the plagues without curing them), the eloquent Professor is reported* to have burst forth as follows:—

"Men of Glasgow! Facts like these excite in me thoughts that the rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed it to be—that the inscrutable Power, at once terrible and beneficent, in whom we live and move and have our being and our end, is to be propitiated by means different from those usually resorted to. The first requisite towards such propitiation is knowledge," &c.

With all my soul I agree with Professor Tyndall, that *if* the great Power above is to be "propitiated" by any such methods as he has indicated—nay, more, if that Power will in any wise bless to the true welfare of mankind any knowledge obtained by such means—then, indeed, is His rule of the universe very different from that which we have believed it to be, either in our youth or in later age. And if that terrible Power will in truth "scourge" us with a hundred diseases unless we thus propitiate him, then would I, for one, deliberately pray, "Let these dread diseases overtake me, and let me die, sooner than share any benefit from such foul rites, or ever say to this new Moloch of Science, Thou art my God."

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

* *Scotsman*, October 20.

“MIDDLEMARCH” AND “DANIEL DERONDA.”

Middlemarch: A Study of English Provincial Life. By
GEORGE ELIOT. W. Blackwood & Sons.
Daniel Deronda. By GEORGE ELIOT. W. Blackwood
& Sons.

GREAT artists belong ordinarily to one of two chief classes—the class of those whose virtue resides in breadth of common human sympathy, or of those who, excelling rather by height than breadth, attain to rare altitudes of human thought or human passion. For the one, the large table-land, with its wealth of various life, its substantial possessions, its corn, its shadow-casting trees, and lowing kine; for the other, the mountain-summit, its thrill, its prospect, its keen air, and its inspiration. To the one we look for record, and sane interpretation of the average experience of men; to the other, for discoveries and deliverances of the soul, for the quickening into higher life of our finest spiritual susceptibilities, and sometimes for the rescue of our best self from the incredulity, inertia, and encumbrances which gather about it in the ways of use and wont. And Art is justified of all her children. From the first half of our century we could ill lose Scott, who represents in so distinguished a manner the class of artists who excel by breadth; we could ill lose Wordsworth or Shelley, who in different ways belong each as distinctively to the other class. It will always be a question with such persons as love to settle points of precedence, to which of these divisions of great creative natures the higher honour is due; and men will always decide the question in opposite ways, according to their respective types of character. The table-land may be an elevated one, not without undulations of gentle rise and fall; the mountain-summit may be

a narrow apex, bald and bleak, unvisited by any feet save those of a few climbers whose sanity may well be doubted; but, on the other hand, it may be a Delectable Mountain—"Mount Marvel" or "Mount Clear"—on which the shepherds feed their flocks, and to which for a brief season mortal pilgrims graciously guided may repair.

However this point of precedence shall be decided, what we may set down for certain is, that those rare artists who unite in themselves the excellences of both classes—who are broad and who are also high—rank above all others in the hierarchy of art. Of such Shakspeare may be considered the master and chief. No mount of passion—not that of the Prometheus of Æschylus or of Shelley—climbs to such a skyey eminence as that on which the agony of Lear is accomplished; it is only the mass of his anguish which seems to detract from its intensity; no more mysterious isolation of youthful sorrow for ever allures and for ever baffles than that of Hamlet; nor has a speculative summit more serene or of wider vision been attained by foot of man than that of the great enchanter of the "Tempest," who is Shakspeare himself looking down, detached and yet tender, upon the whole of human experience. From Scott we obtain no Hamlet, no Prospero. But the world of Shakspeare's creation includes with such figures as these a Henry V., a Benedick, a Bottom the weaver, a Sir Toby Belch, and types enough to populate a planet with varieties of common human nature, from the courtier to the clown.

Among artists who with Shakspeare unite breadth of sympathy with power of interpreting the rarer and more intense experiences of the souls of men, George Eliot must be placed. The former is the side of her personality which belongs to prose, the latter is akin to poetry. Scott, who was a poet in the first stage of his great career, and wrote poetry admirable of its kind, naturally and rightly fell into the easier pace of a prose-writer; and never attempting to use artificial wings, nor possessing wings by nature, he went hither and thither over the level surface of our earth, and left few things upon it unvisited. It was evident that even while engaged upon her incomparable prose works, George Eliot was haunted by a desire for a more purely ideal and impassioned order of creation; but verse is not her true medium of expression, and in "The Spanish Gypsy," while prosaic elements—such as the semi-humorous passages—remain, which are not assimilated by the work (all her rich prosaic powers thus counting for worse than nothing), her imagination, cut off from the allies which had been accustomed to reinforce it, falls at times painfully under the domination of ideas and of the intellect. There is an unrelieved intensity, a prolonged stress, in the poem, which, although it is essentially moral, contracts the consciousness of the reader, until

his gaze seems narrowing "into one precipitous crevice." In "Daniel Deronda," for the first time, the poetical side of George Eliot's genius obtains adequate expression, through the medium which is proper to her—that of prose—and in complete association with the non-poetical elements of her nature. It is the ideal creation, happier in conception and in tone, which "The Spanish Gypsy" failed to be.

The demands which such a work makes upon the reader are so large and so peculiar, that it is not a matter of surprise that at first it should select an audience, and speak fully to only a comparatively few. George Eliot has prefixed to one of the chapters of her novel the beautiful lines of Whitman:—

"Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice,
Him or her I shall follow,
As the water follows the moon, silently,
With fluid steps anywhere around the globe."

There are those who hear the right voice and respond to it; but the majority of persons addressed by a new and original work of art prefer their own impatience to its summons or challenge. "Receptiveness," George Eliot has said, "is a rare and massive power like fortitude." Before approaching certain great or beautiful things—certain frescoes of Italian masters, certain symphonies of German musicians—we need recollection, and a dismissal from our consciousness of all that it contains of hard, narrowing, vulgar, and superficial. We do well to hold our own personality and its force of reaction somewhat in abeyance, by this means to secure a clear space for the new experiences; we do well to acquire a strenuous submission, and overmaster not only the impatience of vanity and restless egoism, but for the time even the play of intellectual vivacity. It will not seem strange to some readers of our great living novelist to speak of the duty of making access to her work in some such spirit as this. Merely to recognize the veracity, the faithfulness to fact, of George Eliot's last novel, implies that one has had strength of wing to move with some ease and for some time in a plane of feeling which, though real, and perhaps of all things most real, is above and at times out of sight of our every-day tempers and moods of mind. To start aside from the creator's idea, and to fortify oneself by some commonplace of vulgar cynicism, is not difficult; it is less easy to listen, to receive, to keep, and to depart pondering things in one's heart; but this latter course brings with it compensations.

Beside the clever critics some readers of "Daniel Deronda" ought perhaps to put on record their experience, and confess what have been the dealings of this book with their spirits.

Those who have heard in it "the right voice," which one follows "as the water follows the moon, silently," will have been conscious of a quickening and exaltation of their entire spiritual life during eight successive months, not ceasing when those months ceased. The moral atmosphere they breathed became charged with a finer and more vivifying element; the face of the world seemed to glow for them with a richer tint, "a more vivid gravity of expression;" moods of *ennui* or rebellion appeared more futile and unworthy than formerly; it became natural to believe high things of man; and a certain difficulty and peril attended the necessary return to duller or at least humbler tempers of heart (as it is difficult to pass from a sonata of Beethoven to the common household sounds), until these too were touched and received a consecration. The book has done something to prevent our highest moments from making our every-day experience seem vulgar and incoherent, and something to prevent our every-day experience from making our highest moments seem spectral and unreal.

To discover the central motive of "Daniel Deronda" it should be studied in connection with its immediate predecessor, "Middlemarch." In externals the contrast is striking. In "Middlemarch" the prosaic or realistic element occupies a much larger place; a great proportion of the book is only not a satire because with the word satire we are accustomed to associate the idea of exaggeration and malicious purpose. The chief figures—Lydgate, Dorothea—are enveloped by a swarm of subordinate characters, each admirably real, and to whom we are compelled to give away a share of our interest, a share of our admiration or our detestation. In "Daniel Deronda" the poetical or ideal element as decidedly preponderates. We should feel the needle-pricks of Mrs. Cadwallader's epigrams an irritating impertinence. Our emotions are strung too tensely to permit us to yield an amused tolerance to the fine dispersion of idea in Mr. Brooke's discourse. In place of a background of ugliness,—the Middlemarch streets, the hospital, the billiard-room, the death-chamber of Peter Featherstone, his funeral procession attended by Christian carnivora,—we have backgrounds of beauty, the grassy court of the abbey enclosed by a Gothic cloister, its July sunshine, and blown roses; Cardell Chase, and the changing scenery of the forest from roofed grove to open glade; evening on the Thames at Richmond with the lengthening shadows and the mellowing light, its darkening masses of tree and building between the double glow of the sky and the river; the Turner-esque splendour of sunset in a great city, while the lit, expectant face is gazing from Blackfriars Bridge westward, where the grey day is dying gloriously; the Mediterranean, its shores gemlike with purple shadows, a sea where one

may float between blue and blue in an open-eyed dream that the world has done with sorrow.*

These differences in externals correspond with the essential inward difference between the two works,—the one, "*Middlemarch*," is critical, while its successor aims at being in a certain sense constructive. Readers of "*Middlemarch*" will remember that the story is preceded by a prelude which sets forth its principal theme. Dorothea Brooke is a Saint Theresa, with a passionate ideal nature which demands an epic life; but she is born out of due season into this period of faiths which are disintegrating and of social forces which are still unorganized. "Many Theresas have been born who found for themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity. . . . With dim lights and tangled circumstances they tried to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement; but after all, to common eyes their struggles seemed mere inconsistency and formlessness; for these later-born Theresas were helped by no coherent social faith and order which could perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul. Their ardour alternated between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood; so that the one was disapproved as extravagance, and the other condemned as a lapse." And thus Dorothea, with a heart large enough for the Virgin Mary, with a nature ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent, her mind yearning after "some lofty conception of the world which might frankly include the parish of Tipton and her own conduct there,"—Dorothea finds no epic life, but a life of mistakes. From the social world which hemmed her round, seeming a walled-in maze of small paths that led nowhither, she dreams for a little while that she is about to make escape into a world of large ideas impelling to far-resonant action. She is to sit at the feet of a master and prophet, who by a binding doctrine shall compel her own small life and faith into strict connection with the vast and amazing past, and occupy that life with action at once rational and ardent. Her prophet, with his Xisuthrus and Fee-fo-fum, is a pedant bringing to the great spectacle of life nothing but a small, hungry, shivering self, whose consciousness is never rapturously transformed into the vividness of a thought, the ardour of a passion, the energy of an action, who is always scholarly and uninspired, ambitious and timid, scrupulous and dim-sighted. "'She says he has a great soul. A great bladder for dried peas to rattle in,' said Mrs. Cadwallader." No consequent

* The poetry of dawn and sunset in a great city have now their classical passages in literature, Wordsworth's noble sonnet on Westminster Bridge for one, and George Eliot's record of the vision of glory seen by Mordecai from Blackfriars for the other.

doctrine of human life is discoverable by Dorothea, no satisfying action is possible for her, but she stays her soul with the trust of noble natures, "that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower." From her failure which is pain Dorothea only passes to her failure which is happiness. From her vague ideal she lapses into the common yearning of womanhood, the need to bless one being with all good, and to receive the love of one heart. "Her full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on earth." Saint Theresa becomes the wife of Will Ladislaw.

But the central theme receives a second illustration in "Middlemarch," much as the pervading sentiment of "King Lear" is developed through the stories alike of Lear and of Gloucester. Lydgate, who has received a true vocation, whose intellectual passion predestines him to far-resonant action in the world of scientific research, Lydgate, against whom the temptations of the flesh and the devil would have been idle, is subdued by that third enemy of man, the world, incarnated in the form of a creature with feminine voice, swan-like neck, perfectly turned shoulders, exquisite curves of lip and eyelid, and, hidden behind these, the hardness of a little sordid soul. George Eliot, with a hand tender and yet unfaltering, has traced the dull decay of ardour in a spirit framed for the pursuit of great ends, the lapse of slackening resolution, the creeping paralysis which seized upon an enthusiasm out of adjustment to one constant portion of the victim's life. "Some gentlemen have made an amazing figure in literature by general discontent with the universe as a trap of dulness into which their great souls have fallen by mistake; but the sense of a stupendous self and an insignificant world may have its consolations. Lydgate's discontent was much harder to bear; it was the sense that there was a grand existence in thought and effective action lying around him, while his self was being narrowed into the miserable isolation of egoistic fears, and vulgar anxieties for events that might allay such fears." The London physician who has gained an excellent practice, and written a Treatise on Gout, is a murdered man, and Rosamund is indeed "his basil plant," which flourishes wonderfully on the murdered man's brains.

Thus "Middlemarch" closes with neither heroic joy nor noble tragic pain. The heart-beats and sobs after an unattained goodness of a Saint Theresa, foundress of nothing, "tremble off and are dispersed among hindrances instead of centering in some long-recognizable deed." The intellectual passion which might have produced a Bichat has for nett resultant a heavy insurance,

and a treatise upon that disease which owns a good deal of wealth on its side. Heart and brain prove alike failures. If anything promises success in the history unfolded by the chronicler of "Middlemarch," it is the hand of the good workman, Caleb Garth. Here is something which, even in an epoch of incoherent ideas and chaotic social forces, can yet accomplish something. Faust, despairing of all philosophies, may yet drain a marsh or rescue some acres from the sea. The religion of conscientious work is somewhat higher at least than the religion of Bulstrode, which serves but to spin a spider-web of falsehood over the foul recesses of conscience. Caleb "had never regarded himself as other than an orthodox Christian, and would argue on convenient grace if the subject were proposed to him;" but his virtual divinities were "good practical schemes, accurate work, and the faithful completion of undertakings; his prince of darkness was a slack workman." This is well, but it is not enough for our needs. Elsewhere George Eliot has pictured a finer Caleb Garth—the maker of violins, Stradivarius:—

"That plain white-aproned man who stood at work
Patient and accurate full fourscore years."

Violins are good; but how if there be no great music in man's soul to put the violin to use? If no Bach be possible, the final cause of our Stradivarius becomes questionable. Assuredly the critical study of our nineteenth century which is presented in "Middlemarch" tests the virtue and faithfulness of the heart: were we not resolved to resist even inevitable evil, and help to will our own better future and the better future of the world, it were easy to despair. The noble sadness of Romola, the calm of a high renunciation, sustains and enlarges the heart like the clear-obscurer after a solemn sunset; the contemplation of Fedalma's agony of love and devoted loyalty produces "a sort of regenerating shudder" through the frame. But the failure of Lydgate impoverishes the spirit as the failure of light at morning does. And the happiness of Dorothea only serves to protect us from that danger, to which so few of us are subject, the danger of striving "to wind ourselves too high for sinful man beneath the sky." It calls for a gentleness and condescension of the heart, and a mild resignation of our more ardent hopes.

But "Middlemarch" is not the final word of our great imaginative teacher. Whether consciously so designed or not, "Daniel Deronda" comes to us as a counterpoise or a correlative of the work which immediately preceded it. There we saw how two natures framed for large disinterested services to humanity can be narrowed—the one into the round of the duteous sweet observances of domestic life—the other into the servitude,

"Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill, with slaves,"

which the world imposes upon those who accept its base terms and degrading compensations. Here we are shown how two natures can be ennobled and enlarged: the one rescued through anguish and remorse, and by the grace, human if also divine, which the soul of man has power to bestow upon the soul of man, from self-centered insolence of youth, the crude egoism of a spoiled child; and rendered up, first a crushed penitent to sorrow, then weak as a new-yearned lamb to the simplicity of a mother's love, and at last plunged into a purgatory of fire, consuming and quickening and seven times heated, until the precious soul is released from bond and forfeiture, and reclaimed for places consecrated by love and duty: the other, a nature of finer mould and temper than that of Lydgate, with none of the spots of commonness in it which produced a disintegrating effect on Lydgate's action, but exposed through its very plenteousness and flexibility of sympathy to peculiar dangers—the danger of neutrality in the struggle between common things and high which fills the world, the danger of wandering energy and wasted ardours; and from these dangers Deronda is delivered, he is incorporated into a great ideal life, made one with his nation and race, and there is confided to him the heritage of duty bound with love which was his forefathers', and of which it had been sought to deprive him

Such are the spiritual histories of Gwendolen Harleth and of Daniel Deronda, told in the briefest summary. When we speak of "*Middlemarch*" as more realistic, and the later novel as more ideal, it is not meant that the one is true to the facts of life and the other untrue; it is rather meant that in the one the facts are taken more in the gross, and in the other there is a passionate selection of those facts that are representative of the highest (and also of the lowest) things. The Dresden Madonna, with awed rapture, a sacred joy and terror, in her eyes, bearing the divine Child, is not less true to the essential facts of womanhood than is a plain grandmother of Gerard Dow shredding carrots into her pot. That some clever critics should find the hero of George Eliot's last novel detestable is easily understood; that some should find him incredible proves no more than that clever critics in walking from their lodgings to their club, and from their club to their lodgings, have not exhausted the geography of the habitable globe. If "knowledge of the world" consist chiefly in a power of estimating the average force of men's vulgar or selfish appetites, instincts, and interests, it must be admitted that in such knowledge the author of "*Middlemarch*" and of "*Felix Holt*" is not deficient; but there is another knowledge of the world which she also possesses, a knowledge which does not exclude from recognition the martyr, the hero, and the saint.

Daniel Deronda, however, as we meet him in the novel, has not attained to be any of these: with all the endowments needed for an eminent benefactor of men, we yet perceive how he might have failed of his true direction and function. To some readers he has seemed no thin shadow, no pallid projection from the author's imagination, but a veritable creature of flesh and blood, and his trials and dangers have seemed most real and worthy of the closest scrutiny. Here and there, if we have but eyes framed for moral discovery, we may still discern some well-begotten son or daughter of whom the father or mother declares with a little quiver of loving pride in the voice, "He has never given me an hour's trouble since he was born," one who in the venerable Christian words has been "filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb." The speciality of *Deronda* among the *dramatis personæ* of George Eliot's art is that a pure sympathetic nature is with him innate; his freedom from egoism is a possession which has come to him without a struggle. Maggie Tulliver is tempted with a fierce temptation to sacrifice the happiness of another to her own. It is through an agony that Fedalma becomes able to slay the life within her of personal joy. Even Dorothea has a great discovery of the heart to make; she had early emerged from the moral stupidity of taking the world "as an udder to feed her supreme self; yet it had been easier to her to imagine how she would devote herself to Mr. Casaubon, and become wise and strong in his strength and wisdom, than to conceive with that distinctness which is no longer reflection but feeling . . . that he had an equivalent centre of self, whence the lights and shadows must always fall with a certain difference." *Deronda* even in childhood is sensible of the existence of independent centres of self outside himself, and can transfer his own consciousness into theirs. He is thus predestined to be a saviour and redeemer. And however incredulous critics of culture, with extensive knowledge of the world, may be as to the existence of this type among men, the heart of humanity in all ages, alike in the mystic East and the scientific West, has clung to belief in its existence as to the most precious of man's spiritual possessions. From the very fact that such persons are free from an absorbing egoism it becomes difficult to determine the precise outline of their personality. We can more easily describe the character of Mohammed than that of Jesus, if for no other reason than that the one had a pride and lust of power and personal pleasure of which we find no trace in the other. When a man diffuses himself, as the sun diffuses warmth and light, the force which communicates itself so generously seems to be alienated from its original owner. A Grandcourt whose nature is one main trunk of barren egoism from which all the branches of fresh desire have withered off, is recognized forthwith to be

human. But Deronda, sensitive at every point with life which flows into him and throughout him, and streams forth from him in beneficent energy,—Deronda is a pallid shadow rather than a man !*

For, in truth, unless the absence of egoistic greed render him an illusion, we must allow to Deronda the possession of a rich and powerful vitality. We meet him first as a boy, not pining for want of the food of joy, but finding life very delightful in the woods and fields around the old memorial Abbey, his face one of those which, when it meets your own, makes you believe that human creatures have done nobly in times past, and might do more nobly in times to come ; his voice,—for he has inherited the gift of song,—one of those thrilling boy-voices which seem to bring an idyllic heaven and earth before our eyes ; his disposition so sane and sound that in it every-day scenes and habits do not beget rebellion or *ennui*, but delight, affection, aptitudes. We see him upon the July day among the roses—when the doubt as to his parentage struck confusion into his being—stung by a sudden pain so intense that suffering may be said to have taken the quality of action. To be loosened from the roots of loyalty and of affection on which he had grown, and to be thrown abroad upon his individual powers and rights, was a change so cruel ! We watch him while the sense of resentment against Sir Hugo struggles with his inborn lovingness, and we cannot be at rest until we see that he assumes no attitude of hard, proud antagonism, but has acquired that temper which reconciles criticism with tenderness ; we trace the idea of tolerance towards error doing its work as his mind ripens ; we perceive how his inexorable sorrow takes the form of fellowship with all who suffer, and makes his imagination tender and active on behalf of others ; and then when there springs up in him a meditative yearning after wide knowledge, how this coalesces with his sympathies, so that a speculative tendency runs along with his sensitiveness to human sorrow, and his precocity as a boy consists in the interest which possesses him in knowing how human miseries are wrought. He is becoming fitted at once to extend help with every imaginable delicacy of feeling to individual man or woman, and to submit himself to the wider claims of a great national cause. He is impassioned by ideas, and these ideas are not dried specimens to be tabulated and exhibited in a glass case, like the ideas which interested the learned author of the "Key to all Mythologies,"—they are living powers which feed motive and opinion. Arrived at manhood he is man in the plenitude of power—there is a calm intensity of life and richness

* In the following paragraph and elsewhere, when bringing together many scattered phrases and sentences from George Eliot's novel, I have not thought it desirable to enclose these numerous broken sentences within marks of quotation.

of tint in his face; it is beautiful with youthful health, and the forcible masculine gravity of its repose; the idyllic boy-voice has changed into one rich as the deep notes of a violoncello; his hands, long, flexible, and firmly-grasping, are such as Titian has painted when he wanted to show the combination of refinement with force. And in what present themselves as the more passive elements of his nature we still recognize strength and not weakness,—in his sensibility to checks arising from the multitude and comprehensiveness of his spiritual needs, in his massive receptiveness, in the clinging conservatism of his affections. "But Deronda is described, he does not act?" His college friend is successful, however, and Mirah is rescued, and Gwendolen restored and renewed, and the existence of Mordecai is prolonged beyond his death in a life of faithful and devoted effort. This is the action of the sun, and half of it transmutes itself into other forms of energy than the original heat and light.

Enfolded within this large attainment of the youthful manhood of Deronda there lie, however, larger potential powers, and there is yet possible a great spiritual success, or a lamentable spiritual failure,—a waste of the precious seed as much to be deplored as the waste in Lydgate's case. Which fate is decreed for him by the environing forces of the world and his own inward virtue? Deronda's probation, full as it is of real spiritual peril, is not the probation of the average man. Is it therefore, imaginary or of trivial interest? A master of moderation in thought, feeling, and speech, writing at a time when "enthusiasm of humanity" was in no degree a popular creed or a popular cant,—the time of Swift and his *Houyhnhnms*,—described thus a class of persons whose dangers and trials seemed to him very grave and real:—"For as the chief temptations of the generality of the world are the ordinary motives to injustice or unrestrained pleasure, or to live in the neglect of religion, from that frame of mind which renders many persons almost without feeling as to anything distant, or which is not the object of their senses; so there are other persons without this shallowness of temper, persons of a deeper sense as to what is invisible and future, who not only see, but have a general, practical feeling that what is to come will be present, and that things are not less real for their not being objects of sense; and who from their natural constitution of body and of temper, and from their external condition, may have small temptations to behave ill, small difficulty in behaving well, in the common course of life."

And Butler then goes on to notice the peculiar probation of this class of persons. Deronda distinctively stands away from the generality of the world, whose chief temptations "are the ordinary motives to injustice or unrestrained pleasure," and in a passage of

marvellous subtlety, pregnancy, and truth George Eliot has depicted the special dangers to which his nature is exposed:—

"It happened that the very vividness of his impressions had often made him the more enigmatic to his friends, and had contributed to an apparent indefiniteness in his sentiments. His early-wakened sensibility and reflectiveness had developed into a many-sided sympathy, which threatened to hinder any persistent course of action: so soon as he took up any antagonism, though only in thought, he seemed to himself like the Sabine warriors in the memorable story—with nothing to meet his spear but flesh of his flesh, and objects that he loved. His imagination had so wrought itself to the habit of seeing things as they probably appeared to others, that a strong partisanship, unless it were against an immediate oppression, had become an insincerity for him. His plenteous, flexible sympathy had ended by falling into one current with that reflective analysis which tends to neutralize sympathy. Few men were able to keep themselves clearer of vices than he; yet he hated vices mildly, being used to think of them less in the abstract than as part of mixed human natures having an individual history, which it was the bent of his mind to trace with understanding and pity. With the same innate balance he was fervidly democratic in his feeling for the multitude, and yet, through his affections and imagination, intensely conservative; voracious of speculations on government and religion, yet loath to part with long-sanctioned forms which, for him, were quick with memories and sentiments that no argument could lay dead. We fall on the leaning side; and Deronda suspected himself of loving too well the losing causes of the world. Martyrdom changes sides, and he was in danger of changing with it, having a strong repugnance to taking up that clue of success which the order of the world often forces upon us, and makes it treason against the common weal to reject. And yet his fear of falling into an unreasoning, narrow hatred, made a check for him; he apologized for the heirs of privilege; he shrank with dislike from the loser's bitterness and the denunciatory tone of the unaccepted innovator. A too reflective and diffusive sympathy was in danger of paralyzing in him that indignation against wrong and that selectness of fellowship which are the conditions of moral force; and in the last few years of confirmed manhood he had become so keenly aware of this, that what he most longed for was either some external event, or some inward light, that would urge him into a definite line of action, and compress his wandering energy. He was ceasing to care for knowledge—he had no ambition for practice—unless they could both be gathered up into one current with his emotions; and he dreaded, as if it were a dwelling-place of lost souls, that dead anatomy of culture which turns the universe into a mere ceaseless answer to queries, and knows, not everything, but everything else about everything—as if we should be ignorant of nothing concerning the scent of violets except the scent itself, for which one had no nostril. But how and whence was the needed event to come?—the influence that would justify partiality, and make him what he longed to be, yet was unable to make himself—an organic part of social life, instead of roaming it like a yearning disembodied spirit, stirred with a vague social passion, but without fixed local habitation to render fellowship real?"

Thus Deronda has fallen into a meditative numbness, and is gliding farther and farther from that life of practically energetic sentiment which he would have proclaimed to be for himself the only life worth living. An entire class of persons must find this searching and exquisite study the analysis of their own private

sorrow and trial, and will appropriate each sentence as a warning, a check, and a substantial instrument of help.

But *Deronda* is not to be one of the lost souls; the will, which made strong his grandfather Charisi, is now to be evoked from the grandchild by a motive to which alike his intellect and affections will lend force. And at this point it may be worth while to notice two counter-objections which are alleged against George Eliot's work. To some readers the whole story of Mordecai and of his relation to *Deronda* appears fantastic and unreal—a piece of workmanship all carved out of the carver's brain, or even something less solid and substantial than this—a mere luminous vapour, or a phantom of the mind, which science cannot justify or even recognize. On the other hand, able critics lament over the growth, in George Eliot's writings, of scientific habits of thought and expression, and in a style of warning "eüsy and freeä," which seems to combine the authorities of "godamoighty" and "parson," bid our great thinker and artist expect the extinction of her genius. She has actually employed in a work of fiction such words as "dynamic" and "natural selection," at which the critic pricks up his delicate ears and shies. If the thorough-bred critic could only be led close up to "dynamic," he would find that "dynamic" will not bite. A protest is really called for against the affectation which professes to find obscurity in words because they are trisyllabic or because they carry with them scientific associations. Language, the instrument of literary art, is an instrument of ever-extending range, and the truest pedantry, in an age when the air is saturated with scientific thought, would be to reject those accessions to language which are the special gain of the time. Insensibility to the contemporary movement in science is itself essentially unliterary, for literature with its far-reaching sensibilities should be touched, thrilled, and quickened by every vital influence of the period; and indeed it is not alone the intellect which recognizes the accuracy and effectiveness of such scientific illustration as George Eliot occasionally employs; the cultured imagination is affected by it, as the imagination of the men of Spenser's time was affected by his use of the neo-classical mythology of the Renaissance.

But there is graver reason which justifies an artist of the present day in drawing near to science, and receiving all it has to bestow of ascertained truth and enlightened impulse. The normal action of the reason upon the imagination has been happily described by Comte,—"*Elle la stimule en la réglant.*" This expresses with accuracy the relation of these faculties in the nature of our English novelist,—reason is to her imagination both law and impulse. And therefore her art is not a mere luxury for the senses, not a mere æsthetic delicacy or dainty. It has chosen

for its part to be founded in truth, to nourish the affections, to quicken the conscience, to reinforce and purify the will. In her art the artist lives,

"Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man."

Art dissociated from the reason and the conscience becomes before long a finely distilled poison; while considered merely as art it has thus declined—in however exquisite little phials it may be presented—from its chief functions. It no longer sways or controls our being; it painfully seeks to titillate a special sense. An indifference arises as to what is called the substance or "content" of works of art, and the form is spoken of as if that had a separate and independent existence. There follows, as Comte has again observed, "the inevitable triumph of mediocrities;" executive or technical skill, of the kind which commands admiration in a period devoid of noble motive and large ideas, being attainable by persons of mere talent. The artificial refinements of a coterie are held to constitute the beautiful in art, and these can be endlessly repeated. "A deplorable aptitude in expressing what they neither believe nor feel," continues the great thinker whose words have just been quoted, "gains in the present day an ephemeral ascendancy for talents as incapable of an æsthetic creation as of a scientific conception." And George Eliot has herself alluded in a passing way to the presence of the same vice in our contemporary literature: "Rex's love had been of that sudden, penetrating, clinging sort which the ancients knew and sung, and in singing made a fashion of talk for many moderns whose experience has been by no means of a fiery dæmonic character." The largeness and veracity of George Eliot's own art proceed from the same qualities which make truth-seeking a passion of her nature; and a truth-seeker at the present day will do ill to turn a deaf ear to the teachings of science. As little as Dante need George Eliot fear to enter into possession of the fullest body of fact which the age can deliver to her; nay, it is essential to the highest characteristics of her art that she should not isolate herself from the chief intellectual movement of her time. If in the objection which has been brought against her recent style there be any portion of truth, it will be found in the circumstance that an occasional sentence becomes laboured, and perhaps overloaded in her effort to charge it fully and accurately with its freight of meaning. The manner of few great artists—if any—becomes simpler as they advance in their career, that is, as their ideas multiply, as their emotions receive more numerous affluents from the other parts of their being, and as the vital play of their faculties with one another becomes swifter and more intricate. The later sonatas of Beethoven still perplex facile and superficial musicians. The later

landscapes of Turner bewilder and amaze the profane. The difference between the languid and limpid fluency of the style of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and the style of Shakspeare's later plays, so compressed, so complex, so live with breeding imagery, is great. Something is lost but more has been gained. When the sustained *largo* of the sentences of "Daniel Deronda" is felt after the crude epigrammatic smartnesses of much of the writing in "Scenes of Clerical Life" we perceive as great a difference and as decided a preponderance of gain over loss.

But what renders singular the warning addressed to George Eliot that her work is undergoing a "scientific depravation" is that the whole of her last book is a homage to the emotions rather than to the intellect of man. Her feeling finds expression not only in occasional gnomic utterances in which sentiments are declared to be the best part of the world's wealth, and love is spoken of as deeper than reason, and the intellect is pronounced incapable of ascertaining the validity of claims which rest upon loving instincts of the heart, or else are baseless. The entire work possesses an impassioned aspect, an air of spiritual prescience, far more than the exactitude of science. The main forces which operate in it are sympathies, aspirations, ardours, and ideas chiefly as associated with these. From his meditative numbness Deronda is roused, his diffused mass of feeling is rendered definite, and is impelled in a given direction, his days become an ordered sequence bound together by love and duty, his life is made one with the life of humanity. How is this change brought about? And how is that other change effected by which Gwendolen is checked in her career of victorious self-pleasing, is delivered from her habits of a spoiled child, and is made—she also—a portion of the better life of man? Does Deronda take counsel with a Lydgate, and learn by the microscope the secrets of moral energy and resolved submission to spiritual motive? Or does some theory of ethics make the moral world new for him? Neither of these. It is the discovery of his parentage and his people which creates claims to which his heart consents with joy, and Deronda's life takes its new direction not from the inductions of a savant of the West, but from the inspirations of a Hebrew prophet with whom the inferences of what Coleridge would have named the prudential understanding are wholly overshadowed by the faith of what he would have named the imaginative reason.

Is then the objection warranted that the part assigned to Mordecai and his influence upon Deronda are a fantastic unreality which offends against our saner judgment? Is such a person as Mordecai incredible? And again, is the idea which the consumptive Jew breathes into Deronda only the hectic fever-dream of a visionary, or has it substance and validity for the imagination

of the reader? And why all this concern about Jews—the stiff-necked race? Quid ergo amplius Judæo est? aut quæ utilitas circumcisionis?

It might be said, in answer to some of these questions, that as a fact Mordecai is an ideal study from a veritable Jew, Cohn or Kohn, one of the club of students who met some forty years since at Red Lion Square, Holborn,* and that recently a scheme for the redemption of Palestine for Israel was actually in contemplation among members of the Jewish race. But to criticize "Daniel Deronda" from the literal, prosaic point of view would be as much a critical stupidity as to undertake the defence of Shakspeare's "King Lear" from the charge of historical improbability. It is enough if the idealization is worked out upon lines which have a starting-point and a direction that can be justified to the intellect, and if the imagination consents to yield credence to ideal truth. The century which has contained an actual Mazzini, an actual Lamennais, can surely credit the existence of an imagined Mordecai. Or is the lament of Mr. Mill, uttered in 1838, still true of a younger generation: "Nowadays nature and probability are thought to be violated if there be shown to the reader, in the personages with whom he is called upon to sympathize, characters on a larger scale than himself, or than the persons he is accustomed to meet at a dinner or a quadrille party?" We owe to the author of "Daniel Deronda" the gratitude due to one who enriches human life for her discovery in Ram's bookshop, and among the kindly-hearted mercenary Cohens, of a prophet of the Exile. To feel that intense spiritual forces lie concealed under the heaped *débris* of follies, and fashions, and worldliness which accumulates around us, makes our existence one of more awed responsibility, and of quicker hopes and fears. There are powers in our midst of which we are not aware; the electric charge of the spirit may play upon us at any moment, we know not from what point; material interests and machinery are not yet, and never will be, supreme; still from the spirit of man to the spirit of man flow forth the issues of life and death. "This consumptive Jewish workman in threadbare clothing, lodged by charity, delivering himself to hearers who took his thoughts without attaching more consequences to them than the Flemings to the ethereal chimes ringing above their market-places, had the chief elements of human greatness: a mind consciously, energetically moving with the larger march of human destinies, but not the less full of conscience and tender heart for the footsteps that tread near and need a leaning-place; capable of conceiving and choosing a life's task with far-off issues, yet capable of the

* See Mr. McAlister's letter to the *Academy*, July 29, 1876, with its highly interesting quotations from Mr. G. H. Lewes's article in the *Fortnightly Review*, April 1, 1866.

unapplauded heroism which turns off the road of achievement at the call of the nearer duty whose effect lies within the beatings of the hearts that are close to us, as the hunger of the unfledged bird to the breast of its parent."

To understand aright the Jewish idea of Mordecai we should approach it through the wider human idea of George Eliot. It might indeed be contended that at a period when on the continent of Europe the idea of nationality—unity of Italy, pan-Teutonism, pan-Slavism—has played and is playing so important a part, there were a historical justification and a historical propriety in its employment as a poetical motive in a work of art. If the political imagination of the English nation is seldom assailed by great principles or ideas, their force upon the history of the world has not therefore been small; lives have been spent for them, and blood has been gladly offered up. Probably none but English readers in our day would refuse to accept as deserving of imaginative credence such an idea as that which inspires Mordecai. That an ancient people, who under every battering shock of doom have preserved their faith and their traditions, should resume their place in the community of nations, could be hardly more wonderful than that they exist at all. A French philosopher conceived a polity of Western nations, with France as the presiding power; there is grandeur (and grandeur is a quality of thought by no means necessarily implying something unreal or theatrical) in the conception of a future which shall include an organization of the East as well as of the West, and which places at the head of Eastern civilization the greatest and most spiritual of Shemitic races.

But the central conception of "Daniel Deronda" is religious, and not political: religious, not in the sense which implies faith in a personal providence superintending the lives of men, or faith in the intervention of the miraculous and the supernatural, or faith in a life for each man and woman beyond the grave in other worlds than ours. No miraculous apparition of a Holy Grail in the mediæval romance is bright with more mysterious glory, and solemn with more transcendent awe, than the meeting of the Jewish workman and Deronda in the splendour of sunset, and in the gloom of the little second-hand bookshop, while the soul of one transfuses itself into the soul of the other. But the miracles are wrought by the spirit of man; human life itself is shown to be sacred, a temple with its shrines for devout humility and aspiration, its arches and vaults for praise, its altar for highest sacrifice. "The refuge you are needing from personal trouble," declares Deronda to Gwendolen, "is the higher, the religious life, which holds an enthusiasm for something more than our own appetites and vanities." The religious conception of "Daniel Deronda," as of the other writings

of George Eliot, is that of a life of mankind over, above, and around the life of the individual man or woman, and to which the individual owes his loyalty and devotion, the passion of his heart, and the utmost labour of his hand. "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. . . . Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect. How precious are thy thoughts unto me! how great is the sum of them!" Of this religion—a religion by which a man's life may become a noble self-surrender whether it contain but a portion of truth or contain the whole—Mordecai is a prophet, and Deronda is a chosen and anointed priest. The Judaic element comes second in the book—the human element first.

To any one who had attended to the leading motives, the centres around which the emotions organize themselves, in the preceding writings of George Eliot, the ideas of Mordecai, and their constraining power with Deronda, cannot have appeared strange and novel. The higher, the religious life is that which transcends self, and which is lived in submission to the duties imposed upon us by the past, and the claims of those who surround us in the present, and of those who shall succeed us in time to come. To be the centre of a living multitude, the heart of their hearts, the brain from which thoughts, as waves, pass through them—this is the best and purest joy which a human creature can know. Of this kind is the glory and rapture of the artist. Armgart, while she sings, feels herself

"A happy spiritual star
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
Of light in Paradise, whose only self
Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused;
Music, life, power—I moving in the midst
With a sublime necessity of good."

Fedalma, when the ecstasy of the dance sways through her, seems

"New-waked
To life in unison with a multitude
Feeling my soul upborne by all their souls,
Floating within their gladness! Soon I lost
All sense of separateness: Fedalma died
As a star dies and melts into the light."

But in its very rapture there is a danger of egoism in this joy; and of such egoism of the artist we have a conspicuous example in the rejection of the bonds of love, the claims of a father and of a child, by Deronda's mother. As Don Silva, in "The Spanish Gypsy," for the love of one maiden would fain renounce the inheritance of honour and of duty which his past had imposed upon him, so the daughter of the Jew, Charisi, would escape from the will of her father, the traditions of her race, the clinging arms of her babe, and would live a life of freedom in her art alone. That which she strove with proves—as it proved for Don Silva—too

strong for her, and in her hour of physical weakness the impersonal forces she had fled from rise within her and rise around her, the dread Erinyes of her crime. But there is another way than the artist's of becoming the vital centre of a multitude. To be the incarnation of their highest thought, and at the same time to be the incarnation of their purest will—what nobler lot is possible to man? The epic life, the national leadership, to which—not, perhaps, without some touch of gross personal ambition—Zarco aspired, and which Fedalma accepted as the leader of a forlorn hope, this is decreed to Deronda, free from all taint of personal ambition, and free from the sorrow of anticipated failure. "I," said Mordecai, answering the objections of Gideon, "I, too, claim to be a rational Jew. But what is it to be rational—what is it to feel the light of the divine reason growing stronger within and without? It is to see more and more of the hidden bonds that bind and consecrate change as a dependent growth—yea, consecrate it with kinship; the past becomes my parent, and the future stretches towards me the appealing arms of children." A revolutionary writer of genius in this century of revolution, who designed for his imagined hero an epic life, would probably represent him as the banner-bearer of some new ideas—liberty, progress, the principles of 1789—and the youthful hero would exhale his enthusiasms upon a barricade. It is characteristic of our English novelist, who, through her imagination and affections, is profoundly conservative, that with her the epic life should be found in no breaking away from the past, no revolt against tradition. Hope and faith are with her the children of memory; the future is the offspring and heir of the past.

Daniel Deronda then is a Jew, because the Jewish race is one rich with memories, possessed of far-reaching traditions, a fit object for satisfying that strong historic sympathy which is so deep a part of Deronda's nature; a race obstinately adherent to its ideas, with intense national characteristics, and therefore fitted to give definiteness and compression to whatever in Deronda was vague or little strenuous; a sad, despised, persecuted race, and so much the more dear to one whose heart is the heart of a saviour; a race whose leaders and prophets looked longingly for no personal immortality, but lived through faith in the larger life to come of their nation; a race not without some claim to be what Jehudah-Levi asserted it to be, "the heart of mankind;" a race, finally, which though scoffed at for its separateness, implied in its confession of the Divine Unity the ultimate unity of mankind. In the great institution of Goethe's imagining in his "*Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*," where a complete religious education is taught to children, the first or Ethnic Religion is that the substance and spirit of which is to be sought for not in a supernatural revelation or in philosophy, but in the history of the world. "I observe,"

said Wilhelm, "you have done the Israelites the honour to select their history as the groundwork of this delineation, or, rather, you have made it the leading object there." It is not merely in the picturesque and intense personalities which the Hebrew people affords, that its attraction for George Eliot's imagination has lain; it is partly at least because through Jewish persons and Jewish ideas, the teachings of this Ethnic Religion may be well expressed.

To Deronda, the ideal of manhood in its fulness of power and of beauty, the ideally perfect lot is assigned. For others self-conquest had been an agony, the higher rule had been a hard discipline, the life of renunciation and of love had been one of strictly tested faithfulness, or of quietude after tempest, a repose tender yet stern. With Romola the quick heart-beats of personal joy are for ever stilled, no triumphant ecstasy is henceforth possible for Armgart, Fedalma's young delight has been slain and offered up a sacrifice to the fidelity of her soul. But "the very best of human possibilities" befalls Deronda, "the blending of a complete personal love in one current with a larger duty." While his hands are striving to shape the future of a people he wears upon his breast the precious talisman of Mirah's love. "The velvet canopy never covered a more goodly bride and bridegroom, to whom their people might more wisely wish offspring; more truthful lips never touched the sacramental marriage-wine; the marriage blessing never gathered stronger promise of fulfilment than in the integrity of their mutual pledge." Over against Gwendolen, the petted child, with her double nature, her layers of selfishness stifling the stray seeds of possible good, her iridescent moods, her contending passion and fear of contrite pain, her high spirit and her sudden fits of spiritual dread, her lack of all religious emotion, and of that piety which consists in tender, clinging affection to home and childhood, and the objects consecrated by our dead past; over against Gwendolen is set Mirah, beautiful in the singleness and purity of her soul. The clever critics have found Mirah as uninteresting as they have found Deronda unreal. She is indeed not a Mary Stuart, nor a Phraxanor, and is no more interesting than some delicate ivory-tinted blossom. The intensest pleasure he had received in life, declared the dying Keats, was in watching the growth of flowers: but Keats was a poet. A perfect, harmonious, still, yet richly tinted life, like the life of flowers, is that of Mirah; whatever dead substance comes in her way is either rejected or forced to take some beautiful living form; * "she had grown up in her simplicity and truthfulness like a little flower-seed that absorbs the chance confusion of its surroundings into its own definite mould of beauty." From

* Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*, p. 85, from which I here appropriate a few expressions.

her force of heart, from an unconquerable purity of vital power—the crystal virtue, as Mr. Ruskin has named it—follows the result that her whole being possesses a flawless unity, and exquisite symmetry, every atom being bright with coherent energy. In the Psyche-mould of Mirah's frame "there rested a fervid quality of emotion sometimes rashly supposed to require the bulk of a Cleopatra; her impressions had the thoroughness and tenacity that give to the first selection of passionate feeling the character of a life-long faithfulness." Then, too, sorrow had been a familiar guest with her, and in Daniel's love there lay the joy of a blessed protectiveness. It is something less than this that Mirah was an artist witnessed to by the appalling Klesmer, who had reduced to despair Gwendolen's amateurishness, and that in all practical matters she manifests an unerring good sense. There is perpetual music in the life of him who can feel the beating of a heart so fervid and so gentle, who can bow tenderly over so dear a head.

Contrasted with Deronda, who is the sympathetic nature in its purest and highest energy, stands Grandcourt, who is the absolute of egoism. His life is the dull, low life of some monstrous reptile, coloured like the slime or dust in which he lies, seemingly torpid and indifferent to all outside himself, yet at watch with blinking eyes for every slightest motion of the one thing which interests him,—his prey; and owning a deadly power of spring and cruel constriction such as the boa can display. But there is nothing of the romantic villain in his appearance; he is only an English gentleman, with faultless manners when he did not intend them to be insolent, long narrow grey eyes, an extensive baldness surrounded by a fringe of reddish blond hair, a slight perpendicular whisker, a toneless aristocratic drawl, certain ugly secrets in the past, a strong dislike to brutes who use the wrong soap or have ill-formed nails, a wide susceptibility to boredom, and a resolve to tolerate no damned nonsense in a wife. Let the waves wash him down to keep company with things of the monstrous world, and become a third with the ground-shark and the poulpe.

Of Gwendolen and her spiritual history, although it occupies the principal space in George Eliot's novel, little has here been said, because this portion of the story seems to have been acquiesced in with something like common consent by the majority of readers. Men reap what has been sown, but there are many sowers of good and of evil in the field of the world, and it may happen that we enter into the labour not always of the sowers of tares, but sometimes also into that of the sowers of good seed.* And so it happens with Gwendolen. The new soul born within her through remorse and that penitential sorrow from which she

* Something to this effect George Eliot has somewhere written—in "*Middlemarch*," I believe—but I am unable to light upon the passage.

had not long since so deliberately guarded herself, is sustained in its clinging infantile weakness by hands of another which are tender and strong. A living man, who is to her the best, the most real, the most worshipful of all things known, becomes her external conscience, while her inner conscience is still able to do no more than open wondering eyes, half-dazzled by the light, after its long, dark, and withering imprisonment in the airless cell of egoism. Gwendolen, with her girlish inexperience, and her slight girlish love of sway, would not be sacrificed to creatures worth less than herself, but would play the game of life with exceptional cleverness, and so conquer circumstance. It is well that the gambling at life, where her gain must be another's loss, goes against her. She had thought to conquer circumstance, and good and evil join to defeat her; Deronda, "like an awful-browed angel," fixes upon her his gaze of condemnation, and Grandcourt benumbs her in his icy constringency of will. But Gwendolen has a fulness of nature which removes her far from the Rosamund Vincy type of womanhood; she is not "one of the narrow-brained women who through life regard all their selfish demands as rights, and every claim upon themselves as an injury." It is possible for her before she loves goodness for its own sake to love goodness in a human form. This is well, though still she remains to herself the centre of the world, and Deronda exists not for his own sake, not for others, not for the world, but only for her. At last the crisis arrives; "she feels the pressure of a vast mysterious movement," she is being dislodged "from her supremacy in her own world, and is getting a sense that her horizon was but a dipping onward of an existence with which her own was revolving." Where is her poise of crude egoism, where the fierceness of maidenhood which had flamed forth against Rex? It is a moment of supreme revelation of the heart, in which shame and reserve shrivel in the white flame of life. The fountains of the great deep are broken up: "Gwendolen looked before her with dilated eyes, as at something lying in front of her, till she stretched her arms out straight, and cried with a smothered voice, 'I said I should be forsaken. I have been a cruel woman. And I am forsaken.'" But forsaken she is not. Draw the veil over the rest, for a gaze profanes what is sacred between the soul of a renunciant and a redeemer.

"Daniel Deronda" closes in the presence of death; "Middlemarch" with promises of happy living; yet "Middlemarch" leaves the heart as though in the greyness of a sweet August twilight, when we accept the subdued colours, and the dearness of the tranquil hour. Death, as we witness it in the concluding chapter of "Daniel Deronda," is solemn and beautiful as a sunset, but we see the stars come forth, and are aware that the world is revolving into a nobler dawn.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

HENRIETTA MARIA.

HENRIETTA MARIA, Queen of Charles I., was the daughter of Henry of Navarre and Marie de Medicis. She inherited qualities of mind and temperament from both parents. Her courage, energy, promptitude, we may trace to the victor of Ivry, though the masculine strength of Henry was in her dashed with feminine vehemence; and there are passages in her history, interpreted on principles of poetry and Platonism by Miss Strickland, viewed more prosaically by Hallam, which recall the passion and impulsiveness of the lover of the fair Gabrielle. From her Medicean mother she had an organization exquisitely sensitive to beauty in painting, a capacity of attaining consummate excellence in music, and an intense fervour of devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. She was born in Paris in 1609, a few months before her father was murdered by Ravallac. Her mother committed her religious training to a Carmelite nun of the highest enthusiasm.

In her sixteenth year she was married to Charles. The marriage articles provided that she and her retinue should practise the ordinances of their religion with fitting dignity, and that her children should be educated by her until their thirteenth year. There appears to have been a kind of understanding between the Courts of London and of Paris that this last engagement was a mere form. The French Court played fast and loose with the Vatican, the English negotiators with the Parliament and people of England. Marie de Medicis, however,

looked on the stipulation as a reality, and the success of Henrietta Maria in giving it effect cost her children the crown of these realms. When she left France for England, she received a letter from her mother, enjoining her with the utmost solemnity to act in her new sphere as the missionary and protectress of Catholicism. "The descendant of St. Louis," she was exhorted to strive, like him, "for the good of the faith and the exaltation of the Church," and to follow his example in being faithful unto death "among the infidels."

The King met her at Dover. At the moment of his arrival she was at breakfast, but rose from table, ran down a pair of stairs, and on seeing him offered to kneel and kiss his hand. He "wrapped her up in his arms with many kisses." She had got ready a little French speech. "Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre Majesté pour être commandée de vous"—here she broke down and burst into tears, but Charles came to her relief with more kisses and tender protestations. She was tiny in person, with features of large form but delicately shaped, brown hair, dark eyes now touchingly soft, now sparkling like stars, air *spirituelle*, complexion "perfectly beautiful," and something in her face which "made all the world love her." Not an unpleasant thing for a bridegroom to "wrap her up in his arms with many kisses!"

Presently they started for Canterbury. On Barham Downs a pavilion was erected and a banquet prepared. The King, who had winning ways with those he loved, was tenderly gallant, carving with his own royal hand for Henrietta, and serving her both with pheasant and venison. Under the June sky, in the bracing air of the upland near the sea, her spirits rose, and her joyful sympathy with the men and manners of her new home passed all bounds. Father Sancy, her confessor, comes sidling up to her elbow, and whispers that it is the vigil of St. John the Baptist, when no good Catholic would give scandal by eating flesh. Henrietta sticks to the savoury meat, and lets the austere shaveling sidle back again. Her English subjects, watching these symptoms with eager Protestant eyes, are in ecstasies of delight. "Can your Majesty," ventures one bold inquirer to ask, "tolerate a Huguenot?" "Why not?" answers Henrietta; "was not my father one?" They entered London by the river, where hundreds of glittering barges, with streamers flying, joined the royal procession.

This brilliant dawn of married life was soon overcast, nor did the gay ecclesiastical contumacies of Barham Downs herald the emancipation of the Queen from the rule of Father Sancy. On the first day of her holding Court at Whitehall, she showed that her eyes could flash the dark lightnings of anger, as well as

beam with the piquant sweetness of coy surrender. Finding a room inconveniently hot and crowded, she cleared it "with one scowl." Charles soon became aware that she was to be Catholic first and English second. Neither her pride as a wife nor her ambition as a Queen could prevail with her to take part in the coronation. Not even from a latticed box in the Abbey would she witness the ceremony, or countenance the schismatic Church of England. On no point could Charles be more keenly sensitive; but Henrietta was inexorable. She atoned to Father Sancy for the freakish peccadilloes of Barham Downs by ostentatious and abject submission to her spiritual advisers. While the latter rode in a carriage, she trudged through the mud on foot in penitential pilgrimage; and Charles always believed, nor has the statement, though denied by Henrietta and mythically coloured by her enemies, been ever conclusively disproved, that she once went to Tyburn and paid reverent homage to those questionable martyrs who had died for the Gunpowder Plot.

These things soon made her unpopular in England, but her conduct is not surprising. She must have felt, on establishing herself in London, that something very like a fraud had been practised upon her. Her marriage articles conceded all that was required for the free and stately practice of her religion, and both King James and King Charles had made large promises as to the toleration of Catholics in general. She found herself in the midst of a nation fanatically Protestant, convinced that the toleration of Popery was a heinous sin, and shuddering at the "idolatry of the mass." The strongest instincts of her nature, devotion to her Church, pride in her father and in France, sense of what was due to her as a wife who had given her hand under special conditions, and compassion for the persecuted Catholics of England, combined to make her shake the torch of her faith in the faces of her English subjects.

Not the less is it true that a more prudent woman might have done more for the English Catholics than was done by the impulsive and vehement Henrietta. She took the part of her priests and her French attendants with blind and passionate fervour. Poor Charles had a dreadful time of it between her priests, her women, and her own poutings and petulancies. There were upwards of four hundred foreigners in her train, mostly priests and women, and they seem to have addressed themselves, with the ingenuity of experts, to the task of making mischief between husband and wife. He complained that when he "had anything to say" to Henrietta, he "must manage her servants first." At last he plucked up courage to order the whole crew to Somerset House, as a preliminary step to their quitting England. The scene which followed was *tragi-comical* in a high degree: women

howling, men gesticulating and vociferating, the Queen, led away by Charles from the immediate scene of conflict, breaking windows in frenzied attempts to express sympathy with her departing household. He remained master, and soon followed up his triumph by giving the emphatic order to Buckingham to drive the French out of England, "like so many wild beasts." A body of yeomen had to be called in before the foreigners would budge. At sight of the armed men they yielded, and proceeded to the place of embarkation.

These summary proceedings with persons for whose attendance on the Queen in England provision had been made in the marriage treaty were viewed with more interest than satisfaction in the Court of France. Charles forwarded to his confidential agent in Paris a letter on the subject, to be submitted to the mother of Henrietta Maria. He details with *naïve* simplicity the petulancies of his girl-wife, his tenderness for whom is all the while unmistakable. On one occasion, when certain lands had been assigned her, she resolved to have her own servants put into their management, and "one night," writes Charles, "when I was in bed, she put a paper into my hand" with the names of those whom she intended to be thus favoured. He told her that her French attendants could not serve her as proposed. Sharp words ensued, and at last "she bad me plainly take my lands to myself;" if she could not put her servants into the places, she would rather have cash down. "I bad her then remember to whom she spake, and told her that she ought not to use me so. Then she fell into a passionate discourse, how she was miserable," &c. &c. She refused even to hear him, crying out that she was not "of that base quality to be used so ill." He conquered, so at least he says—"I made her both hear me and end that discourse." He does not describe the means used.

The Queen-mother sent over Marshal Bassompierre to see whether the course of this true love could not be got to run a little more smoothly. The Marshal, a judicious, long-winded gentleman, was experienced in love troubles. He had once, poor soul, "burned more than six thousand love-letters, with which different ladies had from time to time been so good as to honour him." He discharged his delicate task in London with fair success. Firmly defending the Queen when he believed her to have been misrepresented, and stoutly maintaining, for one thing, that the offensive pilgrimage to the shrine of the Gunpowder Plot martyrs was a legend founded on an innocent evening walk, taken after a day spent in religious exercises, he saw that she had been a good deal in the wrong, and that Charles was, on the whole, an affectionate husband. Bassompierre returned to France to tell Marie de Medicis that there was not a little to be said in favour of the dismissal of the French retinue, and that Henrietta had

been wayward. He took Father Sancy back with him to Paris,—an excellent riddance.

In the absence of the Frenchwomen, and with a sensible man installed as confessor in the place of Sancy, Henrietta learned to love her husband, and to exchange the fitful humours of married girlhood for the deeper joys of the attached wife. The death of Buckingham, in 1628, secured her the empire of Charles's heart, and she was henceforward dearer to him than all the world. It is a noteworthy circumstance that Bossuet imputes to her influence the abandonment of the Huguenots, after the death of Buckingham, by the English Court. The great Duke, whose fundamental objects were success and popularity, may have been bent upon reconciling King and Parliament, and making himself the best-loved man in the kingdom, by strenuously adopting the cause of French Protestantism, and of Continental Protestantism in general. The strife between him and Henrietta had waxed so violent that he told her queens had lost their heads in England. Mere girl as she was, with none to help her but priests and women, Henrietta must have possessed unlimited courage to provoke the hostility of Buckingham. Possibly, indeed, she hardly knew what she was doing. Homer and Mr. Ruskin pronounce a fly the bravest of living creatures. But I think the courage of Henrietta was of steadier temper. Having never quailed before Buckingham, and having arrived at an understanding with Laud, she won and maintained ascendancy over the weak and uxorious Charles. He wrote to her mother that the only dispute between him and Henrietta now was which should "vanquish the other by affection, each deeming the victory is gained when the wishes of the other are discerned and followed."

At length, when she had been married five years, on the edge of summer, 1630—May 29—she had a son that lived. Dr. Laud christened the little one Charles. Henrietta was immensely delighted with him, writing to a French friend that he was a big, ugly fellow, and looked wiser than his mother. For the next ten years she was the happiest of women. In her nursery with her boys and girls, or filling the galleries of Whitehall with her incomparable voice while she sang to the child in her arms, she had all the felicity, as she herself told Madame de Motteville, which she could possess as Queen, as mother, and as wife. Not forgetting her mission as protectress of the English Catholics, zealously shielding recusants, and securing for her co-religionists the services of three successive nuncios of the Holy See, she nevertheless took at this time comparatively small interest in politics. In the Court circle she was eminently popular, and she had already at least one personal adherent—her page Harry Jermyn—who was prepared to go through fire and

water in her service. Letters of the time speak of her as "nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired, and a brave lady." Her eyes were celebrated by Waller:—

"Such radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies!"

Her wit is attested by De Motteville, "*infiniment de l'esprit*." She was fond of gardening, and imported fruit-trees from France. Better still, there was her pet colony to be looked after, Maryland, as Charles fondly called it; whither 1,500 "homeless children," the gleanings of London streets in that pious time, had been sent. Dances, masques, and revels sped the rosy hours.

Under these circumstances, her Majesty would probably have smiled in magnanimous good-nature, qualified by contempt, at the disrespectful language applied to Queens who patronized plays and dances, by Mr. William Prynne, if Dr. Laud had not seen fit to make an example of that noticeable person. William Prynne is as characteristic a figure of the Puritan revolution of the seventeenth century as Jean Paul Marat of the Jacobin revolution of the eighteenth, though the balance of superiority, in respect both of solid ability and moral healthfulness, is greatly in favour of Prynne. It will be worth our while to take a careful look at him.

He had received a good education at the Bath Grammar School and Oriel College, Oxford, had become an "utter barrister" of Lincoln's Inn, and had begun, about 1630, to publish writings of a vehemently Puritan character. In 1633 appeared his "*Histrio-Mastix, the Players' Scourge*." Its title-page is so vivid a bit, not so much of the history of the seventeenth century as of the seventeenth century itself, that I shall quote it *verbatim et literatim*, suppressing only an imposing array of sentences from Cyprian, Lactantius, Chrysostom, and Augustine, printed as mottoes:—

"*Histrio-Mastix, the Players Scourge, or Actors Tragædie, Divided into two parts. Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers Arguments, by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of sundry texts of Scripture; of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospell; of 55 Synodes and Councils; of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the yeare of our Lord 1200; of above 150 foraigne and domestique Protestant and Popish Authors, since; of 40 Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets; of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republicques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates; of sundry Apostolicall, Canonically, Imperially Constitutions; and of our owne English Statutes, Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers, That popular Stage-plays (the very Pompes of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we beleave the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spectacles, and most pernicious Corruptions; condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Profession of Play-poets, of Stage players; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage-plays, are unlawfull, infamous and misbeseeeming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully answered; and the unlaw-*

fulness of acting, of beholding Academical Enterludes, briefly discussed; besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Dicing, Health-drinking, &c., of which the Table will informe you. By William Prynne, an Utter-Barrister of Lincolnes Inne."

(Then follow the mottoes.)

"London.

"Printed by E. A. and W. I. for Michael Sparke, and are to be sold at the Blue Bible, in Greene Arbour, in litle Old Bayly. 1633."

The promises, or threats, of this title-page, are conscientiously fulfilled in the book. There are a thousand pages closely printed, and the margins are crowded to the very edge with illustrative extracts, generally in Latin. The labour of collecting the enormous mass of materials must have been stupendous. Prynne was a rigid Anglican of the Edward VI. type, austere, zealous for the purification of the Church from Popery, Arminianism, Ritualism, and of the land from vice. An intense fervour, gloomy but sincere, pervades his book, a genuine passion to sweep wickedness into the kennels, and do scavenger work for God. The gloom of Puritanism lies in deep shadow on the thousand pages. Men are to have "the day of death and judgment always fixed in their most serious meditations." Dancing, unless it were "grave, single, chaste, and sober measures, men with men"—in short, the kind of dancing approved of by Mr. Spurgeon, and delectably illustrated in a wood-cut by *Punch*—was not for a world hanging between heaven and hell. "Not dancers" go to heaven, "but mourners: not laughers, but weepers; whose tune is *Lachrymæ*, whose music sighs for sin; who know no other cinquapace but this to heaven, to go mourning all the day long for their iniquities; to mourn in secret like doves, to chatter like cranes for their own and others' sins. Fasting, prayers, mourning, teares, tribulations, martyrdom, were the only rounds that led all the saints to heaven." The very soul of Puritanism is in these words.

It was in connection with dancing that Prynne laid himself open to the attack of Laud. Prynne expresses himself as horror-struck at the idea of "Queenes themselves and the very greatest persons" dancing. That Henrietta, brilliant and spirited, instinct with light and fire, should be a beautiful dancer, was no palliation of her offence in the eyes of Prynne. "*Regina saltat*," he quotes from Theophylact, "*et quanto pulchrius saltavit, tanto pejus, turpe enim est Reginae aliquid indecorum dextre facere.*" This is insolent; but one cannot help feeling some surprise at finding Henrietta Maria libelled in the Latin of Theophylact; and I have not been able to detect in Prynne—my search has not extended over every one of the thousand pages, but it has embraced every passage I could think of as likely to afford an opening for the assault—anything more directly aimed at the Queen than

these words. I am persuaded that it was something else besides the liberties taken with her Majesty that infuriated Laud against the book. It burns with fierce hostility to the Arminianism and Ritualism which the Archbishop was introducing into the Church. There is a scornful reference to "our late crouching and ducking unto new-erected altars"—a shaft that must have gone straight to Laud's heart. The Puritans, whose name was used by Laud as the true contradictory of orthodox, are praised to the skies; declared to be "the holiest, meekest, and most zealous Christians," who are hated and reviled only "for their goodness." These were, I fancy, Prynne's true offences, and his disrespect to the Queen was but seized upon by Laud as the handiest weapon wherewith to smite him.

Prynne's punishment was inhumanly severe, and whether he deserved his treatment or did not, it was a transcendent blunder to make a martyr of him. His passion for moral reform, his fierce anger on account of Laud's patronage of Anglo-Catholics and persecution of Puritans, were regarded with sympathy too deep for words by an immense multitude of Englishmen. One of those, who was vividly alive to the injustice of Prynne's mutilation and imprisonment, was Oliver Cromwell. This is no mere inference from our general knowledge of Cromwell. He was one of those who took a most active part in subsequently redressing the wrongs of Prynne; and we have it on the evidence of his own words to the Parliament which met in September, 1656, that his conception of the Puritan cause, in some of its essential elements, was identical with that of Prynne. There were "a company of poor men," he told the members, who were "ready to spend their blood" rather than give in to that "compliance" with Popery which had been promoted by "the Bishop of Canterbury;" and in accurate harmony with the spirit and procedure of Prynne in "*Histrio-Mastix*," he threw together "Popery and the profane nobility and gentry of this nation," as having the "badge and character of countenancing profaneness, disorder, and wickedness in all places." His expressions about the contumely heaped on the saints almost literally recall those of Prynne. "In my conscience," said the Protector, "it was a shame to be a Christian, within these fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen years, in this nation! It was a shame, it was a reproach to a man; and the badge of 'Puritan' was put upon it."

The Puritanism of Prynne, however, was not in all points the Puritanism of Cromwell. It was more of a formula, less of an inspiration; but this circumstance does not preclude its representing even a wider phase of Puritanism than that of the great Protector. Prynne was a lawyer, a learned lawyer, a legal and historical antiquarian; and he inexorably conformed his Puritanism

to the precedents and traditions of English history. Never deviating from his sturdy loyalty to the Crown, he opposed a King who was innovating on the English constitution and a Primate who was innovating on the English Reformation; but when the monarchy was in danger, when Parliament was invaded by the sword, Prynne faced round, amid peril and obloquy, and defied the victorious army. A Church not only Protestant but treating the Pope as Antichrist, Calvinistic in theology, and subject to the Estates of the Realm; a common law, and law of Parliament, which King and subject alike should obey; a House of Commons holding the money-bag; a sovereign of the blood-royal: such was Prynne's formula. Be it a narrow formula, or be it a broad, he maintained it invincibly. As the Revolution diverged from its iron line on this hand and on that, he doggedly kept the path, and was loud in his remonstrances and protests. His sarcastic home-thrusts were directed as much against a Presbytery or an Independent congregation claiming divine right, as against Bishops resting on apostolical succession. On all occasions, when alarmed by heterodoxies and backslidings, he was ready with his "important questions," sixteen or so, wherewith to perplex innovators, and to detect the "spawn of Romish Frogs, Jesuits, and Franciscan Friars." Harder head, set on more inflexible backbone, than William Prynne's, was never seen in England. He confronted Cromwell as boldly as he had confronted Charles, and defended Dr. Hewit when Oliver singled out him and one or two others to die for insurrectionary Royalism. It required a thoroughly brave man to do that. He of course agitated for the recall of the dynasty, and there was no inconsistency in his accepting at the Restoration the office of Keeper of the Records of the Tower. Miss Strickland says that in the last period of his life he made the remark that King Charles ought to have taken off his head when he took off his ears. The words may have been spoken by Prynne in jest, but more probably they were the invention of some one whose ideas of the actors in the Puritan Revolution were as confused and superficial as Miss Strickland's own. Prynne recanted nothing; he was from first to last a constitutional Low-Church Puritan, holding that it might be right to make war upon the King, but only in his own name, in order to save him from evil councillors, and to enlighten him as to his own true interests and those of the country.

In all this Prynne represented an immense multitude of Englishmen. The fixed ideas which could not be eradicated from his mind could not be dislodged from the heart of the English people, and Charles II. was placed by acclamation on a throne which Cromwell had not dared to ascend. It is hard to say whether dread and detestation of Popery on the one hand, or love of legitimate

Royalty on the other, was the stronger instinct of the English nation. When the two came into direct collision, the concession made by the one to the other was the least that the circumstances rendered possible. In their fear of Popery the nation resisted the Crown, and by a great majority approved of such constraint being laid upon the sovereign as seemed indispensable to secure the Protestantism of England; but they did not sanction his death, or assent to a change of dynasty. Prynne's inflexible legalism proved more characteristically English than the sublime aspiration of Milton; and the energy, capacity, and patriotism of Cromwell were not such words to conjure with as the name of Stuart. This fact is eminently instructive. The Whig Revolution of 1688 exhibited the forces of Protestantism and legalism again in conflict, and once more the concession made by the one to the other was the least possible in the circumstances. A Popish monarch, frantic in his devotion to his Church, set about the re-establishment of Popery in England; he was expelled; but no further dynastic change was made than to substitute the Protestant branch for the Popish branch. A Protestant wears the Crown of these realms in the Stuart right; the Protectorate flitted like a brief meteoric splendour across the political firmament.

Prynne's punishment greatly intensified the unpopularity of the Queen. She was, however, more interested in her children than in politics, and might well feel that, so long as her influence shielded Popish delinquents from persecution, and Papal envoys looked after the faithful in England, and Dr. Laud was considered a not unfit person to be offered a Cardinal's hat, her best course was to let well alone. We have an account of her views on these matters from her own lips, reported to us by Madame de Motteville. There was no motive to induce Henrietta Maria to give, in 1645 or 1646, a false account of what had seemed to her to be the position of ecclesiastical affairs in England during the period when Laud was dominant; and her hopes will serve as a measure, practically useful, of the natural and reasonable fears of the Puritans. She informed De Motteville that James I., in defending the Reformed religion against Cardinal Du Perron, had "conceived a love for the truth" and a desire to escape from error. Thenceforward he wished to reconcile the two religions, but he died before executing "ce louable dessein." James's conversion by Du Perron may be absurdly mythical, as well as the additional statement of the Queen that Charles, at the time when he ascended the throne, was of pretty much the same way of thinking as his converted father; but it is an interesting historical item that Henrietta Maria, on coming to England, believed the Protestantism of the Stuarts to be a thing of surface and of show, their Popery to be honest and fundamental. Laud, she told

Madame de Motteville, was at heart "très bon Catholique." If this was the estimate of the Protestantism of Charles and of Laud formed by Henrietta Maria, its endorsement by the Puritans cannot be called unreasonable. They feared what she hoped; and she hoped that Charles and Laud would carry into effect the "praiseworthy design" of James to reconcile the Church of England to the Church of Rome.

If her Majesty, between 1630 and 1640, was shy of showing her hand, she had ample reason to be satisfied that things were progressing favourably for her Church. The Jesuits sapped the Protestantism of the aristocracy. High functionaries, treasurers, secretaries of state, Weston, Windebank, many others, were known to be Papists. Puritanism was proscribed. The laws against Catholics were rendered, to a great extent, a dead letter. Strafford secured toleration for Papists in Ireland. Had Henrietta been a woman of consummate sagacity and discernment, she might have seen that, under the smooth surface of English society, there slumbered forces capable of throwing Laud and his system into the air, and might have made it her grand object to procure toleration for Puritan and Papist alike; but she judged by appearances, and was deceived.

She was suddenly startled from her complacent dream. To reveal the stupendous strength of Protestant feeling in England and the inability of Laud to restrain it, one thing had been necessary, and but one—the meeting of Parliament. Nothing in the list of their grievances, not the renewal and extension of the monopolies, not ship-money, not the violations of the Petition of Right, not the suspension of Parliaments for eleven years, agitated the Commons of 1640 so intensely as the anti-Protestantism of Laud and the connivance of the Court at the infraction of the laws against Popish recusants. It was entirely honourable to Henrietta Maria that she should exert herself to shield her co-religionists from the fury of the great body of their countrymen. Hallam says of the English Catholics that they are "by no means naturally less attached to their country and its liberties than other Englishmen," but that the patriotism of the seventeenth century, which poured warmth and radiance on the Protestant, "was to them as a devouring fire." It was part of the religion of the Puritans to treat Popery as fire treats stubble. The Papists were driven into the camp of the Stuarts by those imperious instincts which urge men to fight for freedom, property, honour, life. Henrietta felt herself to be their protectress against overwhelming odds. She had never pretended to put her duty to her adopted country in competition with her duty to her Church. She now exerted herself with a valour that outran discretion, and an impetuous energy that overshot the mark. She intrigued with foreign Powers.

She canvassed the Patriots, winning over recruits like Digby, who, whatever their insignificance in respect of political capacity or personal character, were at least faithful to her. The gentlemen of her retinue, Harry Jermyn first of all, ardently adopted her cause, and a conclave of thorough-going Queen's-men held meetings with her in the palace, at which the most desperate and daring schemes were discussed.

While Strafford's life hung in the balance, no day, Henrietta Maria told Madame de Motteville, passed without her having an interview with "the most wicked" of his enemies to plead on his behalf. They were brought, she said, by the back-stairs into the room of one of her ladies, who was absent in the country. Alone, with a torch in her hand, she met them every night, and offered them anything they liked to ask, but in vain. The fine stage effect—"seule, avec un flambeau à la main"—befits an interview with such hare-brained people as Digby and Goring, but we must be on our guard against supposing that any of the leading men came to talk with the Queen under such circumstances about the death of Strafford. In point of fact, it was not by negotiation with Hampden or Pym that Henrietta hoped, or seriously wished, to save Strafford. The sole possible basis of an agreement between the Court and the Parliamentary majority respecting the life of the Earl was the *boni fide* adoption by Charles of a Patriot policy. But this would have implied abandonment of the Catholics, and Henrietta would have listened to no such proposal. It is inconceivable, besides, that, if the interview was held with men who could speak for the Patriots, the King should have been absent. If, therefore, the solitary flambeau is historical at all, it must have flared at midnight meetings of Henrietta Maria and other conspirators in the Army Plot of the spring of 1641, for the deliverance of Strafford. To have torn him from the Parliament, and set him at the head of an irresistible military force, would indeed have secured her objects; and to this end she intrigued with Digby, Goring, Wilmot, and others. Charles was privy to their schemes, but may have held it wise to refrain from appearing in person at their midnight consultations. It is no disgrace to Henrietta Maria that the Catholics interested her supremely; but if her fundamental aim was to secure ascendancy, or even toleration, for the Catholics, she was naturally forced upon darker projects than could have been mentioned to the Parliamentary leaders. The credit which she takes in her narrative to De Motteville for zeal on behalf of Strafford is certainly not her due. It is nearer the truth to say that his blood is on her hands. Had she urged Charles to exert his prerogative, he would have refused to sign Strafford's death-warrant; but in that case, the indignation of the Commons against the Queen

would have known no bounds, and her participation in the Army Plot would, with other charges, have formed the basis of her impeachment for high treason. Charles always said afterwards that the sin which turned God against him had been committed to save the Queen, and it has generally been believed that he referred to his consent to the death of Strafford. If this is correct, a strong additional argument is furnished for believing that the interviews which she describes to De Motteville as having been held with "les plus méchants" of the Earl's enemies, were held really with "les plus méchants" of his friends, those, to wit, who were prepared to have recourse to any expedients, however desperate, for his rescue.

The Army Plot has been but slightly referred to by modern English historians, but it had a most important influence on the course of events. It was part of a vast network of schemes and conspiracies, by which the Queen, and with more of reserve and caution the King, hoped to overawe or to get rid of the detested Parliament. So early as February, 1641, Henrietta had publicly boasted that a truce had been concluded between France and Spain, in order that they might combine their forces, and advance to the succour of the menaced Catholics of England. The English army that had been levied in the preceding summer to fight the Scots had not yet been disbanded, and its inglorious career and scanty pay, both of which it was easy for emissaries of the Court to impute to the Parliament, disposed it to listen to wild proposals. Honourable members were for some time in the utmost alarm, dreading a forcible dissolution, dreading massacres and repetitions of the Gunpowder Plot. At one time the Commons rushed panic-stricken from their building. At another they took to vowing and signing protestations *en masse*, in the style of Scotch Covenanters or members of a French National Assembly, rather than in that of the solid Commons of England. It was in the trepidation inspired by the tampering of the Court with the army that the Houses insisted not only on the death of Strafford but on the assent by Charles to the Bill forbidding the dissolution of Parliament except with its own consent. To modern writers, not nicely observant of the dates of events, and the relations of parties at successive stages of the revolution, this Bill seems an outrageous encroachment upon the rights of the Crown; but it was approved of by the constitutional Royalists, Colepepper, Falkland, and Clarendon. This demonstrates that it was not thought an extreme step. All sensible men in the House of Commons felt that it was necessary to provide against the forcible undoing of all that had been done by putting it beyond the power of Charles to treat the Long Parliament as he had treated the Short. The privilege of Parliament alone defended the Patriots from his

vengeance. After every dissolution in his reign he had severely punished those who had opposed him in the House. "The King's ready acquiescence in this Bill," says Hallam, "far more dangerous than any of those at which he demurred, can only be ascribed to his own shame and the Queen's consternation at the discovery of the late plot." Henrietta, in her feminine vehemence, had omitted to count the cost of failure, and the difficulty of execution, in so ticklish a matter as getting rid of an English Parliament by an army plot. If you are to shoot a man through the head, and he is a very strong and very vigilant man, you had better be sure of your pistol and of your nerve. The weapon, in this instance, burst in the discharge. The fragments, so to speak, of the shattered piece, flew in all directions. Jermyn, Percy, Digby, Sucklyn, Davenant, Goring, and Wilmot took themselves out of the way. The King, who had been their accomplice, disavowed connection with them, and issued a proclamation commanding them "to render themselves within ten days." The Queen had the unpleasant consciousness of having rendered herself liable to impeachment for high treason, and began to express the opinion that her health would greatly benefit by a sojourn on the Continent. Some have gone the length of believing that, where Jermyn was, there her heart already was also, but Miss Strickland discountenances such scandal.

The Parliamentary leaders were as anxious that her Majesty should stay at home as she was to go abroad. The men who had risked their lives in the plot were her personal friends and allies, and it was evident to Hampden and Pym that, if she went to France or Holland, those others would gather round her and begin organizing mischief. Accordingly they strongly resisted the proposal that she should quit England. On the 15th of July, 1641, Pym brought up to the Lords, and next day Lord Bankes presented to the King in presence of both Houses, a series of reasons "to stay the Queen's going into Holland." They set forth that the doings of the Papists were exceedingly alarming to honourable members, and seemed to be connected with the departure of her Majesty. The Papists had been selling their lands, gathering "great quantities of gold," and in many instances going abroad, as if to co-operate with disaffected persons who had previously taken flight. The Commons had heard that a great treasure in jewels, plate, and ready money, was packed to accompany the Queen. Her illness had been admitted by Sir Theodore Mayerne, the King's own physician, to be connected with the mind rather than with the body.

Henrietta saw good to comply with the request of the Houses, graciously affecting to be glad to remain. In August, however, though the Parliament strongly remonstrated against the trip,

Charles insisted upon going to Scotland. The Commons could not prevent his departure, but they appointed a Committee to follow him to Edinburgh, ostensibly to surround him with a dignity worthy of his station, really to watch his proceedings and to try to penetrate that new system of plots in which he was believed to be engaged. Hampden was in this Committee of observation, and it is to be noted that from the time of this journey to Scotland, Hampden's distrust of Charles, and Charles's resolution to crush Hampden, were alike fixed and immutable.

It was during this visit of Charles to Scotland that the Irish Rebellion flared up like a frightful portent, clothing half the sky in blood-red flame. To what extent, and in what precise way and manner, it was connected with the projects of Henrietta Maria or Charles, will long furnish ground for speculation; but in order to realize its effect upon the Parliament, and upon the Protestant and Puritan people of England in general, we must take with us two facts which made life in the seventeenth century a very different thing from life in the nineteenth.

The first is the non-existence in those days of a free press. We are apt to think and speak of our daily newspapers with careless contempt, half assenting to Mr. Ruskin's description of them as "a thousand square miles of dirtily printed falsehood." But the plain truth is that they have done us a service which it is not easy to over-estimate. The light of the gas-lamps in the streets of London is not so clear as that of a cloudless morning, but it suffices to spoil the game of the street brigand and footpad, and to destroy the belief in ghosts; the information diffused by newspapers is often inaccurate, but it has saved us from the tyranny of rumours, the distracting influence of hallucinations begotten of suspicion and ignorance. In the seventeenth century men lived in a perpetual twilight of surmise and conjecture, unable, in the dim atmosphere, to distinguish between facts and imaginations. Modern statistics have proved that the guesses of popular credulity and incredulity are, as a rule, absurdly wrong. The prevailing obscurity acted both upon the plotter and upon him who believed himself the victim aimed at in plots. In the former it fostered impracticable hopes, in the latter visionary fears. Popish fanatics attached wild expectations to projects as insane as the Gunpowder Plot; Protestants of ordinary sagacity were driven to their wits' end by reports of imaginary fleets, to land imaginary armies on our shores, which, in concert with the native Catholics, were to cut the throats of all English Protestants. Our adult education by the daily press renders the existence of such hopes and fears in our day impossible; but in the seventeenth century all was guess-work, imagination, fitful hope, and vague alarm. Much of the alarm was doubtless more reasonable than it would

now be, but it was in part chimerical, and the line between the reasonable and the chimerical could not be drawn. Accurately described, the Irish Rebellion would have been alarming in England; announced by rumour, and exaggerated by phantasy, it was maddening. One month of the *Times* newspaper would have averted the Civil War.

The other fact we have to take into consideration in forming an opinion on seventeenth century questions is the part then played by the Society of Jesus. Every one has learned from Macaulay that the "quintessence of the Catholic spirit," in that great reactionary movement which rolled back the flood of the Reformation from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, was concentrated in the Jesuits; but there is much in our common idea of a Jesuit fitted to obscure rather than elucidate the action of the great Society upon affairs in the seventeenth century. We think of the Jesuit as subtle, crafty, lying, a feline creature treading softly in the dark; but the main impression derived by me from acquaintance with Jesuitism as exhibited in the literature of the seventeenth century, is that of reckless courage and impetuous aggression. Jesuitism represents for us the prudential and casuistical element in Catholicism; in the seventeenth century it was an element of fire. The Jesuit might sometimes fall short in sagacity and in caution, in intrepidity never. The Jesuits were too pugnacious for the sober-minded leaders of the Church, and there was frequent uneasiness in the relations between the Society and Rome. Like a standing army, enlisted to do the fighting against Protestants, they were always eager for the fray. The subtlety attributed to the order is not incompatible with audacity. Balzac says that all the passions are Jesuitic, meaning, I suppose, that they go direct to their object, regardless of means, trampling down truthfulness, honour, and modesty as well as fear. Even in the practice of lying and dissimulation, the Jesuits displayed an impassioned ardour which took them out of the category of common liars. The Jesuit who, for the sake of his Church, took his life in his hand and lectured as Professor in a Swedish University, or preached to a trembling flock in a London upper room, or administered the host to a noble or a king who had found it convenient to live a Protestant but wished to die a Papist, cast something of the splendour of passion and self-sacrifice even over his lying.

These considerations, important in their general bearing on the history of the period, have special relation to the position and influence of Henrietta Maria. The Jesuits were emphatically the servants and soldiers of the Queen. They had most intimate relations with the palace, and when any decisive step was contemplated by her Majesty and friends there were whispers of it among the

Jesuits in the prisons. In estimating the danger of her influence upon Charles, the Parliamentary leaders could not be blind to the fact that she had at her command a number of desperate zealots, in whose eyes war to the knife with Protestantism was virtue, and who were perfectly certain that death for their faith would earn them the crown of martyrdom. The dominance of the Puritans in the Long Parliament would naturally make her lean still more decisively on the Jesuits. While it was safer to be a Papist than a Puritan, she might have been content to leave her co-religionists in the hands of Laud; but when the Puritan Parliament arose to consume them "like devouring fire," she could scarce fail to seek her allies among those truculent warriors of the Papacy who met the Puritans with a hatred as fierce, a courage as proud, an enthusiasm as fervent, as their own.

Henrietta Maria can be specifically named as the author of the Civil War. At her bidding it was that Charles drew the sword. It is therefore not surprising that she should have been bitterly hated by English Protestants of her own time, and should be severely handled by modern Protestant authors. But reason bids us recognize that it is just as noble in Papists to fight for all that makes life valuable as it is for Protestants. In vehemently exerting herself for the Catholics, Henrietta Maria deserves our sympathy and admiration. If armed resistance on the part of an oppressed minority was ever justifiable upon earth, it was justifiable on the part of the Catholics of England and Ireland in the middle of the seventeenth century. The cry of the Puritan Parliament for Catholic blood was as the cry of the horse-leech's daughter. True, the Puritans were not so bad as they seemed. Their words were drawn swords, but when told to kill, they put them back into the scabbard. They had not emancipated themselves from the theory of persecution, but they had begun to outgrow its practice. The Parliament demanded that six or eight Jesuits, reprieved by Charles, should be ordered by him to execution. He deftly told honourable members to do with the prisoners what they chose, and not a hair of their heads fell to the ground. The Jesuit Goodman heroically offered to die rather than be a cause of offence between King and Parliament; they could not kill him. Henrietta Maria, however, and the Roman Catholics of England and Ireland cannot be blamed for taking the Puritans, in the capacity of persecutors, at their own estimate. And if the life of the Catholics who did not take up arms might be pronounced safe, the proscription of their religion was absolute. "If these men are to carry everything before them," Henrietta might have said, as she marked the proceedings of the Parliament, "the few English faithful to the Church, and the millions of Irish who devotedly cling to their ancestral faith, which faith is also mine and was my

father's, will commit a criminal act, probably a capitally criminal act, every time they partake in rites essential to salvation." If she had not bestirred herself on their behalf, she would have been despicable; and can we severely blame her because, when standing up against fearful odds in defence of the oppressed Catholics, she did not confine herself to constitutional methods? English Protestants had never paid much respect to her marriage articles, and she may be pardoned for setting small store by English law when, as all the world now acknowledges, it sanctioned cruel injustice.

To say that Henrietta Maria sympathized with the Irish rebels—to hold it to be all but demonstrable that she countenanced the projected rising—is one thing; to say that she directly or indirectly promoted the atrocities which soon covered the whole transaction with infamy would be quite another. The Irish rebellion as planned, and the Irish rebellion as executed, were as different as light and darkness. The Celtic races are peculiarly liable to the blood-thirst, or blood-fever, which in times of revolutionary excitement turns human beings into fiends. The contrast between the professions of Celts before they go mad, and their doings when the delirium is at its height, is so astounding that a strenuous effort of thought is required in order to realize the sincerity of the former. Universal philanthropy was without question the motive of the French Jacobins. We all know what the Jacobins became when maddened by fear of aristocratic plots and Prussian bayonets, and when they had tasted blood. The manifestoes issued by the chiefs of the Irish rebellion at the outset of the enterprise were reasonable and just; and if we honestly restrict our attention to their situation at the moment, we shall be constrained to admit, first, that their plea was sound, and secondly, that it was impossible for Henrietta Maria not to wish them success.

Consider the position of the Irish Catholics in the summer of 1641. Their religion had long been proscribed by law. Their property had been at the mercy of their conquerors. Their country had been governed by a numerical minority, consisting of strangers and of Protestants. Nevertheless, under the civil rule of Strafford and the ecclesiastical rule of Laud, their life had been endurable, and they had, on the whole, been content to submit. But Strafford had been struck down, and Laud was in the Tower. The Irish Parliament, which had crouched at the heels of Strafford in the day of his power, no sooner saw the Commons of England attacking him than they joined in the cry, full yell, like the hounds of Actæon when they turned on their master. This fact is the key to the Irish rebellion. It is not of their old and standing grievances that the rebels speak in the

proclamation on which I ground these observations. It is of the prospect opened up to them by the predominance of a Parliament of Puritans, a Parliament which regarded it as a religious duty to extirpate their faith. They could expect nothing better than such tyrannical repression as would render life intolerable. Which of us would not have rebelled, if we had then been Irish Catholics? When they tasted blood, they went mad *more Gallico*; but in the proclamation to which I refer there is no more hint or adumbration of massacre and outrage than there is in the National Covenant of Scotland. The objects of the rising, as therein indicated, will continue just so long as it is just for men to fight for the altar and the hearth. They called themselves the soldiers of the Queen, and I believe that what they said was substantially true. She had been their protectress. Their enemies were her enemies. The Parliament, whose ascendancy they believed to be incompatible with the existence of Catholicism in Ireland, was detested by her as cordially as by them. During the summer of 1641, when Henrietta Maria was industriously engaged in army plots and in negotiations with Catholic Powers for military assistance to protect the Catholics of England and of Ireland, "an unspeakable number" of Irish Churchmen, and "some good old soldiers" who had served in Spain, passed through London on their way to Ireland. These, whose movements were well known to the Jesuits, who again were perfectly in the confidence of the Queen, were not likely to be misinformed as to the light in which her Majesty was likely to view any attempt on the part of the Irish Catholics to defend their cause and hers in arms. The rebels alleged that the Queen and the King signed commissions warranting the enterprise. This has been commonly regarded as incredible; but the allegation of the insurgents was not a mere fiction, an impudent lie. To write on a bill the name of a commercial partner with whom you are on confidential terms, and whose mind and will have been amply signified to you, is lax morality; but it is a different thing from unsanctioned forgery. The King's dark plottings with Montrose in Edinburgh at the very time when the train was about to be ignited in Ireland; the conviction of Argyle and Hamilton that their arrest, if not death, had been schemed by Charles, and the presumption, almost amounting to certainty, that he intended to make a clutch at the military force in Scotland; the circumstance that the nucleus of the little army with which Montrose afterwards did such wonders consisted of Irish Catholics; the reluctance of his Majesty to apply to the Irish Catholics the name of rebels; all these items of evidence, taken along with the express statement of the rebels that they acted under his directions, justify the grave suspicion of the Patriots that he had a hand in the business.

As for Henrietta Maria, there is no conceivable reason why she

should have had more scruple in counting upon the aid of Irish Papists to rescue herself and her co-religionists from thralldom and from deadly peril, than in invoking help from French Papists or Spanish Papists; and though Charles did not adhere consistently and resolutely to the views of the Queen, but wavered between party and party like a wave of the sea, it was to the Queen, and not to the constitutional Protestants of England, that he gave ear at the critical juncture when it had become a matter of life or death for him to disabuse his Parliament of the idea that he had leagued himself with Papists, both Irish and English, against the religion and the liberties of the country.

We can hardly blame the Queen for distrusting so cautious and half-hearted an auxiliary as Clarendon, or for pressing on the King the dangerous and daring policy of a direct attack, in the first days of 1642, upon the Patriot leaders. The course she advised proved ruinous; but a cordial alliance with the High Church Royalists could not have been relied upon by her to ensure tolerable terms for the Catholics, and would not improbably have issued, at an early date, in the application of the whole power of England to the suppression of the Irish rebellion and the taking of a terrible revenge upon the rebels. Can we blame her for not yet throwing up the game? Under her influence, Charles played false to Clarendon and Falkland, and irretrievably lost the confidence of the Protestant Cavaliers. They fought for him because he insisted upon it, but he never had their trust. Henrietta Maria made no secret to Madame de Motteville that she had advised the King to attempt the arrest of the five members. Her Majesty's Jesuit friends in the prisons had their agitated whisperings of that event several days before it took place. It was debated in a secret conclave of whose existence the outwitted Clarendon and the ingenuous Falkland appear to have had no surmise. Charles failed in the prompt audacity which alone could have given the desperate expedient a chance; and there is a trace of evidence that, when he returned to Whitehall without the prisoners, Henrietta called him a poltroon.

Henrietta Maria's fundamental principle was, that force alone could save the Catholics and herself. The proposed arrest of the Patriot leaders was but part of a project which comprised an appeal to arms. Without this, indeed, its folly would have been not only supreme, but inexplicable. Lunsford, Digby, and a few other headstrong adherents of the Court, appeared in arms at Kingston. The attitude of the capital and the tramp of the Buckingham riders on march into London to defend Hampden made them vanish quick enough, but neither Henrietta Maria nor Charles abandoned the warlike part of the plan. An ostensible occasion for her departure was found in the conveyance

of the Princess Mary, a child of ten, affianced to the Prince of Orange, to Holland; but her Majesty went with the express purpose of preparing war, and carried with her the Crown jewels, to be sold or pawned for arms. Charles conducted her to Dover, and rode some leagues along the shore, watching the ship on its course.

Landed in Holland, relieved from the vexation of Charles's moaning incompetence, and the everlasting fret and worry of Parliamentary intrigue, with the faithful Jermyn and the fiery Digby at her side, Henrietta showed herself her father's daughter. Her activity and address were irresistible. Heavy-sterned Dutch Mightinesses became buoyant in her presence, their Puritan and Republican sympathies melting like wax in the electric current of her glances and her words. She raised in a few months no less than two millions sterling, an enormous sum for that period. In the early spring of 1643 she sailed from Scheveling in a first-rate English ship, accompanied by eleven transports filled with ammunition and stores. All Holland seems to have cheered her on, and Van Tromp himself gave her convoy. Having surmounted every difficulty on land, she was encountered by perils of the sea. For nine days the squadron tossed and struggled in the teeth of a tremendous gale. Two vessels were lost, but her heart never failed her, and her perfect courage and irrepressible vivacity supported her retinue in the darkest hour. There was nothing for it but to seek refuge once more in a Dutch port. In a few days she re-embarked, and now at last fortune favoured the brave. A fair wind carried her to Bridlington Bay, on the Yorkshire coast. On the 22nd of February she set foot in England, having been absent almost exactly a year. Next morning she was awakened by the sound of great guns. Batten, the Parliamentary admiral, favoured by the tide, was cannonading the town, and aiming his shot at the very house in which she lay. Two balls came crashing through the roof, and penetrated from top to bottom. Henrietta started up, threw herself into what clothes she could snatch, and, "bare-foot and bare-leg," ran for her life. On the street of Bridlington she perceives that her pet dog, Mitte, ugly and old, has been left behind. She runs back, goes upstairs, takes Mitte from the bed in her arms, and effects her retreat. We next find her crouching with her women under a bank; a ball, ploughing up the ground overhead, covers the party with earth and stones. The ebb tide enabling Van Tromp to try conclusions with Batten, the latter sheers off, and the Queen takes up her quarters in Boynton Hall, the seat of Sir Walter Strickland. Here she received a letter from Charles, full of affection, admiration, and "impatient passion of gratitude." He might well thank her; had his other friends served him as effectively as she, the war might have had a very different issue.

Her Majesty was equal to all occasions, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. Meeting a rough sea-captain, one of Batten's men who had fired upon her, on the way to execution, she pardons him on the spot, converting him, by the gift of his life and the witchery of her smile, from a Roundhead into a Cavalier; but while being entertained at the table of Sir Walter Strickland, who, though on the Parliament side, was hospitably polite to his sovereign lady, she took note of the plate with which the room was adorned, and mentioned to Sir Walter that it would be of service to the King. The plate was appropriated accordingly, the gallant host consoling himself as he best might with a portrait of Henrietta, which she presented to him. Alive to more serious business, she received Scarborough Castle from Sir Hugh Cholmondely, and intrigued vehemently with the Hothams for the surrender of Hull.

Need it be said that the presence of the Queen was an inspiration for all Catholic hearts in England? In particular it blew into white heat the loyalty of those Papists of the midland and northern counties who formed the bone and sinew of Newcastle's army. The Marquis detached 2,000 horsemen to conduct her and her train across the wolds to Malton, on the way to York. The centres of the King's interest in those parts were at this time York and Newark. In the south-east lay the counties leagued together in what is known to all readers of the pamphlets and newspapers of the period as the Eastern Association. At first six, and subsequently seven counties, lying between the Thames and the Humber, were united offensively and defensively in maintenance of the Parliament's cause, and had the advantage to possess, by way of soul to their body, that "very fiery particle," Oliver Cromwell. Her march from York to Newark required skill and wariness; but she effected it in fine style. From Newark, when about to start on her way to join Charles, she wrote with a *naïve* and feminine exultation highly characteristic but not unpleasant:—"I carry with me 3,000 foot, thirty companies of horse and dragoons, six pieces of cannon, and two mortars. Harry Jermyn commands the forces which go with me, as colonel of my guard, Sir Alexander Lesley the foot under him, Gerard the horse, and Robin Legge the artillery, and her she-Majesty generalissima over all; and extremely diligent am I, with 150 waggons of baggage to govern in case of battle." The joy and enthusiasm of Henrietta could not fail to reflect themselves in every face in her little army, and he must have been the basest of churls who would have grumbled at hardships which she shared with the meanest soldier. She wrote rebuking the King for not sharing her confidence, and for vacillating in his resolves. On the 2nd of July she was at Stratford-on-Avon, occupying Shakespeare's house. On the 13th

of the month, in the vale of Keinton, she and Charles met. Eighteen months had elapsed since she undertook the dangerous and difficult task of bringing succour from Holland. Her performance thereof, one of the most brilliant episodes known to me in English history, has not received from English authors the attention it deserves. Not one half-page in the fag-end of an essay does our pictorial and copious Macaulay, whose spirited verses in celebration of the victor of Ivry might have disposed him to do justice to Henry's daughter, devote to this bright woman, a Catholic among a nation of raging Protestants, unsupported by any man approaching her in strength of character or brain, who electrified Dutch Mightinesses by her pathetic zeal, defied the dangers of the sea, ran the gauntlet of exasperated foes, gave the slip to Cromwell himself, and finally marched a gallant little army into the camp of her husband in his extreme need.

For a time it might have been thought that her coming had conclusively turned the tide of success in the Royal favour. This summer was for Charles the most promising period of the whole war. In spite of prodigious exertions by Cromwell in the Eastern Association, and sturdy work in Yorkshire by the Fairfaxes and Manchester, the allied counties found their troops pushed steadily backward, and were unable to make good their grasp upon Lincolnshire. Hopton defeated the Parliamentary Earl of Stamford in the far south-west in May. Hampden fell in June. Waller was broken on Lansdown Heath in July. Bristol surrendered to Prince Rupert in August. Had Charles then advanced on London, he might, in the opinion of many then and since, have carried everything before him. The voice of the Queen was still for war. Conquest, predominance, dismissal of the abhorred Parliament, were the objects on which she was peremptorily intent. Charles was willing enough to take her advice; he "saw," Clarendon says, "with her eyes, and determined by her judgment;" but he could not have her heart in his breast or her brains in his skull, and that was the thing wanted. Henrietta had touched the highest point of all her greatness, crossing the meridian line at that proud hour when she rode, with Jermyn at her side, generalissima of her own tight little army. More depressing to her spirit than nine days of tossing on the waves, more trying to her courage and enthusiasm than the cannon shots of Batten shattering the floor on which she slept, were the grumbling, the caballing, the malignant spites and jealousies, the interminable factious babblement, of Charles's quarters. She soon had occasion to blame herself, as De Motteville says she did with unsparing severity, for dissuading the King from a pacific policy when the prosperous state of his affairs, in the summer of 1643, made it likely that he might obtain favourable terms. When the excitement of her

arrival subsided, the invincible repugnance with which the Anglican Cavaliers regarded her influence upon Charles became apparent; and it was gradually made manifest that the new argument, which her presence in England afforded those who affirmed that the Royal cause was the cause of the Papists, more than counterbalanced her 3,000 soldiers and 150 waggon-loads of arms and ammunition. What a weapon, for example, did this whole business of her Majesty put into the hand of Henry Vane when he went, in the course of this summer, to Edinburgh, to ask the Covenanters of Scotland to come to the help of the Parliament! About the same time, our friend Prynne, still staunch on the Patriot side, fighting the King in his own name and for his own sake, published one of his innumerable books, warning his countrymen against the appalling dangers in the wind from Popish plots and personages, and dwelling lamentably upon the subject of the Queen. I do not know whether she had landed when the book appeared, but the picture it presents of her influence with the King would be rendered all the more impressive by that event. Of "Queen Mary," said Prynne, they "might really affirm in reference to his Majesty, what some of their Popish doctors have most blasphemously written of the Virgin Mary in relation to God and Christ, that all things are subject to the *command of Mary, even God Himself*: that she is the *Empresse and Queen of heaven*, and of greatest authority in the kingdom of heaven, where she may not only impetrate but command whatsoever she pleaseth," &c., &c. The flush of loyal excitement produced by her Majesty's landing was a poor compensation for the advantage it lent the enemy in giving edge to the taunt that the King's men were fighting the battle of the Papists.

In April, 1644, the glowing prospects of July, 1643, had so completely clouded over, that it was thought well the Queen should retreat into the west. She bade farewell to Charles on the 3rd of the month, never to see his face again. In the following June, at Exeter, under circumstances of great wretchedness, she gave birth to a daughter, the short-lived Henrietta of Orleans. A fortnight later, in dread of being arrested and taken to London for trial, she left her infant and sailed for France. The ship was chased by a Parliament cruiser of overwhelming superiority, and seemed likely to be taken. Henrietta Maria summoned the captain into her presence, and ordered him, if he found escape hopeless, to blow up the ship. Her women and domestics uttered, not inexcusably, "*des cris horribles*." To perish, one and all, because their mistress preferred certain death at sea to possible or probable death on shore, was too great a demand upon their devotion. Henrietta alone maintained a "courageous silence." Her conscience, she told De Motteville—for this notable incident we have from the lips

of the Queen—smote her, but she could not break her pride, and accordingly “demeura indécise sur la gloire éternelle et la mondaine.” The captain, however, contrived to make off, and she landed in Bretagne. The gentlemen of the district, hearing of her arrival, came forward and escorted her to Bourbon. She looked very ill and much changed, and was almost always weeping. Having remained at Bourbon until her health was restored, she proceeded to Paris.

At this point we may leave her, the details of her life in Paris having no essential bearing on the part she played in English history. She continued to exert herself with the old assiduity for Charles, intriguing with this potentate and with that, carting home rich harvests of promise, finding them yield a mere nothing of wheat when threshed out. She once told Charles that letters from the Duke of Lorraine announced that 10,000 men were to be sent to his rescue; and the sanguine folly of the man was perhaps egregious enough to make him capable of being lifted from the ground in a balloon like that; but no one else was deceived. Her power with the King continued absolute. She scolded him when he evinced any disposition to surrender the militia, sneered at his superstitious fondness for bishops, and specifically gave the order in obedience to which he rejected the demands of the Parliament at Newcastle. Some of her expressions to him were harsh, and it must be admitted that the balance of affection was much on his side. But it was not in the nature of things that the clearest and most determinate of women should sympathize with or passionately love the most fitful, irresolute, and casuistical of men. It is fair to recollect, also, that there are traces of tenderness in her letters. “Be kind to me, or you kill me,” she once says. Clarendon casts on her the suspicion of having discouraged plans for the escape of Charles from the Isle of Wight, but the sleek Chancellor, having vainly cringed to her and fawned upon her, hated her mortally. When the King was in the gripe of the regicides, she exerted herself to the utmost in his behalf.

Hallam seems of opinion that the fortitude with which she bore separation from her husband was due in part to the solace derived from Harry Jermyn. He had been her page from an early period in her married life, had put his life in jeopardy as an agent in her plots, had ridden at the head of her guard when leading her to the camp of Charles, and had again shared her exile. In short, he had been as true to her as any of his old mariners to Ulysses, “and ever with a frolic welcome took the thunder and the sunshine” of her fortunes. He was not of a romantic disposition, a circumstance which might not be fundamentally adverse to his success with a mercurial woman. What I have seen of his writing gives me the idea of a shrewd, cool, sarcastic man, of limited enthusiasm,

capable of disregarding the prismatic and vaporous adornments of rumour and taking his own measure of things. He remarks to Digby, *à propos* of help to be sent to Montrose, that the Marquis, if he obtained it, "might make his victories profitable as well as miraculous." In Jermyn's portrait there is a saucy kind of look, as if he had experienced a good deal of scorn in his day, and was competent to return it in kind. Miss Strickland is indignantly certain that there was nothing wrong in his relations with the Queen—all delicately resplendent Platonism. Hallam is not so confident, being probably less versed in the finer sensibilities of the heart. After Charles's death, Henrietta married Jermyn and bore him children, without which, Miss Strickland thinks, the Platonism would have been still more delicately resplendent.

In her devotion to her Church Henrietta never failed or flinched. For the poor Catholics she risked her life in England, and in her letters from France she strictly enjoined Charles never to forget or forsake them. She thought more of the spiritual interests of her children than of their sitting upon the throne of England, compassed heaven and earth to make proselytes of them, and was piously tyrannical in her attempts to force the boy Duke of Gloucester into Popery. In the gloomiest times her vivacity and her wit could brighten up her circle. If in some sad story, while her cheek was wet with tears, a humorous incident or trait of character occurred to her, she would flash suddenly into brilliant mimetic representation, and set every one near her laughing. She checked herself in an account of the fall of Strafford to say that he was an ugly man, but had the finest hands in the world. Having, as she knew or fancied, lost her youthful beauty at twenty-two, she held a theory that the bloom of womanhood always faded at that age. She had all a woman's pride of rank, and, after the Restoration, took a leading part in the disgraceful intrigue to undermine the reputation of the Duchess of York. In her closing years, she founded a religious house, and lived much among nuns and priests.

It is interesting to observe how, under the artistic touch of Bossuet, Henrietta Maria beams into a heroine and saint. The enamel of eloquence flows over the bust, covering all cracks and blemishes, throwing about the whole the witchery of colour. When the blemish is eminent, the colouring is proportionately bold. So just, says Bossuet, so severe to herself, was this saint; "a persecutor irreconcilable of her own passions." Rather strong of the woman who proposed to send a captain, a crew, and a bevy of attendants sky-high, because she preferred death at sea to death on shore; who acted as Henrietta acted in the affair of Anne Hyde; and whose Platonism with Jermyn is more clear to Miss Strickland than to Hallam! But he does no more than justice to

the Catholic zeal of Henrietta. The children of God in England, says Bossuet, when Henrietta appeared as their protectress, had neither altar nor sanctuary; and the tribunals which ought to have been their places of refuge denied them justice and pity. But when the "worthy daughter of St. Louis" landed in England, things began to wear a different aspect. A chapel, fitted up with becoming magnificence in Somerset House, restored to the Church her ancient forms. The prayers, the devotions, the *retraites* of the Queen supported the reputation of "the thrice-Christian house of France." There the priests of the Oratory could preach, undaunted by the scowl of heresy. There the Capuchin fathers dared to lift up their voices in a strange land, and the afflicted faithful of England joined with them in singing the songs of Zion. Henrietta Maria was indeed faithful to her Church; and her championship of the Roman Catholic cause in England brought her husband to the block and her descendants to beggary.

PETER BAYNE.

EVOLUTION AND THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

UNTIL a recent period, little diversity of opinion prevailed amongst students of science in regard to the origin of existing organic forms. The position stated by Moses in the opening sentences of the Old Testament, in which all matter, organic and inorganic alike, is traced to the operation of an external and supernatural Creator, was universally adopted, though his narrative was often misunderstood and misinterpreted.

In the beginning of the century Lamarck proposed his Evolution hypothesis. He held that all organisms were derived from some few simple original forms, which had come into existence by spontaneous generation out of inorganic nature. His hypothesis found a few supporters, but it was comparatively neglected by men of science until Darwin, in 1859, published his "Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection." This work wrought, at least in this country, an almost complete change in opinion as to the origin of our present life-forms.

It is no part of Darwin's purpose to account for the origin of life—his hypothesis deals only with the origin of the forms of organic life: it operates upon beings already existing. The necessary primordial organisms owe their existence, according to Darwin, to a Creator. Endowed with the properties of growth, organization, and reproduction, and influenced by the laws of heredity, variation, over-production, and natural selection, these

simple created germs have, without direction or control, produced the various forms of vegetable life which have lived or are now living on the earth.

The method of this development may be thus briefly stated:— Besides the characters transmitted by plants to their descendants, new characters arise in some of the progeny which were not possessed by the parent. When these new characters are transmitted to descendants, and are permanent, the plants possessing them become a variety. Some plants have a special tendency to variation, others are remarkably constant in their characters. No explanation has been suggested of the reason for these differences, or of the cause of the appearance of new characters. The differences are at first small. Their continuance depends upon the capacity they supply the organism for battling with external causes. In course of time further characters appear, or the old become intensified; and in the struggle for existence, the varieties only, or it may be the parent form, which possess the characters best fitted to resist the prejudicial influences that surround them, are able to maintain their ground. The less fortunate varieties, and with them most probably the parent form, perish, and thus the connecting links between the common descendants of the original stock are destroyed. Their descendants, becoming more pronounced in their characters, are recognized as species. Accordingly the only difference between a variety and a species is the amount of divergence, and the constancy of the divergent characters. And these in a greater degree are, according to this view, the only differences between a species and a genus.

It is then concluded that all the forms now observed in the vegetable kingdom are due to the continual accumulation of differences in the genetic evolution of the existing plants from the one or few simple original forms; that the natural system of plants is the external expression of this phylogenesis, or genetic relationship; that the development of a plant from the embryonal cell to the perfect individual is a short and quick repetition of the genetic development of the tribe to which it belongs; and that the rocks of the earth reveal, so far as the record of life is preserved, the various steps by which the phylogenesis was actually accomplished.

The evidence for or against this hypothesis must be sought for in the records of the past history of the earth, for whatever progress has been made in collecting collateral evidence, no single case of evolution of one species from another has come within the observation of man. The plants portrayed on the ancient paintings and sculptures of Egypt, the fruits placed in coffins with embalmed bodies, and the fruits and seeds found in ancient lake dwellings, all belong to existing species, with which

they agree in the most minute and apparently accidental particulars. The existing order of plants, if it be due to genetic evolution, supplies no proofs of it.

Nor can the proofs be found in the series of changes which we may observe taking place in the evolution of the fully organized plant from the germ cell of the ovule, for though we trace in these changes some structures more or less remotely analogous to lower plant organisms, each of them is but a stage in the life of the individual plant. Any arrest of this progress means death to the organism.

The evidence for evolution must be found in the rocks. However varied the existing forms of plants are, if this hypothesis be true, they must all have been connected together by gradational forms, so that from the highest plant to the simplest Bacteria there must be in time a series of gradations by which we can pass from the one end of the series to the other. And these intermediate gradations are the fossil forms of the geological epochs preserved more or less completely in the sedimentary deposits.

The palæontological record is very incomplete. Little more than a few representatives are found of what must have been extensive floras, and even when a flora is fairly represented it may occur in the midst of a series of comparatively barren strata. The record is like a tablet containing the remains of an unknown inscription represented by only a few of its numerous letters. The value of the letters that are intact is known, and each still occupies on the stone its proper position in relation to the unknown as well as to the other known letters of the inscription. In attempts to decipher the lost writing no violence must be done to these known letters or to their relative positions in filling up the blanks. Any interpretation that does not respect these conditions, carries with it its own condemnation. In his hypothesis, Darwin has given us such a reading of the life of our globe. Some of the letters still preserved are yet so obscure that their value is doubtful. They have suffered injury; portions have been destroyed, and the fragments remaining may be differently interpreted. There are fossils whose nature and systematic position are at least subjects of dispute. These, for our present purpose, must be reckoned as blanks. But beyond them there is a large series of plant remains completely and accurately known which supply a fair representation of the great events in plant life that have taken place in the earth since Palæozoic times. And these are more than sufficient to establish or destroy this hypothesis by their testimony.

A hypothesis can be substantiated only when it is in entire accordance with all known facts. The legal doctrine that "the

exception proves the rule," though not unfrequently quoted in science, is the very reverse of the truth. Here the exception disproves the rule, for the rule is but the expression of the united testimony of all related facts; and as soon as a fact turns up that is opposed to a rule, that rule must either be enlarged to include it or set aside as no longer in harmony with nature.

Consider now the hypothetical phylogenetic history of the vegetable kingdom as advanced by Haeckel and other advocates of Evolution, and the bearing on this history of the ascertained facts of palæontology.

The most rudimentary plants are either Fungi or Algæ. The notion lately suggested, that the primal stock of the vegetable kingdom was a simple Fungus, may be at once dismissed, as it is impossible to imagine how a group of plants like the Fungi, which live on organized food, chiefly obtained from other plants, could exist before there were any plants to supply them with that food; and besides, no indication of a Fungus has been detected in the older Palæozoic rocks.

The presence of chlorophyl in Algæ is thought by some to place them in a higher position than the Fungi. In other respects the Algæ are the simplest and least perfect of all plants, and among them consequently should be found the most ancient of all vegetable organisms out of which all other plants have originated. In the course of the primæval ages, the unicellular Alga produced, it is said, the Green, Brown, and Olive-spored Classes, and the Characæ.

"We may suppose," writes Haeckel, "that the submarine forests of the primordial period were formed by the huge Brown Algæ, or Fucoidæ. The many-coloured flowers at the foot of these gigantic trees were represented by the gay Red Algæ, or Floridæ. The green grass between was formed by the hair-like bunches of Green Algæ, or Chloroalgæ. Finally, the tender foliage of ferns and mosses, which at present covers the ground of our forests, fills the crevices left by other plants, and even settles on the trunks of the trees, at that time, probably, had representatives in the moss and fern-like Siphonæ, in the Caulerpa, and Bryopsis, from among the class of the primary Algæ."

What is the testimony of the rocks? The abundance of animal life implies a corresponding abundance of vegetable life; but the hard parts of marine animals have been preserved, while the cellular Algæ have left the most imperfect record. The great extent of the primæval vegetation is testified to by the enormous quantity of carbon contained in these most ancient rocks. Dr. Dawson says that "it is scarcely an exaggeration to maintain that the quantity of carbon in the Laurentian rocks of Canada is equal to that in similar areas of the Carboniferous systems."

But notwithstanding such evidence of an abundant flora in primordial times, the record of plant forms is very imperfect, the

only markings that can be considered as due to plants having been referred to but sixteen species of *Algæ*. These markings are mere surface impressions, in no case exhibiting any trace of the original structure, and all are so vague that it is impossible to speak with any certainty of the systematic position of the organisms producing them. It must, however, be remembered that the nature of the plants which could live in the conditions under which these deposits were formed, and the changes that have taken place in the primal strata since their deposition, prevent us expecting any extensive representation of those early floras. But so far as the indications of the plants have been preserved, it may be said that they do not contradict the Evolutionist who looks upon *Algæ* as the primæval plants.

In the hypothetical phylogenesis of the vegetable kingdom we come next to the evolution of *Fungi*, *Lichens*, *Mosses*, and *Hepaticæ*, all of them cellular plants. They are supposed to have come into existence with the Devonian period, the beginning of the later Palæozoic series. The mycelium of one or two species of *Fungi* has been detected in the Coal Measures, but with this exception, there is no trace of any of these plants in Palæozoic rocks.

The later Palæozoic rocks abound in plant remains. The first evidence of land-plants is found in the Devonian rocks; and here, at their appearance, the three principal groups of the vascular cryptogams appear together in highly differentiated forms. All of these—*Ferns*, *Horse-tails*, and *Lycopods*—possess the same essential structure and organization as their living representatives, and in all the subordinate points in which they differ from them it is in the possession of characters indicative of higher organization, whether we look at the vegetative or the reproductive organs, than are found in existing forms. Thus among *Ferns* there is lost a remarkable group with a fundamentally different type of structure, which was contemporaneous in the Palæozoic ages with the types of *Ferns* that have been represented all through the epochs, and are now abundant on the globe. The *Equisetaceæ* had a large number of generic groups; their stems were arborescent, the leaves large, and the fruit-cones protected by special scales, but the spores were similar in size and form to those of the living *Horse-tails*, and were even furnished with hygrometric elaters. The *Lycopods* were also huge trees, and were represented by several generic groups. The stem structure, while fundamentally agreeing, like that of the arborescent *Equisetaceæ*, with the stems of the living forms, was more complex, being suited to their arborescent habit.

The floras of the later Palæozoic periods include higher elements than vascular cryptogams, for in the Devonian series we have

Coniferous plants, increasing greatly in number and variety in the Carboniferous period; and in the Calciferous sandstone at the very base of the Carboniferous strata there has been found a true angiospermous plant.

The step from the spore-producing cryptogam to the seed-bearing phanerogam is a very great one. No doubt there is a general external resemblance between a Lycopod and a Conifer, and many points of analogy between the development of its seed and the various stages through which the Lycopod passes from the germination of the spore to the growth of the fertilized arche-gonium. But like is here, as it is often elsewhere, an ill mark, for the resemblances are purely superficial. The minute tissues of the Conifer, as well as the method in which they are arranged, differ entirely from anything either in the existing or extinct Lycopods, while the production of a seed, even though it be without a protecting ovary or fruit, at once and widely distinguishes the gymnosperm from the spore-bearing cryptogam.

According to Haeckel the Gymnosperms sprang out of the Lycopods during the Carboniferous, or possibly during the Devonian period. But undoubted coniferous wood was discovered by Hugh Miller in the Devonian rocks of Cromarty, and several anomalous woods have been described by Unger from the Thuringian rocks of Devonian age, which were referred by him to the Coniferæ without any positive evidence except the absence from their structure of ducts. Had these been of earlier age than Miller's Cromarty wood, they might have been looked upon as one of the steps leading up to the true Coniferous structure.

The Calciferous sandstones at the base of the Carboniferous series contain numerous specimens of coniferous trunks which have been drifted into the sandstone, and are well preserved through mineral replacement. These trees had attained to an immense size. A fragment of a trunk in the British Museum, from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, is nearly forty feet long, twelve feet in circumference, and nearly uniform in diameter throughout its length. It has, with other specimens, been described by Sir Robert Christison in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Coniferous woods become more abundant as we rise in the Carboniferous measures, but the most important testimony to the abundance and variety of the palæozoic gymnosperms is obtained from the numerous fruits that have been discovered. In a single locality in the centre of France, M. Grand Eury found a large series of these fruits, which were described by Brongniart. He determined the occurrence of twenty-six species belonging to seventeen genera, all of which have the fundamental structure of gymnospermous seeds, being orthotropous, that is, with the testa having the hilum and chalaza at the base and the micropyle at

the apex, and enclosing an erect ovule whose summit corresponds to the micropyle. But with this uniformity in essentials there is such diversity in characters of less importance that a large number of species and genera had to be established for their reception. They all belong to the Taxineous group of Conifers, unless perhaps some are Cycadean. No fruits that can be referred to Abietinæ or Cupressinæ have been observed in Devonian or Carboniferous strata. On their first appearance, then, the Gymnosperms do not present a generalized type, but both the wood and the fruits present a remarkable variety of genera and species, all as highly differentiated as any of the existing forms.

In connection with this remarkable development of Taxineous Conifers at their first appearance, it should be noticed that the plants of this section are all dioecious, *i.e.*, having the sexes on different plants, while the other Conifers are generally monoecious. The importance of this consideration will appear if we reflect that the production of spores from the contents of a single cell indicates the low position of the Protophyta, while the existence of sperm and germ elements in different cells is evidence of higher development among the cellular plants. If the occurrence of the germ and sperm elements in different organs, and even in different individuals, is evidence, as it is held, of higher development in phanerogams, then it is important to notice the order of appearance of dioecious and monoecious groups in relation to those with hermaphrodite flowers. Advocates of Evolution hold that dimorphic plants are now in a transition stage, progressing towards a dioecious condition. The Conifers attained to the highest known development as regards this element of their structure on their first appearance. The Abietinæ and Cupressinæ are unknown till the Permian and later periods.

The history of Monocotyledons, as far as it is known, is very curious, but as the earlier traces of these plants are very fragmentary, and their position consequently doubtful, it is unnecessary to refer to them at any length. The first true Monocotyledon is the stem and spike of an Aroideous plant, of which a well-preserved specimen was discovered by Dr. Paterson about forty years ago in the lowest Carboniferous strata near Edinburgh. Additional specimens have been recently found. The fossils which still figure in books under such names as *Cyperites*, *Culmites*, &c., are parts of cryptogamic plants; but the curious twisted bodies called *Spirangium*, believed to be monocotyledonous fruits, make their first appearance in the Coal Measures. There are several species of *Spirangium* and an allied genus in Carboniferous strata. Including these fruits there are probably eight species of Monocotyledons in the later Palæozoic rocks. Four species have been found in the Trias, seven in the Lias, the same number in the

Oolite, fifteen in the Chalk, ninety-seven in the Eocene, one hundred and eighty-five in the Miocene, and two in the Pliocene.

It appears then that the three groups of Vascular Cryptogams and the seed-bearing Gymnosperms appear together in the Devonian rocks, and that the Monocotyledons appear in the lowest beds of the Carboniferous series; further, that these earliest plants are not generalized forms of the various tribes to which they belong, but that they are as highly specialized as any subsequent representatives of the particular groups, and that wherever they differ from later plants it is in the possession of a more perfect organization.

It would be contrary to the Evolution hypothesis to suppose that the highly organized Cryptogams, the Gymnosperms, and the Monocotyledons, were each evolved at one step from the cellular plants which form the only known vegetation of the Pre-Devonian periods. This would be as fatal to the hypothesis as the introduction of a supernatural Creator to place these groups at once on the earth in their complete development. "The theory of descent requires that the various forms of plants must have arisen at different times, that the primitive forms of the separate classes and groups existed at an earlier period than the derived ones."

No doubt there is in the older Palæozoic rocks a great absence of any records of land life. But the evolution of the Vascular Cryptogams and the Phanerogams from the green sea-weeds through the liverworts and mosses, if it took place, must have been carried on through a long succession of ages, and by an innumerable series of gradually advancing steps; and yet we find not a single trace either of the early water forms, or of the later and still more numerous dry-land forms. The conditions that permitted the preservation of the impressions of fucoids in the Llandovery rocks at Malvern, and of similar cellular organisms elsewhere, were at least fitted to preserve some record of the necessarily rich floras, if they had existed, which through immense ages led by minute steps to the Conifers and Monocotyledons of these Palæozoic rocks.

The complete absence of such forms, and the sudden and contemporaneous appearance of highly organized and widely separated groups, deprive the hypothesis of genetic evolution of any countenance from the plant record of these ancient rocks. The whole evidence is against Evolution, and there is none in favour of it.

To complete the history of the vegetable kingdom, there yet remains for consideration the higher or Dicotyledonous division of flowering plants. Their testimony for or against Evolution is the more important because, first, of their higher organization, by which, as regards their vegetative organs, they are sharply sepa-

rated from the Monocotyledons, and as regards both vegetative and reproductive organs from the Gymnosperms; secondly, from the existence of numerous differences which supply generally obvious and well-defined characters for their systematic classification; and thirdly, from their appearance in strata of comparatively recent age, and which are consequently better known than the Palæozoic deposits.

Dicotyledons are usually divided into three great groups, from characters derived from the structure of their flowers:—1. The *Apetalæ*, in which the corolla, and often the calyx as well, are absent. 2. The *Monopetalæ*, in which the calyx and corolla are both present, but the petals are more or less united into a lobed corolla. And, 3. The *Polypetalæ*, in which the calyx and corolla are also present, but the petals are free.

According to Haeckel, the original group of Dicotyledons is the *Apetalæ*, which existed probably even during the Trias and Jura periods. It was not till the Cretaceous period that the more perfect classes appeared. These arose out of the *Apetalæ*, from the simple cover of the blossom of the latter becoming differentiated into calyx and corolla. This group is again divided into *Polypetalæ* and *Monopetalæ*. The Phanerogamic flower attains its highest stage of development in the *Monopetalæ*, and they must therefore be placed at the head of the vegetable kingdom as the most perfect of all plants.

Thus far Haeckel: what is the record preserved in the rocks? Dicotyledons make their appearance in strata of Upper Cretaceous age. No trace of a plant belonging to this great division has yet been detected in any earlier stratum. There is no evidence whatever for the statement that the *Apetalæ* probably existed in the Trias and Jura periods. May not, however, the want of evidence be owing to the imperfection of the geological record? This imperfection would be due either to the absence of all plant remains from the strata which were formed when Dicotyledons existed in abundance, or to something in the nature of dicotyledonous plants which prevented their preservation. But we are acquainted with a considerable Keuper Flora, consisting of *Equisetums*, Ferns, Cycads, and Conifers; a more extensive and similarly constituted Lias Flora, with the addition of cellular plants and some Monocotyledons. Plant remains are necessarily rare in the marine beds of the middle and lower Oolites, but in the upper division of this epoch we have an abundant flora in Yorkshire, Sweden, France, and elsewhere, consisting of cellular plants and Monocotyledons, but chiefly of vascular Cryptogams and Gymnosperms. In the Wealden, and even in the Neocomian or Lower Cretaceous strata we find considerable floras of cellular and vascular Cryptogams and Gymnosperms. These floras are preserved in fresh-water

deposits, some of them in the very localities where they lived, but in none of them has any trace of a Dicotyledon been detected. Their absence may, however, be supposed to be accounted for by the more speedy decay of the leaves of Dicotyledons, demonstrated by the interesting experiments instituted by Lindley in 1833. But it is remarkable that, excepting Ferns and Gymnosperms, he found a larger proportion of apetalous plants resisted decay than of any other group. It cannot be doubted that the conditions favourable to the preservation of Monocotyledons and Equisetums would have secured the preservation of some of the Apetalæ had they existed. Their absence can be accounted for only on the supposition that they formed no part of the then existing vegetation.

Besides, in the deposits older than the Trias, or in any subsequent deposits, no intermediate form has been detected—no Gymnosperm or Monocotyledon which exhibits in any point of its structure a modification towards the more highly organized Dicotyledon.

Further, when the Dicotyledons appear in the Upper Cretaceous beds, representatives of the three great groups are found together in the same deposit. Moreover these divisions are represented not by generalized types, but by differentiated forms which, during the intervening epochs, have not developed even into higher generic groups. Thus among the Apetalæ the Myricaceæ are represented by two congeners of our bog-myrtle; the Cupuliferæ by six species of oak and a beech; the Salicaceæ by six species of willow and nine of poplar; the Moreæ by six species of fig; and the Laurineæ by a laurel and six species of sassafras. Among the Monopetalæ the Asclepiadeæ are represented by a species of Nerium; the Ebenaceæ by a Diospyros; and the Ericaceæ by an Andromeda. And among the Polypetalæ the Araliaceæ are represented by a species of Aralia; the Anacardiaceæ by a Rhus; the Sapindaceæ by a maple; and the Magnoliaceæ by five species of Magnolia and two of the tulip-tree.

While the rocks supply no evidence of any plant leading up to these various orders of Dicotyledons, it is equally important, in its bearing on the hypothesis of genetic evolution, that the generic groups just named have persisted from the first appearance of Dicotyledons throughout the whole of the intervening ages, and still hold their places unchanged among the existing forms of vegetation. The persistence of generic and specific types, and the certain knowledge we possess of the life of many existing species of Phanerogams and Cryptogams which have come down through long periods even of geological time, have not been sufficiently considered in their bearing on this hypothesis.

Let us take a case. None can be more fitted for this purpose

than the small willow, *Salix polaris*, detected in the lowest pre-glacial beds at Cromer, and in deposits of the same age at Bovey Tracey. This plant still lives in the Arctic regions of both the Old World and the New.

The genus *Salix* is a singularly variable one, and should supply satisfactory data for an Evolutionist working out his hypothesis. According to Professor Andersson's latest Monograph of the Order (De Candolle's "Prodromus," vol. xvi. part 2), the genus *Salix* consists of nineteen sub-generic groups, containing 160 species, and these are so variable that 222 varieties and seventy hybrids have been described and named by him. It is a genus, then, which is, from the point of view of the Evolutionist, at present actively moving on to a large addition to its species by the increase and persistency of the numerous varietal forms. The sub-generic group to which *Salix polaris* belongs contains twenty-nine species, together with twenty-six varieties and nine hybrids. These are further arranged into four sections, that to which *Salix polaris* belongs containing six species. It is easy then to construct an exact phylogenetic tree of the genus *Salix*. The hybrids and varieties, amounting to an average of about two for each species, lead up to the recognized species. The various species converge to and unite in the parent form of the section to which they belong. The generalized sectional forms in their turn approach each other, and unite in the parent form of the sub-generic group. The seventeen sub-generic forms gradually approach each other until the generalized type of the genus *Salix* is reached. The shortest branches in this phylogenetic tree are necessarily the ultimate twigs which represent the evolution of the varieties from the species; but in the case of *Salix polaris* no varietal forms are known, notwithstanding the specially favourable circumstances in the history of this plant for their production; for this species has by stress of weather been driven, throughout the ages that intervene between the deposition of the pre-glacial beds of Cromer and our own day, from Devonshire and Lincolnshire into the extreme northern regions; yet it has through all these vicissitudes remained unchanged. The ultimate twig in this species is that which represents its own specific life, and this must be a short twig when compared with the branches leading the six allied species to the section, or those leading the sections to the sub-genus, or the branches leading the sub-genera up to the genus. Yet this ultimate twig takes us back to pre-glacial times; it covers the ages represented by the Glacial period and its associated deposits, by the later fossiliferous deposits at Bridlington and in the valleys of the Forth and Clyde, and the subsequent period during which man has been on the earth.

But when we have reached the branch representing the generic

form we have made but little progress in the phylogenesis of *Salix*. With *Populus* this genus forms a small order Salicaceæ. The two genera are closely allied, yet well marked, and it is not difficult to conceive of both having sprung from a single generalized form. But there is no record of such a form. The two genera appear together among the first Dicotyledons, the willows being represented by six, and the poplars by nine species. The ordinal form, if it ever existed, must necessarily be much older than the period of the Upper Cretaceous rocks.

The Salicaceæ are related to five natural orders, in all of which the apetalous flowers are arranged in catkins. These must be led up by small modifications to a generalized amentiferous type: and the various groups of apetalous plants must be carried back by innumerable eliminations of differentiating characters until the primitive form of the apetalous plant is reached. Beyond this the uncurbed imagination will have more active work in bridging over the gap between Angiosperms and Gymnosperms, in finding intermediate forms to lead up to the Vascular Cryptogams, and on through the Cellular plants to the primordial germ. Every step in this phylogenetic tree must be imagined. The earliest Dicotyledon takes us not a step further back in the phylogenetic history of *Salix* than that supplied by existing vegetation. All beyond is pure imagination, unsupported by a single fact. Here also, as regards dicotyledonous plants, the evidence is against Evolution, and there is none in favour of it.

The demand upon time made by the advocate of genetic evolution is a serious difficulty. The single species *Salix polaris* carries us back beyond the Glacial period. Several specific forms existed, as we have seen, during the Cretaceous epoch. Beyond this, periods (which are the geologist's time divisions) are wanting to carry back, by slow and imperceptible changes, the Cretaceous *Salices*, and the rich flora of existing generic types amongst which they are found, to the generalized Angiosperm, and on to the Gymnosperm.

The whole evidence supplied by fossil plants is thus opposed to the hypothesis of genetic evolution, and especially the sudden and simultaneous appearance of the most highly organized plants at particular stages in the past history of the globe, and the entire absence among fossil plants of any forms intermediate between existing classes or families. The facts of palæontological botany are opposed to Evolution, but they testify to development—to progression from lower to higher types. The Cellular Algæ preceded the Vascular Cryptogams and the Gymnosperms of the newer Palæozoic rocks, and these were speedily followed by Monocotyledons, and at a much later period by Dicotyledons. But the earliest representatives of these various sections of the

vegetable kingdom were not generalized forms, but as highly or more highly organized than recent forms ; and the divisions were, when we become first acquainted with them, as clearly bounded in their essential characters, and as decidedly separated from each other, as they are at the present day. Development is not the property of the Evolutionist. Indeed, the Mosaic narrative, which traces all nature to a supernatural Creator, represents the operations of the Creator as having been carried out in a series of developments from the calling of matter into existence through the various stages of its preparation for life ; and on through the various steps in the organic world, until man himself is reached. The real question is, does science give us any light as to *how* this development was accomplished ? Is it possible, from the record of organic life preserved in the sedimentary deposits, to discover the method or agent through the action of which the new forms appeared on the globe ? The only answer that can be given to this question is, that while the rocks record, in their contained fossils, the existence of plant and animal forms at different periods of the earth's history, as yet they have disclosed nothing whatever as to *how* these forms originated.

WILLIAM CARRUTHERS.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN ON ENGLISH THOUGHT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.
By LESLIE STEPHEN. Smith, Elder, & Co.
2 vols. 1876.

TO abuse the eighteenth century has been the fashion for at least the last forty years. Nothing connected with it has been spared ; its poetry, its metaphysics, its theology, and even its morality, have all had to endure the withering blasts of the men of this generation. Such extreme severity towards our grandfathers and great-grandfathers argues a tolerably complacent opinion of ourselves. It is much the same as if a London merchant with a very large business were to condemn his father for having begun with small premises and narrow means, while the success of the establishment was really due in the first instance to the father's enterprise. There are some signs of returning justice to this well-abused century, and one of the most significant is the work which has just been written by Mr. Leslie Stephen.

As I had recently gone over the same ground in my "History of Religious Thought in England," and as Mr. Stephen handsomely acknowledges his obligations to my work, we may be called "two of a trade;" and though on very many points we are entirely of the same judgment, yet we form no exception to the truth of the familiar proverb. We propose different objects and we write from different principles. Mr. Stephen is a dogmatic unbeliever, perfectly convinced that Christianity is not true, that all arguments for the being of God are invalid, and that morality has no basis in the constitution of man. He has, therefore, a very wide field for criticism. A man who does not believe much him-

self has naturally a great deal to say about other people's beliefs. To me the author's own remarks often seem interruptions, sometimes not over pertinent, of a pleasant narrative. This, however, will not be the case with those who agree with him or those who like their thinking done for them.

It is, I admit, the main object in tracing the history of religious thought in any era to discover what is the position to which we are logically brought. Nothing is more remarkable to the student of religious opinion than to find the frequent recurrence of the same phases of thought and the same arguments used in their defence. By the wider knowledge of the history of systems received in past times, how they have been assailed and defended, we are able to determine if our own beliefs are not among the things already exploded, and if the arguments we now use have not been already refuted. Mr. Stephen, while doing justice to many great men of the eighteenth century, speaks of their creed as "effete." * He writes, indeed, as if what he means by their "creed" was born about the beginning of the century, lived vigorously for two or three decades, and after a languishing existence of thirty or forty more years terminated its mortal life before the century closed. All that is now left to us as our inheritance in religion is the scepticism of Hume. The conclusion to which I have come is the contrary of this. The same problems have been before the world for ages, they are before us still, and the thinkers of the eighteenth century, Hume included, have contributed largely towards their solution.

Mr. Stephen's bias appears in his earliest pages, where he seems to suppose it possible for the human mind to get rid of theology. The fact pointed out by him that the founders of the different schools of metaphysics have all charged atheism on their opponents † does not prove a merely temporary alliance between philosophy and theology, but an inseparable connection. The founder of every system of philosophy has felt, and the feeling was a true one, that a philosophy which led to atheism was certainly false. *What* God is may be a question altogether beyond our present faculties, but that He is, that there is some Being beyond phenomena, is as certain a proposition as that anything is. It is quite possible to urge many valid reasons against the method of Descartes or of any other philosopher, and yet the truth which these methods indicated may remain the same.

The following passage from Mr. Stephen's account of Hume's "Dialogues" seems to express, as fully as any which I have been able to find, the writer's judgment on the arguments for the existence of God:—

"The agreement of theologians is an agreement to use a common name,

* Vol. ii. p. 384.

† Vol. i. p. 22.

but the name covers radically inconsistent conceptions. The arguments of the anthropomorphist for a limited Deity tell against the ontological argument for an infinite Deity. The worship of nature can be no more made to square with the worship of Jehovah than with the worship of the supreme artisan."—Vol. i. p. 317.

I would have recommended language less inelegant, more reverence towards the Divine Being, and not so great a want of courtesy towards those who believe in Him. Mr. Stephen on another occasion so far forgets the dignity of the subject as to condescend to jests which are made in words that I dare not quote.* It is quite true that an important question in theism is, how much is included under the "common name" God. It covers every idea, from that of an idol to the infinite nature of Erigena and Spinoza. If this is what Mr. Stephen means by the word covering radically inconsistent conceptions, no exception could be taken. But this is not what he means. His argument is that the Being reached by the ontological evidence is not the same Being as that reached by the evidence from design. This inference is not, I think, fairly grounded on the criticism of the evidence-arguments made by Hume and Kant. The argument from ontology gives an Infinite Being, but it does not follow that this Being is without intelligence because that is not proved by this argument. The evidence for design proves an intelligent Creator, but it does not follow that this Creator is imperfect or finite because the argument from final causes does not prove that He is perfect or infinite. Mr. Stephen converts negatives into positives, and because an argument does not prove a certain thing he concludes that it proves the contrary. The two conceptions of God are not to be regarded as "radically inconsistent," but as two different aspects of Deity following on two different modes of contemplating His being. They are both necessary to enable us to rise to worthy conceptions of God. The argument from final causes tells us that God is a person, and that from ontology that He is not a person in the limited sense of human personality. The analogy between the Divine mind and the human may be "remote," to use Hume's word, but it is sufficiently near to give validity to our reasonings from man's work to God's, and the fact of its being remote tells us that in the attributes or characters ascribed to God we are to subtract all that implies limitation. It is no contradiction to say that God is personal, and yet that He is impersonal in the sense of transcending human personality. He is known and yet unknown; but though our knowledge of Him is only partial, it is not therefore incorrect. We need scarcely marvel that we have no line to fathom the Infinite.

* See vol. i. p. 411.

The sense that God is, is stronger than the evidence by which His existence is proved. Perhaps the greatest contribution made to philosophy by the course of religious thought in the last century, is the establishment of the fact that beyond phenomena scarcely anything can be demonstrated. The history is familiar of Locke's "substance," or matter in itself, giving way before Berkeley's mind, and then mind dissolving into ideas or impressions in the philosophy of Hume; but it is an equally familiar history that Hume himself recoiled from this scepticism, and it was found that whatever reason might do with either mind or matter, we were compelled to think and act on the supposition of the truth of their existence. The being of God is felt because the evidence of it touches us at every hand. We can only exclude His existence by that kind of scepticism against which the human intellect itself rises in rebellion. We expect beforehand that men will have different conceptions of Deity. Sometimes they may seem to be such as exclude each other, but they are more properly regarded as rising above each other and differing in worthiness as they approach the truth. It is competent for reason to exercise itself in the inquiry what God is, and this will involve the inquiry of His relations to the universe. It need not frighten us that "every theological system tends to glide into Pantheism." This is a terrible word with an awfully vague meaning, but it may not mean more than that the living God who works incessantly in nature is Himself the reality of being. Spinoza's conclusions need not be received as the whole truth concerning God, but his speculations were warranted as a legitimate exercise of reason.

That "the worship of nature cannot be made to square with the worship of Jehovah," means, I suppose, that the Deity of the ontologists can never be identified with the God of Israel. It is true that the Jews sometimes thought of God as a local deity. Their conceptions were not always worthy of Him, but they varied with different men and in different ages. This is also true of Christians. Jesus had taught emphatically that God is a spirit, yet Socrates, the Church historian, records that in the third century the monks of Egypt made a riot because Theophilus taught that God had not a body. These may be called conceptions radically inconsistent. In one sense they are, at least the words seem to say that they are. But why should we not take the higher and more worthy conceptions of the Bible writers as the Bible idea of God? He is called "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." I open the Bible in several places, and come upon such passages as these:—"Will God indeed dwell on the earth? behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens, cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded?" (1 Kings viii. 27). "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the

Lord: do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord" (Jer. xxiii. 24). "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God" (Ps. xc. 2). "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable" (cxlv. 3). In the Book of Job are such words as these: "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea" (xi. 7—9). "Lo, these are parts of his ways: but how little a portion is heard of him? but the thunder of his power who can understand?" (xxvi. 14). The Book of Job is probably the oldest of the Hebrew writings, so that from the earliest times the nation was possessed of these sublime conceptions of God as the Eternal and the Infinite. But the very name I AM, which, according to some Hebrew scholars, is the same as Jehovah, at once suggests the identity of the God revealed to Moses with the Deity of Plato and the ontological philosophers. The Hebrew name for God is an abstraction, and enters into the deepest metaphysics; yet the God of Israel was a living, conscious being, in whom will, wisdom, and all that constitutes personality, are among the chief attributes.

It is not maintained that we are clear of all difficulties, even though the possibility of reconciliation between the God of nature and the Jehovah of the Bible be duly established. The theologian, however, is not refuted by having these difficulties continually put on his path. He admits them. He has weighed them, and is therefore disposed to resent the dogmatic tone of the unbeliever who dwells on them as if they alone were to settle the case. It is from nature, from existence, and from conscience that the idea or ideas of God come. Zeuxis' painting proves the painter. So far we have gone a long way. This fact need not be abandoned because we cannot go further in that direction. That nature is not a more perfect work than it is cannot be a sufficient reason for denying that it is a work.

The great controversy of the eighteenth century was that with the Deists. I am not sorry, but the contrary, that Mr. Stephen has bestowed so much attention upon it. When I wrote some articles on the subject eight years ago in this REVIEW, many excellent persons questioned the propriety of resuscitating the memory of the forgotten Deists. Since that time some Churchmen, who reckon themselves more orthodox than they reckon me, have found that to associate my name with the old Deists was a convenient method of saying indirectly what they dared not say right out. The question, however, was not the Deists, but the outcome of the Deist controversy. That was an inheritance

which belonged to all of us, and which to estimate at its proper value was the interest of all. Mr. Stephen's judgment is in substance the same as mine, and that is the same as was given by Mr. Pattison in his admirable essay, which we are told in the preface suggested the present work. As far as I can recollect, the same essay had something to do in giving form to my work, if it did not actually suggest it. Mr. Pattison wrote:—

“The objections urged against revelation in the course of the Deistical controversy were no chimeras of a sickly brain, but solid charges.”—*Essays and Reviews*, p. 283.

Again:—

“The objections it meets are not new and unseasoned objections, but such as had worn well, and had borne the brunt of controversy, because they were genuine.”—*Ibid.* p. 287.

I endorse another sentence, from which Mr. Stephen may dissent:—

“Perhaps on the whole we might be borne out in saying that the defence is at least as good as the attack.”—*Ibid.* p. 296.

The Deist controversy was not of that straightforward character which at once shows the issue or leaves the lesson to be derived from it obvious to all readers. It came with a confused noise, and the combatants did not always discern friends from foes. It is to this hour a question if the Deists intended more than they said, or if they put on a covering of faith to protect themselves from the consequences of avowed unbelief. Again, many of their works are fragmentary, dealing in general principles without applying them to definite subjects. These principles were for the most part derived from orthodox Christian writers, so that the proper battle-ground was in their application. To get at the true issue, we shall begin best by dismissing all that is irrelevant to the main question, and passing over all the inferior writers who only repeated what the others had said. Mr. Stephen agrees with me to put aside Woolston as insane. His tracts had no value, and deserve no notice, except what they demand from the fact that they were answered by such writers as Smalbrooke, Pearce, and Sherlock. If Toland evoked a controversy as to the canon of Scripture it was by accident, and did not proceed from any principles of criticism. His true connection with the Deists is in his earliest work, “Christianity not Mysterious.” Collins' attack on prophecy was the keenest and the most successful of all the Deistical writings, but here also the issue was only subordinate. Christianity might be true though the evidence from prophecy was not so direct as many writers had supposed it to be. The great subject which ran through all, and which may be said to have been settled in this controversy, was the relation of reason to revelation. The chief representatives of this question on the

Deist side were Toland and Tindal, who called themselves Christian Deists. They had a predecessor in Lord Herbert of Cherbury, but he lived in the previous century. His principle, however, was fairly theirs, and may be described in few words as resting more on those things which were manifest to the reason than on those which depend merely on traditional authority.

The prevalence of rational theology in England is generally traced to the influence of Locke's treatise on "The Reasonableness of Christianity." But this is supposed to have been suggested by Lord Herbert's work. Locke wished to find out how far the doctrines taught in the Scriptures were in accordance with reason. He found that God's dealings with men as there recorded could all be justified, and that the scheme of redemption was perfectly reasonable, though the necessity of it might not be explained and its nature in some parts might be beyond our knowledge. Toland followed Locke, though the master repudiated the disciple, and taught that there was nothing mysterious in Christianity. A second part was to tell what the doctrines were which were not mysterious; but as this second part was never written, it remains undecided how much Toland included under the name Christianity. Did he deny the Trinity or the Atonement, or did he mean that in these doctrines there was nothing mysterious? An ambiguity also rested on the word mystery, for Toland admitted a mystery in a sense in all things. He meant that what was revealed was in clear propositions, so that it could not be said to be above reason nor contrary to reason. Whatever Toland might have added in the way of explanation, the ostensible object of the book was to bring reason and revelation into harmony, or more properly to show their entire agreement. The ground was treacherous. If Toland really ventured on it in good faith, he ought first to have defined revelation and to have shown in what way the doctrines generally known as Christian mysteries were not mysterious.

The same fault might be found with Tindal, though he was more definite. Dr. Sherlock once said in a sermon, "The religion of the Gospel is the true original religion of reason and nature, and its precepts declarative of that original religion which is as old as creation." Tindal, taking as his text Sherlock's words without the modifications which Sherlock would have added, wrote a treatise which he called "Christianity as old as Creation."* This left no doubt how much Tindal included under the word Christianity. It is the duplicate or republication of natural religion, the external revelation of what is already revealed internally. The law or light of nature is perfect; to live to reason is to live to God.

* Tindal's position was much the same as that of Abelard, who called Christianity *Reformatio legis naturalis*.

No external revelation can make this clearer than it is. Reason and conscience must be supreme. Their evidence is direct and not to be resisted, while external revelation depends on tradition. We have not the same certainty that God has given any positive commands as we have for the duties of the moral law as they are written in men's hearts. Tindal did not directly deny that God had made an external revelation, nor did he say that such a revelation was unnecessary in the sense that men did not require moral education, but he denied by inference that God had commanded anything different from or beyond what reason and conscience indicated, and with this came the denial of the necessity of revelation in the sense that it consisted of mysterious doctrines and positive precepts that found no answer in the moral constitution of man.

With Tindal, as with Toland, we want the second part of his work, which might have given us more satisfaction as to the application of his principles. Of some things, however, there is no doubt. In his youth Tindal had been an extreme Churchman, and venturing in devious wanderings beyond the confines of Anglicanism, he sunk into the "Serbonian bog." When he got again on firm ground, he kept on it, and ever after retained a horror of the "fearful pit." Everything imposed by mere ecclesiastical authority, if it tended to superstition or did not promote morality, was with him no part of Christianity. The religion of the Italian banditti, who lived by robbery and yet were scrupulous about the observances of the Church, was of that kind which depended merely on authority and tradition, but was repudiated by reason. The same was true of the religion of the High Church squires and clergy of Tindal's day, who "drank, cursed, swore, and lied for the Church; who thought that those who went to places with steeples could never be wrong, and those who went to places without them could never be right." The influence of traditional religion was so strong over some minds that they had even been led to deny that virtue was best for man in this life, as in the case of Atterbury, who argued from St. Paul's words misapprehended that *the virtuous man is most miserable*. Tindal did not stop with mere opposition to his old friends. He had no respect for the Fathers or the old creeds, except so far as Fathers and creeds taught the religion of reason and inculcated the practice of virtue. The doctrinal mysteries were "orthodox paradoxes," which he said he did not disbelieve, but he spoke of them as things which did not much concern him. Circumcision, the Jewish sacrifices, with many other positive precepts and commands in the Old Testament, such as that for the destruction of the Canaanites, he excludes from revelation, and relegates to the class of things invented by priests. The conclusion of the matter seems to be that whatever

in Scripture commends itself to reason is divine. Scripture is inspired where it is profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness. Where this is not the case, there is no evidence that God has spoken. In other words, we have a faculty for judging of truth, but we have not the means of acquiring such knowledge as would furnish sufficient evidence of the truth of any event which depended on history, testimony, tradition, or whatever is equivalent to these. The truth of Christianity as a divine revelation is not denied, provided that can be maintained without admitting that any immoral command or irrational doctrine in the Bible is of divine origin.

This argument of Tindal's was rightly addressed to the theologians of his day, who professed to be guided by reason. It was an application of their own words concerning reason and revelation, and came ultimately to the question if the external evidences of Christianity were sufficiently strong to warrant us in believing that God commanded such things as are attributed to Him in the Old Testament, or taught such mysterious doctrines as are, or are supposed to be, in the New. If not, then the contents of the revelation are an indispensable part of the evidence, so that reason is admitted to be a judge of the contents of a revelation. The usual method of limiting reason is to say that, when it has been proved that a revelation has been made, reason gives place to faith. But this can never happen if the contents of a revelation are part of the evidence. Reason must remain in judgment, and the probability of the truth of a revelation declines in proportion as it contains, or seems to contain, what is immoral, irrational, or mysterious.

It was the mark of the true English Churchman in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as opposed to the Puritan, that he defended the natural light or the light of reason. Hooker said that the supernatural light supposed the natural, and he quoted with approbation St. Augustine's words to the effect that "there are rational principles on which men are universally agreed, and out of which the greatest moral duties we owe to God and man may without difficulty be gathered." Chillingworth, quoting and endorsing Hooker, says, that "natural reason, built on principles common to all men, is the last resolution unto which the Church's authority is but the first inducement." The later Puritans were more rational than those of Hooker's time. The treatise on the "Light of Nature" by Nathaniel Culverwell, published in 1652, was dedicated to Anthony Tuckney, and received the full approbation of Edmund Calamy. So far as I can learn, this book was received as orthodox by the leading Puritans of the time of Cromwell. Culverwell speaks of reason as the candle of the Lord, and says that, though like Leah it may be blear-eyed, yet it is not blind. Faith does not

demand its destruction. Religion is not a bird of prey come to peck out our natural eyes. Faith and reason may give each other the kiss of peace, for they both sprung from the same fountain of light. There is nothing in the mysteries of the Gospel contrary to the light of reason. Richard Baxter had so deep a sense of the reasonableness of Christianity that he said, "To renounce the Christian religion is to renounce reason, and to doubt of it is to be injurious to reason itself."

The school of rational theologians known as the Cambridge Platonists conformed to the Church of England both before and after the restoration of Charles. They were the natural development of the wiser class of both Puritans and High Churchmen. The supremacy which they accorded to reason in the presence of authority was one of their first characteristics. I need not occupy space with quotations from Cudworth, More, Smith, Whichcot, and Wilkins. Their position as a distinct school, and as being partly mystics, might be regarded as exceptional. I shall come, therefore, to those who may be reckoned more properly as representatives of the Church of England generally, and who may be called Tindal's contemporaries. Tillotson, in his preface to Bishop Wilkins, on "The Principles and Duties of Natural Religion," says it is plain that mankind were always under a law, even before God had made any external or extraordinary revelation. This law, he added, is "every whit as much the law of God as the revelation of His will in His Word, and consequently nothing contained in the Word of God, or in any pretended revelation from Him, can be interpreted to dissolve the obligation of moral duties plainly required in the law of nature." Such passages as these were quoted by Tindal, and those who replied to him did not recede from the position which they indicate. Bishop Conybeare, for instance, admitted that reason could discern our duties to God and to our neighbour; and Bishop Gibson says expressly that reason is not to be quitted that we may embrace revelation, "which, if it were true, would doubtless be a strong prejudice against revelation. But so far is this from being true, that it is universally acknowledged that revelation itself is to stand or fall by the test of reason; or, in other words, according as reason finds the evidence of its coming from God to be or not to be sufficient and conclusive, *and the matter of it to contradict or not contradict the rational notion which reason gives of the being and attributes of God, and of the essential difference between good and evil.*"* Here the contents of the revelation are distinctly made an indispensable part of the evidence. Gibson adds, and this addition may be taken as covering generally the

* Second Pastoral Letter, p. 167.

ground of those who condemn Tindal, that, after reason is satisfied there has been a revelation, it gives itself up to its guidance, for then there are good grounds why reason should cease to object against revelation "as containing some things the manner, end, and design of which it cannot fully comprehend." To this may be added the words of Dean Humphrey, who boldly challenges the Deists to try Christianity by the religion of nature and reason, and, he said, "if it varies from it in one particular; if it prescribes any one thing which may in the minutest circumstance thereof be contrary to righteousness, I will then acknowledge this to be an argument against us, strong enough to overthrow the whole cause, and make all things else that can be said for it totally ineffective for its support."*

The agreement as to the principle between Tindal and his opponents is complete. The next question is its application. What are the contents of the Christian revelation? Will they stand the test proposed by Tillotson, Gibson, and Humphrey? We shall find the best answer in the pages of Bishop Butler, to the study of whose "Analogy" a thorough acquaintance with the Tindal controversy is the best introduction.

Butler's great work is a compacted summary of all that was solid and much of what was weak in the defence of Christianity. The author of the "Analogy" surpassed all his contemporaries in the possession of a calm philosophical spirit and in a juster estimate of the facts both of nature and revelation. It is sometimes forgotten that Butler had before him not merely the arguments of the Deists, but the general neglect into which Christianity had fallen through a prevailing spirit of indifference. This I take to be the explanation, or at any rate what may be offered as a mitigation, of some things which are said about probability. The evidences of Christianity were at least sufficiently strong to demand serious examination. That Butler was right in his main position may be admitted without denying that on some points he was vulnerable. It is disappointing to find the same difficulties in revelation that we find in nature, for we would have expected beforehand that revelation would have solved some of these difficulties. This is a common objection and not without validity, but Butler was arguing with Deists who believed in God and yet acknowledged that there were many things in nature liable to objection.

Like all the apologists of his time, Butler was clear for the supremacy of reason and conscience. His words are, "If in revelation there be found any passage the seeming meaning of which is contrary to natural religion, we may most certainly conclude such seeming meaning not to be the true one." In another place he calls reason "the only faculty wherewith to judge con-

* Quoted by Mr. Pattison in "Essays and Reviews."

cerning anything, even revelation itself." And again, "Let reason be kept to, and if any part of the Scripture account of the redemption of the world by Christ can be shown to be really contrary to it, let the Scripture, in the name of God, be given up." His sense of an eternal order existing in the world made the hypothesis of atheism for him impossible. A like sense of the divine in Christianity convinced him that the difficulties in revelation would yet be removed, and the things which were now apparently opposed to reason would yet appear reasonable.

Butler gives no summary of the contents of revelation. It is only from the course of the argument that we infer how much he included under the word Christianity. He had before him the removal of difficulties (1) connected with some questionable commands in the Old Testament; (2) with the publication of doctrines not discoverable by reason; (3) with the belief of doctrines beyond our comprehension; and (4) with the enforcing of merely positive precepts. All these are covered by the analogy of nature, but the covering is rather a large one. In fact it might be made to cover any doctrine ever taught, from the "horrible decree" of Calvin to the transubstantiation of the Romanists, or the human sacrifices of savage religions. But Butler does not press analogy in this sense as a positive argument. Its whole weight is to show difficulties in nature, notwithstanding which the Deist believes in God. If these difficulties in nature be overwhelming, they make belief in Deity impossible. And so with revelation; it may contain things liable to objection and yet be true, but if these things are many, or the objections to them such as cannot be overcome, belief becomes impossible. Thus the argument finally depends on the contents of Christianity. If certain doctrines or certain commands are inseparable from it, it loses in credibility; so that the argument from analogy, though legitimate and useful, must not be made to cover too much. The string may be distended till even the bow breaks. But something is said for each class of the difficulties in revelation. The commands objected against are severed from the scheme of morality and regarded as precepts which would have been immoral but for the authority by which they were given. This probably has in view the extermination of the Canaanites; and the defence is, that life being the gift of God, the Giver may revoke the gift. The argument is not of the most satisfactory kind, and in the judgment of some fails to justify all the precepts given to individuals in the Old Testament or all the things there recorded and apparently receiving the approval of the sacred writers. The second class, which is the most important, had least difficulty: the particular dispensation of Christianity, which is the redemption of man by a Mediator. This finds its strict analogy in nature, where God deals with us

through the instrumentality of others, and where men suffer for each other as Christ suffered for us. It is not revealed to us why the death of Christ was necessary, but this is that side of the subject which relates to God, and belongs to what I have made the third class of difficulties—things in the Bible beyond our comprehension. If we do not understand all God's works in nature, it is not marvellous that some things should be beyond our comprehension in the kingdom of grace. In all these arguments it is of course assumed that there is evidence enough for the being of God when these difficulties in nature have been admitted, and the inference is that notwithstanding the difficulties in revelation, there is yet sufficient evidence that Christianity is from God. Positive commands being part of external religion, and external religion of some kind being of moral obligation, the duty of keeping such precepts is reckoned obvious. When we are convinced that a revelation has been given, new duties come out of the revealed relations. Butler did not profess to give an "irrefragable proof" of the truth of Christianity, as Southey asserted in his epitaph in Bristol Cathedral. He only aimed at meeting the objections which the Deists said were in the way of their believing it to be divine.

It is plain that Butler's own theology must be of a very rational kind to be able to submit to the test which he proposes. But Mr. Stephen, looking only to a few isolated arguments or passages severed from their connection, makes a hideous travesty of the whole of Butler's argument. In one place he says:—

"All suffering becomes punishment. The difficulty of reconciling this with the actual distribution of happiness presses upon him, but all difficulties must be faced. The doctrine seems to imply that God is unjust. The conclusion is horrible, and of course 'there must be a mistake somewhere,' but it cannot be in his original principle. The doctrines learnt from revelation increase the difficulty, but never overwhelm his faith. Men suffer here, as Butler urges, and suffer 'irremediably,' for a certain amount of folly and vice. Here, however, we have the remedy of death—a remedy not available to save us from the almighty Avenger. If, then, suffering be punishment, analogy suggests that everlasting torture will punish the misdeeds of the most frail and sorely tempted. We must believe it rather than give up our moral conception. God Almighty, Maker of all things and Ruler of men, came down from heaven in bodily form, and conveyed a message of unspeakable moment. He gave it only to a few, but He is always partial. The message said that God would punish the good for the crimes of the wicked. That is not surprising, for it is a matter of everyday experience: if I get drunk, my son has the gout. The message confirms our darkest forebodings of the future; otherwise, could it be in analogy with our observations?"—Vol. i. p. 306.

Let us now hear what Butler himself says of God's judgments, and the partial distribution of light:—

"Nor is there anything shocking in all this, or which would seem to bear hard upon the moral administration in Nature, if we would keep in mind

that every one shall equitably be dealt with ; instead of forgetting this, or explaining it away, after it is acknowledged in words. All shadow of injustice, and indeed all harsh appearances, in this various economy of Providence, would be lost, if we would keep in mind that every merciful allowance shall be made, and no more required of any one than what might have been equitably expected from him in the circumstances in which he was placed, and not what might have been expected had he been placed in other circumstances—that is, in Scripture language, that every man shall be *accepted according to what he had, not according to what he had not.*—Book II. chap. vi.

Mr. Stephen describes the “Analogy” under the figure of a rock, “immovable and undecayed, but solitary, exceptional, and barren.” I think the late Professor Maurice was much nearer the truth when he said, “Butler, like every great generative thinker, has the power of adapting himself to circumstances and conditions which he did not contemplate, and which did not exist in his day.”* There are elements in Butler which no ingenuity can harmonize. But so far from the “Analogy” being *barren*, there are in it the seeds of a new life, and a juster view of Christianity than that which Butler inherited. “Everlasting torture” is not an expression found in Butler, nor do I see how it can be reconciled with the equity set forth in the passage just quoted. Like all cautious thinkers, Butler was slow in affirmation and denial. It was not necessary for him to say that the punishment of the wicked was not everlasting, while several places in Scripture seem to say that it is. Man cannot justify the ways of God if this doctrine be true, and yet it is believed that God will deal with men according to equity, from which the probability is justly inferred that it is not true. Mr. Stephen, in refusing to look at the rational side of Butler’s theology, resembles many of the modern assailants of Christianity, who generally take some extreme doctrine or form of a doctrine, and speak of it as not merely inseparable from the Christian revelation, but as an essential part of it. In an article on Butler in this REVIEW, November, 1873, I put together some considerations which show the kind of theology that Butler advocates or by his own principles should have advocated:—(1.) He warns us against the danger of preferring positive to moral commands. (2.) Revelation does not shed that light on the difficulties in nature which we might expect from external revelation : Christianity, like nature, is a scheme carried on by general laws. (3.) God uses means in revelation ; in other words, it is progressive. (4.) Revelation is not made to depend on an infallible Church nor on infallible inspiration. (5.) All men will be judged with equity whether Christians or Pagans. This is incompatible with the idea of never-ending punishment. (6.) The doubtfulness in the evidence gives scope for the “virtuous exercise” of the understanding, from which

* What is Revelation ? p. 168.

I infer that sincerity, even if it does not escape error, is better than mere acquiescence without inquiry. (7.) We get the knowledge of revelation as we get any other knowledge. It is not given to our acceptance, but to our acquisition. (8.) It is a revelation of which all the doctrines are rational. Some are called revealed, and thus are comprehensible to reason now; others are unrevealed, and they will be seen to be rational when we know some relations now unknown.

If Mr. Stephen will look at these points in Butler, he will, I think, be induced to cancel the passage which I have quoted.*

The great argument against Butler is that the ground on which the Deists stood as to natural religion is not tenable. The difficulties in nature are used as an argument against the belief in the being of God. Evil exists. Can its existence be reconciled with the idea of divine justice? Certainly not, except on the supposition of free-will in the creature, and even then the subject has its difficulties. If God be identical with nature in such a sense that everything which is done in nature is His doing, then all nature's evils or imperfections are chargeable upon Him. If He made nature as something distinct from Himself, He is still chargeable with the evils or imperfections of what He has created. The supposition of free-will explains how judgment may yet be administered with equity even though it does not explain the present inequalities and the want of at least perfect justice. Mr. Stephen will not allow the supposition of free-will. He adduces the familiar arguments that men are puppets, and do only such things as circumstances compel them to do. This was all anticipated by Butler, and as I think judiciously answered, notwithstanding Mr. Stephen's verdict that it is "probably the weakest part of his argument." This opinion of necessity I cannot directly refute, though I believe that the argument about circumstances is founded on a fallacy, and the statement that we are puppets is simply false. If certain arguments may be urged in favour of necessity, yet facts and feelings are all against it. If in any sense true, it is so only in such a way as to be compatible with free-will. It is an easy method of arresting all argument to say that we act absolutely as circumstances make us act. If we cannot get past this, reason stands smitten with paralysis. If nature sends forth murderers as regularly and on the same principle as rattlesnakes,† we may abandon all efforts for human improvement. The argument for necessity proves too much. The throne of God need not be a "throne of injustice," though we understand but a small part of His ways. All present suffering may or may not be punishment, and some punishment may be

* The references are given in the Article.

† Vol. i. p. 301.

vicarious, yet God's final administration may rectify all the wrongs of the universe. He has a whole eternity before Him.

Mr. Stephen seems to me to have made too much of what I shall call the Theistic difference between Butler and the Deists or the *à priori* theologians. Butler, it is true, was disposed to look at facts rather than follow theories. With him the subject in hand was practice. How we came into the present condition we cannot possibly find out. What immediately concerns the argument is that our present condition is not inconsistent with the perfect moral government of God. The optimists, as they are called, did not overlook the dark side of nature. They did not "blink the obvious facts," but rather threw out hypotheses by which it seemed possible to reconcile these facts with Divine wisdom and goodness. Their explanation may serve only to amuse speculative minds, but to say that they were unconscious of the facts is to make the absurd mistake of Voltaire, who, in his romance of "Candide," represents them calling evil good in such a way as to involve the denial of the existence of suffering, and consequently the ecclesiastical dogma of original sin. If we take Shaftesbury and Pope as the exponents of the doctrine, their view of the world as regards individuals is as dark as Butler's, and they offer no recompense for suffering beyond the comfort of being sacrificed for the general good of the universe. But that sacrifice they regard as itself an evil, and look for a revelation of the mystery which still perplexes them, for their solution is only probable. Pope's words are:—

"Hope humbly, then with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore."

Mr. Stephen begins his second volume with an account of the origin of speculations concerning morality. The principle assumed is that they followed on the decline of theology. So long as men had a strong sense of the presence of God, they referred all obligation to His will; but as the vision of God became faint, the inquiry rose about questions of "ought" and "goodness," or could there be morality without God? This is surely a very superficial account of the origin of moral speculation. Would it not be nearer the truth to connect it with the progress of deeper views of the nature of God? Nations that think of God chiefly as a person would naturally refer all duty to His will. But as men's thoughts widened, the question would arise how far goodness, order, and law were of the very nature and essence of Deity. The objections of William Law to the view of morality advocated by Clarke and Tindal, which are quoted by Mr. Stephen apparently with approbation, are just of that kind which Law would make in his early days, before he had those deeper and fuller thoughts of God which are found in his later writings. To speak

of immutable morality, or of an eternal fitness of things which binds God Himself, has the sound of affirming a fate, a necessity, or what is virtually a higher Deity above God. But this is only in appearance. It is but another form of the two aspects in which the human mind views the Deity, and which, as I have already shown, are to be taken together, not as contradictories, but as conditioning each other. Exception may be taken to the words eternal morality, moral sense, or authoritative conscience. Exception may also be taken to the modes of arguing for their existence. The thing intended, however, is substantially the same. Such a thing as abstract right must be. The objection to it because it is abstract is frivolous. We must have such a faculty as Shaftesbury and Butler intended. Without it we should be incapable of judging that there are such inequalities, as all men say there are, in the moral government of the world.

It is one of the dangers in writing critical histories of thought, as we have come to call them, that we are tempted to write up the men with whom we agree, and to write down those from whom we differ. Hume is Mr. Stephen's hero, and Butler his rock of offence. It was to be expected that he would endorse Hume's argument against miracles, though he has said little more than that Hume was right, and all who wrote against him most certainly wrong. A host of evidence-writers have doubtless written a great deal that is worse than worthless on the subject of miracles, but I do think that something more might have been said in favour of the answers that have been made to Hume's great argument. From a statement in Dr. Campbell's "Dissertation," it appears that the original form of this argument was that no evidence *can* prove a miracle. This was changed to the present form—that no evidence has proved a miracle; which, true or not, is a statement more becoming an ingenuous philosopher. The probability is very strong against anything which is uncommon, and this is really all that can be said against a miracle, for no definition of a miracle can fairly go beyond this, that it is something unusual and such as has never taken place within the range of our immediate knowledge. But not only are certain unusual or hitherto unknown events not impossible, but in certain supposed circumstances highly probable, so that there is probability against probability. Order is one evidence of the being of God, so also is the interruption of that order for a given purpose. It is not merely the vulgar that see God in an interference with the observed order of nature. There is a craving for it in the mind of man. It gives a certainty such as we can never attain from mere contemplation of the works of nature. If, for instance, one be raised from the dead, there is evidence that that Power which we call nature was not merely able to create man, but to give life after death. An impartial

historian of religious thought is bound to grant all this, for it has been as much proved by the apologists as the improbability of miracles has been proved by Hume. All this of course may be true, and yet the Christian miracles not true. But when such probabilities are duly admitted, the ground is clear for an impartial examination of evidence. I do not think that the record of past miracles can be of much value as evidence of the truth of Christianity; but so long as miracles are credible they cease to be what they now are to many, hindrances in the way of belief.

Any one who writes of the eighteenth century is under the necessity of speaking of the religious reaction which in some respects was its greatest event, and which certainly furnishes facts and phenomena that affect the whole question of the evidences of Christianity. Christianity not only survived the keen shafts of the Deists, but, what is more remarkable, it outlived all the defences of the evidence writers. And in its new life it showed all the vigour of a perennial youth. Mr. Stephen, like the son of the famous Dodwell in his tract "Christianity not founded on Argument," thinks it a happy jest that Christianity is not believed because of arguments. But let the fact be seriously examined that Christianity has in it something which so immediately answers the cravings of all men that they receive it not only without arguments, but cling to it in spite of a thousand arguments which seem valid against it; and when we consider the character of Christianity, how deeply it affects the entire inner life of a man, is not this fact the strongest of all arguments for its divine origin? Matthew Arnold has invented a new name for God, "The Eternal which makes for righteousness." If we look into the world to find the instruments He has used, the chief of all is Christianity. No religion, no philosophy, no scheme for human progress, works for righteousness like the Gospel of Christ. Is not this strong evidence that it is from God?

Mr. Stephen resolves the whole of the great Methodist or Evangelical movement into ignorance and fear. The preachers, he says, "seem to have tacitly inquired, What is the argument which will induce an ignorant miner or a small tradesman to give up drinking and cock-fighting? The obvious answer was, Tell him that he is going straight to hell-fire to be tortured to all eternity."* This is followed by a travesty of the doctrines of the Evangelicals, written in the tone too frequent in Mr. Stephen's volumes, but scarcely becoming the dignity and impartiality of a critical historian of "English Thought." It is really not surprising that the Evangelicals clung to the received creed. Missionaries have not time to be inquirers. Their theological system must be dogmatically fixed, and their religious sense becomes so bound up

* Vol. ii. p. 428.

with it that they dread to remove even its most manifest accretions. This fact should teach us indulgence towards men with strong convictions, even though their creed be narrow and their worship superstitious. But as a matter of fact I dispute Mr. Stephen's statement that "eternal torture" in "hell-fire" was the chief subject of Evangelical preaching, or the dread of it the chief motive in conversion. I believe that Wesley really made miners and small tradesmen feel what Bishop Butler so deeply felt, the sense of something wrong in their moral nature, and the power of the Gospel to rectify the wrong. "The wrath to come," which was often understood to mean hell-fire, was sometimes the subject of Evangelical preaching, but a far more frequent theme was the constraining power of the love of Christ. The sense of the divine forgiveness may have been often encumbered with theories of the atonement, but it was there, and sometimes these very theories may have helped certain classes to realize it. Whoever will be at the trouble to look into Wesley's journals or his sermons will find that hell-fire was not a frequent subject of his preaching. This, as regards Wesley, Mr. Stephen admits. In his later years Wesley became, for a Revivalist, very liberal, believing in the salvation of "Jews, Turks, Infidels, Heretics," and other Dissenters—that is to say, he believed in such an equitable distribution of rewards and punishments that every one would be rewarded according to the progress he had made in actual goodness. It is the early part of Wesley's career which is most open to criticism, but even then it is remarkable how little he dwelt on subjects of terror. His most frequent texts are—"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God;" "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

It is a curious fact, that of late years there has been a disposition to exonerate Wesley from the follies charged on the Evangelicals. It is of these, as distinct from the Methodists proper, that Mr. Stephen speaks in the passage I have quoted. Wesley was entirely an eighteenth century man. He kept as closely as he could to plain common sense. The object he proposed was the reformation of men's lives, and if, in the prosecution of this object, he differed from Butler, it was in what he learned from William Law, that the appeal must be made to the heart rather than to the intellect. Experience was his watchword. He could not wait in placid indecision till the balance of probability was struck as to the truth of Christianity. He felt it was true, and, like the man whose eyes were opened, he cried, "Once I was blind, now I see." It may be admitted that Wesley had more wisdom and altogether the elements of a greater man than any of the Evangelicals; but I

fail to see why the same explanation of his success should not serve for them. I regret their narrowness and their dogmatism, but it was not these which gave them strength. They had come into the kingdom of God, which is the kingdom of light. Their circumstances are a sufficient excuse for many of their weaknesses, and Mr. Stephen himself, notwithstanding his severe words, has added that but grudging justice is now done to the Evangelicals in awakening the religious feeling of the nation.

The significant question, after the history of the last era, is, to what have we now come? Mr. Stephen forbears to enter upon this, but it is evident that his views are not such as give much hope for the future of Christianity. The position that we get no knowledge beyond phenomena, and that we must be content with classifying the facts of physical science, is one against which the human mind rebels; and there are facts within which are as much the subject of knowledge as the facts of the world external to us. We should rejoice to find shelter in the authority of a Church, but where is the Church whose pretensions to authority have any foundation? The recent aberrations in the direction of Church authority demand the same compassion which we show towards the failings of the Evangelicals. It is better that men should find rest in their own imaginings than that they should find no rest at all. The religious feeling demands a station, whether it be real or imaginary. But the human mind is still treading the path that leads to truth. Reason may be baffled for a time, but only that it may make further efforts which are yet to end in victory. The future course was indicated at the end of the Deist controversy. Butler groped for the path, and found it by glimmerings of light amid the surrounding darkness. It was concerning Butler's sermon on Human Nature that Professor Maurice wrote, "He is tied and bound by the usages and conditions of the Christian world in *his* time. The religion of hoops and ruffles enchains even his heart and intellect. But what a noble effort he makes to emancipate himself from it! What a sense he has that the Apostle was pointing to a fellowship grounded on the very nature of things, in the very constitution of humanity, which had nothing to do with hoops and ruffles at all! He longs to speak of men as constituted in Christ. His words often become feeble and contradictory, because he cannot utter what is struggling within him." He saw dimly and afar off the day which must come, when it will be seen, in the words of Coleridge, that the "mysteries in Christianity are reason, reason in its highest form of self-affirmation."

After so much adverse criticism, it would not be fair to Mr. Stephen to leave unnoticed the great literary and philosophical merit of his work. It has cost him a great deal of thinking; and though sometimes he is superficial and misled by the desire to

serve his own principles, yet he is generally grave, and many of his arguments deserve serious consideration. Among the passages marked for quotation, I have only space for the following, which relates to the Deist controversy, and is one of the most successful descriptions:—

“The orthodox party had every advantage which could be given by ability, learning, and prestige. It would be difficult to mention a controversy in which there was a greater disparity of force. The physiognomy of the books themselves bears marks of the difference. The Deist writings are but shabby and shrivelled little octavos, generally anonymous; such as lurk in the corners of dusty shelves, and seem to be the predestined prey of the moths. Against them are arrayed solid octavos and handsome quartos, and at times even folios—very Goliaths among books, too ponderous for the indolence of our degenerate days, but fitting representatives of the learned dignitaries who compiled them. On the side of Christianity, indeed, appeared all that was intellectually venerable in England. Among the champions of the faith may be reckoned Bentley, incomparably the first critic of the day; Locke, the intellectual ruler of the eighteenth century; Berkeley, acutest of English metaphysicians and most graceful of philosophic writers; Clarke, whom we may still respect as a vigorous gladiator, and then enjoying the reputation of a great master of philosophic thought; Butler, the most patient, original, and candid of theologians; Waterland, the most learned of contemporary divines; and Warburton, the rather knock-kneed giant of theology, whose smashing blows, if too apt to fall upon his allies, represented at least a rough intellectual vigour. Around those great names gathered the dignitaries of the Church, and those who aspired to Church dignity, for the dissection of a Deist was a recognized title to obtaining preferment. Sherlock, and Gibson, and Conybeare, and Smalbroke, and other occupants of the bench, gained or justified promotion by their share in the crusade; and amongst the rank and file were such men as Sykes, and Balguy, and Stebbing, and a host of other diligent penmen, now for the most part as much forgotten as their victims. The ablest of the non-jurors, Leslie and Law, the most industrious and eminent Dissenters, Leland and Lardner, and Foster and Doddridge, fought side by side with their brethren of the Establishment. Nor was the zeal of orthodoxy confined to official exponents of the creed. Lyttelton and Barrington turned from political warfare to deal a deadly blow at the enemy. Addison lost some of his natural amenity in striking at so contemptible a foe. Pope, though allied to some refined unbelievers, pilloried the less polished in the ‘Dunciad.’ Swift dropped some of his bitterest venom on the antagonists of the Church; and Young and Blackmore confuted the infidel in verses which were once (Young’s perhaps are still) studied by human beings.”

The connections of the different systems are skilfully traced, and some of the portraits are admirably executed. I would specially instance that of Sherlock. I was glad to find endorsed my judgment of the worthlessness of Bolingbroke, and to see Warburton estimated at his proper value. They were both monstrosities, and contributed nothing to the solution of the subjects which they handled. Swift has more of Mr. Stephen’s sympathy than he deserves. But after all allowances are made, the more we know of the eighteenth century the more we shall be convinced that it is justified of its children.

JOHN HUNT.

HABITUAL DRUNKENNESS: A VICE, CRIME, OR DISEASE?

“**W**HO shall be the Rectors of our daily Rioting? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured?” are questions put by Milton in his *Areopagitica*, which have since so greatly swollen in magnitude that they can no longer be answered in his manner, nor the encouragement of sobriety be left as he would have it, “without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanour of every grown man.” The growth of this “national corruption” has been so great since his time that only despair of amendment could seat us on the stool of inaction with folded hands, acknowledging with him that “these things will be and must be;” or if this be so, we are compelled to feel that, how these things “shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a State.”

It is strange that Milton should have drawn so much of his argument for the liberty of unlicensed printing from the supposed liberty of unlicensed drunkenness, seeing that the only law against drunkenness, pure and simple, which we still have, has been on the statute-book from the reign of James I. This statute, which imposes a fine of five shillings, neither more nor less, upon a drunken person, does certainly constitute the act of becoming drunk, however privately or quietly it may be done, into an offence against the law of the land. But notwithstanding the existence and the occasional application of this old statute, most

modern writers on the philosophy of legislation have maintained that private drunkenness ought not to be the subject of legal repression. No one has written more forcibly on this point than Bentham himself, who in his "*Principles of Morals and Legislation*" declares that the primary mischief of drunkenness is "private and self-regarding," and that its secondary mischief of example will not often amount to a danger worthy of notice.

"With what degree of success," he asks, "would a legislator go about to extirpate drunkenness and fornication by dint of legal punishment? Not all the tortures which ingenuity could invent would compass it; and before he had made any progress worth regarding, such a mass of evil would be produced by the punishment as would exceed a thousandfold the utmost possible mischief of the offence. The great difficulty would be in the procuring evidence, an object which could not be attempted with any probability of success, without spreading dismay through every family, tearing the bonds of sympathy asunder, and rooting out the influence of all the social motives. All he can do, then, against offences of this nature with any prospect of advantage in the way of direct legislation, is to subject them, in cases of notoriety, to a slight censure, so as thereby to cover them with a slight shade of artificial disrepute."

In his "*Essay on Liberty*," John Stuart Mill argues this point still more keenly and thoroughly, upon the principle that "no person ought to be punished simply for being drunk;" and he very clearly indicates the conditions and complications which might render punishment for drunkenness justifiable, such as the neglect of public duty, the inability to pay debts or to support and educate a family, and the act of "making himself drunk in a person whom drunkenness excites to do harm to others."

Milton, Bentham, and Mill, then, agree in this, that simple drunkenness ought to be subjected not to the political but to the social sanction, and that "all the legislator can hope to do is to increase the efficacy of private ethics." This to a great extent has been done among the cultured classes by the growth of the sentiment that intemperance is dishonouring and shameful, and among the masses it is being done by the steady increase and influence in this country of temperance societies, which already number three millions of members, affording a large practical and promising answer to Mill's demand for a supplement to the unavoidable imperfections of law, if not in the form of a "powerful police," against this vice, at least in that of a watchful, pervading, and persuasive opinion.

If "no person ought to be punished simply for being drunk," the persistent demand which we hear for a new law under which men may be subjected to long periods of imprisonment because they are in the habit of doing that which ought not to be made an offence is only intelligible on the supposition that the repetition of the vice constitutes a disease. This indeed is the real justifica-

tion for the proposed enactment which the Parliamentary Committee on Habitual Drunkards of 1872 put forward in their report. They say :—

“Occasional drunkenness may, and very frequently does, become confirmed and habitual, and soon passes into the condition of a *disease* uncontrollable by the individual, unless indeed some extraneous influence, either punitive or curative, is brought into play.”

This proposition, however, that confirmed and habitual drunkenness *passes into* the condition of a disease, is a much more limited and cautious one than that which is propounded by the professional advocates of what are called by the euphonious name of Inebriate Asylums. With them habitual drunkenness is itself a disease, caused in some curious physico-metaphysical manner, by what they call paralysis of the will, and manifested by supposed want of control over the conduct. This opinion was frankly expressed in the paper read by Dr. Bodington before the last annual meeting of the British Medical Association, and it is to be found pretty generally announced in the abundant medical literature on the subject. Dr. Bodington says :—

“The confusion between drunkenness as a *disease* and drunkenness as a *vice* must be cleared up. For my part I look upon all habitual drunkenness as a disease, and I would boldly call it all *dipsomania*. It is in its character as a disease that we as physicians are entitled to deal with it. I would sink the notion of its being a mere vicious propensity. When fully developed there are not two kinds of habitual drunkenness. The cases are one and all cases of *dipsomania*, of irresistible, uncontrollable, *morbid impulse* to drink stimulants.”

A still more remarkable instance of the extreme position which has been taken on this question, has been afforded in the proceedings of the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates. At the first meeting of this Association a declaration was issued in which the dogma was solemnly propounded that “intemperance is a disease,” and various papers were subsequently read by Dr. Parrish the president, and others, to explain and maintain this prime article of faith. At the fifth meeting of the Association, Dr. R. P. Harris, the physician to the Franklin Reformatory for Inebriates at Philadelphia, was bold or incautious enough to present a report, in which were certain expressions more in conformity with the name of his Institution than with the creed of his associates. “He regarded drunkenness as a habit, sin, or crime, and did not speak of cases being *cured*, as in a hospital, but *reformed*.” The Association denounced this heresy on the ground that the truth of intemperance being a disease was the base of their organization, failing which their very name would be “a fraud upon the community;” and their Publication Committee was instructed “to return the report to its author, with a request that it be modified

so as to conform with the declaration of the Association, with power to publish such parts of it as they may deem proper." The committee published the *revised report* entire.

America is not quite

"The land where, girt by friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will."

The majority there has a power of excommunication much more active than any which pope or priest ever possessed, and he who questions the dogma of disease among doctors must be liable to the penalty. A dogma put at the head of a declaration too! Why one might almost as well question that great dogma with which the constitution itself commences, "Forasmuch as all men are equal!" It is unfortunately a fact that if you write an assertion of this kind in very large letters, it is often accepted by the world without doubt or question, until belief in it becomes habitual and uncontrollable, and according to those marks a kind of disease; so that belief in the morbid nature of intemperance may itself become morbid, if its passionate, inveterate, and uncontrollable nature is equally admitted as the true characteristic of this condition.

Before making any attempt to examine the real nature of habitual intemperance in drink, it will be fair and right to mention, for the purpose of exception, those instances in which drink has produced common bodily disease, and those in which disease has been the occasion of the drunkenness. Cases of the first kind, in which the mental faculties are not involved, are perhaps the heaviest portion of the curse which strong drink lays upon us; but they do not and cannot enter into this argument.

But that strong drink does often cause disease of the nervous system, with disturbance of its mental functions, and also that such diseases of the mind, arising from other causes, do also give rise to the passion for drink, are facts which can admit of no doubt. Every medical man is more or less conversant with them, and medical men who have made mental diseases a special study are well able to recognize them. The history of such cases, their heredity, periodicity, the intermixture of their mental symptoms with other nervous disorders and defects, the peculiarities of the mental symptoms themselves in certain forms of emotional disturbance and of intellectual aberration and decay, are very well known to physicians who have made madness their study. The number of such cases, enormously exaggerated as they often are, is yet large enough in lunatic asylums and in private practice to afford abundance of experience as to the marks of all those conditions which can truly be called insane drunkenness, or drunken insanity; and they may well be left to

the observation and treatment of the specialist physicians who understand them.

There is, however, another class of cases, fortunately a very small one, but of extreme difficulty to understand. Perhaps also it is fortunate that ignorance of their nature does not seem much to matter, since the physicians who have met with them pronounce them to be absolutely incurable. I refer to those cases for which the learned terms *oinomania* and *dipsomania* were originally invented before the latter term was filched from science to designate vulgar drunkenness. In a somewhat large experience, I have myself never yet met with an undoubted instance of pure *dipsomania*; and I observe that very few examples are on record in medical literature, and that these are copied by one author from another in a manner which sufficiently testifies their rarity. The evidence, however, of credible observers is perhaps sufficient to establish the fact of their occasional occurrence. *Dipsomania* is described as a form of moral insanity manifesting itself in a passion for strong drink, not for its own sake or for the sensations which it produces, but for the gratification of a morbid impulse. As the kleptomaniac steals not for the sake of possessing the thing he steals, and the homicidal maniac destroys life not for the purpose of making any person cease to live, so the dipsomaniac drinks, not because he likes drink or likes to get drunk, but because he has an uncontrollable and morbid impulse to swallow intoxicating liquor. To constitute a pure case of *dipsomania* all other manifestations of unsoundness of mind ought to be eliminated, for if they exist the case is simply one of insanity with one prominent symptom. All other marks of a vicious disposition ought also to be absent, for if they exist, the dipsomaniac is simply a drunkard able to make superfine excuses. To be up to the pattern, he ought to be thoroughly sane and eminently virtuous. For my own part, I suspect that he deviates from the pattern sometimes in the warp and sometimes in the woof, and sometimes in both. However, I am ready to discuss him whenever he appears again, like the great bustard in Norfolk, and I only mention him here in order that he may not suffer the indignity of being mixed up in an argument about vulgar drunkards who are as common among us as sparrows in the hedgerows.

We come then, by process of exclusion, to simple habitual drunkenness, apart from any other symptom of mental disease than the passionate and irrational indulgence of a noxious habit.

Is this a disease or a vice, and ought we to direct our efforts to its cure or to its reform?

To many people the answer will be very simple, seeing that they will consider disease as a condition of the material, and vice as an affection of the immaterial element of our nature; but such

is not my view, and I shall endeavour to consider both terms of the question by the same physiological method. And here it is needful to premise that as there is no such thing as a disease in itself, so there is no such thing as a vice in itself. Doctors have fallen into the habit of realizing and classifying diseases as if they were all composed of various *materies morbi* and were actual things; nay, sometimes, they almost personify them as in the old trope of "the pestilence which walketh in darkness," and moralists have done quite as much for vice. But the idea of a disease, be it ever so specific, can only be a mental creation generalizing diseased bodies, and of a vice the same, generalizing vicious beings. Reality ever attaches to the individual; and here let it attach, say to John Jones, and the question be whether said John Jones, being often drunk, is diseased or vicious?

I think it must be admitted that when said John Jones is actually drunk his organism is in a state of disease, *pro tanto*, as the same must be admitted of him when he has eaten more than he can easily digest, or when he is exhausted by debauchery, or actually suffering disturbance of healthy function from any other sensual excess; for any condition of the organism by which its healthy functions are disturbed, and which, if indefinitely prolonged and increased, would tend to their suspension and even to death, must be called a diseased condition.

The contracted question then comes to be whether John Jones is diseased or vicious while he is still sober, and when he is about to drink the "brewed enchantment," knowing all the effects which it will have upon him?

Now, there are several causes and qualities of this condition which are common to the notion of disease and to that of vice:—

a. The tendency to disease is sometimes hereditary, and so is that to vice.

b. The causes of acquired disease are sometimes small, gradual, and accumulative, and so are those of vice.

c. By continuance and repetition diseased conditions become inveterate, and so do vicious ones, indeed by far the more so; and it would be a happy thing for mankind if the clergy could reform men with the same success which doctors attain in curing them.

d. Disease is cured by removing the cause, *sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus*, and vice is abrogated by the same means; and in both, when the cause returns, the effect is reproduced.

These seem to be the common qualities of the two conditions.

Some of the qualities by which they are differentiated would seem to be:—

a. Disease consists solely and entirely in some change in the organization, which is often known to, and is always thinkable by,

the physician. This is a matter of certainty. But it is not known that vice consists in, or is even accompanied by, any such change. Certain vices may produce such a change, as an effect, but such changes are not known to exist as constituent conditions of vice; and if they do exist, they are too obscure for our present means of observation, or even for our power of thinking of them by analogy or imagination.

If it be admitted that both vice and disease are dependent upon states of the organism, a consideration of one fact will suffice to prove that these states are very different. In the early stages of disease, and especially of nervous and mental disease, there may be no changes after death appreciable by our senses or means of examination; but in later periods of such disease such changes are mostly to be found. But in uncomplicated vice, whatever its duration and whenever death may occur, no such causal changes can be observed.

If there be really no difference between vice and disease, all punishment, nay, even any reprobation, is unjust. Physicians should replace the magistrate and the priest, and courts, prisons, and churches be converted into hospitals.

b. The causes of disease are physical, and the last link in the chain of causation—that is to say, the causal condition—is invariably so. Emotion may be the exciting cause, but there is always a physical link intervening, generally in the form of disordered innervation. The cause of vice, on the other hand, is always moral, even where the conditions of the vice are grossly material and sensual.

c. The remedies for disease are mostly physical and are invariably of a physiological nature. Even “medicine for the mind diseased,” in what is called the moral treatment of insanity, is really directed to the material condition of the organ. The remedies for vice are of a different nature, and are mainly directed to elicit opposing desire, to make indulgence more immediately painful, and to influence the judgment.

d. The successful result of remedies, which in one case we call cure and in the other reform, is very different. The cure of disease establishes a healthy condition of the body; the reform of vice establishes a virtuous condition of mind, and, even should the latter be looked upon as a condition of the emotional functions of the brain, the notion of it is different from that of merely physical health.

e. With some exceptions, persons suffering from mental disease are not conscious of their misfortune. “Le premier degré dans l’homme après la raison,” says La Bruyère, “ce serait de sentir qu’il l’a perdue; la folie même est incompatible avec cette connaissance.” The vicious man is generally conscious of his vice, which,

unless thoroughly brutalized, he regards with shame and remorse. Disease may occasion regret, but not remorse.

f. Few men are diseased, but all are vicious. The one state is an accident to man's nature, the other is an element of it. And, with regard to the vice of drunkenness, there never yet was found a tribe of savages so unsophisticated that they needed more than the opportunity and the first lesson to plung headlong into the abyss. The first debauch may be the fault of ignorance, as perhaps that of Noah was when "he drank of the wine and was drunken;" but the savages of all climes are habitual drunkards *in posse*. And the wild theory that habitual drunkenness is a disease supposes that the existence of a keg of fire-water will convert a camp of Indians into madmen while even they have not yet tasted it, for while they are sober they will barter their possessions, their liberty, almost life itself, for its enjoyment.

If we examine the condition of a man who has what is called an irresistible and uncontrollable desire to imbibe strong drink by these tests, we cannot fail to see that it is not that of disease, but that of vice.

The passion for drink, however habitual and forcible it may be, is not associated with any physical change in the organism. The indulgence of it produces changes which generally lead the drinker through a life of misery to an early grave, but even this effect is not constant, and before it has taken place the organism of the drunkard may be, and sometimes is, a thoroughly healthy one. If alcohol be a poison, it is not a very rapid one; and the statement which Dr. Forbes Winslow made before the Parliamentary Committee, that "very often with chronic drunkards, on examination after death, if you apply a light to the fluid in the ventricles of the brain it ignites into a flame," seems to need verification. If found to be correct, it points to one use to which a drunkard might be applied: he might be distilled.

But a drunkard is such before he is drunken and in his sober intervals, and we are considering the condition of his brain when it is not "saturated with alcohol;" and this, I say, may be perfectly healthy. Excessive indulgence in other sensual vices—lust, for instance—will sometimes cause organic changes, such as softening of the spinal chord, but while the vice is only part of the character there are no such changes; they are the physical results of physical indulgence. The same is even true of the more purely mental vices, as anger, the physical results of which sometimes lead to morbid changes of the heart.

Then the *cause* of the desire to drink, the *motive* influence, is not physical, but moral. A man drinks because he likes it; he likes the taste of the liquor, and still more the exhilaration which follows, and even the *narcosis* which succeeds. There can be no

doubt that drinking, and even drunkenness, is pleasurable to the vast majority of mankind; and if drinking brandy were as harmless as eating ripe fruit, it would be difficult to make it a vice. But the effects on mind and body are such that the present pleasure is grievously outweighed by the subsequent pain. The pain of exhaustion is the first which comes, and drives the man back to the stimulant, weaving the web of habit. The drunkard, like all other vicious men, prefers the present pleasure to the absence of pain in the future, that is, to future pleasure. He is a bad moral calculator, ever running counter to the wise maxim of Seneca, "*Sic præsentibus utaris voluptatibus, ut futuris non noceas.*"

The remedies for *drink craving*, as it has been called, are all moral. Even the inebriate asylum is a moral remedy directed to change the character, not to cure the disease; for if cure only were aimed at, the drunkard would be dismissed in a few days, as soon as he could digest his food and sleep o' nights like sober folk; but the cry is that he must be detained for not less than two years, in order that his character may be changed by absence of temptation. This surely is directed to the moral side of his nature.

All punishment of course is moral; whether it is of that sure and constant form which the drunkard draws upon himself—

"Oh, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries which they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters"—

or the precarious punishment inflicted by the State or by society, its influence is purely moral. But whether by removal of temptation, or by self-inflicted suffering, or by punishment, the result aimed at is always a change in the drunkard's character, not in his health; and this change we call a reform, not a cure. That this change is really so rare is an indication of its nature, the eradication of an inveterate habit of mind. The American physicians who gave evidence before Mr. Dalrymple's Committee asserted that they *cured* 34 per cent. of the drunkards who were admitted into their asylums, and it might be so far true, that this proportion of their patients were sober and healthy when they left their asylums. But the Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland, who possess large opportunities for observation, have come to a very different conclusion as to the frequency of the real reform of a drunkard. These public men of large views and wide experience, who have watched the considerable number of habitual drunkards who place themselves voluntarily in the Scotch asylums, and who also officially visit the Scotch inebriate asylums to see that no really insane persons are detained therein, in their Reports for 1872, 1873, and 1874, stated their opinion that

"It is possible that prolonged compulsory abstinence from alcoholic

liquors may restore to habitual drunkards the power of self-control, and enable them to resist the craving to which when at liberty they succumb. Our experience, however, does not give us much reason to expect this result."

And to this passage in the first of these reports, the following very remarkable addition is made: "*Indeed it would not be easy to point out one single case of permanent and satisfactory reform.*"

The same opinion was expressed to the Parliamentary Committee by Dr. Mitchell, one of these Commissioners, whose wise and cautious evidence ought to have had greater weight with his hearers than their Report indicates. This Committee appears to have examined witnesses with the main purpose of getting evidence in favour of a foregone conclusion, namely, the need of enacting a law for the commitment and incarceration of habitual drunkards in special institutions called inebriate asylums, and indeed the Chairman himself asked one of the witnesses (Q. 462) whether he had "considered the proposition which was lying at the back of this Committee," namely, such an enactment.

Dr. Mitchell, however, plainly told the Committee that "this proposed legislation does not deal with the causes of drunkenness; it deals with the other end of the evil;" and when asked (Q. 1211) by the Chairman whether he thought "that legislation of this kind would tend to diminish drunkenness throughout the country," Dr. Mitchell replied:—

"I do not think it would; such legislation as is here contemplated would not tend to diminish drunkenness, except perhaps by its indirect effect in making the young feel that it was disgraceful ever to be drunk, and a dangerous thing to be often drunk, as that might lead to compulsory work and loss of liberty. In such legislation as is contemplated at present, we are simply mitigating a mischief, the growth of which we have made no well-directed effort to check. I should like to see it a compulsory part of all education for which the State pays, that the young should be taught that it is their duty to understand the laws by which God governs the world, and to pay a reverential respect to them."

This is true wisdom, and would be right statescraft were it acted upon. Create a new sentiment among the people with regard to this most mischievous and degrading vice, and such a change of conduct will take place in the substratum of society as within a few years we have seen in its surface layer. If from public funds we were to create inebriate asylums for the drunken masses, "we should ruin the sober and well-doing, the class is so large." We should, moreover, teach the pernicious doctrine that drunkenness is an uncontrollable morbid impulse, to be cured by treatment in a kind of hospital, and therefore that it is not a degrading vice to be resisted in its first beginnings, or to be overcome by resolute effort in its progress.

With regard to upper-class drunkards, for whose benefit public

time and money was mainly spent by the Parliamentary Committee, it needs some patience to consider calmly all the maudlin sentiment which is written about them. Of late years the upper class of English has become sober, and its growing opinion stamps drunkenness more and more as a disgrace; and that some small proportion of its members are left behind in the shameful indulgence of the old vice is certainly not a matter of national concern. But they will ruin themselves! No doubt, and why should they not? Their possessions will be better placed in sober hands, and their undeserved social position will be yielded to the advance of more worthy candidates. But they will kill themselves! And this also is more likely than lamentable, especially if they leave no offspring to inherit the curse of their qualities. It would be a national, nay a world-wide blessing if alcohol were really the active poison which it is so often represented to be, that men who indulge in it might die off quickly. The French have somewhat improved upon pure spirit in this direction by the invention of absinthe, which causes epilepsy, and the Americans, with their vile compounds of raw whisky taken into empty stomachs, are far ahead of ourselves. An American drunkard who sticks to his work has a much better prospect of finishing it within a reasonably short time than the Englishman, whose usual habit it is to drink less poisonous liquor with or after food.

And if habitual drunkenness is so inveterate a vice that the Scotch Commissioners, in all their vast experience, have never met with a satisfactory instance of reform, is it not better, on all hands, that it should run a short than a long course? The thorough-going drunkard soon puts an end to his worthless existence, and there the evil stops; but he who prolongs the agony remains for an indefinite number of years a disgrace to his people and a danger to society, and, worse than all, sows the foul seed of hereditary mischief.

Happily, drunkenness is a direct cause of sterility, to the extent of two-thirds of the children who would otherwise be born to sober parents, according to Lippich. But when drunkards do commit the *crime*, as Mill calls it, "of bestowing a life" which certainly has not "the ordinary chances of a desirable existence," the beneficent law of nature steps in to prevent the permanent degradation of the race. Morel of Rouen has shown, in his remarkable work on "*Les Dégénérescences Humaines*," how surely the race of the drunkard dies out in two or three generations after passing through the phases of nervous decay which we recognize as hereditary insanity and sterile idiocy. It is a new and awful example of the great conservative law of the Survival of the Fittest.

But the desire is uncontrollable, and therefore the indulgence is innocent.

This may be said of all desire which culminates in conduct; and in a certain sense, all desire is uncontrollable which is not controlled. Hence the sin is really in the mind, not in the action. But is the desire for drink uncontrollable? Wonderful stories have descended to us from Marc, Macnish, and other old authors as to drunkards preferring a plunge into Tartarus to abstention from one draught of brandy; and perhaps they are truly recorded. But to a drunkard Tartarus seems a long way off, and perhaps he thinks will not be very hot after all. Moreover it does not cost him much to say what he would dare to do. Has any one tried in vain upon a drunkard the certain infliction of an immediate pain, or the refusal of a pleasure greater than his drink? I can give a case in which the pleasure was not apparently very great. Many old Rugbeians will remember, as I do, J. S., the clever, amusing drunkard, who used to entertain their boyhood with music and legerdemain in the dining halls. After a heavy debauch he made a bet of one guinea with Mr. Sam Bucknill, the old school doctor, that he would not get drunk again for a twelvemonth, and he won it. He waited until midnight of the last day of his sobriety, and then steadily recommenced the process of drinking himself into his grave. He was never sober again.

There is, however, one practical, business-like point of view from which the agitation for a law of compulsory detention in inebriate asylums has arisen. We learn from Dr. Peddie's paper read before the last meeting of the British Medical Association that these institutions under the present law are *not remunerative*, because the inmates will not remain in them a sufficient length of time to make them so. This fact, that they do not pay, has prevented such a liberal expenditure as would make them attractive; for Dr. Peddie thinks that the bodily comforts and the amusements of the incarcerated drunkards ought to be very carefully provided for, "pleasing the palate with good culinary arrangements," "inducements for sport in the way of fishing and shooting," and the prison bars generally gilded as much as possible. If Parliament will only be so good as to pass a law which will sanction "compulsory commitments" and "prolonged detentions," then these enterprises would come to resemble the "many existing and thriving lunatic retreats."

This is outspoken at least, but whether Parliament will come to the rescue "of inebriate institutions which have struggled under cramping difficulties" by adopting a new principle of criminal legislation seems more than doubtful. The knot seems scarcely worthy of such unravelment. It was unfortunate that Mr. Dalrymple, earnest and honest as he was, should have visited the United States to study the operation of the inebriate laws at the

time he did. And still more so that his Committee should have been so much led by the evidence of his American witnesses. Even that cautious and enlightened statesman Dr. Playfair has admitted that his opinion, originally hostile to the proposed law, was changed by the evidence he heard, although I think at the present time he holds his judgment in suspense. When Mr. Dalrymple visited the States, the inebriate asylums there possessed to some extent the confidence of the public. And the Empire State and the Keystone State, and also the city of New York even, possessed such institutions of their own at Binghampton and Media and Ward's Island, supported partly out of public funds. Moreover, State laws had been enacted and were in operation authorizing the commitment and compulsory detention of habitual drunkards in these asylums. Moreover, the Government of Upper Canada had built, or were building, an inebriate asylum at Hamilton, and had passed an Act similar to the New York Act to authorize commitment and detention therein. The inebriate asylum movement was in the early swing of apparent success, and the statements of results were readily accepted from the enthusiastic but interested men of whose worth and work they were a measure. I have carefully read the evidence which Mr. Dalrymple gave before his own Committee, and I am bound to say that under the circumstances in which he saw the inebriate institutions of America it seems to me eminently fair and impartial. It could not fail to have an immense effect upon the minds of the other members of his Committee. But, in addition, the Committee examined at great length Dr. Parrish, the superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Asylum at Media, and Dr. Dodge, the superintendent of the New York State Asylum at Binghampton, who supplemented Mr. Dalrymple's evidence with statements of facts of which they professed to be cognizant, and especially with the very weighty fact that they absolutely cured about 34 per cent. of their drunkard patients, though, indeed, in one place Dr. Parrish says, "There is no such thing as a permanent cure of anything."

Last year I visited the United States, and found that the condition and position of inebriate asylums there had undergone a great change since Mr. Dalrymple's visit in 1871. First I will mention changes of public notoriety. The State Inebriate Asylum at Media had been suppressed because it was said to be a failure. The New York Inebriate Asylum in Ward's Island had been ordered to be suppressed for the same reason. At Binghampton Dr. Dodge had left, and Dr. Congdon was carrying on his work with no better success. The Government at Albany had consented to give the institution a trial for one more year, after which time, unless it redeemed its character, the building was to be

devoted to other purposes. In consequence of the failure in the States, the Government of Upper Canada had converted the building they had erected for an inebriate asylum into a lunatic asylum, and they had repealed the statute for the control of inebriates.

The New York statute has not been repealed, but it has been decided in the Supreme Court that it is unconstitutional, and it is therefore now never acted upon. The ground of this decision was that an intemperate American is a citizen not only of his own State, but of the United States, and that the State has no right to deprive a citizen of the United States of his liberty for conduct which is not criminal. In America the law is strained to permit drunkards who are not insane to be sent to asylums. In Maryland they are classified in a ward apart, and Dr. Conrad, the superintendent of the State Hospital there, said in a public discussion at which I was present—

“We have one hall [ward] devoted to inebriates or dipsomaniacs. The experience which I have had in the hospital has been confined to a class known as dipsomaniacs. Many have been coming to the hospital for several years, scarcely making an endeavour to withhold from drinking three days. *I do not know of a single case where a cure has been effected by confinement.*”

My own impressions of the inebriate asylums of America—and I visited six of them—are most unfavourable. I believe the treatment of habitual drunkards for the cure of their supposed disease to be unsound from top to bottom and everywhere. I make no exception; for the only institution in which I did find good, honest, earnest work being done was the Inebriate *Reformatory* at Philadelphia, in the management of which the idea of curing a disease is steadfastly put on one side. All honour is due to the devoted men and women who labour in this place at the regeneration of their fallen fellow-citizens. But elsewhere I saw and heard nothing to show that any earnest effort was being made to change the habits of the inmates, or that the so-called institutions were anything more or better than boarding houses within the walls of which the open consumption of strong drink was discountenanced; “capital places to pick up in after a debauch,” as more than one inmate told me; “but good for nothing else.” All the inmates whom I questioned admitted that without the slightest difficulty they could obtain what drink they liked during their daily walks, and with still greater freedom some of them ridiculed the supposed restraints of other institutions through which they had previously passed. It was not one of the labours of Hercules even to have a private store of drink within the asylum. The physician to a neighbouring hospital told me that on the occasion of some private theatricals at the inebriate asylum for the city of New

York, he visited four of the inmates in their own rooms, and each one of them was able to offer him the choice of spirits out of his own cupboard. In fact, these American inebriate asylums seemed in some way to be part of the great whisky fraud.

At Binghampton especially, which I visited in company with Dr. John Gray of Utica, and Dr. Burr, one of the governors, the utter hollowness, or rather the total absence of any attempt at discipline and treatment, was most obvious. One young man I did find shut up in a small room in the basement, and I was told that he had been there for ten days for repeated acts of drunkenness and for abusing the doctor. His friends refused to remove him, and the doctor hesitated to turn him out of doors penniless. But the other inmates, whom I found an educated, intelligent set of men, spoke very freely of the absence of all restraint. I was also told that the conversation and behaviour of the inmates, most of whom had led dissolute lives, was far more amusing than edifying. On the whole I came to the conclusion, that if Binghampton does cure 34 per cent. of habitual drunkards, the air of the place must be remarkably salubrious.

I heard also some account of those domestic mischiefs which Bentham anticipated in the passage I have quoted; of intemperate husbands who had been robbed of liberty that their wives might enjoy license, and of other abuses which the evil passions of men and women are sure to suggest, with such a facile instrument as *lettres de cachet* for an imputed vice, for they referred to the time when committals were in force. On going through these institutions my mind was strongly moved with the inward question—how am I to know that these people are habitual drunkards or drunkards at all? In a lunatic asylum I can pick out any sane man who is wrongfully detained, but these men differ in nothing from myself except that they are said to be more prone to yield to a certain temptation. If compulsory detention be permitted, will it not often be used most wrongfully? for no one can distinguish the right from the wrong persons to whom it may be applied. But even if these places had been as successful as they have been the opposite, what sufficient precedent could they afford for a grave change in our law? They are occupied by a small number of inmates drawn from the well-to-do classes of society, of whom Mr. Dalrymple says, "The thing which struck me very forcibly was the *exceeding luxury* of the better class of patients, but then they pay £10 a week."

Probably all the inebriate asylums of the United States do not contain 250 inmates, a very small datum to draw heavy conclusions from. We have larger material than that in the inebriate asylums of our own country, from which we might, if we took the trouble, obtain trustworthy statistics. I do not know what the

statistics of permanent reform in them may be, although, judging from the freely expressed opinions of medical men, they are by no means encouraging. The superintendent of one of the best of them, however, let me a little behind the scene as to what became of his old patients. He told me that the number of patients who passed through his house during the year was considerable, that not a week passed without patients going out and new ones coming in, and that of those whose history he had been able to follow, a very large proportion died within two years; and this is exactly what a physician would expect.

Finally, I think we have no data which would justify us in appealing to the legislature for a new law, which would curtail in a most anomalous manner the liberty of the subject, on the plea of promoting the cure of habitual drunkenness. I do not think this fear of interference with the liberty of the subject "balderdash," as it was called at the British Medical Association meeting. Habitual drunkenness which can be distinguished as a form of mental disease can be dealt with under the lunacy laws. A London physician told the Parliamentary Committee that he had a great many such patients in his private asylum. "Perhaps there had been a little undue straining of the law to receive them," but there had been "faint scintillations of aberration," &c., which justified the medical man in certifying the insanity.

There need, however, be no straining of the lunacy laws when any real symptoms of insanity coexist with habitual drunkenness; though as a matter of convenience, regarding the detail of treatment, such cases might perhaps be classified apart, either in separate wards or in a separate asylum.

It is no part of the duty of the State to deal by penal enactments with intentions and dispositions, and therefore, in dealing with drunkenness, it can only regard the overt act. Mr. Hill, the late recorder of Birmingham, once proposed that it should be made legal for the police to secure and detain all the well-known habitual criminals of that town, forming an extremely small fractional part of its inhabitants, by which preventive measure he showed that crime with all its consequences could be almost abolished; but the mischief and danger of punishing a man for what he might do in the future was at once recognized.

The overt acts of the drunkard ought to be punished in such a way as to make them a real warning, and especially the act of public drunkenness, which is a kind of indecent exposure; also failure through drunkenness to maintain children, and indeed all drunken conduct which invades the rights of others; and there can be no just reason why the punishment for such acts should not be accumulative. It is unreasonable that magistrates should have to commit the same person from fifty to a hundred times for

a constantly-repeated offence, and the remedy would appear to be a *penitentiary* for habitual drunkard offenders, in which they should be compelled to earn their maintenance, and from which they should be released *on trial*, and live for a time under the surveillance of the police.

Until some evidence has been procured that adult drunkards are capable of being reformed, all public money expended on *reformatories* ought to be devoted to the reformation of the young whose vices and crimes are to so great an extent the effect of parental intemperance.

Although the duty of the State does not extend to the punishment of private and self-regarding vice, it is bound to prevent public temptation to vice. It cannot prevent incontinence, but it suppresses brothels; it cannot stop gambling, but it closes betting-houses. So, therefore, it seems to be the bounden duty of the State to place the sale of strong drink under stringent regulation; to the effect that the trader in drink may not be the pander of drunkenness.

Moreover, the ruling powers of the State ought to enforce the equitable administration of the law, so that it shall not be overstrained in Birmingham nor relaxed in Glasgow, and drunkenness made the special curse of a locality.

But, above all, the opinion and the influence of each right-thinking and right-feeling individual member of the aggregate which forms the State ought to be and must be brought to bear against this grievous evil. And when we consider the immense change in public opinion in this respect since the days of our youth; when we see the clergy of all creeds, from the Catholic cardinal to the common ranter, for the first time in our history earnestly denouncing the drunkard as a miserable sinner; when we see gentlemen regarding the vice which was fashionable with their fathers as the extreme mark of vulgarity; when the legislature has already stamped drunkenness with the fitting sign of disgrace, by placing the policeman's hand upon the shoulder of any sot reeling along the highway; when the professed enemies of drink are enrolled in an army of three millions; and the foundations of a national education have at last been laid, we may feel assured of the steady increase of that national opinion, the only soil in which a national temperance can take firm root.

It is not drunkenness we wish to punish, but temperance we wish to promote; and to conclude, as I began, with Milton's words, "Were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil-doing."

JOHN CHARLES BUCKNILL.

PROBLEMS OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

A READY recognition of the merits of foreign nations is a prominent characteristic of the educated English mind, and our public opinion presents scarcely any medium between the prejudices of the rapidly expiring John Bull and a more than cosmopolitan admiration for everything that John Bull was least likely to become. The delusions arising from this double source are not easily dispelled, because the first appreciation of a national life and character requires deep knowledge of facts and an independent judgment of them; whilst this degree of knowledge generally implies, or induces, a sympathy which renders an independent judgment impossible. We must, therefore, be the more grateful to a contemporary French writer for his impartial discussion of those problems of French social and political existence which occupy so important a place in English thought; those amongst us to whom such questions are in themselves least interesting may not least appreciate the discrimination and the candour which he has brought to bear upon them.

M. J. Milsand, of Dijon, has published, within the last two years, a small volume entitled, "Les Etudes Classiques et l'Enseignement Public." Consisting mainly, as we are told in the preface, of an essay presented in 1870 to the Academy of Strasburg, but prepared long before that date, it was therefore, as the author continues, by no means extemporized under the pressure of national affliction, but containing, as it does, a brief but searching analysis of the

mental conditions to which French education requires to be adapted, he offers it to his country in her day of trouble, in the hope that it may prove a slender assistance to the courageous examination of her own case, by which alone she may yet be saved. It is at once a system of education, and a challenge to the French people to recognize those peculiarities of character which constitute its especial necessity for it.

The writer begins by calling attention to the fact that the circumstances under which the need of a radical educational reform has imposed itself on the minds of his countrymen are by no means favourable to its success. The sense of a common humiliation and a common danger is calculated, it is true, to coerce and stimulate the floating impulses of the nation into a united effort for the general good; but it is not sufficient to create an enlightened consciousness of what the general good requires. No such consciousness can be attained whilst Frenchmen of all parties and opinions agree "in reasoning on recent events in France as if they had to interpret universal history;" tacitly assuming that their misfortunes, and even their mistakes, were produced by such general causes as would everywhere else have had the same results; and he thinks it only too probable that the resolutions by which present adversities will be met will be vitiated by all the evil tendencies by which they were brought about. France is divided now, as formerly, between a party of "blind regrets" and a party of "blind desires;" between those who would rescue the nation by a return to mediæval ignorance, and the larger class of hopeful dreamers and enthusiasts who regard the diffusion of ideas as its only means of redemption; and it is precisely this latter class, it is the champions of education themselves, who constitute the greatest, because the most insidious, obstacle to it.

M. Milsand is no upholder of ignorance and the negative virtues which are its best result, and he upholds it the less for his own country that the authority no longer exists which could extract a virtue from it. There are no longer in France "any undisputed convictions," "any general feelings," capable of becoming the law of the individual life, and raising it above the tyranny of its own desires. She has broken the thread of her history, destroyed to their very foundations the beliefs and institutions which represented the condensed experience of the past, and has, therefore, no alternative but to abandon her multitudes to the control of impulse and circumstance, or to educate them to an independent consciousness of what is right; but it is this moral education of which he urges the necessity, and in the general cry for more knowledge that necessity has no voice. The Austrian saying, that it was the Prussian schoolmaster who

won the victory, is largely echoed in France, and he sees a deeply rooted national delusion concealed behind it. Let us, he says, be honest towards ourselves. It is not merely her superior artillery and her superior geographical attainment, which have constituted the military force of Germany. It lies also in her discipline and in her public spirit; in the foresight without which she would not have felt the necessity of preparation; in the disposition of her chiefs to fulfil the duty of chiefs rather than to assert their personality or consult their own ease; in the disposition of her soldiers to fulfil the duties of obedience; to recognize a duty stronger than their own inclinations, and a necessity which took no account of what they hated or what they desired. And that which has rendered France powerless abroad and divided at home, has not been her deficiency in material appliances or geographical knowledge.

"It has been the collective sins of omission and commission which have led us to have neither material of war, nor good military command, nor a public goodwill capable of harmonizing the interests of the various classes, nor journals that would publish the truth. And all these particular faults have been in their turn the consequences of one and the same defect; of a tendency which has been common to our socialists and our peasants, to our *bourgeois* and our aristocracy, to our ignorant and our thinkers, to our pietists and our unbelievers. All, with their different sympathies and antipathies, have found their one determining motive in the love of that which was pleasing to them, and the hatred of that which was not. All have expended their intelligence, their imagination, and their energy in seeking before all things the satisfaction of their own desires and the means of getting rid of the men and things which opposed them. The indiscipline of soldiers, the carelessness of chiefs, the promotions by influence and favour, the selection of generals for the compliance that might be expected from them, and without regard to the protection of the country, through men whom the foreigner would be unable to tempt; the infatuation of parties and their erroneous movement dictated by a constant disposition to subordinate public interests to their own political aims, are all to be explained by this one cause."

The constant prayer has been, "My will be done."

Self-discipline, resting upon self-knowledge, is the alpha and omega of M. Milsand's theory of education, and it is difficult to give a just prominence to his direct advocacy of such discipline without appearing to disprove his equally strong conviction of the importance of intellectual culture in promoting it; because he is addressing himself to a nation in which some constant moral or psychological deficiency has impeded the work of culture, and the removing of this deficiency is therefore with him the first object of education. But the barest outline of his system places it beyond the possibility of being misunderstood; it is the employment of intellectual no less than moral means for the production of a moral result. There is something distinctive in the position which he thus assumes towards the two opposite tendencies of modern

thought. No rationalist of the present day could demand a wider area for education or impute to it a deeper influence, not only on the conscious motives to action but on those unconscious impulses which are its only unfailing springs; but no religious or political conservative could be more convinced that the ultimate object of education is to enforce the existing social order rather than to destroy it. *Responsibility*, not *Rights*, is his watchword. In proposing to educate the masses, he proposes simply to substitute in their minds the idea of law for that of arbitrary compulsion, and the idea of an impersonal necessity for that of a despotic personal power. He detests despotism, whether moral, intellectual, or social, mainly because it renders self-discipline, in the true sense of the word, impossible. Every portion of his work is a protest, direct or indirect, against the blind subjection to which the impulsiveness of the French mind so readily consigns it; and the condemnation of indiscriminate freedom is no less apparent in his criticism of mob rule, and of the mental delusions by which it is sustained. At this moment, he says, the idea of regenerating France through the lower strata of her population appeals to her favourite inclinations and her favourite dislikes. There is a satisfaction in saying that the *bourgeoisie* is worn out; that there is no longer any vitality except in the people; and that every effort ought to be made to qualify them for the political influence through which they may open out a new future to their country. There could be no greater mistake.

"France will never be saved through the intelligence of her multitudes; workmen and peasants will never understand political problems. Legislative reason is her last term of intellectual and moral development. . . .

"With the half-culture which alone is possible for them, the masses cannot perceive, cannot even try to perceive, the thousand forces in play. They barely rise to the spirit of clan. At best they expend their energies in imagining or discovering the best means of regulating the universe, for the pleasure of their particular class. . . . They supply the elementary data of society, the divers forms of energy which the intelligence of the country is called upon to co-ordinate and to harmonize; but as for expecting from any one group of such energies the goodwill or the wisdom that would discover a compromise satisfactory to all, that is absurd."

The remedies which the writer prescribes for the moral disorder of his country are more open to discussion than his expressed judgments upon it. In the one case he has had to deal with obvious external facts, in the other with mental relations which are always remote and often difficult to test; but his most speculative ideas are always a reflection of existing facts, and involve a continued criticism of them; they cannot, therefore, be dissociated from the practical statements which constitute the immediate interest of the work; and his belief in a peculiar adaptability of certain branches of study to the French mind gives at the same time a very novel and suggestive character to his treatment of

them. This is especially the case with respect to classical studies, to the discussion of which his essay is, in great measure, devoted.

The generally instructive qualities of classic languages and literature find little or no place in this discussion. The author not only assumes that these qualities have never been denied, but is disposed to believe that a too blind admiration for classic antiquity has been in great measure to blame for the equally blind reaction now setting in against it; but he regards Greek and Latin as a primary necessity of French education, by reason of the continued affinity of the French mind to the mental conditions under which Greek and Roman literature were produced. France has remained Roman at least, whilst England and Germany have ceased to be so. The two great Teutonic nations have outgrown their Roman childhood, whilst in France traditions, institutions, and language have all tended to its perpetuation. France is still under the physical law of antiquity, and he considers therefore that to study its languages and literature is to study her own being, under a larger and more objective form. He does not on this account entirely regret the fact that classic studies are now regarded in France with an indifference almost amounting to dislike. They have been hitherto pursued in a mistaken spirit, in a spirit at least which would henceforward be mistaken. The reaction against classic authority is not a mere protest against æsthetic or literary discipline; it is part of a general impulse towards a freer intellectual life, and is quickened moreover by a sense of intellectual failure none the less wholesome that its causes and its remedy are, as yet, imperfectly understood. France has become ashamed of her long bondage to the authority of Greece and Rome. It is painful to her to remember that she has been the natural home of absolute monarchism, of dramatic unities of every kind. She likes to think that it was the fault of antiquity, and she accuses her ancient masters, in mingled anger and regret, of having checked her originality, impeded her progress, and compelled her, in more than one respect, to envy the literature and copy the institutions of other nations. But unfortunately for herself she knows no compromise. Her every impulse is one-sided in its intensity. Elsewhere the desire of innovation does not stifle all respect for the past; but with the Frenchman *memory is short, will spasmodic*: he tears up his travelling clothes when he is tired of moving about, and is equally ready to burn his bed when he has had enough rest; and the result of this mental constitution is an irresistible tendency to embrace a new despotism in every attempt to shake off an old one. The writer passes in review the varieties of opinion through which the French mind has lived since the middle of the last century, and shows that during this period its wildest

attempts at freedom have been a simple transfer of its allegiance from one form of tyranny to another. Whether supporting for the moment the metaphysical belief in abstract truth and an abstract reason by which it is revealed to us; or Rousseau's gospel of nature; or Fourier's law of the passions; or the utilitarian doctrines of St. Simon and the Communists, France has found no medium between the suppression of instinct and its elevation to an universal law; and in both extremes she has betrayed the same conviction that salvation lay in some infallible external rule; the same indifference to the necessity of that individual discipline which is only created from within. She has finally thrown herself into the arms of the Positive Philosophy. She regards this only as a more organized form of the prevailing superstition.

M. Milsand is firmly convinced that this power of dogma within the French nation is the Nemesis of its still pagan modes of thought, of the *pagan temperament* which it has inherited from its Latin forefathers, and which no experience has been able to change. It is bound up with the belief in the omnipotence of external causes, and this belief he declares to be common to the modern Frenchman and the Greek of the time of Homer, as it is to children and to savages of all countries and all times. They all equally assume that a red or blue object is so independently of our sight, and that if we like or dislike, dread or desire, we do so because we are in presence of something which is inherently adequate to the production of this feeling; and this assumption is the implicit denial of all the subjective conditions of life; of that world of pre-formed impulses which determines our ideas or guides our actions in despite of them; in short, of the one element in human destiny which, being subject to education, is more or less directly amenable to human control. All his educational endeavours tend towards the arousing of this missing sense of the personal element in experience, and all his criticisms tend to prove that the traditions, the language, and, above all, the philosophy of modern France, are not only based on the absence of this most necessary condition of human knowledge, but are calculated to maintain it.

Many persons who mistrust the ultimate tendency of Positivism may dispute this sweeping condemnation of its immediate results. M. Milsand declares that it makes education impossible by limiting the objects and prescribing the methods of study; above all, that it makes self-knowledge impossible by stifling subjective speculation, or rather subjective analysis, in the study of objective facts. In so doing he overlooks an important feature in the case. Positivism, as such, represents objective truth as the only region of knowledge, but it also represents the subjective conditions of experience as an essential part of it. No system of thought

conveys so full a recognition of those laws of temperament the existence and the tyranny of which his whole work is intended to expose. We must, however, remember that he is speaking of the doctrine as he has known it in France, where, to use his own words, it has become the commonplace of national thought, and where, therefore, it can only be reflected under the aspect most congenial to the national mind; and it is a striking confirmation of his estimate of the tendency of the French mind that it remained for a French thinker to convert the largeness of a philosophic method into the narrowness of a sectarian belief, and the systematic recognition of the limitations of human knowledge into the virtual denial of everything which transcends it.

"It is true," to use his own words, "that the influence of Greece and Rome plays a considerable part in the legislative and entirely objective spirit which adheres so tenaciously to the new-Latin races; but the ancient tradition, which so weighs down our moral being as to prevent our acquiring the faculties in which the ancients were deficient, does not proceed from their literature as studied in our schools; it is a question of family characteristics, which we receive by inheritance or contagion. They are present alike in the child or the workman who have never read a classical book; in the Positivist and in the Metaphysician, in the Atheist and the Radical, in the Legitimist and the Ultramontane Catholic. In short, if we are not born with the Roman temperament, we are born into a world in which everything tends to transmit and to maintain it; and since it is so, since we should not shake off this influence by throwing into the fire all the writings of Greece and Rome, we must fain have recourse to a better specific."

The remedy which M. Milsand prescribes is closely allied to the disease. He believes that all the delusions which antiquity has engendered have their antidote in antiquity itself, because they are there exhibited on an historic scale, and in their historic process of formation. The language and literature of Rome are, to the French student, an enlarged reflection of his own nature, and therefore his best assistance in the striving to know and to subdue it; and Greece and Rome alike teach him how powerful an agent is that nature itself in determining his judgment of all things both within and without it. But they will only yield this lesson to a critical method of inquiry, and the method hitherto pursued by classic instruction has been the very reverse of critical; it has been exclusively practical and dogmatic, and the disrepute into which it has fallen bears all the appearance of justice. It has created no great philologists; it has failed amongst the most enlightened to keep up the respect for antiquity; as a rule it has not even attempted to become an instrument of education in the larger sense of the word. The educators of France have had no perception of any but intrinsic values, no belief in any but objective truths; and her systems of classical teaching have all expressed the prevailing delusion that there exists one unvarying rule of beauty and fitness, and that it was the function

of classic literature to reveal it. She has raked the surface of antiquity for isolated grains of knowledge, instead of seeking out the central inspirations, by aid of which the modern mind may evolve all knowledge for itself. And in thus neglecting its indirect powers of instruction for its direct ones, she has, in M. Milsand's opinion, preferred the most limited results to such as are practically unlimited. He dwells with all the force of his imagination on the human and therefore historic interest of antiquity. To his mind its recorded experiences are typical of the two first phases of all historic and individual growth. The imaginative life from which Greece has created the permanent language of poetic art has never ceased to constitute the earliest transformation of direct experience; and that second phase of human thought in which direct experience is farther transformed into regulative law, is typified in the legislative intelligence of Rome. Where it has stood still, it has yet broken the way before it, and it holds out a guiding hand in the future no less than in the past. It tells a tale of Herculean combat waged against the fatalities of ignorance—of a self-organizing power grandly employed against the blindness of disconnected impulse. By its assistance the modern mind has been able to disentangle the strange confusion of old ideas and crude instincts, of pagan elements and Jewish recollections, that made up its composite existence; and if we accept its aid, it will do no less for each individual of the present day. It will quicken his passage through the pagan period of early life—that age of imagination and pure intelligence in which the mind works only in the service of desire—by enabling him to exhaust it the more rapidly, and thus hasten his entrance upon the highest phase of consciousness, that true moral maturity in which the mind sits in judgment upon the desires, and employs its whole experience to enlarge them.

We have used the word "desires" as a rough equivalent for temperament; but in its subsequent occurrence it must be given literally. The writer goes on to say that, if the national temperament be extended, that study of antiquity which has hitherto been an obstacle to progress will become a sure means of attaining it:—

"Let our temperament remain what it is, and it will avail us nothing to abandon letters for science, monarchy for a republic, or Catholicism for independent morality; the immobility of our mind will continue to retain us, as it has done for years, in a perpetual circle of political and literary revolutions, from which nothing can result. Our theories and our insurrections will be all perfectly just in their negations and in their antipathies; but in that which they affirm they will only return to one or other of the worn-out methods of the past. They resume paganism under the name of Positivism, the Catholicism of Hildebrandt under the name of religious restoration, monarchic despotism under the name of republic."

The mental, as distinct from the moral treatment by which

M. Milsand would strive to liberate his country from the dangers of unrecognized impulse, resolves itself mainly into an appeal to the imagination, or at least to that inner sense which is so often synonymous with it. In this spirit his whole scheme of classical instruction is conceived. It will vary in detail, according to the pupil's degree of advancement, but its uniform object will be that which we have already indicated, to present to him the literature of Greece and Rome, not in an oracular or didactic form, but as an illustrated history of human thought and human imagination. He must be encouraged to conceive for himself what was the actual mental life of the Greeks and Romans, to compare it with his own, to appreciate the similarity of temperament underlying the difference of idea; and finally to recognize, in its characteristic blending of power and weakness, a natural and important phase of human consciousness, but one which, by the very nature of things, has passed away never to return. He gives some striking instances of the manner in which isolated words may assist in such a scheme, by the clue which they afford to contemporary modes of thought. The employment in Latin of the verb *sentire* suggests the belief that Rome regarded thought in the manner of Condillac and Broussais—as a direct reproduction of external things. The frequent occurrence of *consilium* in the various acceptations assigned to it by Latin authors would appear to prove that calculation was with them the sole principle of wisdom. The Greek dual recognizable in the term *utroque* may be made to foreshadow that idea of a double principle of existence so familiar to the religious and philosophic imagination of the Greek and other Aryan races.

The uses of Greek and Latin play an all-important part in this psychological plan of training; and on mere educational grounds M. Milsand would give the immediate preference to Greek, as being essentially the language of youth; essentially calculated to supply the opening mind with the imaginative symbols which are the necessary forerunners of thought: but the close relation of Latin to French gives it, in his opinion, a prior claim to attention, as well as an unequalled importance in every successive stage of education. Like every foreign language, it compels the child who employs it in translation or otherwise to detach his thoughts from any hackneyed expression with which habit may have confused them, and, as it were, to think them anew; and unlike any other, Greek excepted, it breaks through the routine of his mind without disturbing its character; it does not reproduce French forms of expression, but it reproduces, more faithfully than French itself, the original conceptions from which those expressions were derived. To the more advanced student it is a ready-made system of self-examination.

"The transparent words by which the Romans rendered their ideas naturally place before our eyes the exact image of the modes of thought that still limit the number and nature of the conceptions which we accept, both as a complete terminology and as the intrinsic essence of things."

Finally, it possesses the still more obvious and more comprehensive function of supplying the deficiencies of French for every purpose to which language as such can be applied. Of these purposes, the most prominent for good or evil in M. Milsand's mind is its reactive influence on thought. The belief in such an influence, as more radical and more extensive than it is generally imagined to be, is closely interfused with his whole conception of life, and therefore of education; and although the direct aim and practical treatment of his present work disclaim for it any speculative intention, it contains all the elements of a treatise not on the science of language, but on its philosophy. He reproaches modern philologists with having contented themselves with extending the knowledge of the processes by which language is formed, whilst they ignored its reflective action on the moral being of humanity; and he defines his own position more clearly still by declaring that this action can alone account for the propagation of divergent mental characteristics amongst kindred races, and of common habits of thought amongst those in which natural differences have continued to assert themselves. The power for evil which he imputes to language is passive, and the more absolute on that account. He does not imagine that it can stimulate mental growth in any false direction, but he believes it can repress it in every direction not predetermined by itself. "It has the effect of a steel garment" or casing in which a body has become imprisoned. He is convinced that the Latin language in its modern form has been the chief agent in the transmission of the pagan spirit, the chief instrument by which "Roman logic" has continued to exercise "its heaviest of all oppressions" on the French mind; and he urges the study of Latin for all classes of Frenchmen, not as a foreign language, but as an integral part of their mother-tongue, that the meaning of its fossilized words may be neutralized by a fuller revelation, and that those words themselves may be in some measure revived by the inflowing current of actual human emotion. He desires his readers to remember that French is essentially a dead language, a mere aggregate of Latin roots, from which all trace of organic life has disappeared; and that a Frenchman brought up in the exclusive knowledge of his mother-tongue is literally without a verbal medium of emotional communication. The most complex results of his impressions and thoughts find no means of expression beyond a collection of "ossified polysyllables" employed to denote certain ideas, but possessing no more descriptive value, no more power of awakening such ideas by means of their corresponding image, than if they

were so many pebbles flung by one person at the ear of another. He is imprisoned in a vocabulary of ready-made and unchangeable words, names of things and their qualities, and his utterances are therefore restricted to judgments formed by the understanding upon things and qualities. As a natural result, that primal faculty of the mind by which direct impressions become transformed into personal ideas is atrophied within him, and he remains for life a pagan, a stranger to his own consciousness, a slave to the belief in imaginary and intellectual existences which are not even hallucinations of his own brain. With a mental constitution thus diseased, experience itself is unavailing.

M. Milsand supports these assertions by a comparison of French with English, which he considers especially calculated to display by contrast the peculiar tendencies of his own language. English, as he describes it, is far from homogeneous in character; it is less the result of any organic growth than of the organic decomposition of two forms of speech, the elements of which cannot even be united under one system of grammatical rules; but it possesses the creative power of growing languages; it still imposes on those who speak it the necessity of creating new terms for every fresh sensation. This is done by means of its movable affixes, which behave almost like the primary elements of half-formed words, not combining with the verb or substantive which they are intended to modify, but assuming towards it a temporary juxtaposition which indicates the more clearly the mental conditions under which the peculiar impression was conceived. A door opens, and a dog, a tortoise, a child, or a majestic person comes into the room. A Frenchman sees them *enter*, "bounding," "crawling," "running," or "walking solemnly," as the case may be. For these different kinds of fact he has but one general and abstract term which denotes no visible action, and which utters, under the false semblance of a verb, the merely intelligible result to which a thousand different actions may conduce. The Englishman, on the contrary, employs as his verb a word by which the visible act is described, and indicates by a simple preposition the aim or result which the occasion attaches to it. He says the dog, the tortoise, or the child, bounds, crawls, or runs into the room. Again, instead of the abstract word *chercher*, which expresses only one conceivable hope or intention, in view of which we may *rummage* in our pocket, *extend our hand* in the dark, *look out* of the window, or *turn over* the leaves of a dictionary, the Englishman is able and even compelled to employ, each in its turn, as many descriptive verbs as there are different acts to be accomplished under the general name of *seeking*. He says, *feel for*, *fumble for*, *look out for*. The same descriptive character attaches to English adjectives; these denote the sensible

effect which the given quality produces, whilst the corresponding words in French express purely intelligible types of character which no two minds can conceive in the same manner, but which all minds clothe alike in the one unmeaning word. In short, English appeals to the imagination, French exclusively to the intellect. The one reflects thought in its subjective conditions, the other expresses only its objective results. The one is a supple medium for all spontaneous and individual emotion, the other is a legal mask under which all such emotion is concealed. German, of course, shares with English this elasticity, which is an essential feature of Teutonic languages; it even surpasses it in the power of raising sensuous images by means of abstract terms. The words *Unabhängig*, *Zufällig*, *Unanständig*, for instance, whilst expressing an abstract idea, recall more strongly still the material impression from which it is derived. The speech of an Englishman and a German is like that of the ancient Greeks, "full of phrases, the meaning of which it is impossible to *understand*," which affect the mind as so many impressions of sight or hearing, or so many stirrings of spontaneous thought.

M. Milsand is convinced that the power of extemporized and individual expression which he identifies with mobility of roots adds greatly to the vividness—in fact, to the reality—of social intercourse; that there is a constant appeal to sympathy in a form of speech which reflects every passing affection of the speaker's mind, and which thus suggests the elements of an idea rather than the idea itself—invokes a judgment instead of imposing one. The few French words which still denote sensations rather than ideas supply him with a familiar illustration of the more humanizing influence of this kind of expression; he contrasts the different characters impressed upon an argument by the respective use of the words *charmant* and *beau*. If our friend says a thing is "charming," we feel no desire to oppose even if we do not agree with him, because he is only stating an individual impression, which as such we cannot be expected to share, and in which we may sympathize without sharing it; but if he says it is "beautiful," he asserts the existence of special qualities inherent to that thing, and thus lays down the law as to what we also ought to feel concerning it. Our logic is immediately provoked to disprove the abstract justness of the opinion, and instead of simply comparing our impression with his, we find ourselves labouring to demonstrate to him what he is bound to think in spite of his impressions.

It is, however, in their deeper reaction on the mind itself, that we are desired to recognize the full value of impressional modes of speech. In childhood they prepare the growth of ideas by arousing the imagination, which is the earliest form of intelligence; and in later life they assist the development of that power of self-

analysis which destroys the hallucinations of mere intelligence and all the evil instincts which shelter themselves behind it. They help us to recognize the stirrings of our own nature in our ideas no less than in our feelings; and to have accomplished this is, in M. Milsand's opinion, to possess all liberty and also all knowledge. He does not scruple to declare that if there existed a people which, while possessing the power of thought, possessed also a language that compelled it to extemporize an imaginative expression for every one of its ideas, such a people would know everything without learning it. It would know by instinct the genesis of all science, and would therefore possess its philosophy. He is quite aware that such a case is impossible, because a nation possessed only of a floating vocabulary would never attain the power of thought; but he believes that in proportion as a language combines flexible with consolidated expression, the power of conveying the crystallized results of experience with the power of conveying it in its temporary and individual character, those who speak it will arrive more surely at the practical science of life; they will be more secure against that species of intellectual paganism, that subjection to ready-made ideas, which is the "senile malady" of civilization.

French, like every form of modern Latin, has this malady of old age. The Roman conquest imposed on the people of ancient France a language already matured, the words of which they could barely analyze or barely articulate; and, as it died into its new existence, it afforded no means of expressing the primitive emotions of all mankind but the final phraseology of its completed Roman logic. Modern French resembles a man who has left behind him the impressions of his youth, and whose utterances are confined to the rational conclusions of his old age. It develops the intelligence or it develops nothing. ". . . It produces brains in which everything turns to ideas." It allows no affection or desire to convey itself to the mind of another person, or even to become fixed in our own, until it has been "disindividualized" and "dishumanized," "until it has been reduced by a series of equations to some one of the immutable types of substance or of property which are given to us in our words." A poetic handling of the language might do something towards counteracting this purely philosophic tendency; but one fatal fact remains—the words which signify abstract ideas have become detached from the picturesque roots which represented the underlying sensible fact, and as sensations and ideas have become disjoined in expression, so also are they disjoined in experience.

"With a language all composed of concrete terms which express only visible objects, and of abstract terms which express only ideas, not only the individual but the nation is cut in two; the whole race is divided into an uncultivated crowd, which learns nothing because the ideal vocabulary is beyond the reach of its understanding, and an aristocracy of *reasoners*

who only employ their reason to lay down the law to the whole world. Every man is split into a libertine and an ascetic, into a temperament upon which experience has no hold, and an intelligence which can suggest nothing wiser than that he should outrage and stifle his personality to subject himself to the absolutism of his opinions. All life is divided into a youth consigned to excess and an old age which, feeling the disadvantages of excess, takes refuge in a servile fanaticism. Our painting and our poetry contain side by side the most unbridled sensualities and the most preter-human idealism. Our political history is divided into fits of lawlessness and fits of self-renunciation. Our national philosophy passes abruptly from Romanticism to Positivism, or from an orgie in which the imagination strives only to subserve the pleasures of sense, to a Buddhistic conviction that man's highest mission is self-annihilation."

M. Milsand is fully aware that this estimate of the moral tendencies of his native language is likely to be regarded as a chimera, for the simple reason that to all those who speak one language only, its good or evil effect on their minds is as imperceptible as the effect of atmospheric oxygen on their bodies, and that understandings moulded by certain habits of expression can very rarely be in a position to judge them; and the question is one which the majority of his English readers will not attempt to judge; but they at least will acknowledge that there is nothing chimerical in his statement of existing facts.

He has expressed, with startling distinctness, the idea which the contact of French literature arouses more or less definably in every English mind—that the educated part of the nation is deficient in those healthy moral emotions which are the joint product of instinct and intelligence; and that feeling is too often with it either entirely of the senses, and therefore material, or entirely of the intelligence, and therefore untrue. His concluding remarks on the genius of French language and thought are also a masterpiece of critical power. The French, he says, are justly proud of their language for its clear and prompt expressiveness. It tolerates neither vagueness nor ambiguity of thought, for it can only utter what has been distinctly conceived. The very impersonality of its abstract words compels the mind to attach to them some kind of idea; and whenever it is spoken in the forms of educated life, ideas spring up with almost magical rapidity. On the other hand, this extemporized and rapidly extended culture is somewhat artificial and unsolid. It lifts the mind instead of making it grow. Ideas scurry in all directions, but they disappear as they come; they are like dead leaves whirling through the air, which can only fall and decay. They are not the growth of experience, and experience can add nothing to them. The very transparency of French expressions is a trap to the understanding. Ideas are rapidly excited, apparently as rapidly understood, and yet every phrase of a conversation may be a veil dropped between the minds of the conversing persons; and in

the invariable words in which each assumes the presence of his own thought, it is but a double monologue which they carry on between them. Mind and mind remain apart, and in this continued isolation people acquire an instinctive belief that all men think aright, and that the incontestable, or the unbelievable, or the absurd, is the same for all men and for all time.

"And unfortunately the education which we are thus obliged to give ourselves develops in us a horror of complexity, a passion for simplification at any price, which asserts itself every day more tyrannically. Instead of widening as we grow old, instead of extending more and more our consciousness of reality and of ourselves, we become only more skilled in the art of abridged explanation; in the art of eluding all the complexities of experience, by reducing it to three or four supposed primary factors. In order to know what we have to expect from a man whom we see every day, we substitute for him an idea which equally corresponds to all mankind, and we decide the question by an axiom which remains true under every circumstance. In order to discover whether a certain thing pleases or displeases us, our intelligence flies off before we are aware of it to the world of entities; and it is from our idea of what is in itself beautiful, that we decide how that particular thing ought to have impressed us. . . ."

And after summing up the case in the emphatic declaration, "Our language nails us to a system of objective dogmatism," he concludes:—

"When we have no longer the smiling dogmatism which believes itself in possession of absolute truth, and which thinks only of deducing from that truth a law eternally binding on the universe, we still keep up the same habit of mind. We simply revert to a morose and sceptical dogmatism, and no longer hoping to find what we were seeking, we conclude that there is nothing to be sought. Our prevailing mental condition is one of pure intelligence, which allows us to conceive no other truth than the true knowledge of the everlasting external forces which we regard as the only causes of all we see or experience."

M. Milsand has admirably proved the coincidence, in his own country, of a certain habit of thought with the form of language to which it is logically most akin; and we follow him so far in his endeavour to supply inverse proofs of his theory, as to admit that thinking individuals will think more lucidly in French, more variously and vividly in German and English. But the idea of a reactive influence in words both necessary and universal is scarcely borne out by the known peculiarities of the English mind. Although the English language is continually, according to M. Milsand's estimate, holding up to the national consciousness the reflection of the subjective conditions of thought, there exists no nation by which they are more habitually ignored; whether this be cause or consequence of the fact that our moral and religious convictions tend constantly to the maintenance of an ideal of truth in which they are of no account. In Germany, on the contrary, the sense of individuality attains a morbid development, and the national character has been as steadily weakened by its

subjective spirit, as the English has been braced and even narrowed by the opposite tendency. Such facts are, perhaps, enough to prove that the reactive power of speech is but one among many influences by which mental growth is determined; and men of science will accuse M. Milsand of not making just allowance for the well-known natural tendencies which must at all times have co-operated with it. The difference which he seeks to establish between the practical values of certain isolated words appears to us also to be scarcely confirmed by experience. His supposed distinction between *beau* and *charmant* is theoretically complete, but we believe it to be non-existent in fact. It is neutralized by the habitual confusion of those very mental conditions which the words are separately intended to express. Most men instinctively assume that their personal impressions have a sufficient external cause, and their saying that a thing is *charming* is therefore the expression of a belief that it has an absolute and inherent power to charm. We really find that the epithets *beautiful* and *charming* are used indifferently, except in so far as they denote different kinds of attractiveness; and if they were not, the effect would probably be the same; for as long as we believe that our impressions are rationally just, we shall see a defect of judgment in all such as disagree with them, whether expressed as a personal affection or as an abstract belief. It is indeed difficult to conceive that human intercourse should be seriously affected by any form of language through which it is habitually carried on, because the testimony of language is necessarily weaker than that of the collective impressions through which one nature reveals itself to another, and is instinctively subordinated to them; a fact which M. Milsand himself concedes in the case of all intimate relations. The subject is, however, too comprehensive for any present attempt at discussing it.

The first step which M. Milsand prescribes in his method of linguistic instruction contains implicitly its whole course; and, once admitting that the intelligence plays so important a part in the ordinary facts of consciousness, it supplies a powerful illustration of the delusions most natural to the human mind, and the assistance which may be derived from language in expelling them. It is useless, he considers, to begin explaining to a child the *construction* of Latin or French till he has been delivered from his primitive incapacity to understand the nature of compound words. Compound words exist under two classes: as *real* or natural compounds, and as *false* or artificial ones. Of the former class we have instances in the French verb *éprouver*, and the Latin *expugnare*: of the latter in the French *portemanteau* and the Latin *armiger*. The true compound is the result of amalgamation, the false one of aggregation or connection. The one represents a

simple idea engendered by the coincidence of two spontaneous impressions; the other is a complex idea, deliberately formed out of two simple ones. It is characteristic of a child to imagine that all compounds are of the nature of false ones, because he is ignorant of the internal operations by which ideas are produced, and therefore believes all his ideas to represent outward objects or realities, and all relations to be objective. He will, therefore, have great difficulty in following out the meaning of such a word as *expugnare*, which is a natural product and not a logical one, and it will be necessary to explain to him that in taking a town by storm there is no question of driving *it* out, as the word appears to denote, but that whenever we fight our way *into* a strong place somebody must be driven *out* of it, and that these two ideas have grown together in people's minds and found their way into one word. But it is just by multiplying instances of this kind of word, by inducing him to feel his way into its meaning instead of merely thinking it out, that the true lesson of language will be brought home and the personal element in thought will be revealed to him. The Latin verb *aspergere* is also adduced as an instructive instance of this natural process of formation. Originally the preposition *ad* and the verb *spargere* were separately employed with the substantive, denoting the object towards which the action of scattering was directed; but the habitual association of the idea with that of the tendency gave rise to a term in which the act and the tendency were included; or rather, in which the result of the tendency expressed itself as the act. And thus also are the many false verbs explained which have found their way into the French language.

As is apparent from these remarks, the author does not imagine that language will do its "perfect work" without continued personal assistance. Such assistance is, indeed, with him the main element in all early education; and the watchful, intelligent activity which his system imposes on the teacher's mind is perhaps the one argument in its disfavour. It is only in family life, or life arranged on a domestic pattern, that the opportunities for such action would present themselves; and the heads of families would only too seldom be found possessed of both the will and the ability to profit by them. These objections are in some measure anticipated by M. Milsand's own statement of the difficulties with which personal education is beset; and he exposes them, indeed, with so much eloquence as to prove that, for him at least, the plan of a mutual development of thought and expression is no purely theoretic idea but a painfully tested possibility.

It is not, he says, the ignorance of children which constitutes the difficulty of instructing them: it is their semi-inability to learn. The best chosen words suggest nothing to a child but what lies

within the narrow circle of his own experience; and from the moment they cease to appeal to his experience, he accepts them as something which he is obliged to know and repeat, and in a manner believe, but which has nothing to do with his thoughts or those of any other person. If he is unintelligent they teach him sounds, or what is worse. At best, if his intelligence is quick, they fill his head with myths and phantoms, which prevent his laying hold of himself and conceiving what you want him to learn. The same difficulty repeats itself at every subsequent stage of education. As you must first transmit your experience to a child who cannot imagine what he has not seen, you must transmit, later on, the general ideas of your intelligence to a youth who has as yet no abstract intelligence, or your moral conclusions to a being who has no moral sense, or the results of your own inner consciousness to a mind preoccupied with external things, and in which self-consciousness is still unawakened. You must create imagination by means of images, and by conceptions the power of conceiving. Nothing, in short, is ever directly communicated. Amongst the rustic populations, the disabilities of childhood continue through life; and M. Milsand gives a striking picture of their mental condition, in a discussion of the electoral rights with which they have been, in his opinion, so prematurely invested. They are reproached, he says, with indifference to these rights and with a readiness to employ them for the benefit of the first despotism that presents itself. The truth is, they are precisely in the moral condition which engendered the patriarchal despotism of all primitive societies; they can conceive no authority that is not a despotism; no authority that is not identical with the particular man, whether judge, gendarme, or "maire," by whom it is held; they can form no idea of a fixed institution, or an organized system, or a joint activity tending towards results which are not the definite expression of any individual will. The Invisible and the Collective have no existence for them. For this simple Fetishism of the peasant our author prescribes the same remedy as for the intellectual paganism of his social superiors—the quickening of that inner sense through which all knowledge is evolved—the stirring, in fact, of the imagination; and he admits with regret that primary instruction can do little towards this end because it deals necessarily with the most general facts and such as least appeal to the personal pains and pleasures which form the basis of every undeveloped understanding. The picturesque qualities of Latin will, in his opinion, assert themselves very favourably even at this earliest stage of education; but the influences from which he hopes the most are of a different order, and it is from the parent, not the teacher, that he demands them; they are those of religious instruction and the corresponding domestic discipline. The direct

importance to his country, and, indeed, the pressing necessity of a wholesome religious feeling is implied if not expressed in every portion of his work, but he claims for it an æsthetic and educational value nowhere more apparent than in England, where it constitutes for so many persons the entire poetry of life; and it is easy to imagine all that a religious training may do, if it combine example with precept, towards correcting the necessary barrenness of school teaching. It will give the experience of an impersonal necessity stronger than any personal will, and which protects at the same time that it coerces; and it will teach the transcendent nature of that necessity as far as it can be taught by facts exceeding the experience of a child, but still analogous to it. M. Milsand says very truly of children, what he might say with truth of very many grown-up people, that their mind is capable of no higher abstraction than the conceiving of a thing which they do not actually see; but they can be made to conceive something which they do not see; and the religious doctrines which convey abstract truths under the form of natural though invisible persons, and human though remote events, can therefore do for the mental development of the lower classes what for the present nothing else can.

M. Milsand's suggestions for the external reorganization of public teaching are constantly animated by the same spirit which pervades his more abstract conception of it. In its application to the lower classes it should not be gratuitous, because the habit of expecting free schooling for their children is the first step towards expecting a gratuitous provision of the other necessities of life. It should be compulsory, because it represents a moral obligation on the side of parents, and because the legal enforcing of such an obligation is the way to create, in time, a spontaneous recognition of it. In its higher phases, education should no longer be centralized in the State, because official instruction represents an official right to determine public convictions, whilst it is itself either deadened by the conflicting claims of various forms of dogmatism, or successively actuated by them all. It must not be exclusively free, because free instruction (*enseignement libre*) is necessarily floating and necessarily incomplete; it follows the ebb and flow of social excitement and reaction; it founds no traditions, it enforces no discipline; it gives courses of study which (if followed at all) may be followed in a spirit of careless cynicism, and which leave the student without moral guidance at an age when such guidance would alone preserve him from retaining his intelligence in the service of his inclinations and developing the one for the benefit of the other. The opposite evils of these two systems are only to be avoided by the formation of organized educational traditions sufficiently various to represent the most definite types

of culture, and which, as far as they became identified with the opinions of any sect or party, would represent them in their most intelligent and patriotic form; and such traditions would be, in M. Milsand's opinion, most surely created by provincial universities more or less resembling in character those of England and Germany. He also strongly advises the institution in France of a class of literary and secular canonicates on the model of the English fellowships, and thus securing to the cause of learning a certain number of men who should be above the temptation to waste or misuse their intelligence in the struggle for mere existence. It is to the universal necessity of converting knowledge into money, no less than to the insufficient means of obtaining it, that he attributes the loss of intellectual pre-eminence which his country has sustained. His objection to merely bread-winning acquirements extends to every department of life; and one of his most strenuous warnings is directed against technicality of instruction—not, indeed, against scientific study, nor the study of any of the special branches of knowledge, for all of which he would give much greater facilities than have hitherto been enjoyed; but he distinctly condemns that distribution of knowledge which tends only to the formation of good professional men, whatever their profession may be. He declares that such an education is neither national nor patriotic, and that the welfare of the community can only be secured by a system of culture which will unite the various classes instead of isolating them; which will enable them severally to realize what lies outside their own interests, and to reckon with interests other than their own. The need of such a system once acknowledged, the importance of letters, above all of ancient letters, at the period of life which corresponds to secondary instruction, would inevitably reassert itself in the public mind.

In the last chapter or appendix, written after the war, and in the light of its tremendous experiences, the author reiterates his belief that the plan of mental culture he has traced out is the one, *par excellence*, of which his country stands in need. She has shown, it is true, that her essential weakness is the want of self-control, and the failing to employ her intelligence in seeking every-day rules of justice and of right; but for this very reason she requires the kind of training which will develop *la pensée personnelle*, and place her individuals face to face with their own conscience. An education which encourages the free exercise of the mind is indispensable to France, because ideas of duty will never maintain themselves there unless confirmed by her understanding and her knowledge. But understanding and will are two distinct things, and M. Milsand dwells here more urgently than ever on the insufficiency of the former to supply those motives to virtue which at best it only indirectly creates, and according

to many thinkers cannot create at all. Before all things the untutored mind must be subjected to that continued pressure which will arouse in it the sense of social existence, of its constant relations to surrounding men and things, and the constant obligations which arise from them.

The difference between understanding and will, between ideas and motives, is, in M. Milsand's opinion, the true lesson of national and individual history, and one which is too often overlooked. In that difference lies the distinction between ancient and modern life, and between Christian morality and the morality of philosophic Greece. The opponents of Christianity assert that it brought nothing new into the world, and in one sense this is true. We find in the writings of the Greek philosophers all the practical precepts which are to be found in the Gospel; and which, as the writer adds, have become the foundation of English political life. But in England these precepts are something more than ideas, and Greece has fallen because with her they were not. Behind the activity of her intelligence was the absolute disorder of her desires. And so, more or less, it has been with France. She has not failed in the power of conceiving the best principles of prudence and justice, but in the power of subjecting her decisions to them.

"She has early imagined the theory of representative government. She has exposed with eloquence the rights and the duties of individuals and of nations. She has not been wanting in generosity and devotion, or even in reflection and patience. But she has been unable to hold her motives in check. In spite of her science and her reasonings she has remained liable to be carried away by her ambitions, her angers, and her dislikes; and her intelligence has too often served her to imagine arguments for duping herself, arguments merely calculated to prove that that which pleased her was just and true, and that which did not untrue, or worthy of condemnation."

It is possible, of course, to dispute the working power of the intellectual side of M. Milsand's system, possible to doubt whether France will ever read in the history of classic antiquity the lesson he believes it to contain; or whether the bursting of the fetters of a dead language will do much towards reviving the moral sense which has been stifled by the double pressure of material impulses on the one hand and too abstract reason on the other. But it is impossible to deny that he has displayed an almost prophetic insight in the detection of his country's mental disease, and an almost prophetic courage in the exposing it. We know how uncertain is the prophet's reward in his own land; perhaps it may be anticipated in the present case by the sympathy of the sister country to whose language and institutions M. Milsand has devoted so much patient attention and whose best thoughts his present work has expressed.

A. ORR.

TRANSCENDENTALISM IN ENGLAND, NEW ENGLAND, AND INDIA.*

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"One knocked at the Beloved's door; and a voice asked from within, 'Who is there?' And he answered, 'It is I.' Then the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee.' And the door was not opened. Then went the Lover into the desert, and fasted and prayed in solitude. And after a year he returned, and knocked again at the door. And again the voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is Thyself!' and the door was opened to him."

WHOEVER receives with open arms this parable of the Persian poet is or may be a Transcendentalist. Whoever asks what it means should hold himself warned off from the ground occupied or traversed by Transcendental writers or thinkers. But it must be borne in mind—and the point will again arise in the succeeding paragraphs—that all deeply devout souls are, in their most devout moments, Transcendentalists. There is an anecdote which runs that Wilberforce once took Pitt to hear Richard Cecil at St. John's, Bedford Row, and that Pitt, in calm bewilderment, said to his friend, "But what, what does he mean? Love of God? Love of God? I do not understand him." Cecil and Wilberforce, and all such men, are, when Transcendentalists, Transcendental at the expense of their logic; but the anecdote may serve to illustrate on a small scale the kind of conflict which arose in New England when what took the name of Transcendentalism grafted itself, to use the language of the younger Channing, upon the somewhat stunted stock of the old-fashioned orthodox Unitarianism.

* Transcendentalism in New England. A History. By Octavius B. Frothingham, Author of "Life of Theodore Parker," "Religion of Humanity," &c. Putnam, New York.

A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England; or, The Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. By John James Tayler, B.A. Second Edition, re-issued with an Introductory Chapter on "Recent Developments," by James Martineau, LL.D., D.D. Trübner, London.

The New Affinities of Faith. By James Martineau. Williams and Norgate, London.

The God of Revelation His own Interpreter. By James Martineau.

Brahmo Somaj Tracts.

The book of Mr. Frothingham consists rather of a series of short studies of the life, work, and writings of the chief disciples of the new school, than of any compact, luminous, or inspiring view of Transcendentalism itself. The studies themselves are admirable; and Mr. Frothingham, besides having personal relations with some of the leaders and sixth-form students of the school in question, is a clear, well-informed, effective, and admirably candid writer. But his accounts of the Transcendental doctrine and modes of thought leave upon the mind a little of the same sense of dissatisfaction as (for example) the attempts of Mr. Lewes to expound Schelling. You feel that his last affinities are elsewhere. You cannot signalize any grave error of statement; perhaps the truth of the case may be got within the phraseology employed by him: but a hard, blunt, abrupt sense of irreceptiveness on the part of the annalist or expounder comes over one upon reading a passage like this, which occurs in the eighth chapter of the volume, a chapter which gives a view of Transcendentalism as related to religion:—

"The Transcendental doctrine," says Mr. Frothingham, "has been exposed to most deadly assault on the ethical side. The theory of moral intuition, which held that 'every man' is, according to the 'cautious' statement of James Walker, 'born with a moral faculty, or the elements of a moral faculty, which, on being developed, creates in him the idea of a right and a wrong in human conduct; which summons him before the tribunal of his own soul for judgment on the rectitude of his purposes, which grows up into an habitual sense of personal responsibility, and thus prepares him, as his views are enlarged, to comprehend the moral government of God, and to feel his own responsibility to God as a moral governor,'—has fallen into general disrepute; and in its place a persuasion is abroad, that, in the language of Grote, 'the universal and essential tendencies of the moral sense admit of being most satisfactorily deduced from other elementary principles of our natures.' It is now . . . contended that conscience itself is a product of education, a deposit left in the crucible of experiment, a habit formed by the usage of mankind."

This is true enough; it *is* so contended; and by the large majority of ethical writers it is superciliously assumed to be almost beyond discussion. Indeed Mr. Frothingham himself proceeds to say that

"the justification of this view has gone so far that it seems likely to become the recognized account of this matter; but in course of substantiating this doctrine, a new foundation for ethical feeling and judgment is laid, which is as immovable as the Transcendental 'facts of consciousness.' The moral sentiments are represented as resting on the entire past of the race, on reefs of fact built up by the lives of millions of men, from the bottom of the deep of humanity. . . . The institution is referred to another genesis, but it is equally clear, and equally certain. The difference of origin creates no difference of character. Moral distinctions are precisely the same for Idealists and Sensationalists. Here, at least, the Transcendentalist and his adversary can dwell in amity together."

When a writer, however able and candid, treats as if it would

be bridged over by phrases like these a gulf which is high as heaven and deep as the pit, he awakens a feeling of irreconcilable repugnance among those who fight on the other side. All the new disguises have not altered by a line or a hue the stubborn features of the old Sensationalism. Moral distinctions which repose on the ancestral experience of the race in the most modern sense have to us a foundation as shaky as any which a Condillac or a Cabanis could devise for them. We, and those who think with us, shall still maintain that though there may be, indeed must be, progress founded upon experience in the application of the primary moral ideas, or the moulding of conduct in the primary moral forms, those ideas or forms have themselves no "genesis" of the sort which is here suggested for them. The sense of duty was never at any time (so we maintain) a sense of convenience; there never was a time when the worm-like dread of punishment began to wriggle upwards into something like conscience. By no legerdemain of the intellect can you "evolve" the one from the other. By no fire of the imagination can you lift the celestial jewel, conscience, out of the crucible into which you have dropped only fear of pain or desire of pleasure. To us it is not more absurd to say twice two are five than to affirm that apprehension of a penalty or love of approbation could ever come to yield the sense of duty. The two things, we maintain, are eternally disparate. They may, of course, exist side by side, or one within the other, like rind and kernel; but the passage from fear or commodity to conscience is unthinkable. It is characteristic of a certain school of advocacy to begin the "ministry of reconciliation" from the side of morality; and unfortunately it is easy to confuse the issue. The conduct of mankind is not visibly dependent upon any theory of ultimate morality or its sanctions; and things would for a long while go on much as usual if the notion that morality had no final forms and no final connection with religious truth were to get well into the heads of half mankind. So this "ministry of reconciliation" is actively carried on everywhere. But in a book like Mr. Frothingham's, in the very presence, so to speak, of the most intense forms of mysticism and transcendentalism, there is a certain audacity about it which at least confirms one's faith in the candour of the author. The quietness of the pretension that "here at least the Transcendentalist and his foe can dwell in amity together" is just what is calculated to carry away the assent of the majority of readers. But the audacity of the assumption remains. This debateable land is precisely where the Transcendentalist and his foe must fight it out for life or death.

The best general impression of what Transcendentalism in New England was may be gathered from the "Memoirs of Margaret

Fuller, Countess of Ossoli," written by Mr. Emerson, the Rev. W. H. Channing, the Rev. T. W. Higginson, and others, conjointly. Of course nobody can fully appreciate or even understand it who is not well acquainted with the writings of Mr. Emerson, who was the great "seer" of the school, and who, as we see by his last volume ("Letters and Social Aims"), remains exactly where he was. He is still a pure Transcendentalist, as firm in faith, as high in heart and hope, and as clear in vision, as ever. Mr. Channing's short sketch is admirable, but short as it is, we must abridge it a little for our present purpose. The summer of 1839, writes Mr. Channing, saw the full dawn of the Transcendental movement in New England:—

"Transcendentalism was an assertion of the inalienable integrity of man, of the immanence of Divinity in instinct. In part it was a reaction against Puritan orthodoxy; in part, an effect of renewed study of the ancients, of Oriental Pantheists, of Plato and the Alexandrians, of Plutarch's *Morals*, Seneca, and Epictetus; in part, the natural product of the place and time. On the somewhat stunted stock of Unitarianism, whose characteristic dogma was trust in individual reason as correlative to Supreme Wisdom, had been grafted German Idealism, as taught by masters of most various schools—by Kant and Jacobi, Fichte and Novalis, Schelling and Hegel, Schleiermacher and De Wette; by Madame de Stael, Cousin, Coleridge, and Carlyle; and the result was a vague yet exalting conception of the godlike nature of the human spirit. Transcendentalism, as viewed by its disciples, was a pilgrimage from the idolatrous world of creeds and rituals to the temple of the Living God in the Soul."

This is not an exposition, it is a characterization or description, verging here and there upon exposition. The next passage which we take from Mr. Channing's contribution to the *Memoirs* comes nearer:

"The Transcendentalist," says he, "believed in perpetual inspiration, the miraculous power of will, and a birthright to universal good. He sought to hold communion, face to face, with the unnameable Spirit of his spirit, and give himself to the embrace of nature's beautiful joy, as the babe seeks the breast of a mother. To him the curse seemed past; and love was without fear. 'All mine is thine' sounded forth to him in ceaseless benediction, from flowers to stars, through the poetry, art, heroism of all ages, in the aspirations of his own genius, and the budding promise of the time. His work was to be faithful, as all saints, sages, and lovers of man had been, to Truth, as the very Word of God. His maxims were: 'Trust, dare, and be; infinite good is ready for your asking; seek and find. All that your fellows can claim or need is that you should become, in fact, your highest self; fulfil, then, your ideal.'"

The last clause of this admirable sketch gives, in brief, the central idea, of Transcendental *ethics*; which might be otherwise expressed in the hackneyed words of Shakspeare—

"This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Only it is quite certain that Shakspeare had himself no transcen-

dental meaning, and equally certain that he would not have put transcendental wisdom into the mouth of Polonius. What Polonius meant was, "Be sure to conduct yourself like a gentleman, and be faithful to the chivalric nurture which has made you one." If the Transcendentalists had adopted the worldly wisdom of the whole address of Polonius, they would not, so many of them, have run into provincialisms beside which Jean Paul's eccentricity on the hair question was a very small matter indeed. Having drawn this outline of the ethical tendencies of the Transcendental doctrine, Mr. Channing goes on to relate that from this doctrine there naturally followed—

"among the strong withdrawal to private study and contemplation, that they might be 'alone with the Alone;' solemn, yet glad devotedness to the Divine leadings in the inmost will; calm concentration of thought to wait for and receive wisdom; dignified independence, stern yet sweet, of fashion and public opinion; honest originality of speech and conduct, exempt alike from apology or dictation, from servility or scorn. Hence, too, among the weak, whimsies, affectation, rude disregard of proprieties, slothful neglect of common duties, surrender to the claims of natural appetite, self-indulgence, self-absorption, and self-idolatry."

In other places we have most of us seen ludicrous pictures of the swarming of eccentrics to consult "the Sage of Concord." This must have been particularly annoying to Mr. Emerson—who can be terribly severe upon the "provincialisms" of even poor Margaret Fuller. This lady—the Aspasia of the school—wrote many of the literary criticisms in Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, and, in dealing with the poets of the day, gave full swing to that love of gnomic poetry which, in spite of all their enthusiasm for Shakespeare and Goethe as "objective poets," characterized and still characterizes the Transcendental school of writers. It was natural enough that this should provoke reprisals. There is much that is "Transcendental" in the author of the "Biglow Papers," and in Oliver Wendell Holmes; but in both of them the spirit of worldly humour is strong, and they both abhor quackery and eccentricity. It was not likely that in the heat of a paper war in Boston spontaneous eccentricity should succeed in getting itself distinguished from affectation; and it is probable that some very worthy, sincere, and able persons were hit by ridicule like this from the author of "Elsie Venner," to say nothing of Poe's "mud-balls:"—

"Once more,—once only,—we must stop too soon,—
What have we here? A German-silver spoon;
A cheap utensil, which we often see
Used by the dabblers in æsthetic tea;
Of slender fabric, somewhat light and thin,
Made of mixed metal, chiefly lead and tin.
The bowl is shallow, and the handle small,
Marked in large letters with the name Jean Paul:
Small as it is, its powers are passing strange;
For all who use it show a wondrous change;

And first, a fact to make the barbers stare.
 It beats Macassar for the growth of hair:
 Nor this alone its magic power displays,
 It alters strangely all their work and ways;
 With uncouth words they tire their tender lungs,
 The same bald phrases on their hundred tongues;
 'Ever,' 'The Ages,' in their page appear;
 'Alway' the bedlamite is called a 'Seer';
 On every leaf the 'earnest' sage may scan,
 Portentous bore! their 'many-sided' man,—
 A weak eclectic, groping, vague, and dim,
 Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,
 Blind as a mole, and curious as a lynx,
 Who rides a beetle, which he calls a 'Sphinx';
 And oh, what questions, asked in club-foot rhyme,
 Of Earth the tongueless, and the deaf-mute Time!
 Here babbling 'Insight' shouts in Nature's ears
 His last conundrum on the orbs and spheres;
 There Self-inspection sucks its little thumb,
 With 'Whence am I?' and 'Wherefore did I come?'
 Deluded infants! will they ever know
 Some doubts must darken o'er the world below,
 Though all the Platos of the nursery trail
 Their 'clouds of glory' at the go-cart's tail?"

These are palpable hits, and they must have drawn blood; and, in spite of Mr. Lowell's fine couplets, in his "Talk for Critics," about Emerson and Alcott, he, too, contrived to strike at the whole concern through Margaret Fuller:

"She will take an old notion, and make it her own,
 By saying it o'er in her Sibylline tone,
 Or persuade you 'tis something tremendously deep,
 By repeating it so as to put you to sleep;
 And she well may defy any mortal to see through it,
 When once she has mixed up her infinite *me* through it.
 There is one thing she owns in her own single right,
 It is native and genuine,—namely, her spite:
 Though, when acting as censor, she privately blows
 A censor of vanity 'neath her own nose.
 Here Miranda came up, and said, 'Phœbus! you know
 That the infinite Soul has its infinite woe,
 As I ought to know, having lived cheek for jowl,
 Since the day I was born, with the infinite Soul.'"

Margaret Fuller, we may safely affirm, was not to be reached by weapons of this nature; and, indeed, it may be said of Transcendentalists in general, that they are, from the nature of their faith, pretty well panoplied against ridicule.

We have said nothing at present about the theology or theosophy of Transcendentalism; from these general indications it will be convenient, if we are to do Mr. Frothingham justice, to give some little account of the contents of his book. He commences by sketching, with great clearness, the growth of modern Transcendentalism in Germany, France, and England. He classifies as *quasi*-Transcendentalists men like Cousin, and Jouffroy—nor do we dispute the classification. In England he quotes of course Coleridge, Carlyle, and Wordsworth: William Blake is not mentioned. Mr. Frothingham then proceeds to what he calls Transcendentalism in New England; remarking, however,

that in one sense the phrase is misleading, because it may, with some truth, be said that there never was such a thing as Transcendentalism out of New England. Of course he does not contend that Transcendental philosophy, which is as old as human speculation, and peculiar to no country under heaven, was a New England product, but only that the conditions of intellectual, moral, and spiritual life in New England were such that what we call Transcendentalism was sure to find in that latitude a peculiarly receptive and fruitful soil. We have then a short account of the first stirrings of the Transcendental movement, and the parts played in it by men like Emerson, George Ripley, Brownson, Theodore Parker, Thoreau, and others; and of course we have some account of the "Dial." Later on Mr. Frothingham gives us, at full length, the Constitution of the Brooke Farm experiment, and, under the title of the "Mystic," sketches the most life-like portrait in the whole book, namely, that of Mr. Alcott. Mr. Alcott was a Transcendentalist of the most uncompromising type. He is, we may presume, the Benedict of Mr. Emerson's essay on "Worship;" and we may partly conceive the effect which such a figure, and such a life, as that of Mr. Alcott, would produce in even American society, by the merciless ridicule with which Benedict was handled in our own *Saturday Review*. Mr. Alcott was the Orpheus of the "Dial," and some of his Orphic sayings do most certainly lend themselves to ridicule; for example, "Alway are the dark Gemini intertwined." But the life of Mr. Alcott was really beautiful, and his experiments in the teaching of children are of the most instructive kind. The best rapid glimpse of this strange but noble figure that we can give is contained in a letter of Dr. Channing's. Dr. Channing, though he had not successfully wrought out the logic of his own faith as related to his mere belief, was at heart a Transcendentalist. Only a born Transcendentalist could have written the line:—

"If my bark sink 'tis to another sea."

And these are the terms in which he refers to Alcott:—

"Mr. Alcott little suspects how my heart goes out to him. One of my dearest ideas and hopes is the union of *labour* and *culture*. I wish to see labour honoured and united with the free development of the intellect and heart. Mr. Alcott hiring himself out for day-labour, and at the same time living in a region of high thought, is perhaps the most interesting object in our commonwealth. I do not care much for Orpheus in the 'Dial,' but Orpheus at the plough is after my own heart. There he teaches a grand lesson, more than most of us teach by the pen."

Mr. Frothingham, having taken Emerson as the "seer" of the movement, and Alcott as the "mystic," then takes Theodore Parker as the "preacher," and Margaret Fuller as the "critic." We have

then some pages upon the general literature and the "minor prophets" of the movement, and the book closes with a reproduction, by Mr. Emerson's consent, of the sermon in which he took leave of Unitarianism as a faith in the year 1832. Mr. Emerson's secession from his pulpit turned immediately upon the question of administering the Lord's Supper, which he found himself unable to do. But from that time he may be seen to have moved further and further away from the traditional standpoint, until at last we find him a pure Transcendentalist, receiving spiritual truth on its own evidence alone; freely criticizing all historical creeds alike, though not eager to criticize; and strenuously putting aside all attempts to plant faith and duty upon any sort of historical basis. Here it may be remarked that Mr. Frothingham is not correct when he says that Mr. Emerson declares the miracles of Jesus to be one with the blowing clover and the falling rain. The passage which Mr. Frothingham had in his eye is to be found in the celebrated Address before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, on Sunday evening, July 15, 1838. At this time Mr. Emerson's theological position was not decided. He is very cautious in the language he employs, and instead of telling the divinity students that they are commissioned to teach Christianity, he tells them that they are "now setting forth to teach the *truth contained in that religion.*" He then goes on to describe the teaching of Jesus Christ in terms of pure Transcendentalism, and says, "He spoke of miracles, for he felt that man's life was a miracle, and all that man doth, and he knew that this daily miracle shines as the man is divine." He then proceeds to say that on the other hand a miracle, as the Churches use the word, is something "monstrous," and is "not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain." This is a very different statement from the one which Mr. Frothingham attributes to Mr. Emerson.

This may be allowed to introduce a brief notice of a subject which we have deferred—namely, the Transcendental theology or theosophy. Of course neither the thing nor the word is new. The use of the term Transcendental in metaphysics is at least as old as Duns Scotus, and the thing must be as ancient as the human soul. In point of fact, as we remarked before, all deeply devout natures are Transcendental. Whatever their words may seem to imply (and of course very few persons know the logical relation of their faith and their belief), we can see that in their most spiritual moments the bare creed, with its historical and other adjuncts, has dropped away altogether, or maintains only a parasitical existence. No human being has ever argued or believed that historical Christianity is more than extremely probable; but spiritual life depends upon direct vision—upon the going out of the soul to a God, who is felt and known, and not argued about.

It would be absurd for a religious teacher to get up in the pulpit and say, "There is a very high probability that such and such events happened in Palestine, that such and such particular Hebrews were divinely inspired, that such and such words spoken by them about God and our own souls are correctly reported, and may be taken as authoritative; therefore let us unite in singing—

‘My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.’”

In point of fact nobody ever does really commit or imply any such absurdity, though orthodox Christians, as a rule, live under an entirely false impression of the logic of their own spiritual life. They know the path of suggestion by which the spiritual truth has come to them, and then without inquiry they assume that the history of their belief is inextricably bound up with the nature of their faith. In the pure mystics we plainly see the distinction, and in proportion as religious writing becomes emotional and poetic we constantly observe that the dogma drops away, while the history, if it enter into the work at all, has been assimilated as a tissue of symbols which, for the purposes of spiritual emotion, might as well be no more than symbols.

This is a topic upon which the writer of these paragraphs has often had occasion to dwell, but instead of producing any words of his own he would much rather quote a few sentences from Dr. Martineau's preface to his "Hymns of Praise and Prayer." "Piety," says Dr. Martineau, "the more spiritual it is, has the less disposition to remain historical." (He adds, however, that history cannot be flung out of religion altogether, and that we deceive ourselves if we fancy we can become autochthones.) Referring to the processes of change which we see going on all around us, Dr. Martineau says:—

"As a step in the process of transition, the New Testament will doubtless experience what has already happened to the Old; elements and scenery in it which are gradually withdrawn from literal acceptance and authoritative use will pass into symbols of some truth and sanctity beyond themselves, and help the imagination to give form and colour to spiritual things; and as the Egyptian bondage, the desert march, the water from the rock, the promised land, the courts of Zion, the holy of holies, have been lifted into emblems of the pilgrimage of man and the providence of God; so the baptismal dove, the temptation, the calming of the storm, the transfiguration, the Christ crucified, the Christ glorified, notwithstanding inequalities in their historical certainty, will retain their significance for the inward life, painting the crisis of its drama and the transcendency of its victory."

But for the present our concern is with Transcendentalism in New England, and mainly with the doctrine as expounded—or

rather announced—by the “seer” of the school, Mr. Emerson. Taking the Transcendentalists of the time and place now in question as a sect or coterie of *illuminati*, it is not difficult to characterize them seriously or humorously, much as they differed among themselves. It is another matter to reproduce in short space the doctrine. Mr. Channing tells us that the *illuminati* were ironically called the Brotherhood of the Like-minded, because no two of them agreed in opinion, though, of course, the fundamental agreement between persons like Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, and (at some distance) Ellery Channing, was as great as could be. Still, in virtue of some points of resemblance as to faith in human nature, many would be found within such a fold who were not of it: for example *rationalizing* Pantheists, uncertain of their own position. Pantheism, in one shape or another, may be predicated of all Transcendentalism, but rationalistic Pantheism, pure and simple, is of quite another affinity. Transcendentalism, as we now understand it, may be said to begin from the infinite nature of Duty (however the law may be interpreted), and the coalescence of Deity with the moral sentiment in man. This may tend, when “produced” in *rationalized forms*, to antinomianism—it has done so more than once in history; but pure rationalistic Pantheism has no room for the conception of duty at all; it is essentially and of necessity unmoral. In reading Mr. Emerson, however, and writers of the same school, we might sometimes fancy we had Eckart or even Thomas à Kempis before us. Transcendentalism begins from a sense of the immanence of God in the universe. The soul feels that God is not here or there, or thus and thus, this being holy ground and *that* profane ground, but everywhere. His love, yea, and His holiness, are in the lilies of the field, in the rocks and the trees, in the clouds and the stars; unconscious of themselves, they are there, but in the soul of man they are conscious. The moral sentiment in man is, when we distinguish dialectically, the *voice* of God; but in the moments of absolute communion, God and the soul are one. There is one great ocean of Being, and in that all distinction ends. Whatever is is right, and God is all and in all.

But this, if it could last, would be Nirvana—absolute holiness and quiescence; and of course it implies the annihilation of the creature, *quâ* creature.

But we are creatures; and the moment we act or think—and we are compelled to do both—we pass off the plane of this conception, and have to conceive of God and ourselves as separate. At this point the Transcendentalist is not to be distinguished from any other Theist, except by the method of his mind and the colour of his religious emotions. Hence we find them all—Eckart and Emerson, for example—using, by com-

pulsion, the ordinary language of religious belief which attributes personality to God. When we draw the moral sentiment out into action, God is inevitably a person to us. In this relation the language of the Transcendentalists is in no respect unlike that of the great Christian teachers. Nor, in their *ethics*, is any Christian element whatever missing. The immanence of God in the small as well as the great carries with it "reverence for the lower," and the duty of lifting up as well as that of looking up. It may be supposed, however, that Mr. Emerson, and others of the same school, would admit that their ethics would, in all human probability, never have assumed their present colour if it had not been for Christianity. Some have gone so far—Mr. Emerson did it at first, and may perhaps do it still—as to claim Jesus for a pure seer, who, when he said (if he said), "I and my Father are one," meant exactly what Eckart meant by such language. A passage or two from that remarkable German mystic of the thirteenth century, read side by side with a passage or two from Emerson, will make all this more intelligible to those who are new, or comparatively new, to the subject. I use the translation of the Rev. John Hunt, in his "Essay on Pantheism;" and may add that the ordinary English reader who consults that work and the account of Eckart by Dr. Adolf Lasson in Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy," will have a very good idea of both Christian and non-Christian Transcendentalism:—

"He himself," says Eckart, speaking of God, "is not God, in the creature only doth He become God. I ask to be rid of God, that is, that God by His grace, would bring me into the essence; that essence which is above God, and above distinction; I would enter into that eternal Unity which was mine before all time.

* * * * *

"God and I are one in knowing, God's essence is His knowing, and God's knowing makes me to know Him. Therefore is His knowing my knowing. The eye whereby I see God is the same eye whereby He seeth me; mine eye and the eye of God are one eye, one vision, one knowledge, and one love."

So far the great German—for great he was—and he is perfectly consistent with himself so long as he treats the Christian doctrines (*e.g.* the Trinity) simply as abstractions; but the moment he attempts to incorporate historical Christianity, he becomes, of course, utterly non-transcendental, and his symbols break up into fancies. Since no historical fact can be the subject either of demonstration or intuition, the relation between, say, the Transcendental notion of an eternal Word of God and the Christian dogma that that Word was manifested in a particular Being who lived and died in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, can, of course, only be made out by overleaping a chasm. Spinoza saw this (one would have thought it was plain enough) and avoided the entanglements into

which men like Eckart and Jacob Boehme in the old days, and writers like Dr. George Mac Donald in our day, have so easily fallen. It will be observed that the Transcendentalist, *quâ* Transcendentalist, is not concerned to deny any fact in the history of Christianity; only that belief of any historic facts whatsoever must be a question of evidence and probability; and to him the sphere of religion is that of vision and direct communion—a sphere in which there is neither past nor present, probable nor improbable, but God is all and in all. “I cannot wait,” he would say, “to know God, till you have settled your history and criticism. Nor can I *know* Him by that path at all; however your history or criticism may help me upon lower planes.”

It is time, however, to place the passages from Mr. Emerson under those from Eckart.

“Ineffable,” says the modern writer, “is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person, who in his integrity worships God, becomes God. . . .

“He that finds God a sweet, enveloping thought to him, never counts his company. When I sit in that presence, who shall dare to come in? When I rest in perfect humility, when I burn with pure love, what can Calvin or Swedenborg say?”

“It makes no difference whether the appeal is to numbers or to one. The faith that stands on authority is not faith. The reliance on authority measures the decline of religion, the withdrawal of the soul.”

Mr. Emerson then proceeds to exclude, in more particular terms, the “authority” of Christianity or any other historical belief in matters of religious faith; but we need not follow him beyond this general statement. The identity of thought and language with the old-world German will strike every reader at once. A few more sentences from Emerson, characterizing Transcendentalists as a class, will complete the picture, so far as we now pretend to make it complete:—

“The Transcendentalist adopts the whole connection of spiritual doctrine. He believes in miracle, in the perpetual openness of the human mind to new influx of light and power; he believes in inspiration and in ecstasy. . . .

“In like manner, if there is anything grand and daring in human thought or virtue, any reliance on the vast, the unknown; any presentiment; any extravagance of faith, the Spiritualist adopts it as most in nature.

“You will see by this sketch that there is no such thing as a Transcendental *party*; that there is no pure Transcendentalist; that we know of none but the prophets and heralds of such a philosophy; that all who by strong bias of nature have leaned to the spiritual side in doctrine, have stopped short of their goal. . . .

“Transcendentalism is the Saturnalia or excess of Faith; the presentiment of a faith proper to man in his integrity, excessive only when his imperfect obedience hinders the satisfaction of his wish.”

I do not know that within the limits, mechanical and other, of an article in this REVIEW, I can do much more to present a fair picture

of that "Transcendentalism" which, as Mr. Channing says, was in New England grafted into the quasi-rationalistic heterodoxy. Large numbers of the devotees fell away. Of some who went out from them we may affirm that it was because they were not of them; while others, who were by nature of the Transcendental lineage, grew weary of the difficulties which they found in applying it to life and conduct. Some sought this practical application by the pathway of science, moral culture, and piously humanitarian activity; and of this number Mr. Frothingham appears to be one. But others—among whom we believe we may place the Rev. W. H. Channing—had too deep a sense of the need of spiritual and moral organization not to turn eagerly to that which was ready to their hands in the Christian Church. At all events, Transcendentalism, as a school, has seen its day in New England. Mr. Channing is undoubtedly a Transcendentalist by blood. The present writer not long ago saw him administer the Lord's Supper. And the language he employed was such that with a very few omissions it might have been called purely Transcendental, while with very slight additions it would have been strictly orthodox.

What may have been the influence in England of New England Transcendentalism it is not easy to measure. But it has been considerable. The elder Channing was a Christian Transcendentalist, and, if he had been a younger man, would have come to see in time that the terms in which he constantly spoke of the love of God, the relation of the human soul to God, and the *natural* destiny of the human soul, could not be held along with some of his traditional beliefs. Now the transition from Channing to Emerson is very easy, and the latter has been very widely read in this country. Of course English minds have all the while been drinking at the well-known sources of Transcendental thought in Germany and elsewhere, and we have our own Transcendentalists too—some of them Christian, for instance Cudworth, George Fox, George Herbert, and William Law. On some of the writers of this school the Christian belief has sat very loosely; it must, as we have seen, necessarily be so. However it may be, the ranks of Theists, pure and simple, have been largely recruited from the Unitarian body in this country, and, although the statement is a little hazardous, I may venture to say that pure Theism cannot stand its ground unless it is of Transcendental quality. The chief living writer of the modern school of English Theists is Mr. F. W. Newman. In his book on "The Soul" the argument, as it may be called, for the being of a God (in the second chapter) is expressed in terms which Paley might accept, and which may be described as rationalistic. But this chapter is entitled "Sense of the Infinite *without us*;" and the book as a whole (still more some of

its compeers) is in the highest degree Transcendental. Charles Hennell's "Christian Theism" is a fair specimen of rationalistic treatment of the same theme; but even Mr. Hennell, closely looked into, will be found Transcendental here, there, and again. In fact, there is not much risk of error in affirming that Theism, if it is a living thing, must be Transcendental, and that the flower of the Unitarian seceders at this moment are Transcendentalists more or less aware of their own classification. After many discussions and a long, though quiet struggle, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association has opened its arms to Theists who disavow all faith in historical Christianity. The chief agency in changing the colour of Unitarian policy in this matter has been the influence of Mr. Martineau's writings. Those who have read the "Inquirer" and the Unitarian periodicals know how angry Unitarians "of the school of Paley" (I am quoting the signature of one angry letter written many years ago) have been made by Mr. Martineau. In speaking of modern Theism in England, connecting it with the names of Mr. Newman and Miss Cobbe, Mr. Martineau says that if this had been "an historic instead of a private gift, and could come to men as inspiration instead of reason, it would regenerate the world." And even in preparing his "Hymns of Praise and Prayer," in which the moral and spiritual supremacy of Christ is assumed, and all the Christian story, except the miraculous part of it, is adopted, Mr. Martineau says:—

"If there be a spiritual devotion which more and more draws away from what tradition, apostolic or other, has questionably said about the first age, and, gathering itself into the centre, identifies its *Christianity with the religion of Christ in its pure and personal essence*, this simplification is legitimate, and requires to be provided with adequate expression in worship."

These being some of the conditions of the case, it is undoubtedly true that the Theism which we may call Transcendentalism, keeping clear of pagan Pantheism, is spreading in this country, and that the number of the adherents of such a faith would appear very much larger than it now does if it were not that thousands of hesitating persons find it very convenient to accept the more respectable shelter afforded by Broad Church teaching. At the present day there are very many ministers in all recognized communions whose teaching is to be distinguished only by experts from that of writers like Mr. F. W. Newman and Theodore Parker; and these men, for obvious reasons, draft away thousands of religious persons who might otherwise pass boldly and decidedly into the ranks of pure Theists.

In the beautiful Introduction to Mr. Tayler's "Retrospect," Dr. Martineau attempts to define and justify the position of Unitarian Christianity with regard to the newer forms of Theism. He had

already done the same in the preface to the "Hymns of Praise and Prayer," and also in a tract published some years ago and entitled "New Affinities of Faith." This tract was published at the time when Dr. Martineau's scheme for a Free Christian Union was before the public, and was intended to justify the retention of the name Christian as against those who, like Mr. F. W. Newman, Miss Cobbe, and Mr. Voysey, objected to it. The grounds of objection may be thus stated :—

It is admitted by liberal Unitarians in general, by Mr. Martineau in the most emphatic way, and by various Broad Church teachers, that no "external authority" can constitute any ground of religious certainty. It is also largely admitted, and Mr. Martineau expressly admits, that

"under patient and repeated investigation, our Synoptical Gospels have disclosed enough of their age and composition to leave their testimony anonymous, and take from it any higher guarantee than belongs to a venerable popular tradition. The genuine relics [he goes on to say] which they doubtless hand down to us from the 'sacred year,' can be distinguished only by internal evidence, and are mixed with questionable additions, coloured with the spirit and purpose of another generation. The fourth Gospel there will yet, no doubt, be many efforts to save as an original authority. Proceeding from a single mind, of rare spiritual depth and ideality, it will win its best readers to wish it history. But the verdict pronounced by Mr. Tayler in his special treatise on the subject is not likely to be reversed."

It is natural (say the new school) to ask, after these admissions, what remains as a basis upon which to found the claims made for Jesus Christ either as a perfect spiritual example or as a teacher? We understand (say they) the old orthodoxy which enshrines the image and the person and authority of Jesus Christ in the adytum of belief, and guards it by an apparatus of infallibility in book or priest; but if you withdraw the curtain of the shrine, and resign the word, the work, or the person, or all together to criticism, where are you to stop? And why, when you combine for ends of spiritual communion, why should you use a word which shuts out the Jew, the Gentile Theist, and others?

In order that we may do Mr. Martineau no injustice we must once again quote him word for word. To begin with, he makes this admission :—

"Amid the varieties of inward want, there is room for every conscientious and thoughtful experiment: and should it prove that, from the sensitive independence of the age, the spirit of Christ's religion can best take up its power by escaping from the name, it is the part of true discipleship to rejoice that the world is evangelized even under a disguise."

To some people this would seem like a laying down of arms. But no, Dr. Martineau again retires behind his entrenchments. He says of his Christian Union, that though "the work" is not

Christian unless more than Christian, yet it cannot be what it should be if Christian it is not; and he goes on to insist with great force and beauty upon the value of the Christian name as the casket of all that is precious in our religious antecedents. But we must take a passage addressed to this point in the Introduction to Mr. Tayler's book:—

"It is the distinctive glory of the Christian religion that it is a tissue of *personal affections*, sweetening, expanding, exalting human life, by ties of relation with all known ranks of being; fraternal service to equal men, filial trust towards the 'Father in Heaven,' reverent allegiance to the 'Son of Man' who has brought them into open communion.

"Religion, it has been said, is 'morality coloured with emotion;' yes, but the emotion of a dependent mind looking up to a mind all-righteous and supreme. Again it has been said, religion is 'moral idealism;' yes, but with eye upon an ideal which has been humanly realized on earth, and for ever constitutes a Divine perfection in heaven.

"Trust, love, reverence, between person and person, speaking in living communion, and quickening all faithful action, are the central essence of pure religion, and the special gift of Christianity. This gift it is the highest function of spiritual philosophy in our age to protect and hand down with unabated power."

To this we can well conceive our theistic friends replying in some such terms as these:—"But after all you have not explained how, after having surrendered the New Testament to an absolutely free criticism, you make out your 'objective perfection.' As an ideal we understand it; but by what process under the terms of your own expressed admission do you infallibly connect your Ideal with any fact of history, so as to arrive at an objective perfection, faith in whom can one moment rank with faith in God himself? Besides, it seems to us that your argument reduces the function of this 'objective perfection' to one of spiritual policy. The argument may be good for its purpose, but if it is good thus far, is not some form of moderate Mariolatry at least an open question of spiritual policy also?"

So stands the question thus far. But the position of modern Unitarianism has been attacked upon lower grounds. Mr. Moncure D. Conway has lately led the attack in the *Unitarian Herald*, and perhaps elsewhere. Mr. Conway's position may be thus stated:—"So long as you retain the name Christian you are sectarian, and you shut out many devout men—for instance, Mr. Carlyle." To this the reverend editors of the *Unitarian Herald* made answer:—"If Mr. Carlyle will send in his name and a guinea to the office in Norfolk Street, Strand, he will find himself enrolled a member of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and no questions asked. It is you, Mr. Conway, who are sectarian; our Association escapes the charge by leaving the word Christianity wholly undefined."

This is a brief summary of the controversy. But it is quite clear,

whatever may be said about Mr. Conway's position, that of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association it may be said that their standpoint is as indefensible as that of the Broad Church, upon which Dr. Martineau gently twits Dean Stanley.

I by no means suggest that the Association should resign the Christian name, but the argument of the *Unitarian Herald* pulverizes at a touch. Suppose the Association were to use the word Mohammedan instead of the word Christian, it would certainly seem to imply that faith in Mohammed and the Koran were required as conditions of membership. If the Association, upon being charged with sectarianism, were then to reply that it had left the word Mohammedanism undefined, outsiders might retort, "Then why not call yourselves the British and Foreign Abracadabran Association? If you want a word with no meaning, take one, or else omit all attempts at characterization."

To this I am unable to see any just answer. And, to cut the matter short, I do not believe there is under the sun any "way out" of an honourable and charitable sectarianism. This subject, however, must be postponed.

The Brahmo Somāj movement in India is a very large subject, and I refer to it here for two purposes only. First of all, it is essentially a Transcendental movement, and is not finally or chiefly affiliated to any rationalistic origin. Secondly, it may throw some light upon the preceding paragraphs if I quote what Dr. Martineau has to say of it in the Introduction already more than once referred to:—

"What influence these writings may have had in stimulating the movement of Indian Theism, and the organization of the Brahmo Somāj, it would be difficult to define; but of the sympathy and interaction of the Eastern and the Western thought, in the aim at religious reform, there can be no doubt. Its mission in India is much more extensive than in England. Here, its chief function is the correction of erroneous belief, which narrows the mental horizon, and limits the natural affections. There it rises up in protest against forms of superstition which have shaped the habits of society for ages, and set into a fixed type of civilization; which carry in them a taint of deep moral corruption; which degrade the life of women; which sanctify the exclusiveness of class; and check and baffle at every turn the hopes of social progress. In the presence and under the challenge of evils so little endurable, the Brahmo leaders fling themselves upon their work with a prophetic fervour and self-abandonment, with a sustaining enthusiasm brought from communion with God, with an heroic insistence on purity and simplicity of life, which place them in far more impressive relations to the society around them than can be claimed for their fellow-believers in the West. Theism here is a product of scepticism. Theism there is a kindling of inspiration. Here it is the clinging to a God not lost: there the rapture of a God just found. Perhaps the happiest sign for its societies here is their fraternal interest in its representatives there. If anything can charm to rest the ever-creaking logic of distrust, and wake up some uniting harmony of spiritual affection, it may be the appreciated example of a kindred faith free of detaining doubts, and kindled with Divine love."

Is Dr. Martineau correct in this comparative estimate? Is it a fact that Theism here is a product of scepticism, in such sense that Dr. Martineau can legitimately derive the contrast he needs for throwing into relief his argument of spiritual policy? That is the question which I apprehend Transcendental Theists in England will want to have answered. They will deny that their faith is a *product* of scepticism; and will maintain, on the contrary, that it is the essential faith of all religious souls in all ages, and must not be called a product of scepticism because those who are prepared to live and die by it have had to disengage it from the non-essentials around which the winds of scepticism must beat with more or less force so long as it remains impossible—and that is for ever—to connect any spiritual truth whatever *absolutely* with any fact of history. Of certain spiritual deposits we can be sure; we may be *almost* sure that they had such and such historic beginnings; we may hold that we are *almost* sure that a certain moral and spiritual ideal was realized at such a date, in such a Being; but that *almost* is a cranny through which all the seven winds of doubt may get in.

As a thing of moods, forced upon us or fostered in us by the facts of life as they pass, scepticism is a burden pretty equally distributed. We may conjecture, for example, that the recent horrors in Eastern Europe gave intelligent and sensitive religious men and women of all orders, orthodox or not, pretty much the same kind of shock. Again, the fluctuations in the "assurance" of the Calvinist may be set against the fluctuations of spiritual confidence which pious persons of other schools must undergo. We cannot escape scepticism in this sense—or, at least, we may affirm that in the majority of cases those who escape do so in virtue of their dulness. But we are now dealing with scepticism in another and more limited sense.

Returning for a moment to the question raised by Mr. Frothingham as to the relation between Transcendentalism and the final assumptions of Ethics, it may be interesting to note the conclusion at which Mr. Sidgwick—moving, as we all know, with extreme caution—arrives in closing his remarkable work, "The Methods of Ethics." Mr. Sidgwick holds that the "Practical Reason" must settle down at last in Utilitarianism—that word being employed in the best and widest sense which has ever been attached to it. But he closes the whole argument by admitting that "it is a matter of life and death to the Practical Reason that the premiss"—of Theism, or an equivalent for it—"should be somehow obtained" (pp. 470, 471). This "hypothesis" is in his opinion "an hypothesis logically necessary to avoid a fundamental contradiction in a vast system of beliefs—a contradiction so fundamental that if it cannot be overcome the whole system must fall

to the ground and scepticism be triumphant over one chief department of our thought." Expressing the same idea in another form, Mr. Sidgwick concludes the volume by saying (p. 473), that "the Cosmos of Duty is reduced to a chaos . . . without a belief, in some form or other, that the moral order which we see imperfectly realized in this world is yet actually perfect." Referring to Mr. Matthew Arnold, he seems to hold (but he writes with excessive caution) that the hypothesis of a "something not ourselves that makes for righteousness" would meet the case. Now I am not concerned here to argue (what I hold as firmly as Mr. Martineau) that the axiom of causality compels us to conceive that "something" as a Person; or that in another way we are compelled to conceive a limitless Absolute; and yet, in spite of the antinomy, to recognize this Divine Person, and this Absolute Deity, as one—both these clauses I hold, and the latter clause is transcendental—but our present concern is partly away from this. The *relevant* question that arises upon all this would stand as follows:—It being admitted by all of us (who are now here) that the moral sentiment in man has no justification without a theistic premiss, and that "*without it scepticism must be triumphant*" in this department of thought, "the Cosmos of Duty being reduced to a chaos,"—is there any other proposition whatever of which the same affirmation may be truly made? Or, at least, is there any proposition, founded upon any matter of history whatever, of which the same affirmation may be truly made? If not there is no such proposition which may not be an inlet of scepticism, and none which can be absolutely essential to the spiritual life.

The proposition that "in some form or other"—to quote Mr. Sidgwick—"the moral order which we see imperfectly realized in this world is yet actually perfect," is, of course, a postulate of Transcendentalism. Its logical justification is supplied by the argument so very cautiously put by him—which is, of course, nothing new. But, under the pressure of the more recent generalizations of science, a merely rationalistic Theism tends evidently to slide into a position in which the blank at the centre of the Cosmos shall be filled up with a "something not ourselves," &c.—a "law," if not a gas. True, upon bethinking itself, it must see that it will in this way have got no farther than planting the elephant upon the tortoise, and has committed the absurdity of starting from a living will to end with this queer *x*. But that is the tendency of the hour; and the fact forms part of my reasons for saying that if Theism is in our own day to be a living thing, it must be Transcendental. Nor does that, let us repeat, exclude the Theism of the most spiritual and devout Christians: on the contrary. And it must be borne in mind, again, that very many

modern Theists are Transcendentalists without knowing it clearly. A Hindu shall tell you, perhaps, that it was Rammohun Roy who converted him; but, the moment he passes on to language of devotion, or speaks of God's love and the human soul, his truer classification writes itself in flame under your eyes. The very poem in which Coleridge so warmly praises Priestley and Hartley ends with a high Transcendental chant.

It is due to the instructive and admirably written work of Mr. Frothingham—from which these paragraphs began—to add that none of my incidental remarks about it are intended to convey the impression that it is anything but a valuable and interesting book, written by a well-informed and, in some respects, sympathizing critic.

HENRY HOLBEACH.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE IN RELATION TO THE EASTERN QUESTION.

NOT the least instructive part of the history of the great events of the last year is the history of their effect on the English people. If there has ever been a parallel in modern times, it must have been in times which few of us are old enough to remember. Within my own memory at least, a memory which goes back to times before the first Reform Bill, there has been no such general stirring of the national heart and the national conscience as that which was wrought when the people of England first heard in all its fulness the true tale of Turkish doings in Bulgaria. There has been no such outburst of a feeling which was purely generous, purely unselfish. Men were stirred, not at any wrong done or threatened to themselves, their friends, or their country, but at wrong done to men of whom many of them had no very distinct idea, to men of whom many had never heard before, and whom others had been taught to look on with more or less of unreasoning prejudice. England was stirred, and deeply stirred, at the tales, true and false, of the horrors of the Indian Mutiny. But the feeling was not wholly unselfish. Indignation at wrong was mixed with fear, with wrath, with desire for vengeance, with a crowd of personal, domestic, and national feelings which might not be blameworthy, but which still cannot be called unselfish. At various other times there had been a feeling of sympathy, deep and widely spread, on behalf of various causes and struggles in foreign lands. Men had felt for Greece,

for Poland, for Italy, for Hungary. But in none of these cases was the feeling so deep, so general; in none of them was the expression of the feeling so overwhelming. In the American civil war, in the war between Germany and France, English sympathy was so largely divided between opposite sides that any general expression of national feeling was impossible. And even if English feeling had been more united, still the cases could never have been parallel. Those two great struggles were wars which were carried on according to the laws of civilized warfare. The strongest partisan of North or South, of Germany or France, could not put the other side on a level with the Turk in Bulgaria. On the mass of Englishmen the fearful tale of the doings of the Turk came as something altogether strange, something wholly beyond the range of their experience. That there was really nothing strange in the matter, that the Turk had simply done as he always has done, as he always will do while he remains a Turk, was unknown to most of those to whose ears the news came. They shuddered, as they well might; and they not only shuddered but wondered. Those who better knew the past and present history of the lands where those deeds were doing shuddered, but did not wonder. But in either case the feeling which the news stirred up was a sublime national emotion such as has had few parallels. Men came together as if to deliver their own souls, as if their hearts could not rest within them till their tongues had spoken. They came, as it were, to wash their own hands clean from the deeds of which they had just heard the tale. It seemed as if the common earth and the common human nature had received a defilement, which it needed some rite of lustration to wipe off from the consciences of all mankind. Never was any movement more spontaneous, more heartfelt, and as it seemed more universal. The current of generous feeling was so strong that it utterly swept away one of the most deeply rooted traditions of modern English political belief. Men had been brought up in the strange creed that freedom and just government were indeed righteous and holy things, things to be striven after by all men, on this side of the Hadriatic sea, but that on the other side the rule was to be read the other way, that there wrong and robbery, the dominion of the stranger and the oppressor, were to be maintained, as being needed in some mysterious way for the welfare of England and of mankind. Men had been taught to believe that the Turk was our old and faithful ally—that his interests were in some way intertwined with our own—that to maintain his rule was an object for which we should always be ready to spend our blood and treasure—that the independence and integrity of his empire was for ever to be deemed the most cardinal, the most sacred, point of all European

policy. But the traditional policy of England, the traditions which bound us to the cause of evil, were as nothing before the righteous burst of indignation, before the universal cry which went up when England first saw her boasted ally in his true colours. For twenty years men had had dinned into their ears how noble and excellent a thing it was that the nations of South-eastern Europe should be handed over for ever to the mercies of barbarian invaders. But, when men once knew what the mercies of barbarian invaders were, all such teaching went for nothing. From one end of Britain to the other, men came together to pour forth all the bitterness of righteous wrath on the name of the ally whom they had so long been taught to cherish. And presently signs began to be seen of a change yet more wonderful. Of all bugbears to the ordinary English mind, the greatest for a whole generation has been the bugbear of Russia. Perhaps it is on that ancient principle that we hate none so bitterly as those whom we have wronged, that Englishmen have been brought up in the belief that it was the first national duty of every Englishman to hate Russia with a blind hatred, to look on every act of Russia with a blind suspicion, to work himself up into a fit of patriotic frenzy at the very mention of the Russian name. But when it was brought home to men's minds that Russia was standing forth as the destined avenger of the deeds at which they shuddered, when they heard of the wonderful uprising of the Russian people to help their suffering brethren, all this traditional prejudice gave way. Those who can remember the state of the English mind three-and-twenty years ago could hardly believe their own eyes and ears when they looked on a vast gathering of Englishmen, and heard every word in honour of Russia, her prince and her people, received with ringing cheers, whilst the slightest word that told against her fell flat and dead, even when it came from the lips of the first of living Englishmen. Such a change had been wrought by the simple power of truth and right. A nation which had been wandering for a generation in a wilderness of delusion had at last turned back; it at last had looked facts in the face, and had made up its mind as one man no longer to call evil good and good evil. The natural impulses of a people are in themselves commonly true and generous. When a nation goes wrong, it almost always goes wrong because facts are wrongly set before it. Three-and-twenty years ago Englishmen were carefully taught that the Turkish oppressor was himself an oppressed victim. By a mistaken, but still a generous impulse, the nation leaped to the conclusion that it was its business to go to the help of that supposed victim. Last year the truth was so clearly set before the national mind that even our darling error could not hold its ground against it. In a mighty fit of national repentance, the

people of England declared that they would no longer be the abettors of the foulest tyranny that the world has ever seen. They declared that, whatever other nations might do, the honour of England should no longer be tarnished by any fellowship with the accursed thing.

At the first beginning of this great movement, the most striking thing was its seeming unanimity. Hardly a voice was raised against it. Men who had never before joined together for any other object joined together for this. Men who seemed parted poles asunder by religious or political differences were ready to act together in the cause of justice and mercy. It seemed as though the mere cries of party were hushed, as though men felt how small were the religious and political differences which parted them compared with the great bond which knit them together against the common enemy of mankind. For a while no sect, no party, held aloof. It seemed as though the whole land was united in one common purpose to do right at all hazards. It was indeed a course in which the petty disputes of mere political party might have been cast aside. A wrong had been done, and done not by this or that political party, but by the nation itself. English Governments of every shade of politics, Conservative Governments and Liberal Governments, had alike sinned in giving the support of England to the wicked rule of the Turk. Both the great political parties of England had sinned together, and it might have been deemed that both were going to repent together. Each party had its own special stain to wipe off from its hands. It was under a so-called Liberal Government that England signed the wicked treaty of 1856, by which England, along with the other great powers of Europe, bound herself, on no better guaranty than a Turk's promise of reform, not to interfere with the relations between the Sultan and his subjects. That is, when the words are translated out of diplomatic language, she bound herself to leave the enslaved nations of South-eastern Europe under the yoke of oppressors who never knew what faith or mercy meant. It was under a Conservative Government that that wicked treaty was carried out to its practical results. Then it was that Englishmen were forbidden to meddle with the relations—the normal and everyday relations—between the Sultan and his subjects, by saving the helpless women and children of Crete from the jaws of their merciless destroyers. The crime on both sides was equal. The evil thing which the so-called Liberal head had planned the Conservative hand had carried out. Men stood up on platforms to denounce both crimes alike; they called on both parties alike to do penance before the world, and to join in a national atonement for a national deed of wrong. But it soon became clear that there were minds who could not rise to the height of this great national

purpose. There were minds to whom the rights of humanity, the honour—that is, the duty—of their country, seemed but a small matter compared with the interests of a party in that country. There were those who began to show that the rule by which they walked was not the eternal law of right, but rather some Lesbian rule which could shape itself to this curve and that, according to the actions of particular men. It was soon found that those who stood up to brand the evil deeds of both parties alike found a hearing from one party and did not find a hearing from the other. It was soon found that, while Liberal hearers could sit quiet while the evil deeds of Liberal statesmen were set forth in the colours of truth, Conservative hearers could not endure with equal patience that the same measure should be meted out to the evil deeds of Conservative statesmen. Liberals might, if they pleased, say hard things of the former, or even the present, leaders of their own party. They might not breathe a word against the sacred names of the leaders of the other party. On many a platform when the tale was traced which could not be traced without dealing out hard sayings on either side, the hard sayings dealt out on one side were received without a sign of dissent, while a single hard saying on the other side at once drew forth a protest. We might freely blame Lord Palmerston; we might, if we chose, blame Mr. Gladstone; but it was sin and sacrilege to do otherwise than bow down before the hallowed name of Lord Derby. It was hard to tell the history of South-eastern Europe for the last twenty years without telling alike the tale of the Treaty of Paris and the tale of the betrayal of Crete. Men whose one thought was truth fondly deemed that the facts of history could not change, that the laws of right and wrong could not change either. They were soon undeceived. They were presently taught that the facts of history could only be endured, that the laws of right and wrong could only be acknowledged, so far as might be convenient for Conservative statesmen. Truth of fact, truth of morals, were to be like the sentiments of the American candidate in the story, which were indeed the sentiments of an honest man, but which might none the less be changed if they were not acceptable to a majority of the electors. So the truth of history, the truth of morals, were all very well, as long as they did not embarrass a Conservative Government; they were better still if they tended to throw blame on a Liberal Government; but if they tended to embarrass a Conservative Government, to throw blame on a Conservative statesman, then they were to be changed. At certain parts of the tale history was bidden to change its voice, morality was bidden to change its judgement. When those passages were reached, the cry was raised, "No politics," "Don't make political capital out of the sufferings of your fellow-Christians." It might be that there

were men among us who had doomed them to their sufferings; still, if those men chanced to be Conservative statesmen, history and morality were to give way; the evil deed was to be passed by or to be painted in fancy colours, lest political capital for the Liberal side should be made of it. Of all absurd cries the most absurd was the cry of "No politics," in dealing with a question every word of which was political from one end to the other. The cry was as absurd as if they had bidden the divine to discuss the doctrine of justification without talking theology, as if they had bidden the philosopher to discuss the nature of sun, moon, and stars without talking astronomy. The cry showed how low and narrow a sense the word "politics" had come in some minds to bear. "Politics," the science which Aristotle taught, meant with them simply the party question of the hour, the rise or fall of this or that ephemeral administration. It is an old saying that justice must be done though the sky should fall because of it. And that old saying has found its later expression in the saying that, if such a choice had to be made, we would see the interests and the foreign dominion of our country perish, rather than that our country should stain her honour by any breach of her duty. The cry of "No politics" which followed on every mention of certain pages in the history of ten years back might, in the same rhetorical shape, be understood as saying—"Perish truth of facts; perish truth of morals; perish the rights of struggling nations; perish the honour and duty of our country, rather than a word should be uttered which should tarnish the fame of a Conservative Foreign Secretary, or jeopard the tenure of office by a Conservative Lord Privy Seal."

There were those to whom this treatment of a great question was, not perhaps surprising, but certainly grievous and disappointing. The mere partisan may perhaps find it hard to understand that there are some at least who have always thought and always spoken in the same way about these matters. There are men who would have spoken if they could have got a hearing, who did speak as far as they could get a hearing, of the whole range of subjects which enter into what is called the Eastern Question, in exactly the same words in 1854 in which they spoke in 1876. There are those to whom the condition of South-eastern Europe has been a matter of concern for years and years, to whom all that bears upon it seems to be, not a matter for the party cry of a moment, but a matter of truth and right, a matter of history and morals, a matter of politics in the highest sense of that word. To them the freedom of the South-eastern lands seems a higher question than the question who shall for three or four years enjoy power and patronage in England. They could understand supporting or opposing an English Minister because his policy tended

to the freedom of the enslaved nations or to their bondage. They could not conceive that their thoughts or words or actions with regard to Eastern matters could be in any way influenced by the policy of this or that English Minister. In their eyes this great moral question, the question of undoing the wrongs of ages, of atoning for a great national sin of our own, was something which belonged to a range far above that of the rise or fall of ministries. They had thought and spoken and acted in the same way, whoever had been in power. When Mr. Gladstone stood forth as the champion of right, when his burning words stirred up the hearts of the English people to yet greater zeal in the cause of right, they rejoiced to have such a helper. But their own thoughts and words and deeds were in no way influenced by the fact that they had Mr. Gladstone to their helper. They hailed his words as true, but they could not hail them as new. What Mr. Gladstone said, what they rejoiced to hear him say, was simply what they themselves had been saying for three-and-twenty years. Had Lord Beaconsfield or Lord Derby stood forth to say the same words as Mr. Gladstone said, they would have equally welcomed Lord Beaconsfield or Lord Derby as their helpers. By zealous championship of right, Lord Derby might have wiped out even his doings in Crete, as Mr. Gladstone has wiped out his share in the Crimean war. But if Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby chose to be the champions of wrong, were we to believe that right and wrong could thereby change their nature? Mr. Gladstone atoned for his fault; Lord Derby did not atone for his fault. The Duke of Argyll appeared as the champion of good; Lord Beaconsfield appeared as the champion of evil. Were we to change the convictions of years, were we to shrink from expressing the convictions of years, because men with whom we usually acted had come over to those convictions, while men whom we usually opposed still remained the enemies of what we deemed true and right? The spirit of party is blameable when it leads a man to suppress convictions which he holds, to profess convictions which he does not hold, to suit the momentary convenience of party politics. The spirit of party goes too far, it becomes a spirit of falsehood, when a man professes to approve what he would otherwise condemn, because it is the policy of his own party leader—when he professes to condemn what he really approves, because it is the policy of the other party leader. But it is surely too much to ask a man to forbear from publicly condemning what he believes to be evil, to refrain from publicly approving what he believes to be good, because the good part is taken by the leader of his own party, and the evil part by the leader of the other. This is in truth what the champions of South-eastern freedom were called upon to do when they were charged with “embarrassing” the

Government, with "making political capital" out of Bulgarian suffering. We had to speak for right and for truth, and we could not forbear to speak for right and for truth, though it did happen that Mr. Gladstone was on the side of right, and Lord Beaconsfield was on the side of wrong. To those who have been used to put historical truth and moral right before all things, the purely personal and party argument seems a strange one. There, written on the pages of history, written in the memory of a betrayed Christian nation, ay, written on the pages of official Blue Books, stands the correspondence in which, by Lord Derby's order, our consuls and naval officers were forbidden to do any work of charity for oppressed Cretans. The fact is beyond doubt. The judgement of morality on such a fact is surely also beyond doubt. Yet when that fact was mentioned, the answer was purely personal. There was no attempt to deny the fact; there was no attempt to justify it; the whole answer was an outcry against the wickedness of the man who should dare to blame any act of a being so perfect as Lord Derby.

This then is a point which should always be borne in mind, that there were some—whether many I do not presume to say, but certainly some—whose interest in these matters did not begin with what are called the Bulgarian atrocities, and whose line with regard to these matters was not, and could not be, in any way influenced by any merely English party considerations. The doctrine of the Conservative newspapers seems to be that certain weak-minded people were stirred up to sentimental emotions by the tale of "Bulgarian horrors," and that then certain designing people took advantage of their emotions to set their minds against the present Ministry. It is perfectly true that the doings of the Turks in Bulgaria did stir up many people to think of the wrongs of the enslaved nations of South-eastern Europe who had never thought of those wrongs before. How far any one has taken advantage of the new interests, the new sympathies, of such persons to set them against the present Government is a question which admits of different answers according to its meaning. If it is meant that any persons, themselves indifferent to the wrongs of the oppressed lands, took up those wrongs simply as a handle to work against men whose home policy they disapproved, such conduct would be blameworthy in the highest degree. It would be an example of party spirit in its worst form. But it has yet to be shown that any man has so acted. It is on the face of it an uncharitable surmise without any shadow of proof; and, as applied to those who took an early part in the movement, it is distinctly and palpably false. I can speak for myself and for others to whom the whole thing is nothing new—to whom at least the only new thing is that, while we have been saying the same thing for twenty-

three years, while we did not get a hearing twenty-three years ago, while we did not get a hearing even ten years ago, we do get a hearing now. To us the doings in Bulgaria were nothing new, nothing wonderful. They were simply what the Turk always does whenever he has a chance. They were what the Turk did fifty years ago in Chios and Cyprus; they were what he did in much later times at Damascus. They are what he is doing always on a smaller scale in Bulgaria, and in every other land subject to his yoke. The only real difference between the Turkish doings of 1876 and the Turkish doings of any other year was that the doings of 1876 were done on a greater scale than any doings of the same kind that had happened for some years. There was indeed another difference, namely that the facts were brought home to the minds of the mass of the English people in a way that earlier facts of the same kind had never been brought home. The mass of Englishmen then learned for the first time what the Turk really was. And, when they knew what the Turk really was, their righteous indignation naturally spread from the Turk himself to his English abettors. The moral emotions which were stirred by the tale of Bulgarian horrors involved the condemnation of the man who had denied and jeered at them. The wrath and wonder that were stirred up when men learned how Turks suppressed insurrections involved the condemnation of the man who was not ashamed to write a despatch to the Turk, urging him to suppress an insurrection. In the summer of 1875 the revolt in Herzegovina began. Such revolts, both in Herzegovina and in other lands, had happened over and over again before, and they had been suppressed in the usual Turkish fashion, perhaps to the satisfaction of the man who could write despatches urging their suppression. The revolt began. To the blinded eyes of diplomatists the revolt seemed of little moment. They could not see what the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand was soon to spread into. They were for suppressing it out of hand, as something which might disturb their slumbers. But those who knew something both of the past and of the present judged otherwise. They knew that the revolt which first began in Herzegovina a year and a-half back was a thing which could not be got rid of quite so easily. They knew that now at least the enslaved nations had made up their minds to win their freedom or to perish. In various ways many of us tried, as we had tried before in like cases, to call attention to the great events which were beginning. We strove as we best might, each in his own way, to show what the revolt really meant, and to bespeak the sympathies of Englishmen for men who had drawn the sword in the noblest cause for which the sword can be drawn. We did our best; but for some months we could do but little.

For the obscure affairs of Herzegovina and Bosnia we could find but few hearers. At last the Turk himself won for us that hearing which hitherto we had striven in vain to gain. He did his doings in Bulgaria, and we at once found the mind of England thinking as we had so long been thinking; we found the voice of England speaking as we had so long been speaking. If the rulers of England chose to put themselves as hindrances in the way of a great national work, if they chose to think as England did not think, to speak as England did not speak, that was their fault, and not ours. Our views on Eastern affairs have not been taken up because of Bulgarian atrocities, or because of the dealings of the present Government with regard to Bulgarian atrocities. We welcomed the great popular movement which came to our help; we welcomed the great orator and statesman whose tongue and pen came to our help. We spake, as truth bade us speak, of the men who stood in the way of the great work of doing right, of the men who sneered at the patriot, and told us that we were bound to the tyrant by some tie of sordid interest. But, as far as regards our own position, it has not been changed, it has not been coloured in any way, either by the popular movement or by the ministerial opposition to that movement. We simply speak for right, as we have ever spoken. We rejoiced to find the people of England uprising on behalf of right. We grieved to see the Government of England enlisted on the side of wrong. But these things made no difference in convictions and feelings that were formed years ago. We did not speak in a certain way because so to speak fell in with the popular movement. We rejoiced in the popular movement, because it won us a hearing for truths for which hitherto we could gain no hearing. We did not shape our course or our words because we found statesmen of one party helping us and statesmen of another party opposing us. But we honoured the statesmen of one party, we condemned the statesmen of another party, because we found the one acting for, and the other acting against, the principles which years before we had learned to be true and righteous.

As far then as the matter concerns myself and others who have been working in this cause, I may say all our days, the charge of acting through mere party spirit, through mere factious opposition to the present Government, is so grotesquely absurd that I have perhaps spent too much time in showing its falsehood. It could have been brought only by men who do not understand that it is possible for men to act by some other motive than the party motive of the hour. It could have been brought only by men who cannot understand that there are those who judge of men and of parties by their principles, not of principles by the men and the parties who uphold them. It seems to be something beyond their range

that any man can have studied a question for himself through long years, that he can have formed convictions for himself, and that he judges both of men and measures by the standard of these convictions. Let me sum up my own convictions as regards the acting of English political parties in Eastern matters. It comes shortly to this: the Liberal and the Conservative party in England have alike and equally sinned against the suffering nations of the East. But the Liberal party has done something to atone for its sins, while the Conservative party has done nothing. Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll are responsible for the Russian war in a way in which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby are not responsible for it; but the truer way of putting it would be that the whole nation was responsible, except the few who directly protested against it. Neither the present nor the late Government is directly responsible for the Treaty of Paris; but that again, I fear, must be set down as a national crime, the guilt of which must be shared by both parties equally. But, on the other hand, more than one Liberal leader has atoned for his first error by good deeds on behalf of Syria, Roumania, Greece, and Bulgaria, while I find no such atonement on the side of the Conservative leaders to set against their share in the wrong of which the nation was guilty. In short, both sides have done much evil; but one side has done something to redress that evil, while the other side has done nothing. I therefore in these matters throw in my lot with those who, if they have done some evil, have also done some good. If this be party spirit I cannot think that party spirit can be such a very bad thing. But I myself should rather have applied the same party spirit to the spirit which asks us to give up or to hide our convictions, simply because they may be "embarrassing" to this or that Minister who chances to be in power. We are in short charged with party spirit, because we assert our right to judge of men by their actions, and refuse to judge of the actions by the men. But in truth the charge of party spirit is very nearly as absurd when it is applied to the mass of the Liberal party at this movement, as when it is applied to those who have made Eastern matters a chief subject of their thoughts for years. If Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby had thrown themselves into the national movement, instead of jeering at it or thwarting it, no one would have refused to follow their lead simply because they were Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby. That this is no more than the truth is proved by what has happened since. If the course of the Liberal party had been dictated by mere party spirit, by a mere wish to thwart a Conservative Government, their opposition would have extended itself to one Conservative Minister as well as to another. But it has not been so. We could distinguish between men who had set themselves doggedly

to oppose and to slander all that was good and noble, and men who differed from us in home politics, but who had at other times shown that they could sacrifice party to conscience, and whose hearts, we had every reason to believe, were in this matter set in the right place. Mere blind, factious, opposition to Conservative Ministers as such would have involved Lord Salisbury in the same condemnation as Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby. But so it has not been. Even in a Tory we can spy desert. While we have spoken our minds freely against Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby, no man has uttered a word against Lord Salisbury. Not a Liberal of any class has spoken of him in this matter otherwise than with words of respect. He went forth to his work at Constantinople amid the approbation and the sympathy of his political opponents as well as of his political friends. We knew the difficulties under which he went out, the difficulties in any case, the special difficulties which beset one who had to deal with such a chief at home. But we looked on Lord Salisbury as an honest-hearted Englishman, who would do the best that he could do in the case in which he found himself. And as we felt we spoke. In the great gathering in St. James's Hall, whenever the name of Lord Salisbury was spoken, it was received with marked honour; whenever the name of Lord Beaconsfield was spoken, it was received with universal loathing.

It is then not the fault of the Liberal party, least of all is it the fault of that section of the party who have all their lives been Liberals in Eastern as well as in Western matters, that a work which ought to have been a national work has in some sort become a party work. It is not their fault that "Justice to Eastern Christendom," which ought to have been the cry of England, which for a moment seemed to be the cry of England, has become the cry only of a part of the nation and not of the whole. That so it is was the fault of those who put men before measures, who deemed the interest of a particular Government in England a thing of greater moment than the demands of justice, than the deliverance of the enslaved nations whom we had wronged. So now unhappily it is. A few honest men have preferred their conscience to their party, the names of honourable men in both Houses of Parliament will at once occur to every one; but, as a rule, we have come to a state of things in which the word Tory means Turk. If it be not so, the newspapers of the party, both in London and elsewhere, strangely belie those whom they profess to represent. It is wonderful to see with what zeal the whole Conservative press has thrown itself into the cause of the oppressors. There was no particular sign at the beginning of last year that they were specially zealous that way. They no doubt still clave to the memory of our "traditional policy," and they might, if called on, have uttered the

usual formulæ about the "integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire." But they showed no special zeal in the matter. They showed no overflowing love of Turks, no bitter hatred of Christians. Their minds were evidently ready to be led into any path in which their leaders might guide them. We may be sure that, if Lord Beaconsfield had written the pamphlet on *Bulgarian Horrors*, they would have applauded that pamphlet. We may feel sure that if Lord Derby had written despatches strongly on the insurgent or the Servian side, they would have warmly approved the policy of those despatches. The outburst of love for the Turk, of hatred for the Christian, did not show itself till the example was set at head-quarters. Then they found out how beautiful was the rule of the Turk, how wicked was the rebellion of the Christian who rose up against his rule. It now became plain that there was an utter divergence between the two parties, not only as to means but as to ends. If the Conservative party had had the freedom of the South-eastern nations at heart, if they had simply thought that we were seeking to compass it by means which were in any way open to objection, they might have opposed us, but they would not have opposed the South-eastern nations. They would not have raked up every worn-out argument on behalf of the tyrant and against his victim. They would not have caught up, with a glee which sometimes seemed hardly human, every tale, true or false, which could in any way tell against the men who had risen to save themselves and their brethren from the cruellest of wrongs. It is not to be supposed that those who so spoke had six months before known or cared anything about Turk or Servian. But the word of command had gone out, and they obeyed it. If Lord Beaconsfield had praised Servia, they would have praised Servia. But Lord Beaconsfield slandered Servia, and it became their business to slander Servia also. Lord Beaconsfield bragged against Russia, and it became their business to brag against Russia also. How little any intelligible or consistent view of events enters into the Conservative war-cries is plain from the fact that no cry is now more steadily uttered in every Conservative paper than the cry of "Poland." At every mention of Russia, the Liberal is asked to remember Poland. Most likely he does remember Poland very well; most likely he also remembers that whatever help or sympathy Poland met with in England, it was assuredly not from Conservative hands that she met with it. Any stick, it is said, will do to beat a dog; and any argument, it seems, however self-confuting, will do to raise a cry against a political opponent. Anyhow, by all these means, by the blindest working of party spirit, by the most open preference of men to measures, by the process of following a particular leader, never mind through what paths his lead has to be followed—in all these ways, a large body of

Englishmen is formally committed to the defence of the foulest of tyrannies; it is committed to evil-speaking, lying, and slandering against all who withstand that tyranny. They tell us—"Stand still and do not embarrass the Government of your country." We say—"We will support the Government of our country when it does right; we will embarrass it when it does wrong." And we would say to them, "Leave off embarrassing something which is greater than the Government of a particular country; leave off embarrassing the civilized world when it is striving to get rid of the foulest blot upon its surface."

But, besides the formal opposition of the Conservative party as a party, we have other enemies to strive with. On this head I may take as my text a passage which I read a short time back in a London weekly paper. Its very simplicity is the best comment on the nature of one form of the opposition which the freedom of South-eastern Europe meets with. Sir William Harcourt had argued a few days before at Oxford, that the results of certain municipal elections tended to show that the Liberals were likely soon to be again in power. With the purely party aspect of this proposition I have nothing now to do; but the comment of Sir William Harcourt's critic is so curious a characteristic as to be worth preserving:—

"There is nothing improbable in this, and it may be added that all trustworthy accounts of the present feeling of the constituencies concur in assigning a far larger amount of present influence to Mr. Gladstone than the criticism justly and freely bestowed on him in London would lead those not acquainted with the premisses to believe possible."

The English of this passage is somewhat lumbering and clogged with hard words; but the meaning may be made out with an effort. And, when the meaning has been made out, the simplicity of the confession is charming. The writer has just found out that London, or what with him passes for London, is not the whole of Great Britain. He has now, for the first time, looked out from the little world of his club in Pall Mall or St. James' Street, and he has found out that outside its bounds lies the great world of England, and that the way of thinking of the little world and of the great world are not exactly the same. Those who perhaps know less than he of London, in his sense of the word London, but who know more of England, and in a truer sense more of London also, could have told him many months back the great truth which seems now to have flashed across his mind for the first time. But this confession, made in manifest sincerity, has its importance. It marks the feelings of a certain class. It marks a separation in feeling between London—that is, London as conceived by the writer whom I have just quoted—and the country at large. There is no reason to believe that the inhabitants of

London, as a body, think differently from the inhabitants of other parts of England. But it is perfectly true that it is among certain classes of the inhabitants of London, certain classes who fancy that they themselves are London, sometimes that they themselves are England, that we find the bitterest opposition to right dealing in these matters. What calls itself "society" is largely against us. Military society, diplomatic society, are naturally against us. Soldiers are naturally anxious for anything that promises active service, promotion, and so forth; and unhappily the traditions of the class would lead its members to seek more willingly for service and promotion in a war waged on behalf of the Turk than in a war waged against him. In military traditions the Turk is an old friend, the Russian an old enemy. Of course there are men in the army who rise above any such feelings, men whose sense of right and wrong is as keen as that of any men, men who, knowing better than other men what war is, would shrink yet more than other men from an unjust war. But these are men who think for themselves, and who rise above the traditions and prejudices of their profession. That that profession, as a profession, should on this matter be against us, is simply what we might have taken for granted beforehand. So with the diplomatic profession; all their traditions and prejudices also are on the side of the Turk; all the cant phrases which it is their lesson mechanically to repeat are in the Turk's favour. And so it is with that large class among which the military, the diplomatic, and other kindred elements are strong. The *Morning Post* is against us; it is perhaps more purely and distinctively Turkish than any other paper. Now the *Morning Post* is not in itself a paper about which anybody would care whether it was for him or against him; but the fact that the *Morning Post* is against us is still a fact worth marking. It shows that the class which is represented by the *Morning Post* is largely—very far from wholly—against us. Then there is a certain literary class, represented possibly by the *Edinburgh Review* in its fallen state, a class who, sometimes, on the strength of the mere fact of living in London, seem to fancy themselves endowed with some special wisdom, and who can cap empty formulæ against the diplomatists themselves. To many of these classes this great national movement is distasteful, simply because it is national. The earnestness of a crowd gathered together to give vent to a burning feeling against wrong is something into which they cannot enter; it is something beneath them, something low, vulgar, unfashionable, something with which their fastidious tastes can have no sympathy. To many among those men mere earnestness of conviction in itself seems something contemptible. They have not taken in the deep saying of M. Guizot, that "the instincts of a people see further than the

negotiations of diplomatists." With them the fact that a thing is the instinct of the people is of itself enough to set them against it. "Agitators," "demagogues," are with them terms of contempt, almost of loathing. It would be vain to tell them that agitation is good or bad according to the object of the agitation; it would be vain to tell them that "leader of the people," a title that was borne by Periklès, is the highest title that man can bear. Earnestness too is in itself an offence; the great fact that men have hearts as well as heads, and that to influence their heads you must influence their hearts as well, seems to be unknown in those polite and serene regions. "Sentimental" is the usual form of contempt for people who do not feel ashamed of those generous feelings which alone lead to worthy deeds; the word is ever in the mouth of men whose love for the Turk, whose hatred for the Christian, is itself a feeling purely sentimental. "Philanthropist" too, and "humanitarian," are favourite names of scorn on the lips of men who, it is therefore to be supposed, hug themselves on their hatred of their species. All this kind of opposition has to be borne, as it has had to be borne by every movement on behalf of truth and freedom and justice since the world began. To the conceit of social and intellectual superiority add the conceit of religious superiority, and you get the exact temper of Scribes and Pharisees. The movement is at once popular, and it is opposed to a whole crowd of prejudices and traditions. The saying that "the Turk is a gentleman" means a great deal. Of course, if the Turk is a gentleman, honest men may be thankful that they belong to a "nation of shopkeepers;" but the feeling which the phrase expresses cannot be passed by. No Bulgarian perhaps was ever seen in a London drawing-room; some Turks have been seen in such places. A whole class of feelings, political, social, and, in the belief of their owners, intellectual, are ruffled by such a movement as the so-called "atrocities agitation." The thing was bad "form," bad "ton," whatever may be the cant phrases of fashion. And all this is in no way confined to men who are politically Conservatives. The old evil that Sokratès had to strive against, the conceit of knowledge without the reality, the spirit of those who trust in themselves, perhaps not that they are righteous, which seems not greatly to matter, but that they are polite, refined, and generally superior to others, and who, on the strength of that inward self-satisfaction, go on to despise others—all this is consistent with a kind of traditional, shadowy profession of Liberalism. It has in fact its chosen home between those antiquated blue and buff covers which in times past sheltered the burning words of truth and eloquence. This state of mind is a fact; it is the real state of a class, and of a class which, in its self-assertion, makes noise out of all proportion to its numbers. We must not forget its existence; and the passage

which I quoted as an illustration shows that it is beginning to understand our existence. Frantic abuse of Mr. Gladstone is always one sign of this particular form of opposition to our cause. The eyes of the writer whom I quoted have just been opened to the fact that, let him sneer as he will at Mr. Gladstone, as at everything else that is great and noble, the people of England, in 1877 as in 1868, still reverence many things that are great and noble, and Mr. Gladstone as one of the foremost among them.

Here then is another difficulty to fight against, the difficulty that the cause of freedom is in some measure an unfashionable cause. There is yet another difficulty to be fought against, which does not affect so many minds, but which certainly does affect some. With some minds it is really a disadvantage that the cause which we support is the cause of Christian victims. With many of course this is one great ground for supporting it; but there are classes with whom it tells the other way. There is no disguising the fact that there is in England a class who distinctly dislike Christianity in itself, and who are, wittingly or unwittingly, set against the victims of the Turk by the very fact that they are sufferers for the Christian religion. And there are others who neither dislike nor disbelieve in Christianity themselves, but who are so morbidly sensitive on the point of religious toleration or equality that they fall into the very danger that they wish to avoid. They are so careful to avoid anything that can be unfair to the Mahometan that they become bitterly unfair to the Christian. The true state of the case is this. No one wishes to do the slightest wrong to any Mahometan as a Mahometan. No one wishes to lay him under the slightest disability, the slightest inferiority, as compared with the Christian. All that we wish is to deprive him of the power of harming the Christian. And the experience of all history shows that he cannot be deprived of the power of harming the Christian without putting an end to his rule over the Christian. The question between Mahometans and Christians is in truth only part of a larger question, the question between Mahometans and that of any other religion whatever. No Mahometan power can rule justly over subjects of any other religion than the Mahometan. Such a power is bound, as a matter of religious duty, to keep its subjects of other religions in a state of inferiority to its Mahometan subjects. If the victims of Mussulman oppression in South-eastern Europe were Hindoos or Parsees instead of Christians, the abstract position would be the same. We should, if we had entered into those relations with their Mahometan masters into which we actually have entered with the Turk, owe to them exactly the same duty which we now owe to the Christians. But there is no shame in saying that it is only natural that that duty should be more keenly felt when the victims are

Christians, just as any duty is more keenly felt towards a friend, kinsman, or countryman, than a duty which is abstractedly the same can be felt towards a perfect stranger. I can see no shame in allowing community of religion between ourselves and the sufferers to strengthen a feeling which would be righteous were the sufferers of any other religion. But it is easy to see that there are some minds with which the fact that the victims are Christians tells the other way. They are afraid of being thought to act, they are in their own hearts afraid of acting, out of a merely religious sympathy. They are afraid of being actuated by a crusading spirit. But what is a crusading spirit? It is a spirit which is right so far as it leads us to fight, in case of need, for our own religion; it is wrong if it goes further, and leads us to fight against another religion simply as another religion. To attack a Mahometan nation, simply because it is Mahometan, would be the height of injustice; to fight to deliver a Christian nation from Mahometan oppression is surely a work of justice and mercy. The last is the true crusading spirit; the other is the abuse of that spirit. My own feeling would simply come to this: while I should feel a call to help Jews, Parsees, or Hindoos in the same case, I feel a still stronger call to help Christians. I feel no more ashamed of drawing such a distinction than any man would feel ashamed of drawing the same distinction in any case where the tie was not religious but national. Every man would say that, while he might feel bound to help the oppressed in any case, he felt yet more strongly bound to help oppressed countrymen of his own. We are of course prepared for the unvarying sophism—"Are you ready to go as knight-errants, redressing wrongs everywhere?" No; but I hold that it is our duty to redress wrongs which are in a great measure of our own causing. And when the men who endure those wrongs are brethren in the Christian faith trodden down by misbelievers—when they are sharers in the blood, the speech, the historic memories, the common civilization of Europe, trodden down by barbarian invaders—when the lands to be set free are old historic seats of Greek intellect and Roman rule—when our mission is to free the throne of Constantine from a barbarian intruder, and to cleanse the church of Justinian from the defilement of a false worship—I feel no shame to say that all this makes me feel more keenly a duty which, were all these motives absent, I should still feel to be a duty. This may be sentiment, passion, enthusiasm, any other name that any adversary chooses. Sentiment, passion, enthusiasm, are parts of the nature of man, which, like all other parts of the nature of man, may be either rightly or wrongly used. They are wrongly used when they lead men to actions which reason does not approve.

They are rightly used, when they are used as further incentives to a course which reason does approve. The sentimental declaimers against sentiment, the passionate denouncers of passion, cannot help showing in their own persons that man is not a being of pure intellect, but a being of sentiment and passion also. Men were never stirred up to do or suffer in a great cause, they never went forth to play the part of patriots, heroes, or martyrs, purely in obedience to mathematical demonstration. I need not stop to determine what would be the reasonable course in a community of beings who had only heads and no hearts. In a community of beings who have hearts as well as heads, reason demands that their hearts as well as their heads should be appealed to.

With regard to the special religious argument, the change of front on the part of one large section of our enemies is cheering indeed. Who does not remember the controversies of 1868 and 1869? What epithets were not hurled at Mr. Gladstone and his supporters on account of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Protestant Church in Ireland? The ground taken was purely religious, one might say purely fanatical. It was an objection taken on the narrowest ecclesiastical grounds, in the interest, not of Christianity generally, but of one particular form of Christianity. The disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church was wicked, irreligious, sacrilegious. No ground of reason or expediency was hearkened to. It was vain to state the doctrine on which all political society rests, the power of Parliament to do anything. To do an act of justice to Ireland was a thing placed beyond the power of King, Lords, and Commons by some supposed higher law, by some inherent right in an ecclesiastical body as an ecclesiastical body. Strange to say, the very same party which was so zealous for the Church when the Church took the form of tithe and glebe, has no zeal at all for the Church when the Church takes the more ancient, one would have thought the more sacred form, of the living members of Christ's body. Those who could not endure that a penny of ecclesiastical wealth should be taken away, even for the best and most Christian purposes, can now look on very calmly while Christian flesh is handed over to be devoured by pagan teeth. We were reproached with being allies of the Papist and the Non-conformist against a more orthodox form of Christianity. Those who so reproached us then do not scruple now to make themselves the allies of Antichrist against Christianity itself. The same papers which sent up pious cries to heaven against the sacrilegious despoilers of the alien Church of Ireland, are now hand in glove with the despoilers, the persecutors, the enemies through ages upon ages, of the native Churches of the East. The men who rebuked our

irreligion and ungodliness in the interest of a single Church now extol the merits of the common enemy of all Churches, and gloat over every error that they can find or invent on the part of the Christians of the East. Once zealous for an English Prayer-book and a Protestant Bible, they now seem equally zealous for the Koran and the Koran's practical expounders. The men who cried out in horror at the idea of giving back a single ecclesiastical building for the national worship of the Irish people, would seem to be better pleased that St. Sophia should become a mosque of the false Prophet than that it should be given back to the national worship of the Greek and Slavonic people. In the old days when Tory meant High Churchman, in the later days when Tory meant Protestant, men would indeed have found it hard to believe that a day could ever come when Tory, or its modern synonym Conservative, should be pretty nearly equivalent to Mahometan.

It is only fair to say that some, especially of the clergy, who find themselves entangled in this strange alliance, do show signs that they feel a little uncomfortable in the camp of Antichrist. It is really a sign of this uncomfortable feeling when they take to the most despicable argument of all, when they heap mocking and reviling on our cause, because the support of that cause has brought together men who differ so widely on other points that it might have been thought impossible that they could act together. It called forth some merriment because the list of conveners of the meeting in St. James's Hall contained men differing widely in religion, widely in politics, more widely still, some of them, in their feelings and pursuits and general line of life. Surely this was the most honourable feature of the whole business; surely it was the truest sign that the cause which had brought together men whom everything else tended to keep asunder must have been a righteous cause. Such an assembly was emphatically not a clique or a cabal; it was a gathering of men who found that, among all their differences, there was a common tie, higher and stronger than all their differences, the tie of a common love for truth and right. What stronger argument can there be in favour of a certain object than that it commends itself alike to High Church and Broad Church, to Nonconformists of every sect, to men of no special religious creed at all? It was because all of them, amid all their differences, agreed in something greater than their differences, because they agreed in loving moral right, and in eschewing moral evil. It was because the truth was so strong, so clear, so plain, that it could stand any test from any quarter, that men who had never agreed before could agree in acknowledging its strength and clearness.

But let all this pass; we are still told, as the last resort, that we are "irresponsible," and that, because we are irresponsible, we ought

to hold our tongues. I have given a good deal of thought to make out the meaning of this objection, and it quite baffles me. It is as hard to make out as why close reasoning should be called "hysterical," or why a simple statement of facts should be called a "scream." Both phrases are common in the Turkish camp, and it may be that they have some meaning in the Turkish language. To the plain Englishman they are puzzling. And the plain Englishman may be just as much puzzled by the endless dinning into his ears of this mysterious word "irresponsible." It is so often repeated that one would think it must have some meaning; and yet the only approach to a meaning which can, with much striving, be got out of it is something so utterly monstrous that one would think that even the patrons of the Turk must mean something else. Is it meant that no one has a right to speak his mind on public affairs, unless he is a Cabinet Minister, or at the very least a member of one or the other House of Parliament? If so, what becomes of all free government, all free discussion? Why have we elections? Why have we newspapers? Is it meant that the Minister, perhaps that the member of Parliament, must take care what he does and what he says, because he is responsible, but that the private elector, being irresponsible, may vote without care or thought, provided only he votes without saying anything? In a free government political responsibility does not belong wholly to the Minister; it belongs also, though in a less degree, to the representative; it belongs, in a less degree again, to the elector. And the responsibility is less in degree only in the sense that it is less direct. The representative and the elector should be fully as careful in exercising their smaller amount of responsibility as the Minister should be in exercising his larger amount. As for moral responsibility, that belongs to every act and word of every man's life. No man is morally irresponsible; no man but a slave is politically irresponsible. The doctrine that no man may discuss, that no man may censure, the doings of the executive Government, is indeed a new and a strange one. It cannot be above three years old. Certainly from 1868 to 1874 men who were irresponsible then, if we are irresponsible now, did not find their irresponsible state any hindrance to speaking against the executive Government of that day at least as vigorously as any of us have spoken against the executive Government of the present moment.

Such has been the course of feeling among the English people with regard to this great question of national duty. A grand and noble national impulse has been to some extent thwarted, partly by men to whom any national impulse was offensive, partly by men to whom right and duty and the true honour of their country were less dear than the momentary interests of a particular Ministry. Through such causes as these the action of the nation

has unhappily not been unanimous. But we are fully justified in calling the great movement of last autumn a national movement. It was a national movement inasmuch as it was not a movement of any one class or sect or party. It was a national movement inasmuch as it was dictated by feelings purely national, feelings far higher than any which the mere blind partisan can understand. Nor has the movement been without its effect. It is plain matter of fact that the policy of the Ministry did change. Lord Beaconsfield learned that the doings of the Turk in Bulgaria were, in the eyes of the nation, not matters for jaunty and airy merriment, but for deep national indignation. Lord Derby found out that it would not do to write any more despatches recommending the suppression of insurrections; he had instead to write a tardy despatch of rebuke—an excellent sermon, if it had only been preached five hundred years earlier—to those who had carried out his recommendation in the only way in which they were likely to carry it out. The voice of the great gathering in St. James's Hall gave the answer of the nation to the brag of the Mansion House dinner. It was now allowed on all hands that we at least were not to fight on behalf of the Turk. The yells and screams, the outpourings of "hysterical declamation," the growls of sentimental misanthropy, which were called forth by that great meeting, all showed how great a fact it was, how deeply it told, how heavy was the blow that it struck. There is no better guide to the value of any movement than the degree of rage which it calls forth among the enemy. Judged by that standard, setting aside for the while any other standard, the whole movement, and that its crowning stroke, have been successful in a way in which no man could have hoped when a few of us began preaching in the wilderness in the last months of 1875. We have perhaps not done positively much; but we have hindered a great deal. We have made it impossible for Lord Beaconsfield himself to rush into a war with Russia. We have taught Lord Derby that England thinks of something else besides her own interests, that she does not wholly forget her duty and her honour.

My business in the present article has been to trace clearly the real course of national feeling in this great cause of justice, mercy, and faith. I have tried to point out the influences by which that great current has been, partly thwarted, partly misrepresented. But it is no part of my business now to answer the general falsehoods and sophistries with which the whole subject has been carefully surrounded by the votaries of evil. That has been done over and over again in endless shapes. Those who still go on repeating falsehoods which have been refuted times without number will hardly be converted. Men like the anonymous—for aught I know, the "irresponsible"—slanderer of Montenegro and all

Eastern Christendom in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* are of course beyond the reach of argument. In any theory of the world's government Ahriman is strong, and such reckless utterers of falsehood are his instruments, who will not lightly forsake the service of their master. But to the honest hearts of the English people a word of warning may not be in vain. The Conference at Constantinople has failed. It was doomed to failure from the beginning. The assumptions on which it started were purely sentimental, utterly beyond the range of practical politics. The whole thing took for granted, in the teeth of all reason and experience, that freedom and good government could in some way be reconciled with the direct rule of the Turk. It took for granted that the presence of Turkish troops in a Christian land was compatible with the preservation of life, property, and family honour. Men knew what the Turks did in Belgrade and why Belgrade got rid of them; yet this and that Bulgarian town were still to be exposed to the unspeakable horrors of occupation by a barbarian garrison. Tie him up as might be thought good, by International Commissions and what not, the Turk was still to send his troops to do after the manner of Turkish troops; he was still to have a voice in appointing the rulers of lands whose one wish was to get rid of him and his rule for ever. It was surely enough to give this and that abject thing which for a moment bears the title of Sultan the means of fulfilling the one object of a Sultan's being, that of wallowing as a gilded hog in a gilded sty. It was too much to allow him still to keep on the more active character of the wild boar out of the wood, and to let him root up the cornfields and vineyards of South-eastern Europe. Out of a Conference which met on the principle of admitting to its deliberations the criminals whom it ought simply to have summoned to hear their sentence, no good could come. It recognized the "rights" of the Turk, while the one practical rule is that wrong can have no rights. Take one case out of many in which Europe has yielded to what are called Turkish "susceptibilities," the "susceptibilities" of this and that Pasha, Midhat and Safvet and the rest of them, with their hands still red with the blood of Bulgaria. Nothing can be done, life, property, and all that man holds dear, will never be safe in those lands, till the Mussulman robbers are disarmed. But we are told that they cannot be disarmed because of the "sanctity of the harem." Look such a phrase as this in the face. The harem, which it seems has a sanctity, simply means the innermost lair of the robber and the ravisher; it is the den which hides the wives, the daughters, the sisters, the sons, the brothers, of whom this or that Pasha or Bey or Aga has despoiled his Christian neighbours for the gratification of his own foul lusts. If right is to be done, every harem,

from the Grand Turk's own downwards, should be searched to the innermost corner, to bring to light the foul mysteries of the prison-house, and to set free the victims of its work of darkness. While a single Turkish soldier is allowed to occupy one spot of Christian ground, while a single Asiatic barbarian is allowed to swagger armed among an unarmed European population, Congresses may meet for ever, but nothing will come of them, except that the Turk will go forth to his work of blood and lust with greater zest and less fear of interruption than ever.

What then is to be done? The question is, Will the people of England, roused as they were last autumn, endure to leave things just as they were last autumn? The Conference has done nothing—I need not insult my readers by stopping to prove that the sham Constitution will do nothing—to stop the state of things in which every Christian wife, maid, or boy is liable at any moment to be carried off, without hope or redress, to endure all that is implied in the words “sanctity of the harem.” Such are those “relations between the Sultan and his subjects” which the Treaty of Paris handles with such delicacy. The uprising of the English people has at least secured us from going to war to maintain the sanctity of the harem. But may we not do more? Are we simply to talk and not to act? Is such a stirring-up of the national conscience as was never seen before not to be embodied in some positive act? It has accomplished a negative reversal of that “traditional policy” which has so long been the shame of England; it should bring about the beginning of a better policy. “Non-intervention” is in many cases a good rule; but it does not apply to cases where the wrongs that are to be redressed are wrongs which are very largely of our own making. Then it is not atonement enough to forbear from further doing of evil; there ought to be some active doing of good. In a thousand public meetings of last year Englishmen declared that no settlement could be just or lasting which left the revolted Slavonic lands under the direct rule of the Turk. To the Slavonic lands the resolutions of several meetings added Crete; some went on to add other Hellenic lands. Here again the wise saying of M. Guizot was confirmed. The instinct of the people saw further than the negotiations of diplomatists. The instinct of the people saw clearly that all pettifogging devices about Commissions and *gendarmeries* were worthless. They argued that the one practical remedy was the remedy which experience prescribed, the remedy which had been already tried, and which, whenever it had been tried, had succeeded. The national demand was that the lands to be set free should be set free, that they should be at least not worse off than Servia and Roumania. The instinct of the people saw that no guaranty short of the utter wiping-out of the direct rule of the Turk was worth the paper on which it

was written. But the diplomatists, as usual, were blind—blind with blindness of the kind where the blind say, “We see.” The instinct of the people argued that the remedy which had always succeeded was better worth trying again than the remedy which had always failed. One Minister set this reasonable argument aside by saying that the people knew little or nothing of foreign affairs. Another declared, in a phrase which has since become proverbial, that the remedy which experience dictated lay out of the range of practical politics. He had himself no personal objection to Slavonic or Hellenic freedom; but there were “difficulties.” Lord Derby had seemingly not yet found out that there are difficulties in all things, and that the duty both of Foreign Ministers and of other men largely consists in overcoming difficulties. He had at all events not found out, what the instinct of the people had found out, that, in dealing with the Turk, one difficulty is as great as another. There are difficulties, great difficulties, in getting anything out of him; but there are no greater difficulties in getting one thing out of him than another. The greatest point is as easily gained as the smallest. He will not yield the smallest point except under sheer fear, and under sheer fear he will yield the greatest. The moment the Conference took the Turk into its counsels everything was lost; to all but diplomatists it was plain that the barbarian would have everything his own way. A demand for the freedom of the revolted lands, backed by a Russian army on the frontier and an English fleet in the Bosporos, would win their freedom without a blow. But talk will ever be but talk, and nothing can come of it.

The course for the nation is this. The remedy which the people, in its far-seeing instinct, saw to be the only right one, the one which reason and experience declare to be that one, has been cast away by the diplomatists who chose to try once more some of their own petty *nostrums*, the worthlessness of which had been proved a hundred times already. Things have gone as they could not fail to go; the *nostrums* have come to nothing. As soon as the Turk saw that the representatives of Europe were ready to yield in a single point, his barbarian cunning taught him that his policy was to yield in no point. But it is not too late to listen to reason and experience even now. Let the people decide again, as they decided last autumn, that, after this fresh proof of the soundness of their instincts, the remedy which experience dictates shall at last be tried. That Russia should back out of all her engagements seems inconceivable; if the Russian Government should dream of such a craven course, the Russian people will not abide it. But Russia must not be left to do the work alone. How absolutely necessary it is, from every

point of view, that we should enter into frank and cordial co-operation with Russia has been often set forth already, and I will not here go again through the arguments which prove it. All that I have now to say is that, as the people spoke out in 1876, the people must stand ready to speak out again in 1877. In 1876 they spoke out about "Bulgarian atrocities." There has been no day since when they might not have spoken out on the same subject. While we have been speaking and writing, while the Conference has been debating and yielding, the Turk has been acting. He has been playing the Turk as ever. "Bulgarian atrocities," "Bosnian atrocities"—we might go on through the whole list of the lands under the Turkish yoke—have never ceased for a day; they never will cease till the Turk is made to understand that Europe will endure them no longer. In making him so understand the people of England have their part to play. After last year they cannot draw back; they cannot leave the Turk to carry on his evil work undisturbed. One cry will of course have to be met. Are you counselling war? Has the peace party become a war party? A peace-at-any-price party can of course never become a war party, without casting aside its very nature. But a party which opposes a war for wrong may without inconsistency support a war for right. No one wishes for war; there is no reason to believe that war will be needed; all that we need do is boldly to accept the fact that war may be needed. The horrors of Turkish rule must be stopped; England has said that already. They cannot be stopped by talk. They may be stopped by means short of war; but they can be stopped only by means which imply the possibility of war. The Turk will yield only to force; his mind knows no other argument. But it does not follow that the argument need take the form of an actual exercise of force. The Turk may yield to a simple display of force, provided he knows that it is not a mere display, but a display which will pass into action at the first moment of refusal or hesitation. If Europe can be persuaded that talk is vain, if it can be led to put an united pressure on the Turk, the yoke of the South-Eastern lands may be broken without a blow. But that pressure must be of a kind to make the Turk understand that the blow will fall the moment he resists. England at least cannot draw back; nor can Russia draw back. Both nations have spoken their minds far too clearly. If they do draw back, if they leave the field open for the Turk to work his own will, all that has passed as yet will be as nothing. The deeds that have been done will fade away from our imagination before the deeds that will be done, if all Europe forsakes the common duty of all Europe, if England and Russia forsake the special duty of England and Russia. The men whom a hollow

courtesy decorates with the honours and titles of civilized beings—the Excellencies with whom the representatives of civilized nations stoop to interchange empty compliments—the men who ordered the doings in Bulgaria, who promoted their tools who obeyed their orders, who disgraced the one of two honest men of their own race who shrank from blood and falsehood—these men, the gang of robbers conventionally known as the “Ottoman Government,” have served their Baal, their Moloch, a little while some European check was still upon them; if all European check is felt to be withdrawn, the hour will come when they will serve him much.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

ESSAYS AND NOTICES.

THE HIGHER CONTROVERSY AND PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

“THE old order changeth, yielding place to new;” and few of the things that have altered have changed more visibly than the methods of controversy in its more public forms and in its application particularly to the higher problems. From Abelard and William of Champeaux; from Doctor Serafino and Doctor Cherubino fighting over their theses at Salerno; from Giordano Bruno posting over Europe, with a sort of general “Come on, who’s afraid?” flung down at every university; from days like Bruno’s to times like those of Warburton, Toland, and Swift; from controversy under Queen Anne and Dettingen George to controversy under Queen Victoria—it is a far cry. Under the names of Nominalism and Realism we can clearly discern the fundamentals of our own philosophical controversies; and, as to the relation between Science and Theology, the letting in of strife is like the letting in of water. It is a true instinct which cries, “Check the beginnings”—that is, upon the hypothesis that controversy is bad for the interests of truth. If we take the other view of the subject, our policy must be different indeed:—“There is no learned man,” says Milton, in words so familiar that we almost flinch from quoting them—“There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write?” For centuries, in Europe, this has been either the dominant conviction, or the one which was sure to become so. It would seem to be a hard case indeed for Christianity, in particular, if it were not the true one. For the growth of controversy and freedom of controversy, in their more modern forms, may be said to date from the revival of the ancient learning; and there was a time when but for the pens of Christian scribes and the shelter of the cloister, the ancient learning, not to say the two great ancient languages, might have perished for ever.

From the days of Cromwell and his great Secretary, freedom of public controversy may be said to have been safe in our own country; safe, in the sense that it was sure to become the rule as between different schools of thought, religious and political. With Locke begins an epoch in which the landmarks are most distinctly defined. When we come to Defoe we can very decidedly see that, though freedom of controversy has not “got the floor,” as our American friends say, it has a foothold from which it will never be removed. From his time onwards, and largely owing to his indefatigable energy and bright example, the more important controversies have much inclined to look upon periodical literature as their winning card. The reasons were at first politico-religious—as some of them still are, and will long remain—and, of course, periodical literature gives the means of sudden adaptation to passing events and rapid contemporary criticism. At the present day, we see that not even the swarming life of our Reviews and Magazines supplies a sufficient outlet for controversial energy, and thus, both upon political and religious questions, we

have something like a renewal of the old pamphleteering. Upon all the graver and more permanent questions—those which concern the almanack-maker or the annalist less than the prophet, the saint, the moralist, the philosopher—we find public controversy tends to concentrate itself in high-class periodicals.

We can still assign particular Reviews or Magazines to particular types of religious or political opinion, but the day is gone by when the ends of useful controversy can be assured by setting an *Edinburgh* opposite a *Quarterly*, or any such device. The *British Quarterly* would not, we may suppose, admit a High-Church article; nor would Mr. Miall be welcome as a contributor to the *Church Quarterly*. It would be rather startling to find Mr. R. W. Dale supporting the orthodox view of the Atonement in the *Theological Review*; or Dr. Martineau attacking it in the *Congregationalist*. It is not to be supposed that the day of special organs is over; rather will they increase in number. But there is a growing feeling that a sphere of special usefulness is open for periodicals in which is kept open council for the most worthy, if non-accordant or even opposite, voices representing the best thought and culture of the hour in science, philosophy, and religion. So far as the higher forms of literature are concerned, a policy which embodied this feeling found its initiative some years ago; and it will not be permitted to expire. The conditions are too strong not to carry with them an indication that this policy has certain special advantages of its own.

With regard to religion, science, and philosophy, in particular, though the field of discussion is much wider than ever, the issues in dispute are narrowed in even greater proportion. To confine any high-class periodical within "orthodox" or "heterodox" lines must be, in effect, to shut out the ablest living minds. It would be to risk the exclusion from the grand currents, in both religion and science, of many affluents, unconscious, on either side, of their destination. The business of the editor of a periodical in which the higher controversy finds a place is not to dam out arbitrarily, but to see, as far as he can, that the waters are not poisoned by any influx of bad faith, cynical ethics, persecuting hate, or mere folly. For the rest, his duty—granting the admission of currents of thought from many sides—is to do his own work and make his appeal to his readers in the spirit which looks hopefully forward to a day when the two main streams shall unite and roll out in one rich, wistful, inseparable flood towards the infinite sea beyond.

EDITING.

THE death of M. Buloz, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has already furnished an occasion for some public discussion of the true nature of an editor's duties, and before the present REVIEW is issued, and afterwards, there will be much more. M. Buloz was a man of little or no power of literary production, but he knew what was good, and was quick to measure the real value of public approbation in literary matters. No man could mistake a mere *succès d'estime*—the form of success so common in France—for an effective working or workable success in literature; but it is a very common thing to find both editors and publishers quite unable to estimate the real significance of a favourable (or unfavourable) verdict coming from a very large circle of readers out in the open. M. Buloz had the credit of being able to discriminate between the literary success from which there was sure to be a prompt appeal, and that which had "horizons." This, except for the purposes of a merely ephemeral magazine, was a necessary gift for an editor. Editors and publishers know very well that good lists cannot be made up exclusively of "names to conjure with," or of "all the talents" which have come just then to the front. A story by Charles Dickens would add many thousands, at once, to the circulation of any magazine; but then Charles Dickens would want his price; and

it will be admitted, or at least not denied, that in literature, as in the drama, the star-system fails upon the whole—is bad in morals, bad in finance, and bad in art. Writings by comparatively obscure men, which made no widely known mark at the time, have often done periodicals a great deal of good, even while their hour lasted. *Fraser* really benefited by "those tiresome papers by the Tailor," and to have published them is now the first feather in its cap.

The most common mistake of an amateur editor is to suppose that all he has to do is (how often has the phrase been uttered!) "to get a lot of clever fellows together, you know,"—and such an editor seldom consults any guide to choice except the more obvious ones. The glory of a good editor or publisher is to know what he wants, and to be able to recognize it before it is gazetted with all the honours. His menagerie must not be all lions. In no sense does that policy pay. Nothing conduces more to the success of good magazines and reviews than a sensitively discriminating use of the talent which has almost to be sought, as well as that which leaps into your eyes from the advertising columns. To supply a pulpit for the else wandering voice that has a true claim to be heard, is a good and not very seldom a paying work; and editors and publishers who help, "with caution and good heed," to build up reputations of which only the bases have, perhaps, been laid, have before now done a good thing for themselves as well as for their authors and contributors. There is no more important sentence for an editorial phylactery than this—In order to be really abreast of the time, you must sometimes go boldly before it. Or, if there be another more weighty for his purpose, it is that in the selection and juxtaposition of the articles he prints, the laws of proportion, economy of treatment, light and shade, should be well attended to. There are some points in which ordinary good sense will take care of itself. There is a respect due to what is called public opinion—a respect which is only a form of politeness. This is a maxim which takes sufficient care of itself—at least among those who manage periodicals with an eye to pecuniary success, or even mere pecuniary safety. And hare-brained persons of one idea must not be allowed to imperil the character for sanity of any magazine or review that is to live. These are commonplaces.

But it must not be pretended that any recipe can be given for the successful planning or conduct of any newspaper, review, or other periodical. Those who are behind the scenes know very well that the currents of success often set in from sources utterly untraceable. The most unmentionably trivial accident will sometimes set a foundering periodical afloat, nay, will sometimes dictate the very character which it must in future assume, or perish:—

"If the abyss
Could vomit forth its secrets! But a voice
Is wanting——"

and all parties concerned are better without hearing it. Only, a word of this kind may be necessary, in order to rebuke the kind of editorial conceit which fancies that it can and does supply both the warp and weft of success in these matters. It is not so. Much must be left to

"Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance, and Change,"

in the weaving of the fabric and the inlaying of the pattern.

M. Buloz was a man of much worldly sagacity, and if it could be affirmed that any one man ever "made" a periodical, he made the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. And it is certain that he would never have done so if in a country like France he had not held the reins tight, and kept a sharp eye upon the explosive eccentricities of contributors. Thereby hangs a tale—a Decameron of tales, perhaps. And this supplies an easy point of departure in considering another question as to the duties of an editor. How far may he go in revising, excising, or otherwise manipulating contributions? Construing the question rigorously, the answer must be rigorous too—he may go as far as he likes. We may then have the state of

things so pleasantly sketched by Harriet Martineau, in dealing with Lockhart, Croker, and the old *Quarterly* :—

“All the world was aware of the sins of the *Quarterly*, under Lockhart’s management; and the best-informed had cause to view them the most severely. Everybody knows how the publisher was now and then compelled to republish as they had originally stood articles which had been interpolated by Croker and Lockhart (whose names were always associated in regard to the *Review*) with libels and malicious jokes. In their recklessness they drew upon themselves an amount of reprobation in literary circles which thin-skinned men could never have endured. Now the young author of a father’s biography was invited by the editor to send him early proof-sheets, for the benefit of a speedy review, and the review did what it could to damn the book before it was fairly in the hands of the public; and now the vanity of some second or third-rate author was flattered and drawn out in private intercourse, to obtain material for a caricature in the next *Quarterly*.”

But this state of things is not now in question. Nor can any answer at once precise and inclusive be given to the question. Whether articles are signed or unsigned, an editor who has planned to maintain a given tone and colour in his periodical is, of course, entitled to see that no contributor breaks up the unity of effect which he desires. Of course, he may, if he pleases, admit independent contributions, railing them off, as the *Westminster* did for a short time, and the *Imperial Review*. Of course, again, if the periodical keeps open council, the difficulty is minimized. It is very small indeed, if the contributors are most of them writers who can be trusted; and it is reduced to a vanishing quantity if these sign their names. Still there may, of course, be cases in which an editor may have to say that a particular opinion or statement or turn of expression must not appear in his pages. In the majority of these cases it will be found not only that this difficulty can be adjusted by consultation with the contributor, but that between the editor and the contributor the article may be really improved from the points of view of both of them. How easily literary men glide over such matters among themselves is well known; a practised pen will turn a corner in one minute, which inexperience would blunder over for an hour.

With respect to editorial alterations, chiefly literary, two cases are present to our mind. One is that of Leigh Hunt and Mr. Macvey Napier, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Leigh Hunt, smarting under Mr. Napier’s manipulation of his article, wrote to Macaulay to complain of it. Macaulay’s reply, fully excusing the editor, not upon the specific alterations but upon general grounds, is well known. It is impossible not to feel deeply for Leigh Hunt. There was, perhaps, not a man in England competent to alter him. His style was full of delicate little subtleties, to say nothing of the happy audacities—

“Whose roughest part
Was but the crumpling of the roses;”

and to touch these was to spoil the work. Mr. Napier must have been like an elderly Quakeress dictating the toilette of a coquettish beauty—the “killing” curl must be cut off; you must not tap with your fan; you must suppress those too-honeyed *agaceries*; you must turn your cold shoulder to the company at this point. And if Mr. Napier’s alterations went beyond such modifications as were absolutely necessary in order to escape too violent a break in the moral tone of the review, they were unjustifiable. The system of having articles signed has at least the advantage of getting over difficulties of this kind—unless in extreme cases. Leigh Hunt, if he were invited to write in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, would be asked upon his own merits, and his exquisite style would not be editorially “slated.”

The other case to which we alluded is that of Mr. Hogg, the friend of Shelley, and Bulwer-Lytton, then editor of the *London Magazine* or some such periodical. He dealt rather severely (so says Mr. Hogg) with certain papers about Shelley, and

upon, as it appears, mere literary grounds—going so far as to lower considerably Mr. Hogg's estimate of Shelley as a poet. This was clearly an editorial excess. Bulwer-Lytton should have contented himself with appending an editorial note, expressing his dissent from his contributor's estimate of the poet.

Many years ago, the *British Quarterly Review* contained, upon Macaulay's History, an article which was quite obviously by Mr. G. H. Lewes. Of course Mr. Lewes would have nothing to say upon any special or general Divine providence in history. But the editor, Dr. Vaughan, was another man; and he added, with the utmost respect and candour, a paragraph or two of his own, enclosed in brackets, and commencing with some such words as these:—"And here our esteemed contributor ends. But to us the subject now assumes an aspect which we cannot omit to deal with—" It must be noted that we are writing from memory, and assigning both article and foot-note upon internal evidence only.¹ We have no doubt we are correct; but if not, the example is nearly as instructive. Dr. Vaughan was a man of noble—to use Mr. Lewes's own words in the *Leader*, of "brawny"—candour.

Of course it may be laid down in general terms that no editor ought to make purely literary alterations, who is not by experience and otherwise the literary superior of the contributor. In general literature there is a very large and rapidly increasing field in which any such considerations can hardly arise at all. An experienced eye sees with a glance the fatal central flaw, or the fatally slovenly handling of young, scamped, or amateur work, and in too many cases there is no time for discussion. There is nothing for it but an autocratic sweep of the pen; adding, removing, or altering. Many an editor who reads these lines will know what it is to be worried with work that is generally meritorious, and yet has irremediable faults of a kind visible only to the eye of an expert—and to the cold-blooded reader outside. It is in the wide field of which we now speak that the greater number of complaints about editorial manipulation arise. All that the poor editors can say to the complainants is—Time is short; Art is long; you will some day know that (other qualifications being supposed) experience knows best; and the some day will be when you have had—experience.

In quite recent times, much of our highest periodical literature has been signed. In this way, particularly when the subject is one that requires the hand of an expert, something like the benefit of a guarantee is obtained by editor and reader. But the system applied generally has one or two disadvantages. It tends to encourage "starring;" and, perhaps worse, it has misleading effects upon at least the first bent of current opinion. The opinion of an expert is of special value when he is on the ground of his own speciality. But not otherwise. Now the mass of even cultivated readers do not, perhaps cannot, discriminate in these matters; and thus a false authority waits upon many a public utterance of an expert. He is off his beat, but his voice carries all the weight that belonged to it in other ranges of knowledge or opinion. Professor John is a fine chemist; and Professor George is a great mathematician; but why should their opinions be worth a halfpenny more in ethics or psychology or pure metaphysics than those of any one else? Have they shown deep and noble sensibilities? Do they write as if they were by nature reverent and tender, or had had much of the higher and more illuminating emotional experience? On purely abstract ground have they shown traces of swift vision and hopeful capacity of patient and cautious thought? The mass of readers, even of high-class periodicals, do not ask such questions as these, and it has become a gravely important portion of an editor's duty to see, at the very lowest, that the door is set wide to let in the necessary checks upon this unhappy though involuntary abuse of expert authority. We say, at the lowest; because in the choice and arrangement of his matter a competent editor may find resources which are independent even of such invited or incidental checks.

MOB ENTHUSIASM.

IN writing to his wife from a small German town, in the year 1845, Kingsley expresses his surprise, or at least his amusement, at the cultivated way in which Germans of the small tradesmen class talked :—

"I write to you out of the quaintest place, with a mineral spring which kills dogs and birds, and a landlady who talks good French and bad German, and a husband who is a dirty pot-house keeper, with a casting net over his arm, and yet, speaking of Kaulbach's stained glass at Cologne, gives it as his opinion (in these very words) that 'they say that Art (*die Kunst*) is decayed, but my opinion is that it widens and deepens every day.'"

In England if persons of the same or lower social rank do not talk *Kunst*, or fancy they understand it, they certainly fancy they understand Theology and the niceties of Church Ritual, and they lash themselves into a sacred fury and swarm in their thousands just as readily as they did in the days of Lord George Gordon. On Sunday, the 7th of January, we read that a mob of about five thousand persons assembled around the church of St. James's, Hatcham. No acts of violence were committed beyond the breaking down of a fence, though there must have been some small accidents. It was strictly a religious and patriotic demonstration. "God save the Queen" was sung, with "Confound their Popish tricks!" for "Confound their politics!" All manner of Protestant watchwords were bandied about. At particular points in the service within the church the people yelled, shouted, hooted; though how they could have known the critical moments of the performance it is not easy to see, unless the crowd without had confederates inside who signalled from time to time. It was, we believe, at a critical moment during the celebration of the Communion-service that the mob broke down with a crash the fence that surrounded the building. Ladies turned pale, and there was a hushed pause. One of the churchwardens, however, stepped forth to reconnoitre, and, we read, came back to his place in the church and pronounced the reassuring, but not very ecclesiastical formula, of "All right!" and the service was then continued. As there seemed a probability of another mob in the evening, it was determined to take time by the forelock, and have the services of the day all out there and then; so the clergy and congregation proceeded to celebrate "Evensong," and it was all over by about one o'clock.

When, after some delay, the congregation began to come out—the ladies, and probably not a few of the gentlemen, feeling very uneasy—the mob remembered that the congregation had been admitted by tickets, and received the departing worshippers with cries of "All tickets ready! Change here for Rome!" This was indecorous, but it was humorous and harmless, whereas the stool of Janet Geddes might have broken the preacher's head. It is added that some of the ladies were spat at.

On Sunday the 14th there was another "demonstration," the mob numbering about 7,000—so the newspapers tell us. Mr. Tooth and his friends had, however, stolen a march upon everybody this time, for the services of the day had been held before daylight. The mob were soon dispersed, but on Saturday the 13th there had been an open-air meeting to denounce Mr. Tooth for "disobedience to the law," and for "No-popery" purposes generally. At this meeting a "working man" indignantly denied that there had been any spitting in ladies' faces. But as even a "working man," who was absurd enough to make himself conspicuous in such a "demonstration," must have logic enough to know he could have no grounds for so wide a negative, we must take him to mean that there had been no Protestant organization expressly for the purpose of spitting in the faces of Ritualistic ladies—or perhaps it may mean that the spitting was all intended for men. It is not of much consequence.

We do not propose to touch with a finger the casuistry of the Hatcham story. We

believe, too, that this mob was an exceptionally well-behaved and intelligent mob. But it is impossible to contemplate such gatherings without a sense of revulsion, and without some disagreeable reflections. We need not take the kid glove or "sweetness-and-light" view of the matter. The sky is not going to fall when "the people" break down the Hyde Park railings; and there was something priggish, if not effeminate and cowardly, in the way in which the Hyde Park riots, as they were called, were regarded. It was a true and pertinent word of Mr. Mill's—apropos of that very gathering—that the countries in which the people are allowed to show their strength are the countries in which they are not compelled to use it. But there is something full of ugly suggestion about nearly all mob gatherings. Of what great popular movement could the history be written without stirring a pang of shame in the heart of its leaders, or even of its historians? Once set the ball rolling, and it is too late to cry, *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*. Nor perhaps does the history of the world show a single instance in which a great reformer, political or religious, has gone about to wash his hands of the baser instruments, the low camp-followers, of progress. Brute force he wants somewhere, and he must take it as he can get it—at least he does so. And self-delusion is so easy in these cases! If another Lord George Gordon were to arise, and head a series of "Protestant" demonstrations, would he be able to distinguish the true and pure voices in the chorus for which he set the tune? would he be able, even if he cared to do it? would he even have the right to decide? Yet we know that the action of unreasoning, brutal crowds—action producing, so far as we can trace it in detail, harm, and harm only—has all through history helped to give volume and impetus to reforming movements which we pronounce good. Sometimes the prophets are stoned or Hypatia is murdered; and sometimes a Bastille is razed. The fire which is our beneficent servant to-day is our brutal master to-morrow.

But we need not take such extreme cases. Take the Reformation: sane, good, and thoughtful men, well versed in the philosophy of history, have maintained that the method of Erasmus (not his spirit surely) was better than the method of Luther, and would have yielded a better, purer, and more permanent outcome. This cannot be affirmed; but it is difficult to contemplate mob *schwärmerei* without entertaining the speculation. And the most revolutionary spirits in the world have done so. In the estimation of his contemporaries Godwin was a firebrand; but we now know that he deliberately, of set purpose, chose to address his "Political Justice" to the wealthy and interested classes, and that the remark of Pitt (when an indictment of the author was on the carpet), that a three-guinea volume would not breed a popular tumult, was only an echo of one of his own reserves of policy in the publication of the book. In Mr. Kegan Paul's Memoirs we find Godwin most earnestly dissuading Shelley and others from all attempts to get up what we nowadays call "demonstrations." He had seen enough of life and read enough of history to know that the purest currents of feeling soon become turbid from the trampling of mixed motives and vile passions when once you let in the crowd, and that what is created by *faustrecht* is liable to perish by the same. Some of his language on this topic will well bear reproduction:—

"Association is a most ill-chosen and ill-qualified mode of endeavouring to promote the political happiness of mankind.

* * * * *

"Discussion, reading, inquiry, perpetual communication—these are my favourite methods for the improvement of mankind, but associations, organized societies, I firmly condemn. You may as well tell the adder not to sting—

* You may as well use question with the wolf:
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven,*

as tell organized societies of men to be innocent, to employ no violence, and calmly to await the progress of truth. I never was at a political dinner, a scene that I have now not witnessed for many years, that I did not see how the enthusiasm was lighted up, how the flame caught from man to man, how fast the dictates of sober reason were obliterated by the gusts of passion, and how near the assembly was, like Alexander's *compotatores* at Persepolis, to go forth and fire the city, or, like the auditors of Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar, to apply a flaming brand to the mansion of each several conspirator."

These and such as these are weighty considerations, and carry a sad burthen of truth. But they must not be permitted to leave on our minds too gloomy a view of human nature. In every crowd with any common purpose that has conscience at bottom we may be sure there are sincere men. Cordial association and enthusiasm are in themselves good things, and the latter is welcome as wine to those whose coarse and stunted lives want the ascending flame more than sweetness and light. Among five thousand people there is probably even one who is noble—who would risk his all or his life to help a fellow-creature. We must live in hope. Perhaps our "raw mechanics" and small tradesmen, of the class who assisted in the Hatcham "demonstration," may some day come to talk Kunst, and be amenable to the method of Erasmus. And since the method of Luther can never become wholly obsolete, instructed mobs will perhaps be safer instruments of progress than mobs who think that anything in the world can justify them in attempting to carry a church full of worshippers by assault.

CHURCH DUTIES AND CHURCH BUILDING.

AT intervals during the last twenty years a few serious and observant persons have tried to obtain a hearing for some words of protest upon a question of Christian policy, which, as it happens, has just been raised within religious bodies as far apart as the Baptists and the Unitarians. At the meeting of the London Baptist Association, held on the 16th, Mr. Spurgeon delivered himself in words which, however roughly and briefly reported (and the report is crude enough), carry a sufficiently plain and powerful meaning. Chapels, in Mr. Spurgeon's opinion, should be comfortable, but he went on to add this:—

"Every one should work for the spread of the Gospel. Why did not people use the rooms they had? There was a lady of his acquaintance who had a very fine drawing-room, which was used about twice in the year to entertain a few friends; and for the rest of the time it was only used for killing the minister when he called, it being so large and so dreary. Yet people who had such large rooms shared in the expense of hiring rooms for Sunday-schools when they might hold them in their own houses."

Mr. Spurgeon is a humourist. If the matter is to take this uncompromising tone, we shall next have it asked why Christians should have drawing-rooms at all. Conceive the effect in Belgravian mansions of proposing to use drawing-rooms for Sunday-schools or prayer-meetings for the poor! The grand hall at Versailles may be turned into a soldiers' hospital in time of war, but how would the other idea be received in the servants' hall, to go no farther?

At some Unitarian meeting, held lately, the Rev. H. Ierson made a few remarks very similar to Mr. Spurgeon's. The object of Christian association, said this gentleman, is the spiritual culture of the members associated, and the spiritual and moral renovation of others. This work must not be allowed to stand still or even to pause while fine new churches are being built. Let Christian people give up such rooms as they already have to the good work—and so on. In the case of the Unitarians, indeed, there is an excuse for independent building which the orthodox

cannot allege. Mr. Ierson (who is, we believe, the Secretary of the Association) told his audience that they were still subject to a mild but effectual form of persecution. As we gather, what sometimes happens is this: The orthodox Churchmen and Dissenters lay their heads together and bring such pressure to bear on the proprietors of public rooms that after a short lecturing or preaching campaign the heretics are some day politely told that "the apartment will be required for another purpose," and they have to strike their tent.

This question of costly fine churches and chapels must have caused thoughtful men and women many a pang. Let us draw a little picture. A clergyman comes to a new neighbourhood. In some hired room he gathers a congregation. In a short time he and his backers begin to feel a little ashamed of the hired room, or the little iron church, or whatever place it is. They agitate for subscriptions "towards the erection of a suitable edifice for the worship of God and the preaching of the Gospel." The spiritual destitution in the neighbourhood is appalling, and, as houses are being rapidly run up all around the new edifice should be capacious enough to accommodate a large congregation. The sum required will be—how much shall we say? Shall it be £6,000, £10,000, or £22,000? Ground has been offered very cheap, designs have been submitted, and one has been approved. If a certain sum is subscribed among the miscellaneous friends by a given date, six gentlemen are prepared to put down £500 apiece. Who does not know these things by heart? There is a stir made; the whole world is canvassed; young ladies take subscription cards or get up bazaars; advertisements and placards demand to know what you will do for Christ—which means, what you will do for certain pushing, well-meaning people, who are bent on doing the thing creditably—and the church is rapidly run up. It is found impossible to squeeze out money enough to build the steeple, so the place is consecrated without one. In a short time, there is another subscription-canvass—a boundary wall is wanted—naughty boys and girls clamber up and look in at the windows during divine service. A short pause, during which the poor people's pockets are allowed to take breath; and then the box goes round again—for a new organ. And in about a year, it goes round once again, for the Completion Fund, and so the steeple is erected at last.

Among Dissenters the routine is not the same. There is no "consecration;" no bishop to refuse to "consecrate" until the building debt is paid. But though the routine is different, the course of events is substantially the same, only the building debt will sometimes linger on—a wretched, wearying, wearing "drag" upon the "cause" for ten, twenty, thirty years. You cannot enter the place without passing the box for "Subscriptions in aid of the Building Fund;" and Diotrephes and his friends, who have advanced a good deal of money—have, in fact, shares in the concern—keep up, in their own interest, an incessant cry of all hands to the pump—for money. Very often there is no real necessity for a new chapel; but our esteemed pastor and Diotrephes have taken alarm at the fine new building in Gothic or pseudo-Gothic which has been run up near at hand by another "body." Let any man look at the two big Tabernacles near the Elephant and Castle—that of Mr. Spurgeon and that of the late "Wheelbarrow Wells," as he was familiarly called even by his congregation—and draw his own conclusions. A fine old chapel is suddenly found to be incommensurable and even unhealthy, and then every fibre is strained to get a handsome new building in its place.

The Nonconformists have taken praise to themselves, and deserved praise, for their "progress" in these matters of late years; and, of course, there must be churches and chapels and organs; but if the Nonconformists had spent on plain useful schools and good school machinery the money they have lately spent on "suitable Gothic edifices," and if the Church people had done likewise, they might both have been spared the inconvenience they have suffered from the Education Acts of 1870 and subsequent years, and they would have had so many more buildings suited for the more flexible forms of "popular evangelization."

If religion is to be merely the summit or flower of mental and moral culture, then our increasing expenditure upon ornamental churches and chapels, while our brethren and sisters perish of hunger, sin, and ignorance on our doorsteps, may be defended. Let us have our costly hotbeds for forcing the best human specimens of what civilization can do, and get all we can out of religious and artistic sentiment in aid. But is this Christianity? If it is, by all means let us go on paying high prices for the "elevation" of those who are ready to indulge their æsthetic aspirations, instead of casting the money into that treasury at whose door is whispered night and day the blessing of them that were ready to perish.

There is one aspect of this subject which must not be overlooked. The practice of "beating up" for money is attended with a thousand evils. What loss of self-respect in those who beg and those who give! What shifts and evasions, what flatteries and humiliations, what back-stairs work, what angling in the meanest puddles of poor human nature! And last, not least, how much real injury is done by squeezing money out of thousands who can ill afford it. How much of the very noblest and most necessary work of private charity goes undone while "our building fund" drains the shallow purses of those who, after all, are doing little more than holding on by the skin of their teeth! If the money that ought to have gone to the poor relation, or the struggling neighbour, or the overworked dependant, is diverted to the building-fund, neither the new incumbent and his wardens, nor Diotrophes and his pastor, will dare, in open day, to affirm that it was contributed "to the cause of Christ." What they may try to persuade themselves in the dark is another question.

THE MORALITY OF MISTAKE.

ACCURACY is the one terrible thing which this world, and very likely every other, insists on in the end. Philosophers who make full pretensions to severity are so impressed with this that they make falsehood the antithesis of correctness. If a matter is not quite true, then somebody is utterly to blame. But this division turns out rather too narrow in practice. Events, after all, have a droll element in them. The gravest of men, in the most serious of matters, may find themselves, all against their will, charged with mystification.

The last striking instance of this has been experienced by Canon Liddon, Mr. MacColl, and Bishop Strossmeyer, though they now seem likely to turn the tables. As the case was put by the Consuls' reports it was made to seem that they were mistaken about the impalement of Christian insurgents in Bosnia. Well, assuming this, how far were they to blame for setting those statements afloat? To take the absolute, philosophical view, and say that, if the story was not right, they must be held accountable for the inaccuracy, as being what Mr. Carlyle would call a "falsity," would be hard justice. It might finally turn out that we were blaming the reverend gentlemen for not having better eyesight. For, if it should be said that, if their vision is not faultlessly perfect, they ought not to speak positively about what they think they see, it may be urged, on the other side, that it is possible for a man never to have had any reason for supposing defect of seeing. Is not he to trust his own well-approved apparatus? The early part of the history of this mystification showed that Mr. MacColl, if we are remembering rightly,—and it is sad to think that we may ourselves be mistaken in some detail here,—a little prided himself on the goodness of his eyes. The distance, he argued, was only so many yards, and that being so, with such powers of seeing as he has, the thing must be certain.

If he had not been able to confirm this, then, if there was bad morality in the affair, it finds its entrance here. The assumption of a "must be" in any case is the

capital philosophical sin. Still, if the steamer would not stop and let the reverend gentlemen land and come into actual, or rather we should say tactual, relations with the objects which looked like impaled victims, what was to be done? Were these travellers, who believed that they saw such horrible outrage in full course, to say nothing about it because the certainty was not absolutely philosophical? A man is under a human obligation to feel in a certain way of honest indignation when he witnesses horrible acts; and if the argument be pushed to its full extent, it will be found to imply that he ought to have the feeling when he *thinks* that he sees the wrong being done. Should it turn out that it was not really a murder he beheld going on, as he thought, but only a friendly wrestling-bout, still he was strictly within the limits of his duty in shouting out for help. Had he taken time to inquire philosophically into the whole case so as to eliminate every possibility of being mistaken, then, if it turned out it was a real affair, not a make-believe, the murder might have been finished while the inquiry was yet pending. In fact, it seems that morality requires a little risk of mistake to be run when any pressing practical issue is involved.

We may safely say that if the accounts put before them had had to be accepted by them, Canon Liddon and Mr. MacColl would have had a few minutes of perfect amazement at the deceptiveness of ocular impressions. The queerness of the position would have arisen from the natural wish that this world was more to be relied upon. When it fully occurred to them that the only alternatives were their being mistaken or the impalement of a few Bosnian Christians, the impulse would be to go on hoping that impalement had not taken place. It may even be put higher—the impulse on their part would be to be glad they were mistaken. For ourselves, we believe they would attain this frame of mind after a very little lapse of time. In this way, it is possible to see a sort of vindication for mistake being permitted; it gives occasion for quick recoveries of charity, and for humility. If we never did make mistakes, what a world of prigs this would be!

It will be remembered that, as the matter stood before Canon Liddon's rectification, it was put that the captain and officers of the steamer had confirmed the alleged wrong optical impressions. Now, if that had been so, it is clear that in reference to those persons we need not argue the question of morality. Really, with them—if we take the Consuls' account—it was not mistake; they, it is pretended, knew that the objects were not impaled human beings. In that case the captain and the officers might be handed over at once to the severest of the philosophers—it would be "falsity" they would have to answer for, mitigated only by a plea of its being fun as well. And what philosopher would listen to such a plea as that?

As to the Turks, they have not much ground for complaint. For them to say "We ought not to be accused of impaling fellow-beings," ought to be rather superfluous. There are things which it ought not to signify much as to whether they are said of people or not. A charge of impalement, one would think, should be one of these. Turks may, perhaps, bethink themselves, that, if Europe believed such an assertion for a single second, there must be something wrong somewhere among themselves to make it possible for Europe to entertain it. It would not have been entertained, if said of any one else. What horror was it *primâ facie* wrong to suppose possible under Turkish rule after the proved atrocities of the Bulgarian massacres? In the dimness of a city fog a man is not to be blamed for taking a lamp-post for a policeman. Just so, even if they had been quite wrong, Canon Liddon and Mr. MacColl have a defence for thinking they saw impalement. The Turks themselves had sent up a steam of blood in that region in which things could not be seen without the risk of exaggeration. Besides, the most enthusiastic of the Turkish apologists, be they English Consuls or others, admit that not very many years back the allegations might have been strictly true. It is part of the moral considerations arising out of this topic of mistake, that the bare possibility of particular doings on our part being misconstrued makes it necessary for us, somehow, to give those observing us a general notion of our character which

will prevent their being able to look at our doings unreasonably, even if not charitably. Clearly, Turkey has not done this; and that is the only moral the case need have for her. As for Mr. MacColl and Canon Liddon, if they had trusted too much to their own eyesight, their over-confidence would have abated from now. Most likely, too, if they had ever had a proneness to receive too easily the statements of the officials on board Austrian steamers, that failing would be corrected.

In the meantime, it furnishes a further illustration of the drolleries of uncertainty possible in this world, that, although it is officially alleged that Canon Liddon and Mr. MacColl did not see impaled insurgents, it is by no means made clear whether what they did see were dried haricot-beans or live peasants. Mistake has, therefore, maintained its sway. If it should in the end be clearly shown that the reverend relators were right, that would give the last stroke of finish to the whole matter. And, indeed, the last letter of Canon Liddon to the *Times* (January 24) goes to show the possibility of this—not to put the likelihood higher.

RECENT NOVELS.

AT one of the theatres "The Invisible Prince" of Mr. Planché has been revived. It is an extravaganza of the old artistic school—one which the most cultivated person might see and listen to with nothing but pleasure, and quite innocent. Those who make a point of running their eyes all over the newspapers will have been struck by a notice from the manager stating that he alone is responsible for the introduction of certain dances and songs—these being of the kind which bring down screaming encores from the public of to-day, but which certainly were never contemplated by Mr. Planché. Besides this, it is found that the dialogue is far too refined for most of the actors, that the point, rhythm, and rhyme of the piece are spoilt in the delivery; and that the general result is one from which those who want good art turn away. The extravaganzas of the brothers Brough were a sort of table-land to let down the public taste from the heights of Planché, but we strongly doubt whether even their work, good in its way and really humorous, could be properly represented at any theatre to-day. You may get one or two good actors, but the rank and file are so bad as to spoil the general effect.

We have quoted this because it decisively exhibits the kind of change which the taste of the general public has undergone within the last twenty or five-and-twenty years. The cultivated are a more numerous and, in some respects, even a more fastidious class; but they do not create or govern the market. It is the multitude who do that, and it is not easy to predict what will be the outcome. How is it in literature? There also we of course find facts of the same kind open enough to common observation, but it cannot be said that there is any want in literature of high standards, or that the market for good work is dull. Among the lower ranges of periodical literature the standard has fallen terribly, both in religious and secular writing, whether for adults or for the young. There is a general growth of luxury in small matters of dress, furniture, house accommodation, and so forth; and you are startled to find young and old, who live in good houses and who have the dress and general appearance of gentlefolk, taking in cheap newspapers and periodicals which need not be mentioned in the pages of this *Review*. A great deal more might be said upon this and related topics—indeed we hope to say it another time—but for the present we will confine ourself to one point, and that a cheerful one.

After all that has been said about sensationalism in novels, it might be powerfully and we hope successfully argued that on the whole the course of fictitious literature in our day is upward and not downward. There is in many novels a sad lack of

moral freshness; and amateur hands are constantly throwing out badly imitative work. But the general stream of story-telling is very frequently refreshed by work of a high class from old hands, and by other tributaries from hands which promise well, especially those of ladies.

It would seem, indeed, to be impossible that novel-writing as an art should not feel the pressure put upon it from time to time in examples of good work by good artists. Story-telling nowadays is no light matter. In George Eliot and others, we see the novel carrying (one might almost say) the whole weight of modern culture, or at least a good part of it. If we cannot affirm that "*Daniel Deronda*" carries "all that weight of learning like a flower," it does carry it without breaking down. And whether we want learned novels or not, we have not far to look for the work of men and women whose culture abundantly shows through the texture of their writing. Mr. Robert Buchanan has a field to himself. But it is a good omen surely when a man of his metal enters the territory at all. We sometimes miss the quiet homely grace and sweetness of Mrs. Gaskell; but we have Miss Ingelow, Miss Sarah Tytler, and Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Macquoid, and many others who are at present anonymous but who promise well. Then when we pronounce the names of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Blackmore, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. William Black, and Mr. Charles Reade, we are safe in saying, at all events, that if novel-writing is to illustrate "the art of sinking," it will be in consequence of that pressure below from mere numbers which has degraded the theatre. But we do not believe it will happen. There is one important practical difference—we go to the theatre, but literature comes to us.

We do not, however, propose to deal this month with any specific instances of good or bad work in fiction, and will turn for the moment to literature of another classification.

MR. HUTTON'S ESSAYS.*

IT is nearly six years since Mr. Hutton's essays were first published by Messrs. Strahan and Co. A revised and enlarged edition from another house is before us. Neither the order nor the quality of these essays undergoes any change. To the first volume, which is "Theological," have been added a long "Preface," and the essay originally published in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW upon "Christian Evidences, Popular and Critical." The "Preface" to the second edition is, in fact, a separate essay, of independent and special value.

In the second volume, which is "Literary," there are two important additions—one of them being an essay upon the poetry of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the other an essay upon that of Mr. Tennyson. The essay on George Eliot is removed, simply because Mr. Hutton thinks that a paper written before the publication of "*Middlemarch*" and "*Daniel Deronda*" must necessarily be "inadequate and immature."

The second preface is a brief review of the last six years, from the standpoint of the author, and in relation to his own faith and beliefs. Mr. Hutton admits the fact that during these years the greater masses of general opinion have been swept farther and farther away from any such anchorage as he himself holds by; and he endeavours to estimate the more recent pretensions of "Infallibilists" on the one hand, and of Rationalists on the other. In the latter case he takes M. Renan's last book, the "*Dialogues*," for his text, and finds M. Renan's pantheistic interpretation of "*le monde en travail*" absurd. He quotes one of the interlocutors, who is made to say

* *Essays Theological and Literary.* By Richard Holt Hutton, M.A. Two vols. 2nd Edition. Revised and enlarged. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

that "la raison" (we omit a few words) "prendra un jour en main l'intendance de ce grand travail, et après avoir organisé l'humanité, organisera Dieu." Mr. Hutton treats this with his usual gravity. For ourselves, we were at once diverted from the main issue by the question how any human being could be so destitute of humour, not to say (further) so void of all sense of moral and spiritual congruity, as to write in this manner.

However, "God" not being yet "organized" by "reason"—or "humanity" either, for that matter—Mr. Hutton now proceeds to place the Christian account of the sort of "*travail*" by which the latter "organization" must take place, if at all, side by side with the view of the rationalistic—may we not say rationalistic-sentimental?—Panthéist. How does it happen, asks Mr. Hutton, that, in the very teeth of some of the strongest tendencies of the scientific impulse of the times, there is a growing, widening, deepening faith in the inwardness of the relations between man and man? This inwardness Christ came to reveal (among other things). He is the moral centre of humanity—he is the Divine Son and the Elder Brother—and in His love and His Father's must all true human fellowship root itself. This vein of comment the reader will easily extend in his own mind. But Mr. Hutton says, "On the view of positive science, this craving for an inward and almost passionate gospel of human brotherhood seems to be unintelligible, or simply superstitious. Yet it persists and grows." Christianity alone solves the mystery.

We will not follow Mr. Hutton into what he has to say upon the question of miracles in general; but he evidently leans to belief in actual miracles (of healing for example) in times long subsequent to the Apostolic. And it is certainly difficult to see how any thinking person, who believes in miracle at all, can, without being guilty of a most arbitrary decision, narrow the area of miraculous manifestation to the Apostolic age, or to any Church, time, or place. The general prevalence of the belief among Protestants that the age of miracles is past had probably two sources—one a shrinking dread of the pretensions of Rome; and the other a vague feeling that the more closely the circle was drawn within which inspiration and other miraculous gifts were held to have been exhibited, the greater the authority with which they were invested, and the more effectually they were withdrawn from the sphere of criticism.

The writer of this notice has been a frequent, an attentive, and to use a word Mr. Hutton knows how to apply, a "wistful" reader of the essays in their first form. On reading them in their present shape (they gain greatly by the enlargement of the type and of the page) and under the influence of the preface, we are afresh struck with the deep and pathetic seriousness of the man's nature, and of the intense, inexplicable individuality of the leaders of the Maurician school of thought: Mr. Maurice would resent the phrase, but it must be pardoned. In its way the religious theory (another word which Mr. Maurice would resent) of this school is as "positive" as any recent theory of physical science. And those who are, by their moral and mental constitution, unable to rest upon any "positive" basis of this kind, are painfully "abroad" in reading Mr. Maurice and Mr. Hutton. Mr. Maurice was, in our opinion, cut out to be the greatest historian that ever lived—if it had not been for the massive dome (so to speak) of religious feeling by which his other qualities were shut in from certain outward stimulants. Mr. Hutton, exquisite literary critic as he is, seems to be even more a theologian—indeed, he admits what seems to imply as much. But, except where he is delineating a character, in which case his work is fully half critical (*e.g.*, in the case of St. Paul), we find the best of him escapes us in his theological writings. So with Mr. Maurice. We would gladly sit at the feet of one in whose pages we find so much spiritual warmth and force—and no doubt some fault is ours—but just when we are most longing to feel our way, we seem to be in a land of spiritual shadows. The positiveness of the doctrine and the conviction of the teachers are so intense and so

promising, that you expect more than you can find. At least that is our own case. But we will not continue this subject.

As a literary and psychological critic—carrying his theological assumptions with him, as he admits, but carrying them, as *we* find, quite fairly and inoffensively (we do not add, helpfully)—Mr. Hutton is absolutely alone, for sympathetic delicacy of insight, and skill in the “comparative physiology” of his work, and it is only the aforesaid “assumptions” which seem to us ever to thin away any of his noble breadth of view. We speak, of course, of such breadth of view as *could* consist with so much delicacy—in supremely broad criticism you naturally expect heavier touches. Mr. Hutton is unique; and one at least of these essays—that on “Goethe and his Influence”—is a study of unexampled merit. We can think of no single criticism of any time or school that seems to us to equal it, for truth of insight, moral and æsthetic. In only one respect do we fancy we discern any trace of undue severity, which derives rather from moral *peculiarities* personal to Mr. Hutton, and even there the severity is entirely on the right side. But this is a very small matter—it is ungrateful to mention it. Of course other writers have done things with Goethe which Mr. Hutton has not attempted in his hundred pages: but, taking this affecting essay on its own pretensions, it leaves every other attempt to estimate Goethe, writer or man, at a hopeless distance behind.

With the essay on Mr. Tennyson's poetry the reader will find himself in delighted accord, for the most part. But the “*Idylls of the King*” appear to us far too ornate. The “*Morte d'Arthur*,” as it first appeared, shows almost like a rough diamond in the chased and fretted setting which it has now received. The endless art-and-morals question we personally are sick of; but Mr. Hutton could not escape it consistently with his duty to his author. We may just add here that we find Arthur's speech to Guinevere, at the last, too self-conscious for full dramatic effect. A similar remark applies to his address to the knights when they had related their several adventures in search of the Holy Grail.

In the essay on Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetry, Mr. Hutton is again at his best—we prefer it to the Tennyson. The dictum that “*The Sick King in Bokhara*” is the most perfect narrative-whole Mr. Arnold has yet produced is undoubtedly a true one. Mr. Arnold being yet alive, Mr. Hutton was at this disadvantage—that he could not criticize the man as he had done Goethe dead and gone. But what he could do he has done, and very tenderly.

The essay on Shelley, addressed to one point chiefly, does not so strongly appeal to our minds with a sense of adequacy, and the evident *forbearance* of the critic makes you uneasy. We certainly do not think the line quoted by Mr. Hutton the only sublime line Shelley ever wrote. His very profusion sometimes amounts to sublimity, as (in our opinion) in the “*Epipsychidion*” and the “*Adonais*,” and if the word sublime does not apply to that passage in the “*Cenci*” where Beatrice and Marzio are confronted, beginning—

and ending—
 “O thou that tremblest on the giddy verge;”
 “I will not give you that fine piece of nature
 To rend and ruin;”

it seems to us as if a new meaning must be found for the word sublime.

Before quitting the poets, we must venture upon one modest and minute expression of dissent. In criticizing “*In Memoriam*,” Mr. Hutton finds the words—

“Though Nature, red in tooth and claw,
 With ravin, shrieked against his creed”—

hysterical. The verse is not a good one; but is Mr. Hutton speaking to the point when he remarks that “the shrieks” of Nature's “victims cannot be represented as her voice?” We fancy Nature is here taken for a wild creature screaming over her prey—as a raven will over pieces of raw meat, bit by bit.

But we should do poor justice to the feelings with which we lay down, for the present, these noble volumes, if we left the reader with any words in his ear less worthy than the author's own. So we will ask Mr. Hutton to speak last, and to give us (with slight abridgment) the concluding words of his essay on Goethe:—

"He has been held up as the wisest man of modern days, and by some half-worshipped as a demigod. And in truth his was a light and spacious mind. I grant that he was the wisest man of modern days who ever lacked the wisdom of a child; the deepest who never knew what it was to kneel in the dust with bowed head and broken heart. And he was a demigod, if a demigod be a being at once more and less than ordinary men, having a power which few attain, and owing it, in part, to a deficiency in qualities in which few are so deficient; a being who puts forth stronger fascination over the earth, because expending none of his strength in yearnings toward heaven.

* * * * *

"The earth was eloquent to him, but the skies were silent. Next to Luther he was the greatest of the Germans; next, but what a gulf between! 'Adequate to himself' was written on that broad, calm forehead; and therefore men thronged eagerly about him to learn the incommunicable secret. It was not told, and will not be told. For man it is a weary way to God, but a wearier far to any demigod."

DR. ARNOTT'S PHYSICS.*

IT is eleven years since the "sixth and completed edition," as the author called it, of the "Elements of Physics" was published. This sixth edition had the same fortune as the previous ones—it was translated into foreign languages and rapidly became scarce. It was, in fact, out of print, and only to be got at by accident. We have now a seventh edition, brought up to the standard of the time by the author's literary executors. There is a photographic portrait of the good doctor, and a very brief memoir, telling us, however, little if anything more than was pretty generally made known at the time of his death in 1874, unless, indeed, it be new that his widow has made, in his name since his death, the additional contribution of £1,000 which he had promised to each of the four Scottish Universities. He had previously given £1,000 to each of them, and £2,000 to the University of London. This was all in keeping with the unselfishness and generosity of the man—the sincere outcome of the spirit which led him to decline patenting any of his inventions, of which the hydrostatic bed was one. He seems to have had a good deal to do with the introduction of screw-propellers. But whatever he did, and whatever he wrote, was in the spirit of love to man and reverence towards God, and we are glad to note that the necessary changes in the present edition have not removed the traces of this spirit—except in one or two cases. There have been several excisions. A stricter reading of the term "Physics" has excluded the section on geology, and with this went necessarily one of the teleological passages; but Helmholtz will be exasperated to find (if he sees the book) that Dr. Arnett's dictum to the effect that the human frame is a perfect exhibition of Divine Wisdom has been allowed to stand.

Much of the historical matter is gone; and the Introduction, the Appendices on Geometry and Arithmetic, are also removed, along with some of the writer's para-

* *Elements of Physics*: or, *Natural Philosophy*. By Neil Arnett, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, and Member of the Senate of the University of London. Seventh edition. Edited by Alexander Bain, LL.D., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen, and Alfred Swayne Taylor, M.D., F.R.S. London: Longmans.

graphs of good-natured egotism, or praise of Mrs. Arnott. These one's feelings would plead strongly for; but, clearly they are not physics. Some of the statements they contained are embodied in the prefatory notice; and the "Hydrostatic Bed"—but without the interesting story of its invention and the lady who used the very first made—is allowed a paragraph all to itself at the end of the book.

Some other of the Doctor's kindly and useful excursions have been taken out. Perhaps the passages on stammering were at least *applications* of physics which might have been allowed to remain. Those on digestion clearly belonged to physiology.

But the book is still very bulky (about 900 pages), and the editors had to squeeze in somehow a large amount of fresh necessary matter. The Doctor's last footnote (he was always adding characteristic fragments) showed his sense of the inevitable imperfection of the book in the relation to the new views of the correlation of forces—though his sagacity was not behind that of any physicist of the day, and he rightly, though gently complains of a most unfair notice in the *Reader* charging him with having "borrowed" from Professor Tyndall. Here, then, and under such heads as Atoms, Molecules, Energy, Force, Spectrum Analysis, Electrolysis, Compression of Gases, Sound, we have large additions and alterations. The editors have not been able to avoid scientific terminology as Dr. Arnott did—but it is chiefly a matter of nomenclature, and we do not undertake to say there is any falling off in simplicity of exposition—though there certainly is in homeliness. Dr. Arnotts are not born every day.

The reader accustomed to the sixth edition must not hastily conclude that what he does not immediately find in the seventh is omitted, or, conversely, that everything which looks new in the latter is really so. The place only may be changed. Some of the diagrams are much improved; for instance, the diagram of triangles to illustrate laws of falling bodies.

In this seventh edition the type is much smaller, and the page too. We doubt if this is an improvement—but the paper and print are both good. There are now several manuals of "Physics;" but for readableness and that kind of simple grasp which fixes the reader's attention, and makes the task of the memory an easy one, there is still no Introduction like Dr. Arnott's, and we have no doubt it will again have the large circulation it deserves.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.*

THIS is not what is usually meant by "a life" or a "biography;" it is, what the title suggests, a series of memorials. It consists very largely of letters—from Kingsley himself—and of these a great many are to his wife. The whole book, indeed, must be read with an eye to the words on the title-page, "By his Wife." First and last, it is a picture of Charles Kingsley at home, or preparing for home, or longing for home, though away from it. It may safely be said that his love of home was the strongest love that was in him, and that among the unselfish desires of his strong and complex nature the strongest was to make home happy for others. This was the central point of all his political and social labours—his theology and his sermons would have taken on different colours if he had not been such a home-loving man. In our first glimpse of him he is a child of four, writing poems and sermons, but whether at home or at school, good from the home point of view.

* Charles Kingsley: *His Letters and Memories of his Life*. Edited by his Wife. In Two Volumes, with Steel Engraved Portraits and Illustrations. London: Henry S. King & Co.

There he is, a bright, energetic schoolboy, eager for natural science, and with some gift of snubbing inferior boys, but still affectionate and homely. In a short time, at twenty, we come to "the happiest day of my life," in July, 1839, when he met and loved the lady who became his wife. The letters which belong to this era of his life should be read in connection with "Yeast." We next find him under the influence of Maurice (1844 onwards), and eagerly helping on the Christian Socialist movement. Then came the best of his books—"Alton Locke," "Westward Ho," "Hypatia." He is always hard at work. One time it is "Glaucus" that is on the stocks, another time it is "The Water Babies." Then comes the Cambridge Professorship; the Royal Chaplaincy; the Canonry of Westminster; the journey to that far west which he had painted so well that Alexander von Humboldt thought he had already been there; the struggle with increasing weakness; the death of a good, brave man at fifty-eight, under the same roof with his wife, who was also marked to die; the funeral in Eversley churchyard; and the mournful inscription dictated by himself, "Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus"—We have loved; we love; we will love. Of Kingsley's greatest poem, "The Saints' Tragedy," we have, as yet, said nothing, and all we will now say is that it was written, like Spenser's "Epithalamion," as a gift to his wife on the wedding-day. If Spenser had put into his poem a little of the fire there is in Kingsley's great closet-tragedy, it would not be so neglected.

As we contemplate returning to these volumes, we will now deal very briefly with them. An analysis of his character and his work, or any approach to such an analysis, would require much space, and the man and his career present some very interesting problems. One or two minor comments we will make at once. In the first place, considering the obloquy—the word is not too strong—which never ceased to attach to his name for his—what shall we call it?—his anti-ascetic writing, it is, to say the least, deeply interesting to note the warm favour with which he was treated at Court. A Westminster canonry was, from one point of view, a poor recognition of talent so splendid as Kingsley's; but he would have made a most unsafe dean, or bishop; and Westminster, under Dean Stanley, was after all the kindest corner for him. Of his "orthodoxy" we will say nothing at present. It would seem harsh to assert that he never had any opinions, and we do not make that assertion; but it is certain that his "opinions" were never coherent in point of logic, and were rather rapidly felt convictions, wrought in upon a fluctuating base of emotion, than opinions in the usual sense of the term. There was a certain wild, fiery dash, amounting nearly to bravado, about him; this had two bad effects among many—it made him appear even less self-consistent than he was; and it killed him. He was evidently wanting in the most elementary self-government.

Instead of nibbling at a task which, as we have already said, would require a larger canvas than we can now spare, we will simply commend the volumes to our readers, and make one or two remarks on a somewhat slighted subject—Mr. Kingsley's poetry.

In the book now before us it is stated that Mr. Kingsley made but few alterations in his poems, when they were once written. We strongly doubt this. A fac-simile is given of the first draft of "The Three Fishers." Well, there are several alterations in this, the original MS. In the poem as printed in the "Christian Socialist" there are others; and in the last version of all—that in the collected poems—there are others. This is pretty well in the way of alteration for a poem of three stanzas.

Near the close of the second of these volumes we have a copy of a ballad which is said to be the last poem that Mr. Kingsley ever wrote—a composition of great spirit. It appears to have been written in America, and we presume there is no doubt that it is by Kingsley—indeed the sentiment of the ballad is characteristic; but there seems to be something enigmatic about it. And Mr. Froude and others are (we are informed) unable to suggest any meaning for the curious refrain of "Barum, Barum," &c. Well, first let us look at the ballad itself:—

“‘Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?
 Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
 You’re booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
 You’re booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
 To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me,
 Barum, Barum,’ &c.

“She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
 Barum, Barum, &c.
 ‘I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
 And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
 He’s killed a boy, he’s killed a man, and why must he kill me?’

“‘Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
 Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
 And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
 It’s you may keep your baby, for you’ll get no keep from me.’

“‘That husbands could be cruel,’ said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
 ‘That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
 But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
 And be killed across a fence at last, for all the world to see!’

“She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the gallant lass was she!—
 And kept him straight, and won the race, as near as near could be;
 But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree,
 Oh! he killed her at the brook—the brute!—for all the world to see,
 And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree.”

And now, about the mysterious refrain. First of all, it must be read with the stress upon the second syllable, so as to run—

“*Barúm-barúm-barúm-barúm-barúm-barúm-barée!*”

So much is clear, for metrical reasons. The rest is guess-work. But what strikes us is very simple. Many a riding-master or circus-master has lived by his wife’s performances, and perhaps Kingsley had heard just then of some case very much like that of the main incident of the ballad (there was such an occurrence in London). Now let us figure to ourselves a jaunty blackguard of that stamp, with his smoking-cap cocked loosely, and the music of the circus band in his head. He goes about to wheedle—and at last to bully—his wife into riding a dangerous horse, and while he does so, in the pauses of the talk, he hums the music of the brass instruments and the drums—“*Barúm-barúm-barúm-barúm-barúm-barúm-barée*”—and this makes a natural refrain to the ballad; a kind of rhyming bass, which well reflects the jaunty way of this selfish ruffian. This is the best guess we can offer, but it is not impossible that there may be some local explanation, simple enough, if we knew the precise origin of the ballad.

PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.

THERE are many signs that the old and hard crust which so long enclosed the religious thought and life of Scotland is rapidly breaking up. The catastrophe was foreseen indeed more than twenty years ago by those who had any real interest in religious thought, and any eyes to see beneath the surface of those conventional watchwords which, like superstitions, last and even exercise an influence long after they have ceased to have any life. To all who could trace the deeper mind of the country it was evident that the wave of dogmatic enthusiasm which culminated in what is known as the Disruption had also spent itself in the very excess of its onrush, and that a new era was preparing. From the first there was much that was shallow and factitious in the outburst of dogmatism which preceded 1843; and before then the reaction had already set in amongst the better and more cultivated youth at the Universities. The men who rose to any prominence in the Established Church during the next few years were all men of a different stamp from those of the preceding decade; while such leaders as survived in the Divinity Halls or elsewhere—men like Dr. Robert Lee or Dr. James Robertson—helped to give an impetus to an entirely new line of thought and interest.

The services of Dr. Lee in promoting the cause of liberal Christian thought in Scotland are amply deserving of acknowledgment; and Dr. Story's volumes contain an abundant record of them.* When he wrote in his diary, on the eve of his commencing

* *Life and Remains of Robert Lee, D.D.* 1870.

his work as Professor of Biblical Criticism in Edinburgh (Nov., 1847), that his great object would be "to free" the students "from superstition, fanaticism, and bigotry, and to instil into their minds principles of true wisdom, piety, and charity," he indicated clearly enough the changed spirit which was beginning in the country, and which he lived to do so much to advance. His directness, rationality, and clear good sense were the main weapons with which Dr. Lee assailed the prevalent bigotries and sectarianisms which had so deteriorated the social and intellectual atmosphere of his time. He was himself a genuine and growing liberal, as the recent volume of his sermons shows; he had a vivid, at times painfully vivid, apprehension of the gravity of the questions which were coming up for discussion in every department of theological and scientific knowledge. But beyond the vigour and brightness of mind which he brought to bear on some of these questions, he cannot be said to have deepened the channels of religious thought. He rather helped to clear away the rubbish from the old paths than to open up new paths of inquiry. His mind was critical, incisive, polemical, rather than historical or speculative. He could fight well—no man ever fought better. He could cleverly expose the traditional nonsense which has so often passed in Scotland for sacred dogma. No man ever pricked with a lighter or more effective stroke the pretensions of hyper-orthodoxy. But he lacked sympathy with forms of theological culture different from his own; nor had he the deeper intelligence which sees through the decay of systems the onward working of principles destined to better and more comprehensive constructions in the future.

The name of Dr. James Robertson, who was Dr. Lee's colleague as Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh, has been comparatively little associated with the advance of a more liberal Christian culture in Scotland. His practical labours in connection with what is known as the Endowment Scheme, and the extension of the Church of Scotland in the towns and mining districts, have almost entirely eclipsed his labours as a theological professor; nor can we say very definitely what his influence was in this respect; but there can be no doubt of the fact that he himself was really liberal in all his deepest convictions, and in the tendency of his speculations. He was naturally large-minded, and he had a genuine, although obscure, vein of speculation. He was lacking, however, in all grace and point of expression. His speech was barely articulate to a literary ear; the heavy involutions of his written periods being as harsh to the reader as the guttural tones of his Aberdonian voice to the hearer. He has left nothing, therefore, that can give any idea of the power of thought which he really possessed, and still less of the wider

views of Christian philosophy that were opening before his mind in his last years.* Yet his influence was elevating, both as a teacher and worker; and he gave definite assistance in carrying the mind of the Scottish Church beyond the narrow rut of "evangelical" and ecclesiastical tradition in which it had been so long labouring. If not a German scholar himself, he had something of the tendencies of German thought, and had a powerful sympathy with some of these tendencies. His intellectual aspirations were ideal, and no one who knew him or conversed with him in his philosophic moments (which were unhappily rare, amidst the exacting labours of his rôle as an ecclesiastical leader) but must have felt how far he was capable of transcending that dead traditionalism the echoes of which were still heard in his sermons or lectures.

But the main influences which were educating the youthful Scottish mind in the decade of years which followed the Secession of 1843, were to a large extent outside both the Universities and the Church. They were partly literary and partly speculative. The older life of thought descending from Coleridge and the Hares, and the newer springs of culture which had risen in England with the school of Maurice and Kingsley, and, more than either, the study of German theology in its speculative, critical, and historical developments, were amongst the most powerful of these influences. And if we add to these the enthusiasm for the writings of Carlyle, and the quiet, comparatively unnoticed effects which had come from Mr. Erskine's religious books—diligently scouted and abused by the religious press at the time of their publication—we shall have probably brought into view the chief causes which were operating beneath the surface towards a determinate change in the theological opinion of Scotland.

That there were no marked signs of this change as yet may be readily granted. Nay, when we turn to look at the obvious religious phenomena of the country during those busy years when the Free Church was building up its ecclesiastical system, and such names as those of Dr. Candlish, Dr. Cunningham, and Dr. Guthrie carried the din of its ecclesiastical and theological activity over the world, it may seem as if it were a paradox to speak of any progressive vein underlying its still dominant orthodoxies. No one certainly will accuse the Free Church during these years of betraying the doctrines of the Covenant, or of not flaunting the old banner in the breeze produced by their own agitations. All seemed, in Free Church pulpit and probably in Free Church hall, not only orthodox, but hyper-orthodox. It was then, and long

* No one who has read Dr. Robertson's Life by one of his pupils—Dr. Charteris—especially a letter in the Appendix on Bunsen's "*Hippolytus*," can doubt his aspirations in the direction of a higher Christian philosophy.

afterwards, the rôle of the Free Church to play against the Establishment, and even against the United Presbyterians,* the part of defenders of the pure confessional faith of Scotland, for which the martyrs of the seventeenth century had perished, and the Church had witnessed in its purest days. Our space would fail to tell one tithe of all that was constantly repeated on this subject, to the disparagement of the "Moderates," who alone were alleged to have remained as a miserable *residuum*† in the Established Church, or the Voluntaries who had compromised their *soundness* by countenancing, if not adopting, liberal views on the Atonement. These were the palmy days of Free Church orthodoxy, when Dr. Cunningham was the chief, as he was the ablest, representative of doctrinal opinion in the body; and Dr. Candlish adventured as far south as London to deliver the English mind from the snares which Mr. Maurice had woven for it in his "Theological Essays."

No one who knows anything of the writings of these men, apart from their work as ecclesiastical politicians, can doubt their eminent ability. Different in many respects, they were alike in their genuine power of mental grasp. What they saw they saw clearly, and maintained hardily with a firm and forcible logic. They were both masters of argumentative fence in a high degree, although in very contrasted ways. There were no minds of their time to whose encounter they were unequal in point of mere vigour, dexterity, and masterliness within their range. This range, it may be said, was limited, and I am not prepared to dispute the assertion. It is none the less true that there were few minds in England, with all its comparative richness of culture and of learning, that could have been pitted against either the massive force of Cunningham or the adroit subtlety of Candlish. Both men well deserved their position as leaders in the Free Church while they lived, and Scotland, whatever many may think of their enlightenment and the character of their work as a whole, has reason to be proud of their intellect. Anywhere they would have been true leaders of men by their mental stature alone.

It is unnecessary that I should do more than indicate the theological attitude of these men. They were representatives of the "straitest sect" of Scotch orthodoxy—the genuine descendants, as they were the admirers, of Dr. Andrew Thomson, rather than of Dr. Chalmers. The latter stood in many respects alone in the Free Church, while nominally its most distinguished leader in the eyes of the English and American world. He was a man of different

* The large body of Presbyterians formed in 1847 by the coalition of the Secession and Relief Churches which had left the Church of Scotland in the previous century.

† "Residuaries" was a common appellation applied to those who remained in the National Church in 1843.

type altogether,—no mere Churchman, theologian, or preacher, great as he was in all these respects,—but a man of genius whose measure we have no call now to take. He had in fact passed away from the scene early in 1847, just as the new movement was beginning, yet not without a prescient glance towards it, half of warning and half of encouragement, in his famous review of Morell's "History of Speculative Philosophy." But Dr. Cunningham and Dr. Candlish were the real representatives of Free Church theology. They spoke its true unmixed voice when they sent forth warnings, the one against "the objectionable and dangerous views in regard to the theology of the Reformers,"* which had been ventilated by a young theologian in the Established Church, and the other against the "direction" in which "English theology appeared in certain quarters to be running."† It requires a very slight acquaintance with the writings of both to recall the obstinate determination with which they entrenched themselves within the old confessional barriers of the Scottish faith, and sent their words of menace after all who showed any tendency towards what they styled "a low and unsound doctrinal theology,"‡ especially if the *habitat* of this theology was found within the Established Church.

It is true that Dr. Candlish lived to neologize in his own behalf. With all his incisive dogmatism and the crudeness of many of his traditional views, especially regarding Scripture and Revelation,§ his mind was far too quick and active not to detect the weakness of the popular theology in some of its aspects, and far too subtle and ingenious in its activities not to essay to give it a deeper spiritual and logical basis. This he tried, in the ablest and best of his theological writings—a volume of Lectures on the "Fatherhood of God," marked by the best qualities of his mind and by many happy strokes both of style and of argument—yet far from being, as it has been styled, a great work in speculative theology. It is acute and subtle in a high degree, and thoughtful up to a certain point, but greatly deficient both in breadth of spiritual insight, and in historical and philosophical comprehension. Nothing indeed can be less fruitful than many of its wire-drawn logicalities as to matters removed from the sphere of rational theology altogether. As it was, however, it roused the suspicion of heresy, or at least of *novelty*, which in theological perception is almost as bad, and by a strange turn of events, destined not to be without its parallel in more recent times, called forth a champion of orthodoxy from the ranks of the Established Church. The spectacle was edifying in the highest degree to

* Dr. Cunningham's *Reformers and Theology of the Reformation*, p. 8.

† Preface to Dr. Candlish's *Examination of Mr. Maurice's Theological Essays*.

‡ Dr. Candlish's *Address on Opening the Free Church College in 1865*.

§ See especially his volume, *Reason and Revelation*, 1859.

certain veterans, and also certain younger traditionalists who had begun to be alarmed at the spread of "German" opinions.

This singular change of attitude in two prominent theologians of the Established and the Free Churches marks an epoch in the brief chapter of theological history which we are reviewing and can only be understood by a backward glance at what in the meantime had been going on within the former of these Churches.

In the second decade following the Disruption, the new spirit of Christian thoughtfulness, which had been long working beneath the surface, made rapid progress and began to show itself in various directions. It is impossible to dwell upon this part of the subject, or to say all that we could say about it. It will be enough that we point out certain stages of the movement which even now may be termed historical, told as they are both in the *Memoirs* of Dr. Lee and Dr. Norman Macleod.

The latter well-known Scottish writer, preacher, and philanthropist, had gradually assumed one of the most prominent positions amongst the Scottish clergy. No one deserved his eminence better. He was in all senses a large man, with intellectual gifts of the most rich, varied, and ebullient character, distinguished alike as an orator in the pulpit and on the platform, and no less distinguished by his enthusiastic, yet ever-intelligent labours as a pastor in the largest parish in Scotland. He was, moreover, as Chalmers had been before him, far more than an ecclesiastic or preacher, or even religious writer. His mind went forth in many directions, and all that interested his countrymen in literature or in thought interested him. He liked, in fact, to escape from the trammels of ecclesiastical office, and disport himself in the wider spaces and the freer air of nature and all the humanities. It was this higher touch of human, and purely intellectual aspiration which raised Chalmers so much above the younger men—marvellously able as they were—who surrounded him in the Free Church movement. The same elevation marked Macleod. However laborious and absorbing seemed the round of his official duties and sympathies, no one who knew him could suppose that these exhausted his life. He always looked over any ecclesiastical fence which office or accident drew around him into the wide and open world. He was a considerably younger man than either Dr. Robertson or Dr. Lee; and he had come more definitely under the new influences of thought which were spreading into Scotland both from England and Germany. In the latter country he had spent a part of his youth, and imbibed, if not much of its scientific theology, yet a great deal of its liberal culture and romantic enthusiasm for the ideal.

But Dr. Macleod came under the force of a more definite line of religious thought than any we have yet mentioned at variance

with Scottish traditional orthodoxy. He was taught to look beyond the Confession of Faith, not only by Thomas Arnold and others of the more liberal theological school in England, but, above all, by his friend and relative John Macleod Campbell. The "Row" heresy had preceded his ecclesiastical career, but the teaching of God's boundless love for the souls of men and Christ's universal work of atonement, which were the main elements of the "heresy," had survived and deepened into a noble vein of religious thoughtfulness in the "heretic." To what this thoughtfulness has come, is known to the world in Dr. Campbell's great work on the Atonement and his "Thoughts on Revelation." As yet when Norman Macleod came under his influence, neither of these works was written. But the principles contained in them were already working in Dr. Campbell's mind, and they were, no doubt, the subject of the "earnest conversations" which we are told he often held with his young relative while the latter was yet a student. Afterwards "the intimacy betwixt the two cousins became closer, and continued to deepen to the last hour of their lives. Campbell had a greater influence on Norman's views than any other theologian living or dead, and was revered by him as being the most heavenly-minded man he ever knew." *

The result of this special influence was apparent in many forms of Dr. Macleod's teaching during the years that marked his prominence as minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow, from 1851 onwards. But they might have attracted little notice, or at least escaped ecclesiastical censure, if it had not been for accidental circumstances. The first whiff of excitement as to the tendency of Dr. Macleod's views came in 1863, when the well-known "Evangelical" newspaper, the *Record*, which has earned such unhappy notoriety in the field of Church polemics, suborned a Presbyterian clergyman in London—only too willing to be its tool—to prepare for its pages a series of articles expository of the "low and unsound" views of Christian truth promulgated from month to month in *Good Words*. The attack was well planned in the customary style of unctuous rancour—half malice, half indignation—which the "Evangelical" press has so long practised against all who refuse to use their watchwords, or to be bound by their conventionalisms. It inflicted pain and made a noise, greatly adding to the sale of *Good Words* in the end, but producing alarm for a time in the minds of many timid people, who previously had seen nothing but good in their favourite magazine.

"The maledictions of the *Record*, reprinted in the form of a pamphlet, and widely circulated in England and Scotland, were caught up and echoed by kindred organs throughout the country, and had the effect of making the editor an object of suspicion to many whose good-will he valued."

* *Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D.*, vol. i. p. 275.

The names associated with him in this abuse were, with one exception, all Scotch, and all well known to belong to the liberal party in the Church of Scotland. "A ludicrous anticlimax was reached in the controversy, when the Presbytery of Strathbogie," so notorious in its connection with the fierce contest which preceded the Disruption, "gravely overtured the General Assembly of the Free Church to take *Good Words* into its consideration."* Dr. Macleod was grieved and shocked at the treatment he received on this occasion, as his journal plainly shows. Remonstrances were addressed to him from many quarters, some of which had a claim upon his respect; and the very expansiveness of his sympathy made him more sensitive to such assaults than many would have supposed.

But this was only a foretaste of what awaited him by-and-by. In the course of 1865 his attention was specially turned to the question of the observance of the Lord's Day.

"He believed that the authority of the Jewish Sabbath was an insufficient, unscriptural, and therefore perilous basis on which to rest this observance, and that to impose regulations as to one institution which applied only to the other, must, with the changing conditions of society in Scotland, be productive of greater evils in her future than in her past history."†

The result was that he addressed a lengthened speech on the subject to his brethren in the Glasgow Presbytery, which, from the novelty and freshness of its views, and in part, perhaps, certain exaggerations that arose out of its extempore delivery, was caught up by the whole press of the country. There has seldom been a more spontaneous and unanimous outburst of popular feeling—partly of applause and partly of denunciation. The denunciation for the time made the greatest noise. It was a splendid opportunity for the Free Church; and unhappily, with one or two noble exceptions, its leaders and preachers had not the magnanimity to resist the temptation. They blew the coals kindled by the still lingering fanaticism of the country, and invited others to warm their cooling zeal at the sullen glow. If Dr. Macleod had renounced Christianity altogether as his biographer says,

"he could not have produced a greater sensation. . . His table was loaded with letters remonstrating with him, abusing him, denouncing him, cursing him. Ministers of the Gospel passed him without recognition; one of these, more zealous than the rest, hissed him in the street."

Or as he himself says:—

"Men apologized for having been seen in my company. An eminent minister of the Free Church refused to preach in a United Presbyterian pulpit in which I was to preach the same day. . . 'Leave the Church!' 'Libel him!' were the brotherly advices given."‡

* Memoir, ii. p. 135.

† Ibid. ii. p. 189.

‡ Ibid. ii. p. 190.

About this time I published a pamphlet, in the shape of an address to my students, which ventured to criticize the Confession of Faith as a document of human composition belonging to the seventeenth century, and as bearing upon its face the impress of the "religious party" from which it emanated. This added to the prevalent excitement, although it seems a sufficiently harmless statement, as we write it now in cold blood; but the theological temperature of Scotland was heated in those days, and the statement was hailed with wild invective. That not only the Fourth Commandment, but the Confession of Faith itself—the sum of all the doctrine owned by the Church—should be the subject of criticism, and the Church seriously summoned to consider its relation to the Confession, was intolerable to multitudes who had been sleeping contentedly behind the old defences, and awoke anxious concern in a few others who were apprehensive of what might be coming next, and where all this disquiet with the old landmarks might end. A venerable Glasgow theologian—it was strange how the loudest noise came from that "westland" district which was famous in the days of the Covenant—wrote with bated indignation:—

"When Dr. Tulloch tells us 'that it is well nigh impossible that the old relation of our Church to the Westminster Confession can continue,' does it not occur to him that men who have any right sense of moral obligation must draw the conclusion that it is high time that 'the old relation' of the Confession to all ministers and professors of theology, in the pulpits and chairs of the Established Church who hold his views, should instantly cease and determine, and they should leave their places to be occupied by those who will humbly fulfil their compact both to Church and State, and not prove traitors to both?"

Here again ministers of the Free Church led the van of intolerance, although they were by no means alone in their ignorance and violence.

The agitation of 1865 lasted on through the winter, and was only quieted after the General Assembly of 1866. For a time the flame threatened to blaze up afresh at this Parliament of Scottish Presbytery. A petition came up from "the Elders of various Congregations within the Presbytery of Paisley," praying that the assent of elders to the Confession should be "wisely modified and amended." A counter-petition, bearing amongst other names that of the Duchess of Sutherland, prayed "for inviolably maintaining the Westminster Confession of Faith as the doctrinal standard of the Church." It seemed as if there would have been a great clash of hostile arms; but the ungenerous *mêlée*—ungenerous because the voice of one of the culprits was shut by the rules of the Assembly, although he himself was present—passed over without any definite issue. No formal accusation

was attempted. Dr. Macleod escaped, as he himself notifies in his journal, without "any unkind word;" and he seems hardly to have been able to realize all at once his deliverance. "Most unaccountable!" he says. "It is a state of things which I cannot take in. I cannot account for it." The fact was that after six months the fit of dogmatic zeal had begun to wear off, and men, who had not hesitated to join in the controversial noises which had enlivened the winter, were beginning to be ashamed of the din which they themselves had made. A reviving feeling also of respect for Dr. Macleod's character, and above all a well-founded distrust of what might be the effect of any definite prosecution and the elaborate discussions which must ensue, all tended to give the agitation its quietus. It was rightly felt by the liberal party that the real gain had been on their side, and that a certain measure of liberty in relation to the Confession of Faith had been secured by all that had taken place.

That this was really the case is abundantly shown by what has since occurred. The liberal movement, so far from having been arrested, has gone on steadily, and, what is strangest of all, it has, within the last few years, invaded the very citadel of the Free Church itself, and attained quite recently in connection with it an unusual significance. Those who were wont to curse have remained to bless, and the fingers of rebuke, once pointed at the conspicuous heretics of the Established Church, move uneasily towards professors within their own pale, whose "uncertain" sound has gone forth to the ends of the Christian world. The voice of criticism directed against the Confession of Faith has also once more been heard in louder and more distinct tones than before. And here again the critic who has given the freest rein to his thoughts, and spoken not only of the Confession itself, but of some of its most characteristic doctrines, in a manner in comparison with which the criticism of 1865 was measured and timid, is a minister not of the Established but of the United Presbyterian Church.* The days of trouble for the "Standards" seem so far from being ended, that they are probably only seriously beginning.

It remains to us to glance at these recent developments of liberal theology in Scotland, and their bearing on the future of Scottish theology and the Scottish Churches.

The agitation which has arisen in the Free Church during the past year, and which is probably, while we write, only pausing

* It may be mentioned that this is really the third agitation in Scotland regarding the Confession of Faith within the last ten years. Some few years ago, Mr. George Gilfillan, also a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, and well known both for his literary labours and the liberality of his opinions, started an animated discussion on the subject, which occupied his Church and the newspapers for some time, and the result of which was strongly in the direction of the relaxation of the existing formula of subscription.

for a more vigorous outburst, does not concern any question of doctrine directly. It is really more fundamental, however, than any special doctrinal controversy. It is a question as to the composition, and hence (however ingeniously this aspect of it may be disguised) as to the authority of the books of Scripture. So far purely literary and critical, and only to be settled by honest historical inquiry, it yet touches the very root of dogmatic Protestantism; and specially the assumed dogmatic foundation of the Free Church itself.

It had become well known that within the last half-dozen or more years the old school of traditional theology in the Free Church, which Dr. Candlish and Dr. Cunningham represented, no longer flourished in such vigour as in the days following the "Disruption." It could not in any sense be said to be supplanted; its tones were still heard in Free Church pulpits as of old; and even the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* could dogmatize with the same crude hardihood, especially when any publication of the more liberal school of theology in England or in Scotland was the subject of criticism. Withal the Free Church had found it impossible to stand still any more than the other sections of Presbyterianism in Scotland; and, as the field of dogma was so carefully fenced round, the spirit of inquiry which had been awakened naturally took the direction of Biblical and historical criticism. As this was almost the only opening for the more active minds of the Free Church, so it was stimulated both by special encouragement at home and by the foreign studies of some of the younger professors. These studies ranged not merely over the fruitful soil of German theology, but also the more recent products of the Dutch school—whose daring negativism has cast the results even of German criticism into the shade. Two at least of the Free Church staff of theologians, who, after brilliant University careers, had been, with a generous confidence which deserves notice, elevated almost from the student's bench to the professor's chair, were understood to be thoroughly acquainted with the latest results of foreign theological study.

It was a mere matter of course that men so competent should be invited to contribute to the theological department of the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." And accordingly Professor Robertson Smith, of the Free Church College in Aberdeen, prepared a careful paper, marked by eminent analytical ability, on the Bible, for the third volume of this great work. It is no part of our business to criticize this paper, or to point out either its merits or defects. No one, whose opinion is of any value, can doubt that the paper is one eminently creditable to the talents of the writer, and that upon the whole it is admirably fitted to convey to the general mind a clear and well-informed outline of the

attitude of the modern critical school towards the sacred literature which we sum up under the name of Bible. And this is really, it should be recollected, amongst the main reasons why such an article at all appears in an encyclopædia. It would have been of no use merely to have retailed old views, no longer held by any critical school, as to the composition of the several books of Scripture and the historical relation which they are supposed to bear to one another.

No sooner, however, was the article published than many rumours began to circulate as to its character; and at length, during the early part of last summer, these rumours rose into a definite outcry. Brochures were published exposing Professor Smith's "heresy," and the pulpits once more lifted their voice in denunciation. It has been alleged that certain vigilant defenders of the faith within the Established Church reciprocated on this occasion the services which had been formerly rendered by Free Church authorities in denouncing growing heresy. It must be confessed—although we should be the last to defend such a course—that there was something tempting in the opportunity. And even orthodox human nature is not above the reach of such temptation. There had been a rare unscrupulousness in the manner in which the Free Church, by its recognized organs in the press, had used the weapons of detraction and insinuation against certain leaders of the liberal school within the Establishment. At this very time, in fact, one of these organs—the most respectable of them, it may be allowed—had little else to say of a volume published by one of these leaders than that any one might read it who wished to see how far a man might go in depreciation of the old theology, "without outrageously violating his ordination vows." Evil insinuations of this kind—like curses—always come to roost, and if the future days of the Free Church are to be meted out to them upon this principle, they are not likely to be days of quietness.

But whether there was any truth in these statements or not, the agitation on the subject of Professor Smith's views of the Bible grew apace, and the Free Church was compelled to take them into consideration. The task, for the majority of those who undertook it, was evidently an unwelcome as it was a difficult one. The "College Committee," upon whom it devolved, soon found that the atmosphere of thought was changed around them, and that if it was necessary to libel Professor Smith they must deal with elements not only intractable, but far more widely diffused than they imagined. The spirit of the times was greatly changed from those in which Dr. Cunningham held the helm of Free Church Evangelicalism, and is said to have rejected a contribution to the Review which has been the main advocate of that

Evangelicalism, because the writer had impugned the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. (Here ~~Mr~~ was a Free Church Professor who not only questioned but denied the Mosaic authorship of the Book of Deuteronomy, although this book bears *ex facie* to be the record of the utterances of Moses; to whom the Song of Solomon is "a lyrical drama" representing merely the love story of a Shulamite maiden, and the fifty-first Psalm, so pathetically associated with the repentance of David, "is obviously composed during the desolation of the temple" in the later times of Hebrew psalmody; to whom, more than all, the Synoptical Gospels "according to all the earliest external evidence" seem to be "non-apostolic digests of spoken and written apostolic tradition.")

This is a very brief, but certainly not an unfair summary of those points of Professor Smith's article which have attracted so much attention, and upon which the College Committee of the Free Church have sat in judgment. What a few years ago would have been the fate of any man who had promulgated such views, and refused to retract them, admits of no question. The happy freedom of the Confession of Faith in dealing with the books of Scripture, which has been rightly pleaded in defence of Professor Smith, would by no means have availed to shield the offender. Nor can it be denied from the most liberal point of view that Professor Smith's views are greatly in advance of any that have hitherto been maintained in any of the British Churches on the subject of Scripture. Anything that was said on the same subject in "Essays and Reviews," which convulsed the country from Cornwall to Caithness, was nothing in comparison. The mere idea then that the Bible was to be interpreted "as any other book" made many an Evangelical throat hoarse with denunciation. And the speculations of Colenso as to the post-Mosaic authorship of the Levitical legislation drew rebuke at once from episcopal and literary authorities. Even Matthew Arnold took up the weapons of Biblical defence, and Charles Kingsley waited not to raise his voice against what he took no pains to understand. It is, when we remember all this, truly a marvel that Professor Smith's views have been received in Scotland after all so quietly, and that the College Committee of the Free Church have found that there is no "ground sufficient to support a process of heresy against him."

Without entering upon the matter further, or pressing the obvious bearing of Professor Smith's views upon the whole basis of dogmatic Protestantism,—a bearing which appears to us irresistible, however repudiated by Professor Smith himself,—it is surely a fact of momentous significance that such opinions should vindicate for themselves a position within the Free Church, and that the prospect should in consequence be opening up of an

entire change in the attitude of the Scotch mind towards the Bible. No other change is likely to affect so much the future of theology everywhere, but in Scotland especially. Not even the hard winking of the "College Committee," nor any avowal of Professor Smith that he continues to hold the Protestant "doctrine of the Word of God," can shut out the conclusion. All dogmatic authority has in Scotland, as in Puritanism generally, been supposed to rest on the Bible, "its corporeal perfection" (so to speak in the words of a well-known living statesman), and its absolute divine character. That the old "rigid conceptions," of which the Free Church itself, in its constitution, is a result, can survive such "free handling," is simply impossible. Changes of all kinds must come with a changed view of Scripture—as an uncertain and progressive Literature rather than a literal code or transcript of the Divine Mind. The beginning of theological reconstruction within the Christian Church lies in the new idea of Revelation, which connects itself immediately with this advanced view of the Bible—a reconstruction which need by no means be negative, although it must be largely agnostic—leaving alone many questions which the Church has hitherto sought to settle. If Mr. Smith has prepared the way for a higher conception of Revelation, and a more comprehensive interpretation of the progressive thought as it unwinds itself through the prophetic ages, his country will have reason to be thankful to him; but he will certainly find that there have been larger consequences in his criticism than he himself now imagines. As yet his tone is too coldly analytical—the tone of a student who has mastered his "hand-books" well, rather than of a thinker. As both his historic and spiritual sense grows deeper, and the relation betwixt Dogma and Revelation becomes more intelligible to him, he will learn to state his conclusions with less confidence; and to see that freedom of thought is the vital atmosphere of all theological labour, and not merely of Biblical Criticism.

But it is not merely changed and new views as to the Bible that are springing up in Scotland. The old question of the relation of the Churches to the Westminster Confession of Faith has come once more to the front. In evidence of this I cannot do better than present my southern readers with the following extracts from speeches, delivered within the last two months, by two notable clergymen—the one, as I have already said, a prominent member of the United Presbyterian Church.

At a meeting of the U. P. (United Presbyterian) Presbytery of Paisley, during January, the Rev. David Macrae, of Gourrock, who has obtained some literary reputation as the author of a book on "America and the Americans," as well as other sketches, brought forward a motion regarding the Confession singularly formidable and significant in its terms.

"The continued timidity of the Church," it stated, "in dealing with her standards is becoming discreditable to her faith." "Two hundred years' research and experience have developed differences between the professed and the actual faith of the Church; and the spectacle of a Church professing to hold all these articles as articles of faith while holding many of them only as matters of opinion, and not holding some of them at all, is a bad example to the world, and demoralizing to the Church itself."

These are bold words, and the language of Mr. Macrae in supporting his motion is not less courageous and decisive :—

"The Confession," he says, "teaches that God for His own glory has predestinated some men to be saved, but that all the rest of mankind He has predestinated to damnation and everlasting torment in hell. It teaches that while there is no fear of the elect, there is no hope for the non-elect. . . . It teaches that by reason of the sin of Adam, apart from any fault of their own, men come into the world wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body, utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil. It teaches that because of this sin, which they could not and cannot help, they are bound helplessly over to the wrath of God, and the curse of the law, and so made subject to spiritual, temporal, and eternal death. It teaches that even in heathen lands, where they have never heard, and therefore have had no opportunity of accepting, the Gospel, they cannot be saved, no matter how earnestly they may frame their lives according to the light of nature, or the laws of that religion which they profess. . . . It teaches that of the countless myriads of babes who have died and are dying in infancy, only the elect are saved. For the non-elect, young or old, it has no fate but the unending and unspeakable torments of hell. *I ask the fathers and the brethren of the Presbytery to say honestly, if this is the theology which they preach ?*"

It is beyond our province to inquire whether Mr. Macrae's representations of the doctrine of the Westminster Confession are to be accepted as correct. They are highly coloured beyond doubt, and drawn out into rhetorical flourishes from which no document in the world is more free than the production of the Westminster Divines. If Mr. Macrae were more of an historical student of Christian dogma, he would have laid on his colour less strongly, and been more careful of exaggeration. But the significant fact for us is that such a motion was made, and such a speech delivered, in one of the large sections into which Presbyterianism is divided in Scotland; and that all this was done, not indeed without exciting deep commotion, but without any one threatening there and then to libel Mr. Macrae, and have him deposed from his sacred office. There is no evidence that any one proposes to disturb Mr. Macrae. All the evidence seems rather to point towards the fact that his views, if somewhat extravagant, are not without a sympathetic echo in the thoughts of his "fathers and brethren."

Following Mr. Macrae's speech has appeared the report of a lecture by Dr. Cunningham, the parish minister of Crieff, well known as the author of an admirable History of the Church of Scotland, and other works equally distinguished by intellectual

ability and literary skill. In the lecture Dr. Cunningham deals with the Confession of Faith in a calmer and more historical manner, but points out with hardly less decision its obvious errors and exaggerations—(1) its disproved theory of creation; (2) its intolerance in the power which it assigns to the civil magistrate in religion; (3) its doctrine of the non-salvability of the heathen; (4) its extreme Calvinism. He thinks it impossible to read the clause about reprobation in the third chapter of the Confession “without a shudder.” In contrast to a creed “so full of metaphysics and ecclesiastical learning,” he places the simple *credo* of the Apostolic Church, “I believe that Jesus is the Son of God;” and he asks, finally, whether any Church has a right to exact a creed like the present—“so wide in its range and so minute in its details”—of any of its office-bearers? He is unable to see how a Church “could exist without some consensus of belief,” and he would therefore neither abolish the Westminster Confession, nor attempt to revise it, but leave it alone, as an “old document—a monument of seventeenth-century piety,” changing the formula of subscription, or, in other words, the relation of the Church to a document the contents of which so many have ceased to believe, and which are in part capable of disproof:—

“This was done,” he says, “some twenty or thirty years ago”—(only twelve years ago, or in 1865?)—“in the Church of England, and it might be done now in the Church of Scotland. We have two formulas—the one prescribed by Parliament, the other by the General Assembly; the former generally used at the ordination of elders, the latter at the ordination of ministers. The first is the looser, and it only, I believe, is legal, as the General Assembly had no right to alter the terms of admission to the Church fixed by the State. But I should like to see a formula looser still, in which the subscriber, while giving a general adherence to the Confession, did not pledge himself to every detail. If this were done, the Church would at once recover her vitality and vigour, theological learning would revive, and young men of intellectual power would join the ministry.”

There can hardly be any doubt that the line indicated by Dr. Cunningham is the only line in which it is possible to move in the matter of creed subscription in Scotland. Unless the present Churches are to break up altogether into a species of Congregationalism—a by no means unlikely result in the event of disestablishment, for which all the Dissenting Churches are loudly clamouring—it is inevitable that the existing creed-bonds which bind all the Presbyterian Churches must be relaxed; and they can only be relaxed in the direction of a general declaration, to be substituted for the existing formula of subscription. This was the line of relaxation, as may be seen from Dr. Lee’s *Life*,* urged upon the Duke of Argyll and other statesmen by Dr. Lee and

* Vol. ii. pp. 250—257.

myself in 1866. There was then some faint hope that the question of *admission* to the Church would be taken up in its most comprehensive aspect, both as regards the creed required of the minister and the choice desiderated by the people; and that a Royal Commission might have been appointed to deal with the whole subject. But the opportunity passed away; and the popular aspect of the subject has been dealt with, under less happy auspices, in a manner known to the world. Churches nowadays miss their opportunities sadly—a bad sign of what is awaiting them in the future. The reins of policy are apt to fall into earnest but feeble hands, that contrive, amidst much noise of their own external activities, to keep the ecclesiastical machine going. Better hands do not like the soil of ecclesiastical politics. Much of the higher faith of the world is outside of the Churches altogether, and the pettiness of the conflicts within them—ritualistic and doctrinal alike—is becoming generally repulsive to intellectual men.

None can tell what may come of the present movement of thought in Scotland. The results are in the meantime incalculable. But one thing may be safely said, that none of the Churches, as they now exist, will make much capital out of the movement. English writers that survey it from a distance are apt to estimate the chances now of an Established Church, and now of the Free Church, as they see the liberal flag blowing from the ramparts of the one or the theological halls of the other. This is all imagination. The current of free thought is running deep and sure in all the Churches, even within softened and exclusive precincts where it makes no noise at all. It will make its way towards the light by-and-by, from all quarters of the ecclesiastical horizon; and the Church which will have most chance may possibly not be any of the present organizations, but a Church more excellent—because at once more liberal and catholic—than any of those now existing.

JOHN TULLOCH.

There was this new word, "Hellenism," which was taken up by the literary world, and which was used to designate the Greek spirit in modern literature. It was a new word, and it was a new idea. It was a word which was used to designate the Greek spirit in modern literature, and it was a word which was used to designate the Greek spirit in modern literature.

THE GREEK SPIRIT IN MODERN LITERATURE.

Poems. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, D.C.L. Macmillan & Co.
Essays in Criticism. By the same. Macmillan & Co.
Culture and Anarchy. By the same. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Studies of Greek Poets. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE Duke of Argyll has observed that it seems a law of modern ideas that every utterance of genius must in some limited time be turned into nonsense by exaggerating imitators. It is perfectly true; and though some such remark may have been made before, it is original in its present form, because it has a special application to this period of competitive literature. The writing business is overstocked; too many people want to live by it, and they are always trying to snatch subjects and catchwords from each other. No sooner has some leader secured an idea than he is to be observed, like the duck with the frog in Mr. Riviere's picture last year, pursued by quacks, and vainly endeavouring to get away, to assimilate and re-issue his acquisition in peace.

Professor M. Arnold's use of the words Greek and Hellenism in his earlier essays, and in "Culture and Anarchy," was highly suggestive, and involved a set of capital distinctions. He invented a good phrase for one of the great divergences of spiritual thought and intellectual habit. He made a vigorous appeal for accuracy and clearness, and therefore for truth. He appealed to conscience and morals in favour of intellectual rectitude, and threw new light on the duty of moderation, and the exercise of impartial judgment. And so he led on to many profitable meditations on the intellectual excellences of the Hellenic race, as exemplified by their even-tempered and clear-sighted "views," or manner of contemplating all things. He said less than we, in our Hebraic or Anglo-Christian way, think he should have said, of those inventive

powers and brooding dreams of imagination, which were the immortal forces of the Greek spirit. We think these were the actual gift of God to the Greek race, and therefore we speak of them as divine—tentatively it is true, but with real meaning. If a man's notion of God is a stream of tendency, or that which makes for righteousness, he cannot well form an idea of spiritual gift, and must consequently, we think, rather underrate the value and the source of Greek art and poetry. If you do not believe in any Divine Person, you can hardly feel or call sculpture or verse divine. And understanding and admitting all the beautifully expressed distinctions between Hebraism and Hellenism, we must point out that the most brilliant of Greeks was exactly like a Hebrew, or any other man, when he came to choose between right and wrong. The search of what is Divine, whether by inventive thought and ἀνεμὸν φρόνημα, or by the universal and infallible method of right-doing, is, so to speak, Hebraic; because it is search for the One Good and the Father of Spirits; and unquestionably all the Greeks best worth knowing sought the Divine in those ways, according to their lights.

We wish Professor Arnold would give us some studies on Greek art. A little labour of new and refreshing character would enable him to do it in a manner worthy of his reputation. And true Hellenism is incomplete without fair knowledge of sculpture; for that and the theatre were absolutely connected, and inseparable, in the eye and mind of Athens. The severe groupings and tableaux of high tragedy were living bas-reliefs, "spirantia signa," like Virgil's Parian statues. A man who does not care for picture and sculpture cannot judge a race, who spent their days in looking at them, so well as if he did. It seems strange that those who study the Dionysiac theatre should never think of the Games, or that men who labour to understand the mind of Æschylus should seem never to suspect that Pheidias had any mind. Nevertheless Hellenism and Hebraism, according to the doctrine of the first inventor of the terms, is a capital expression, supported by most choice writing, and unfolded with a refined description of fun quite peculiar to its accomplished author. Then it gets popularized, and is pressed into the service of agnostic polemics. Hebraism is absolutely identified with Christianity, and Hellenism used against both. And as the literary world has now satisfactorily accomplished its task of talking down Christianity, its more benevolent members are quite anxious to let us unfortunate dogmatists down easily, and allow us something suited to our mental phase. We, or the next generation, are promised some kind of Hellenic system of poetic nature-worship—we may take off our hats to a returning Jupiter instead of an overthrown one. Heine's or Schiller's ironies about the gods

of Greece are provisionally offered, with a bland air of conviction, which may afford us some amusement, if it is not fruitful of comfort. But the fact is that we have been so accustomed to take St. Paul's view of Mars' Hill, that it is very difficult to take the Mars' Hill view of St. Paul. This is undoubtedly the mental habit of the present period. Agnosticism (according to the definition of those whose natural or acquired ingenuity enables them to distinguish it from atheism) is the recognition of an unknown God, as unknowable and non-existent. It considers St. Paul indeed a babbler, and we cannot.

Nothing can be more charming than Hellenism as a literary habit: but it does not fully account for Greeks and their doings as described by themselves. If they are to be imitated, we are led into the consideration of what they did do, and what came of it, and what is to be thought of it; and here we are forced over the marches of the province of morals. You cannot go on long regarding Greeks as pure "Hellenists," or beautiful ideal children, if ever you read a book of Thucydides. We must regret that Professor Arnold's view of "Hebrew history" differs so very far from that of his revered father; but one cannot be surprised if their opinions about the Coreyrean sedition or the Melian massacre diverge as widely. In reading Thuc. iii. 81—85, one certainly forgets that man is "a naturally gentle and simple creature, showing traces of a noble and divine nature,"* and we Christians think that that passage confirms our doctrine of human corruption and the curse that is on the earth. But we hold, and Professor Arnold nowhere denies, that Greeks had Hebrew or English conscience about right and wrong: that they did one or the other knowingly, and fared accordingly, and reasoned from what they did to how they fared. And therefore, while it is quite right to draw distinctions between the Greek or habitually intellectual, and the Hebrew or habitually moral, views or habits of mind, it is incorrect to construct a Hellenic view of Hellas, as if its life had ever been purely literary, and its morals, character, and real history could all be left out. It is still worse to construct a literary and artistic system without morals, and then call it a system of life, which young people ought to adopt in the nineteenth century. This was the attempt of the later Renaissance. Men who did not believe in Christ thought that Athens and Pericles had produced great art because they did not believe in Him; and that their own genius, backed by luxury, and unrestrained by moral considerations, would enable them to revive the glories of Æschylus and Pheidias. It is not for us to blame them, or at least to condemn them; they tried with all their hearts, having lost hold on the Christian faith, to be as the best heathen they knew. What we know is that that

* Culture and Anarchy, p. 153.

which came into their minds was not at all. They made eclectic attempts at Roman morals and Greek art, and were not without great successes, though about as like their models as Michael Angelo is like Pheidias. This comparison is certainly between adequate intellectual representatives of their period; and to the eye of a draughtsman, or critic educated by careful inspection of standard works of art, it may illustrate the distinction between Hellenism and Hebraism sufficiently well. The Pheidian work expresses repose and effortless power; Theseus is Hercules without his sadness: he is self-contented, because unconscious of high mysterious destiny, he sees light and enjoys sweetness; he is the Greek ideal. As sculpture, he must for ever be superior to Michael Angelo's works of Titanic effort, laboured science, and unresting self-consciousness; though the intellectual momentum in both be equal, and the aspiration of the disciple be higher than any the master knew of. Nevertheless, the faith of Michael Angelo, striving with the volcanic forces of his character, did so far prevail, as to invest his works with such sense of the spiritual nature of man as separates them altogether from the sleeping soul of Theseus and the Fates. They are far more distant from the purely classical or anti-Christian work of the later Renaissance.

The fact is that Hellenism and Hebraism, like art and morality, are opposed, but not repugnant, as logicians used to say in the days of Aldrich. The same person at the same time may pursue the religious and the intellectual or artistic life. Light means correct apprehension of Truth, and the great Light means apprehension of the Chief Truth. Sweetness, where it exists, is undistinguishable from charity, in thought, word, and deed; and we think it rather wanting in Professor Arnold's later works, which show, among other things, what very different things sweetness and light may be. The former is a moral quality: in controversy its characteristic is, desire to tell the truth without giving pain, and it produces conciliation, forbearance, mutual approach, and regret at impassable separation. Light alone, in like circumstances, only means clear unsympathetic statement of your own case, with ingenious use of rhetoric to give as much pain as possible to the opponent. And we must remark that the peculiar subjectiveness or egotism of the new agnostic style (which in Mr. Symonds amounts to an enthusiasm, in Professor Arnold to a highly dogmatic creed) appears in many instances to be put forward with the intention to be as provoking as possible, and to draw an opponent into intemperate remark.* It may be meant

* As such it is applauded in Mr. Arnold's case by his critic in the *Westminster Review*. It is certainly more effective than theological denunciation, at least with those who deny the object of theology.

simply to give pain, and, as far as we are concerned, it has that effect. But it partakes more of the *ἐπιχαιρεκαλία* of the journalist than the sweetness of the philosopher: and it is quite time for writers on the Christian side, or who do not desire to injure that side at the point of contact with determined enemies, to give up the weapons of asperity or sarcasm, and say what they must as quietly as possible.

Mr. Symonds' essays are written in the most brilliant style of the English Decadence; his eye for nature is good: he appears, as far as we can judge, to have read all his Greek poets with great accuracy and feeling, though the historians do not seem to be included in his speciality. We say so, because he puts forward a somewhat polemical estimate of the glories of Greek life with little if any allusion to Thucydides, who has certainly found little favour with recent historians. His remarks on art are always worth reading, because he really can use his bodily eyes, and see the relations and analogies between natural form and artistic renderings. And he sees, better than most men, the relations of plastic art and poetry. We presume that the descriptions in his essays are the result of vacation tours about the Mediterranean, and of the usual sort of visits to Italian galleries. They can hardly be founded on any knowledge of drawing or systematic study of sculpture, or he would of course have seen that the heavy-topped Apoxyomenos of Lysippus is obviously a pancratiast and not a runner. Again, we have our misgivings about "restoring" poets from their *disjecta membra*. Physical science can reconstruct with demonstrable accuracy, we believe. It is probable that the coming New Zealander will be a physiologist, and almost certain that he will, in the course of his wanderings about town, find himself near the ruins of Waterloo Bridge, and of the office of the *Saturday Review*. Should he there pick up the jawbone of one of the art-critics, he will have no difficulty in reproducing the original animal, like quiet Mr. Brown of Calaveras. But we cannot feel that Mr. Symonds has sufficient data for his renovated Ibycus or Simonides. In any case, these essays are full of descriptive beauty, good scholarship, high poetic feeling, and artistic culture, as distinguished from artistic knowledge. But their drift is polemical Agnosticism. Mr. Symonds really means, in every page, to set up the brighter side of Athenian life—its rejoicing in beauty, its bodily training, its content with nature and itself, its balanced *sophrosyne*, by which each man knew what every part of him was fit for, and what he himself was fit for—against the Christian faith, its self-distrust and restraint, its unrest in this world, its sense of sin, and hopes of heaven. And he sees that the faith, theism, and morality are irrevocably bound together, and determines that they shall go together.

These pages are a rebellion against nature as she is here, in the name of nature as described in Athens. And the word nature now brings us unavoidably on awkward ground. Mr. Symonds is probably the most innocent of men; we certainly cannot look upon him in any other light. He might not return the compliment, for everybody who objects to suggestive passages of a certain character is now called prurient by their authors, and this reproach we propose to incur. The emotions of Socrates at sight of the beauty of young Charmides are described for him by Plato, in the dialogue which bears the name of the latter.* Socrates' purity, and indeed his asceticism of life are freely and fully vindicated elsewhere by Plato,† and will never be disputed here. The expressions put in his mouth are, no doubt, typically Hellenic. But they are not natural: and it is well known that Greek love of nature and beauty went frequently against nature. The word is used equivocally in this book—for the outward shows of creation, and for the inward impulses of man; and it is assumed that because the former are generally beautiful, the latter are invariably to be followed. Neither are good, for what is good? They are both here, and must be taken for what they are.

Other assertions seem to be made rather, it must be said, in the spirit of the persecutor; that is to say, in order to inflict moral outrage instead of physical. Such are the passage ‡ about a phallic ecstacy perfectly free from pruriency (we have explained that this is the Anglo-Byzantine for decency); the talk about the frank sensuality of Priapus § as a right object of Greek sculpture, and the concluding exhortation to follow Walt Whitman as far as our Hebraistic training and imperfect nature will enable us. || The critic glides over the whole subject of Greek slavery and its utterly demoralizing consequences in a short note; ¶ and well he may, for it destroys his whole argument. He affirms with bland confidence that Retribution, the Eumenides, the *θεῶν φόβος*, and the Corinthian worship of Aphrodite were Asiatic introductions and foreign intrusions, in fact not Greek.** And we must say again, that he cannot know his historians as well as he does his poets; or he would have remembered that unnatural practices between men were foreign intrusions from Greece into Asia.††

* Jowett's Plato, vol. i.; and The Greek Poets, pp. 243, 406.

† See Symposium, pp. 13, 20—vol. ii. Jowett, ed. ii. Also the somewhat hideous testimony of Alcibiades in that edifying "midnight ancient conversation." The observations of the Master of Balliol on this painful subject should be carefully considered. (Symp. 210 A. p. 61.)

‡ Greek Poets, p. 242.

§ P. 412.

|| "There is indeed one way only—to be natural. Strange as it may seem, Walt Whitman is more truly Greek than any man of modern times. Hopeful and fearless, accepting the world as he finds it, recognizing the value of each human impulse, shirking no obligation, self-regulated by a law of perfect health, he, in the midst of a chaotic age, emerges clear and distinct, at one with Nature, and therefore Greek." What we say is that in their social relations Greeks were not at one with nature, using that term as it is used in the Epistle to the Romans, chap. i.

¶ P. 400.

** P. 417.

†† Herod. i. 135.

In this sense, then, Hellenism means, at the present day and when you come to work it, the total denial of any moral restraint on any human impulses. And let us now set forth our own duller notions of a quasi-Greek training, based on the old distinction, between an original, true, or better nature of man, and an actual or fallen nature which lusts against the other. Perhaps such an education is as yet, and for a time, inaccessible to the poorer, or lower-artisan classes of our own days. But so was ancient culture to Athenian slaves, who did all the hard work of the State, and who seem to have been as un-Hellenic as colliers. (And, by the way, if Mr. Symonds ever saw Lancashire stocking-makers wrestle at Ulverston, he would perhaps think they might have kept their feet in a Greek ring against Charmides and the divine youths whose beauties he appreciates so thoroughly.) But he says that a Hellenism like Walt Whitman's is independent of dogmas, and may be combined with almost any creed. This is auspicious; and it seems to us that some Anglo-Christian lads of the present day have an opportunity of learning the best facts and habits the Greeks can teach them (which appears to be a fair practical definition of Hellenism) without acquiring the one moral maxim of its professors, that while you do what you like you can't do wrong.

We really should say that the proper foundation of nineteenth-century Hellenism will be found in steadfast perusal of the Greek grammar; a practice not unenforced in our schools, and without which neither Mr. Symonds nor Professor Arnold could have set forth, one the outward beauty, and the other the intellectual honour, of Greek life. Let our young Hellenist read Homer and not neglect his irregular verbs; and let the exhortation of Sparta enforce the studies of Athens. There is a curious appeal in "Greek Poets" to the mental discipline of physical science which is doubtless valid, in as far as that tends "to bring a man in accord with nature." But physical science, as now studied, cannot be Hellenic, as Greeks knew nothing about it in their day of glory. This advice seems really to be given in the hope that natural science will preserve the orthodoxy of the pupil's materialism, and save him from any ideas about sin and forgiveness, or right and wrong. But perhaps we had better divide out our quasi-Hellenic discipline; as it seems, in the first place, practicable; and in the second, fully consistent, like everything worth having in the world, with the doctrine and practice of Christianity.

First, Grammar. The pupil shall learn the most accurate use of his own language, by studying the dead languages, and one or more living ones. He may develop into a student of metaphysic and mental science if he has any taste for the analysis of words.

and notions. We do not want him to do this; nevertheless, he shall learn the *τί λέγεις* *συ*; as Aristophanes calls it, and the science of precise expression, as closely as any Sophist of old. It will avail him on the word-exchange of modern literature.

Secondly, Music, in the Athenian sense. For the soul, he shall be brought up, in great measure, on the poetry and rhythm of his own tongue and of other men's; and what sense of harmony is in him shall be brought out, by singing at least. He shall be tried fairly with an instrument, piano to begin with.

Thirdly, Mathematics, as chief instrument to scientific study; and astronomy or geology, as an entrance on it. Chemistry is analytical, evil-smelling, explosive, sedentary, and un-Hellenic; but if he cares for it let him take to it, and be thankful for the great gift of a special line of labour.

Fourthly, Athletics, as the science of the right use of his body, *γυμναστική*. For his whole frame, he shall ride, row, and swim. For his eye, he shall play games with balls, and learn to shoot. For his legs, he shall run at football and cricket. His ear is already provided for, and his delicacy of sense. Nerves, digestion, and habits of physical self-mastery, coolness, and endurance ought to be duly developed in this course. He shall fight upon occasion, or at least learn by experience whether he is equal to the *pancratation* or not. We have known many lads quite unfit for milling, who nevertheless showed courage enough when it was wanted in other forms. Nevertheless to exchange hypopia for mastery is the severest, and possibly the best, exercise in the world; though it can hardly have improved the Greek beauty of those who practised it in the Pheidian age.

Fifthly, The Hellenist shall learn to draw, so as to express his thought in symbol and by resemblance. Drawing may be connected with music, or through perspective with mathematics, or with natural science, or even with athletics. It may be followed as a fine or intellectual art, as a part of geometrical work, or of physical training for accuracy of the senses. But every boy or girl should learn its grammar.*

We apprehend that the majority of our public or grammar schools are at present pursuing this course of instruction, excepting perhaps as to learning an instrument. Such a course is really very like Athenian education, and so far English boys may grow up as like Greek boys as is desirable, and Englishmen of high standard powers be made as like Greeks as they need. If Walt Whitman's Hellenism, whatever on earth Mr. Symonds means by it, is consistent with our creed, that of Pericles and Pheidias may work under it also.

* We set aside unwillingly the question of their learning the rudiments of a craft, which cannot be considered here.

It will be seen that an education like this gives fair opportunity for the development of artistic talent where it exists. A boy who shows real capacity for beauty of colour and form, enough to make a painter or sculptor, may be grounded in technicals, and, what is of much more importance at his age, may learn enough to inspire his hand with thought, when it has duly learnt its craft. If he has gift enough to make a fair draughtsman of the figure, a good etcher, or best of all (as we think) a tolerable landscapist, he has the key of art, and he is likely to be really well qualified as a critic. We only demand manual skill of our critic because it contributes to the love of beauty, and supplies that love with choicer food. Botany, geology, natural history (and even the chase in all its wilder and truer forms), are studies of delight to the landscapist, and perfectly Hellenic pursuits. His branch of art has for the most part the advantage of being acceptable to Hebraistic or puritan tastes; and we think it best adapted for study at our public schools. The rudiments of the figure should be taught first, for the human form is the standard of all imitative line, and the attention of the pupil must be directed to it from the beginning. He may study it well enough from casts and copies as far as this early school instruction goes: not that he may become a historical painter, but that he may be able to draw foreground objects correctly in the lower and easier walks of art. We have always thought the study of landscape painting, after proper training in form, the best introduction to art for English people, because it appeals so vividly to their most Hellenic characteristic, which is their keen sense of natural beauty. It also makes people understand that "beauty" is in all things, not in men and women only; that it is natural, and not exclusively carnal. In a central professional academy, Professor Poynter is no doubt right in allowing no teaching but the figure: but our public schools and local art-schools had much better extend some indulgence, and let people learn to draw what they delight in.

All this is very different from Professor Arnold's Hellenism of intellectual habit, or accurate study of truth by pure reason. But we began by lamenting the changes which the term Hellenism has sustained in other hands. It is made a standard of the artistic wing of the great army of atheism. An ideal life is set forth for all aspirations, without right or wrong, or restraint, raiment, marriage, or anything but beauty, joy, and pure reason. We believe some attempt was made by Hebert and Chaumette to realize it in the Parisian churches during the first Revolution: at all events, a classical religion of nature was much talked about in the last fifty years of the last century, and found somewhat impracticable; and really we had rather not have it all over again.

Then Hellenism, in Hellenes, appears to have involved the per-

fection of Goethe's quality of knowing what one is fit for, and pursuing that; and *σωφροσύνη* is explained as exact sense of moderation, temperance, and fitness, conducive to beauty in all things, which is right enough.* But *σωφροσύνη* is not gained without effort, and effort against oneself, and that is asceticism. Aristotle goes so far as to commend the ascetic, or self-disciplining principle. You cannot keep the golden mean without thwarting propensity; you must watch your own weak point (Eth. ii. 9. 4, 5), you must drag yourself away from your failing beyond the mean on the other side, for we reach the mean by keeping far away from sin, as men straighten crooked sticks. If this is not recognizing natural corruption in man, we should like to know what is. It is much more Pauline than Homeric, and points to the goal of *σωφροσύνη*, or perfect self-regulation by a straitened path.

Asceticism is not particularly Hebraic as we know Hebrews; and personal voluptuousness is quite as closely related to Israel as to Athens. No doubt, asceticism or self-discipline was carried to extremes, and imposed as a yoke, by the mediæval Church. But the root of conventual severity was Greek reaction from the license of Greek life. Acceptance of nature for what she is, unabashed performance of natural function, and all the rest of it, brought all the races round the Mediterranean, about the third century, to conditions and practices contrary to nature, and entailed sure ruin. That ruin was hastened by the fact that the best men and women naturally fled from social cataclysm into desert places, and deprived a corrupting society of its salt. The decay of Greek intellect is seen in Byzantium; the art, beauty, and valour of old Hellenism were gone long ago, and its versatility and subtlety alone remained: but it was these ruined Greeks who impressed asceticism on the rising Church. Their fathers had had enough of "nature" worship and its orgies; and they set the teeth of the Christian world on edge against all that was noble and beautiful in their fathers' life.

We could wish that Professor Arnold should take up the artistic side of the far-off Attic life with which he has such true sympathy; and tell us if he thinks its quest of beauty and truth had nothing

* Perhaps the best expression for *σωφροσύνη* in the ante-Aristotelian sense (before it was confined to the domain of ethics) will be found in Professor Zeller's sketch of Sophocles and his age (ch. i. Socrates, &c.):—

"The poetry of Sophocles sets before us an epoch and a people which has risen to fame and power by successful efforts at a happy use of its capacities, and which, enjoying its own existence, has learned to look on human nature and all that belongs to it in a cheerful spirit, to prize its greatness, to mitigate its sufferings by timely recognition, to bear its weakness, to control its excesses by custom and law. From him the idea may be gathered, as it may from no other poet, of a beautiful natural agreement between duty and inclination, between freedom and order, which constitutes the moral ideal of the Greek world."

Again, "With Plato" (this period) "advanced to the love of what is morally beautiful from the love of what is sensibly beautiful," which may be taken as a definition of true artistic Hellenism.—Zeller, p. 42.

to do with morals, or character, or the service of Right under "Zeus, whosoever he was." He knows his Thucydides; and would recognize the chronology of graphic art, and the difference between Pheidias and the pornographs. He would know that a Fate of Pheidias and the Venus Callipyge are works of different ages, by men of different spirit, and that the transition between them marks a most real and effective decadence* in Greek "nature worship." No man, except perhaps Professor Ruskin, has shown more veracious imagination of the bright side of Greek life. He is a scholar of the old time when men read books through. Also he has ripe experience of real life; and his Stream of Tendency has made him a blameless husband and father, a man of honour and good heart, having reverence for young men and maidens. These are Hebraic qualities, and Greek life was undoubtedly deficient in them. The inventor of Anglo-Hellenism cannot think a study of beauty, or a theory of life, which is absolutely without morality, either Hellenic or desirable; and we should think him unprepared to accept Walt Whitman as guide, philosopher, and friend. But some rebuke to phallic ecstasy and palpitations at male beauty would come well from him; and what our side might say of such things would only pass as clerical vituperation; as did, no doubt, St. Paul's mathematically correct description of the Greek morals of his day in the Epistle to the Romans.†

Professor Huxley, if we remember right, did something to moderate the transports of æstheticism a few years back, by a few severe words, pithily administered in one of his lectures. Now Mr. Symonds appeals to the study of natural science as likely to reconcile us with his Hellenism; and it is at least interesting to know what view is taken by physicists, professing high morality without creed, as to artistic rejection of creed and morality together. To do them justice, we believe they would prefer right with a faith, to wrong without one. We are not much

* Mr. Symonds rejects the idea of a decadence of Greek sculpture, chiefly by means of ignoring its chronology. The following is Professor Zeller's comment on Thucydides, which seems to square with Count Rio's theory, that the high aim of art was lowered with the decay of the Greek moral standard. The changes synchronize at all events (Zeller, *Socrates and the Socratic Schools*, p. 25 ch. 7; Reichel, &c. Longman, p. 68):—"We have only to read the descriptions he gives of the confusion of all moral notions in the factious struggles of the Peloponnesian war, of the desolation of Athens by the plague, of the decline of piety and self-sacrifice, of reckless indulgence in selfish passions, to be convinced how, in that period of might and culture, moral worth had altogether degenerated. Moral and political conditions invariably keep pace with the sophistic character of scientific culture." Again, p. 32: "The strictness and grandeur of the early art; the lucid beauty, the classic softness, the self-contained dignity of the later art, was degenerating into the study of mere effect" (in the age of Socrates), "while under the influence of sophistry science had been brought into an utter disbelief, not only of individual systems but of the very end assumed in previous inquiry, the possibility of knowledge at all."

Cf. Jowett, *Introd. Plato. Dial.*, p. xix. vol. i.: "The ancients had the same thoughts as ourselves, the same difficulties which characterize all periods of transition, almost the same opposition between science and religion."

† Jowett: *St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans*, vol. ii. pp. 74—77 (ed. 1859).

affected by Professor Clifford's view that it is morally wrong to believe anything. That means atheistic persecution when possible; nor do his exhortations about virtue go far, for you must have a standard of virtue, before you can praise yourself or vituperate your enemy. We must observe, as a fact, that in some modern instances, the loss of a spiritual creed with its sanctions has shaken the lowest foundations of practical morality. Then we must say, that in the matter of education, essays on the sensuous beauties of Hellenic life may probably give occasion to renewed attack on the study of the dead languages. Professor Huxley's scientific grammar of primary education is at least not phallic or orgiastic. It might train, and it could not defile.

When we consider the sad amount of truth about the Greeks which is sheathed in Mr. Symonds' iostephanous account of them, our dormant puritanism awakes, and we are inclined to ask, after thirty years' practical pursuit of art, what is the good of it after all, since (to those who maintain the distinction between good and evil) it involves so much evil? There is one well-abused character in history who will be partly rehabilitated by the Hellenico-sensuous school in art—the worthy consul L. Mummius. He saw Greek statues of men and women in Corinth; and he also saw Corinthian men and women: he did not approve of the latter, or in consequence care for the former. The marble gods had not done much for their worshippers, but were captive with them. The beautiful childlike immorality had come under the heavy hands of men who yet respected their wives and the household altar. Where had the athletes been in the day of battle, and were these nymphs like mothers of the brave? Let our legionaries cast dice on yonder panel—you call it Aristides' Dionysus—it is as good a board as another; let our shipmen know that they will have to find new Apollos if they let the old ones overboard; and let the smoke of this Greek Lupanar go up in honour of our own old Roman she-wolf.

Romans soon learnt to admire: had they found anything in Greek art to respect, their treatment of it would have been different; but the vast quantity of trivial or voluptuous work must have withdrawn their attention from the great achievements of the Pheidian school. Perhaps the Pallas and Olympian Zeus seemed indeed the work of another race. Many Romans may have been half iconoclasts, and looked back to the time before Numa, when temples contained no images. They came to use art for their own pride and pleasure, or at best for portraiture of those whom they regarded; very much as we do ourselves. But we possess in some measure the genuinely Hellenic quality of love of external nature, of the beauty of mountains and torrents, the forest and full-fed river; and it is better that we should follow

Athens our own way, with the Athenian love of country and free field. That is the best way in which we can draw near to nature, and its connection with scientific study is obvious. Drawing should be taught all children, to perfect their senses, because sight and touch are so very much improved by it. But when the graphic faculty (let us drop the word artistic) is really secured, it is the willing handmaid of all the sciences. How is a lad to *say* what he sees under the microscope, for example? * If he cannot *illustrate*, it must stand seriously in the way of his progress.

Were we required to compare Hellenes with Hebraists, that is to say, with ourselves, from the plain Anglican standpoint, we should first postulate (almost in the words of Professor Goldwin Smith in his lectures) the Unity of History as the Purpose of a Divine Person, using all those words in a reverent and tentative manner. Also we should speak on the hypothesis of a fallen nature, and a nature very good; considering *that* the only hypothesis of the present state of things, except those of despair. We should not doubt that through the ages one pervading purpose runs, or that the will of God was accomplished. And we should have the Greek poets on our side, whatever might become of the Sophists.

Then, we should be led to consider the Hellenic period as a space of time allotted to the development of a chosen race, as a lesson to all time of what man can do on the principle of Individuality—possessing all God's best gifts except the revelation of Himself. The Hebrew system represents a race inferior in minor gift, but imperishable because they have known the name of God: and in this light they may appear to the most impartial historian. Under the happiest circumstances, in small states with ample elbow-room, with unmatched intellect, in a chosen climate, amidst great trial and greater glory, the drama of the natural man regulating himself is played out. He has his heroic fifth century, and in two more he is what we call hopelessly corrupt and ruinously wicked. He has followed nature, in the sense of human impulses, that is to say, of his own desires.

Then, it seems that there intervenes between ancient Hellenism and modern Teutonic-Hebraism, a period which includes a total change in the former, and a fresh development of the latter. During it, Hebraism appears on the stage of the whole world, having long "tarried at Jerusalem" till its appointed time. The educational seat of progress of the human race is transferred to Rome, and an awful schoolmistress she is. Civilized man is now not the Sophron, or rightly developed Individual—he is a citizen of no mean city; *Civis Romanus est*. He loses much of his indi-

* I am indebted for this observation to C. Robertson, Esq., of the Oxford University Museum, whose experience with his pupils fully verifies it.

viduality, as soldier or thrall of the great conquering Imperium. He has order and the Roman peace; he has code and system everywhere; he is taxed, on the whole, with regulated rapacity; he forms the idea of justice and an universal order. This (formally) culminates in Caracalla's edict of Universal Citizenship, and ends with Alaric's sacking of Rome.

And now at last the Universal City seems gone, and the voice of Augustine is heard among the ruins, telling man he is now member of a City of God; and to that mystic utterance, not his but his Master's, we do all more or less appeal. There does seem to be a historical progress in the ideas of Individuality its own law; of universal citizenship with human law; and of Divine fellowship with all men, under a spiritual law.

We are well aware that this does not "confute" our Agnostic friends; but it does confront them. They say, "There is no hypothesis, and no hope about God or man." We say, "Well, we have one, and here it is as far as it goes. It has borne a mighty superstructure for near 2,000 years."

We are answered, "How do you account for Evil and for us, in your City of God? Whether we are inside or outside, we do not much care; but we think you want to shut us out. And that, along with other evils we observe among you, makes us altogether incredulous about you." In short, the original *crux* about the origin of evil is presented to us. We can only say that our evil consists of original sin and of our sins, which are many: that so did the evil of the Greeks; and that the Greeks came to ruin for want of "Hebraic" asceticism, or discipline against sin, which Aristotle enjoined on them formally, and Socrates had taught them by an example, iron and ironical. Anglo-Hebraic asceticism differs from both ancient and modern Hellenism—as to principle, in its now and then confessing itself weak and wrong, intellectually as well morally. Externally and by institutions and social life, if we were to assert our own differences from Greece as advantageous, they would come under two heads—that we strive against slavery, and that we contend for purity of sexual relation. We are what we are; but that does not altogether confute us, because we confess it, and are led to strive always to be that we should be.

Let this end with the Master of Balliol's words (Epistles, &c., vol. ii. p. 76):—

"If the inner life had been presented to us of that period which in political greatness and in art is the most brilliant epoch of humanity, we should have turned away from the sight with loathing and detestation. The greatest admirer of old heathen virtues, the man endowed with the finest sensibilities for beauty and form, would feel at once that there is a great gulf fixed between us and them, which no willingness to make allowance for the difference of ages and countries would enable us to pass. There are vices, which have existed in modern times, to a far greater

extent than in ancient; there are virtues in ancient times which have never been exceeded; but there are vices also which are not even named among us. It is a sad but useful lesson, that the noblest simplicity in art may go along with

‘Rank corruption mining all within.’

Neither is it untrue to say that there was a thread by which they were linked together.”

R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

Note.—The Theistic argument from Natural Beauty, stated with the greatest force and originality in Professor Mozley’s Sermons, should be read there, and could only be treated in a separate paper.

SPINOZA:

THE MAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE 21st of February, 1877, has been consecrated to the celebration of the bicentenary anniversary of the death of a very great man; of a man so great, indeed, that humanity had to move a distance of considerably more than a century before reaching the perspective point from which his greatness could be measured. To all but an insignificant few of his contemporaries, Spinoza was either unknown, or, if known, was an object of aversion and of superstitious dread: the nineteenth century raises a statue to him. If the monument destined to be so tardily erected at the Hague had been unveiled just thirty years ago, it would have been impossible to detect, in the mind of any person capable of judging, the faintest whisper of a doubt that the tribute was justly paid, not alone to lofty genius and splendid zeal for truth and liberty, but to unblemished nobleness and purity of private life as well. To-day, such singleness of belief is less easy. Of late years, historical research has brought to light new facts and new traditions concerning Spinoza's life; and it has become necessary, in order to a solid appreciation of his character, to re-examine the history of his life.

Baruch de Spinoza was born at Amsterdam on the 24th November, 1632. Of the social rank into which he was born, it must be said, that the knowledge we possess is neither precise nor certain. His principal biographer, Colerus, tells us that the representation which gives him out as being born of poor parents and of low extraction is untrue; and that his parents, Portuguese Jews, merchants at Amsterdam, were respectable people and well-

to-do ("honnêtes gens et à leur aise"), living in a good house ("dans une assez belle maison"), on the Burgwal. A later account* expressly contradicts the last detail, and states that the philosopher was born in a house on the Houtgracht. According to another contemporary biographer, Lucas, it was because his father did not possess the means of launching him in a commercial career that he resolved to have him taught the Hebrew Humanities. Such is the dearth, not only of facts, but of hearsay and even of imagination, concerning his early childhood, that we are almost grateful to Lucas for the following anecdote. He relates that Spinoza's father,

"being a man of common sense, used to teach him not to confound superstition with solid piety; and being desirous to put his son to the proof, charged him, when he was yet but ten years old, to receive for him certain moneys due to the father from an old woman of Amsterdam. When he had come into her house, where he found her reading the Bible, the old woman motioned him to wait until she had finished her devotions. Which being done, the child told her of his errand, and the good old woman, having counted out the money on the table for him, said, 'Here is what I owe your father. May you be one day as pious a man as he is; he has never gone astray from the law of Moses; and heaven will bless you only so far as you shall resemble him.' And as she finished speaking she took up the money to place it in the child's purse; but he, discerning in this woman the marks of that false piety against which his father had warned him, omitted not to count it after her, in spite of her resistance, and finding that there were wanting two ducats that the pious old woman had let fall into a drawer through a slit made to that end in the table, he was confirmed in his suspicion."

So far, if there is nothing very interesting in the story, neither is there anything very improbable in it. Unfortunately Lucas, who throughout his biography is too little mindful of the maxim, "*Qui dit trop ne dit rien*," goes on to say that,

"puffed up with the success of this adventure, and with the applause of his father, he set himself to observe this sort of people more closely than before; passing upon them judgment of so fine a sarcasm that all persons were astonished."

A kind of conduct that would stand in incredible contradiction with all that we know of Spinoza's social habits and modes of thought.

It may be taken as fairly certain that Spinoza had the advantage of a by no means despicable education. He was very early conducted through a thorough course of Talmudistic study; and the thorough study of the Talmud constituted in itself a discipline that was, for those days, of no mean order.

"It is important to remember," remarks Dr. Ginsberg in the excellent

* See Van Vloten, *Ad Benedicti de Spinoza opera quæ supersunt omnia Supplementum*, p. 289.

introduction prefixed to his edition of the "Ethica," "that the Talmud embraces all possible aspects of Jewish culture—its points of contact with the culture of other civilizations, as well as its points of difference from them. The polemical attitude of the Talmud is an occasion for bringing under consideration the whole range of speculative problems proposed or resolved by the Græco-Roman world. And if the Talmud places itself in a purely polemical attitude in regard to the different manners in which the Cosmos is conceived by Platonism, Aristotelianism, Neo-Platonism, Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Scepticism, yet it could not do so without imparting a considerable knowledge of the errors that it combats; and the young Talmudist became familiar with them, adopted them as part of the mechanism of his mind."

In his Talmudistic studies he was directed by the Rabbin Morteira, who was, in the words of the ingeniously snappish paraphrase of Lucas, "a man celebrated amongst the Jews, and the least ignorant of all the Rabbins of his time." Morteira, we are told by this writer, was struck with admiration for the genius and character of his disciple. The works of the Arabo-Hebraic philosophers of the middle ages, of Maimonides in particular, were studied, and at fifteen Spinoza was an accomplished Talmudist. Some such conclusion at least is what remains to us after due distillation of Lucas's somewhat unsatisfactory assertion that "before he was fifteen years old he used to propound objections that the most learned among the Jews found difficulty in resolving." Later on, Latin was studied, at first with a certain German for a master, and afterwards under the guidance of Franz van den Ende, a physician of Amsterdam. This was an important moment in his philosophical development. Van den Ende was a man of no ordinary culture, and of no ordinary character. He fell a victim to his zeal for liberty, and was hanged for political intrigues in France: in France, not in the Netherlands as stated by Heine in his "Deutschland." Let us hope that the great poet's spirit may by this time have found consolation in the knowledge that worthy Van den Ende was not hanged in the country "where they hang worse than anywhere else in the world," but in pleasant, graceful, *spirituel* France, where doubtless they ordered those things better.

The horror-struck tone in which Colerus's account of him is given makes it too amusing to be passed by in silence:—

"This man," he says, "taught with much success, and gained such a reputation that the richest traders of the city entrusted him with the education of their children, until it became known that he taught his pupils other lore than Latin. For it was at length discovered that he used to sow in the minds of these young men the seeds of Atheism."

A fact that good, charitable old Colerus does not state lightly; he says that he can prove it, if need be,

"by the testimony of many pious souls, which know not how sufficiently

to bless the memory of their parents who withdrew them, whilst it was still time, from the school of Satan, by removing them from the instruction of a master so pernicious and so impious."

We greatly suspect that the teaching here stigmatized as atheistical, was, in point of fact, merely the black art of physiology, in the literal sense of the term, the not yet entirely unsuspected study of Natural Science. The internal evidence of Spinoza's writings leaves no room for doubt that he possessed remarkably sound knowledge of nature; his whole method of thought, when he is dealing with the Finite, is eminently scientific, eminently positive. Mr. Lewes has long ago pointed out that in physiological matters he never betrays ignorance. His choice of the trade of an optician is evidence of his early love for science. Colerus expressly states that, "finding himself the more strongly drawn to the investigation of natural causes and products, he abandoned theology in order to devote himself entirely to physics." All this points to the conclusion that it was to Van den Ende that he owed the stimulus that gave a scientific bias to his mind.

Van den Ende had a daughter, a perfect mistress, says Colerus, of Latin and of music, and Spinoza fell in love with her, continues the biographer; nay, even determined, as he himself did often since confess, to marry her. But her wit and her gaiety had also touched the heart of another of Van den Ende's pupils, one Kerckering of Hamburg, who, becoming jealous of Spinoza, increased so greatly in assiduity as to succeed in winning his mistress's affections, to which result a present of a pearl necklace, of the value of two or three hundred pistoles, doubtless contributed. And after the said Kerckering had abjured the Lutheran religion, which was that which he professed, and had embraced the Catholic faith, she fulfilled her promise of marrying him. When Mr. Lewes was writing his "Biographical History of Philosophy" in 1852, he was able to picture this courtship

"as a sort of odd reverse of Abelard and Heloise. Spinoza, we fancy, not inattentive to the instruction, but the more in love with it coming from so soft a mouth; not inattentive, yet not wholly absorbed. He watches her hand as it moves along the page, and longs to squeeze it. While 'looking out' in the dictionary their hands touch, and he is thrilled, but the word is *found*, nevertheless."

The romance of a Platonic love, that, being rejected, transformed itself into philosophy, may be a pleasing and artistically proper ingredient in the life of the great mystic. It may be hard for us to be obliged to confess that it is true only in so far as "imagination is truer than fact," but from the historical point of view we must allow it to lapse into the limbo to which modern criticism has consigned the myth of William Tell and the fiction of Julia Alpinula, for we now know, on the prosaic testimony of a

marriage register, that Clara Maria Van den Ende was married to Dirck Kerckrinck in 1671, at the age of twenty-seven. She was therefore only twelve years old in 1656, by which time Spinoza had quitted Van den Ende.* It does not appear, then, that love-lessons formed any part of Spinoza's occupations whilst he was with Van den Ende. Probably the want of such emotions was not felt by him. Other heavings and stirrings were being felt in the young prophet's breast; and even if the occasion of looking too curiously on a daughter of Eve had presented itself, we must think that his strong soul would have resisted the temptation, with a presentiment that its mission was to go forth amongst mankind, "dread, fathomless, alone."

It was probably Van den Ende who introduced him to the writings of Descartes; a most important event for him. In a mind that was already in more than unconscious revolt against Rabbinical authority and Rabbinical tradition, the method of Descartes, with its honest individualism and its fearless scepticism, must have produced an explosion. That such and such a doctrine must be believed by you because it was the doctrine of such and such a Rabbīn, or of such and such a prophet, must have roused indignation from a very early age in the breast of a child who for genius and for character so far transcended all the Rabbīs, and almost all the prophets. The spark of Descartes' teaching, that the one principle of evidence is clear and distinct seeing for oneself, must have fallen upon very well-prepared fuel.

"From that time forth," says Colerus, "he was very reserved with the Jewish doctors, avoiding as much as possible all commerce with them; he was rarely seen in their synagogues, showing himself there only in a perfunctory manner (*par manière d'acquit*); which irritated them extremely against him, as they nothing doubted but that he would shortly abandon them and turn Christian."

We imagine Spinoza in a state of doubt; he does not yet quite see clearly; he leans now to the side of tradition and belief, now to that of incredulity and revolt. His indignation against the falseness and ineptitudes of the Jewish tradition we imagine to have now and then flashed out from him in manifestations honest rather than prudent.

"Certain young men," relates Lucas, "who called themselves his most intimate friends, conjured him to tell them his true opinions. 'What think you?' they asked; 'hath God a body? Be there in truth angels? Is the soul immortal?'"

We gather that to questions such as these he made replies such as that, according to the Bible (by which is meant, of course, only

* See Van Vloten, *op. cit.*, p. 290.

the Old Testament), God is evidently material, the idea of Spirit being perfectly unknown to that book; that by angels were there meant certain phantoms, phenomena of a merely subjective order, not real and permanent substances (a heresy, by-the-bye, of which it is difficult to perceive the offensiveness); and that

"As for the soul, wherever it is mentioned in the Scriptures, this word expresses simply life, or that which hath life. So that to seek for proofs of immortality in the Scriptures were absurd."

A heresy which bears a most amusing resemblance to a remark for which Gibbon got into hot water; an element, however, which was but most mildly lukewarm in comparison with the seething floods of fanaticism that were to roll over the soul of Spinoza. The reader will observe that none of these are philosophical assertions; but that they are, all of them, merely propositions belonging to the perfectly positive science of Biblical criticism. A tittle of evidence may perhaps be considered to be contained in the quaint statement of Stolle's old man (of whom more hereafter) that Spinoza was excommunicated because he "was charged with having rejected the books of Moses as a human book, not written by Moses (weil man ihn beschuldigt, dass er die Bücher Mosis, als ein menschlich Buch, so Moses nie gemacht, verworfen)." "Reflecting," continues Lucas, "that curiosity seldom springs from good intentions, he set himself to observe the conduct of these friends; and found in it so much to disapprove of that he broke with them, and would no longer speak with them."

The "friends" vowed vengeance,—so the story runs,—which they instituted by crying him down in the opinion of the people, giving warning that instead of becoming one of the pillars of the synagogue this young man was more likely to become a destroyer of it; and proceeded afterwards to lodge a formal accusation against him with the Rabbins. The accused was summoned to appear before the Rabbins. He obeyed, and betook himself to the synagogue. There the Jewish doctors, "with the downcast visages of men tormented by their zeal for the house of God," told him that he was "accused of the blackest and most enormous of crimes, contempt of the law." And on his denying this (to this day the whole of Spinoza's writings are an eloquent witness that with his sweet reasonableness of soul he must have been ever incapable of any outrage against religion or the State) the false friends stepped forward with their deposition. The judges urged the accused to recant; but to their entreaties and to their menaces he now opposed a haughty defiance. Morteira then arrived upon the scene, armed with friendly exhortation as well as with official menace. The threat of excommunication to which he at length proceeded did not mend matters; and the assembly broke up.

without any definite result having been obtained. The strangeness and the bitterness of this story of betrayal as related by Lucas do not tempt belief; yet it should be remembered that the anathema by which Spinoza was excommunicated refers to "witnesses," and that fanaticism is capable of malignity and of treachery to an extent the quantification of which may be left to the reader.

As to what followed we are on a firmer ground of history. The "secession" from the synagogue of a young man who was already widely known as a favourite disciple of Morteira and as a Talmudist of extraordinary attainments, was not a thing to be lightly incurred. Further efforts were made to extract concessions from him; he remained deaf to exhortation. The price attached to his friendship by the Rabbins showed itself in the offer that they made him of an annuity of 1,000 florins, "to induce him to stay among them, and to continue to show himself from time to time in their synagogues." The apostate refused. A less gentle *argumentum ad hominem* was tried by some person unknown to infamy. One evening, as the philosopher was leaving the old Portuguese synagogue,"*

"He saw some one near him, poignard in hand; and this having caused him to be on his guard, and to keep to one side, he escaped the thrust, which took effect only upon his clothes. He preserved the *justaucorps* pierced by the thrust in memory of the event."

Quitting Amsterdam, he retired some little distance into the country, with a friend, of whom all that we know is that he was a member of the religious sect known as Rijnburgers or *Collegiants*. During this absence from Amsterdam, Morteira's threat was put into execution, and the anathema of excommunication was fulminated against the obstinate infidel from the pulpit of the synagogue.

Many curious accounts of the institution of excommunication as practised by the Jews of that time are extant; and the student is generally refreshed in his journey over the abstract wastes of philosophy by the narration of a scene that might fittingly have been invented for an *opéra-comique*. In the handsome old Portuguese synagogue of Amsterdam an awe-struck crowd is assembled.

"The ceremony begins by the lighting of numbers of black wax candles and the opening of the tabernacle in which the books of the Law are kept. The *chantre*, from an elevated place, intones with a loud, lugubrious voice

* The theatre, according to Bayle. Mr. Lewes thinks Bayle must be right, Spinoza having censured to frequent the synagogue. But he may have gone there to hear some of the suggestions for a compromise that were doubtless made to him during this time by the Rabbins, and Colerus is very explicit in his statement that it was the synagogue.

the words of execration, whilst another *chantre* winds a horn—or a cornet, called in Hebrew *Sophar*. The black wax candles are held downwards, so that their wax falls drop by drop into a vat full of blood. The people, filled with holy horror and with sacred rage at the sight of this sombre spectacle, cry, *Amen*, with a furious voice that testifies to their belief that they would be rendering service to God if they were to tear the excommunicate to pieces, which they would no doubt do if they met with him in that moment, or on coming out of the synagogue."

But Lucas expressly states that the melodramatic accessories of horn,* and candles dripping into the blood-vat, were not observed in the case of Spinoza, who was not accused of blasphemy (a crime which is punished with the above-described species of anathema), but only of contempt for Moses and the Law; for which the ceremony of excommunication consisted in the simple reading of the anathema. This of itself may, perhaps, be considered sufficiently melodramatic. The document is important as well as curious; we therefore translate it in full. It bears the date of the 6th day of the month Ab, in the year 5416, that is to say, the 16th July, 1656. It is written as follows:—

"The Herem that was given forth of the Sanctuary on the 6th day of the month Ab, against BARUCH DE ESPINOZA.

"The Masters of the Ecclesiastical Council make known to you that, having long had knowledge of the bad opinions and of the bad works of Baruch de Espinoza, they have carefully studied *by various ways and promises* to draw him back from his bad ways; and being nothing able to remedy the same, but, on the contrary, getting daily fresh notification of the horrible heresies that he practised and taught, and of the enormous works that he wrought (*ynormes obras que obrava*); and finding *many witnesses*, worthy to be believed, of these things, who deposed and testified *in the presence of the said Espinoza*, who was by them convicted: after due consideration of all things, in the presence of the Lords of the Wise Men (*dos SSrs. Hahamim*), have determined, with their assent, that the said Espinoza shall be anathema and separated from the nation of Israel, as they now declare in the Herem, with the Herem following (*como actualmente o poni em Herem, com o Herem seguinte*):

"By the sentence of the Angels, by the sentence of the Saints, we anathematize, separate, and curse and execrate Baruch de Espinoza, with the consent of the Ecclesiastical Tribunal, and with the consent of all that holy community before the holy Sepharim, with their six hundred and thirteen precepts that are written in them, with the Herem with which Joshua cursed Jericho, with the malediction with which Elisha cursed the children, and with all the maledictions that are written in the Law: cursed be he by day and cursed be he by night, cursed be he in his sleeping and cursed be he in his uprising, cursed in his going out and cursed in his entering in; may the Lord refuse to know him, may the fury of the Lord and his jealousy be hot after that man, and lay upon him all the maledictions that are written in the Book of the Law; and may the Lord blot

* That *Schofar* is indeed a tragic goat's-horn. "I have read," says Heine, "in the life of Salomon Maimon, that the Rabbin of Altona undertook one day to convert him, disciple of Kant though he were, to the faith of his fathers, and, as he persisted in his philosophic heresies, the Rabbin menaced him, and pointed to the Schofar, saying in a solemn voice, 'Knowest thou this?' And the disciple of Kant having very quietly answered, 'I know that it is a goat's-horn,' the Rabbin fainted with horror."

out his name from beneath the heavens, and may the Lord separate him for evil from all the tribes of Israel, with all the maledictions of the firmament that are written in the Book of the Law; and you, cleaving to the Lord your God, may you have life!

"But take notice, that none may speak with him by mouth, none by writing, none show him any favour, none be under the same roof with him, none within the distance of four ells from him, none read any document made or written by him."

A smile involuntarily rises as we read this breathless cursing, and we think of Mr. Shandy and of Dr. Slop, of Trim and of Uncle Toby, and his "For my own part, I could not have the heart to curse a dog so." On the lips of the outcast thinker it must have produced a harder, bitterer curl. Spinoza changed his Jewish name of Baruch for the Christian one of Benedict. Very willingly withdrawing from the society of those of his race, he found friends both sympathetic and generous amongst the Gentiles. Of his family—of those, that is, who, if the ties of blood are to be anything but fetters, ought to have been forthcoming as a help and a consolation in such a crisis as this—history makes no mention relating to this epoch. From their conduct later on it may be inferred that they now joined the hue and cry against the "atheist." The fury of the Jews may have been increased by the suspicion that the apostate was about to embrace the creed of Christianity. According to one account there was a recrudescence of zeal on the part of the synagogue in the time that followed the excommunication:—

"Morteira, in particular, after the affront that he had received from his disciple, could not suffer that he should even remain in the same city with him. Procuring himself to be escorted by another Rabbin of similar temper, he came before the magistrates, to whom he represented that if he had excommunicated M. de Spinoza, it was for no common cause, but on account of most execrable blasphemies against Moses and against God. He exaggerated this falsehood in all the ways that an holy hatred can suggest to an irreconcilable heart, and in conclusion demanded that the accused should be banished from Amsterdam. At the sight of the Rabbin's passion it was easy to see that it was less a pious zeal than a secret rage that was urging him to vengeance; and, in fact, the judges, seeing this, endeavoured to elude his demands, and referred him to the clergy. These, having examined the affair, found themselves in great embarrassment. After the manner in which the accused justified himself, they were unable to discover anything impious in him; yet the accuser was a Rabbin, and the rank he held bid them be mindful of their own rank; so that, after all due consideration, they were unable without outrage to their cloth to absolve a man that one of their order wished to ruin; and this reason, good or bad, caused them to conclude in favour of the Rabbin. . . . The magistrates, not daring to contradict them, for reasons which it is easy to divine, condemned the accused to an exile of some months."

This account, for which Lucas is responsible, is corroborated by the fact that Spinoza retorted to the excommunication by writing a certain volume of "Apology," now no longer extant, in

which the Jews were "severely handled." Colerus says, "Il protesta contre cet acte d'excommunication, et y fit une réponse en Espagnol qui fut adressée aux Rabbins, et qu'ils reçurent comme nous le marquerons dans la suite." (It is unfortunate that the worthy author forgets to "marquer dans la suite" the matter in question, and never mentions it again.) It is evident that such an act of defiance might of itself constitute a sufficient reason for the reprisals which ended in Spinoza's exile.

We must stop for a moment to consider this "*Apologia para Justificarse de sa Abdicacion de la Synagoga*," the first-fruits of Spinoza's pen. We have already stated that it is no longer extant. Rienwertz states that he had had the manuscript in his possession, and that it was a large book, in which the Jews were severely handled. A more satisfactory indication of its nature is afforded by the statement of Bayle, that the argument of it may be found in the twentieth chapter of the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*." The thesis of that chapter is, "that in a free State (republic) it is lawful for every man to think in his own way, and to publish that which he thinks." Thought, from its very nature, is incapable of being bound by laws—is incapable of being given over to reigning powers, with those other "natural rights" that Spinoza allows, with Hobbes, may be so made over to the sovereign; and if thought cannot be bound, neither can speech, though of course the latter is susceptible of a measure of coercion; but no sooner has the author laid down this principle, than he proceeds to limit its application by considering how far the liberty of speech may usefully be conceded—that is, how far the exercise of such coercion as is possible may be desirable. Now the end of a State is the security of liberty to its subjects ("*Finis reipublicæ revera libertas est*"). Spinoza therefore concludes that all opinions should be allowed to be published, except seditious opinions. Seditious opinions he defines as those "which being accepted would nullify the contract by which the citizen has yielded up the right of acting according to his individual will (*ex proprio suo arbitrio*)."
From such a latitude of the liberty of speech he allows that inconveniences would arise; but it must be conceded, nevertheless; "for those things that cannot be prohibited" (he means, "whose prohibition is not supported by a sufficient sanction") "must necessarily be conceded, even though ills do thence arise." Proceeding to examine the ills that arise from the illegal and tyrannous persecution by the State of the liberty of speech, he shows that such persecution falls, not on the unworthy members of society, "the greedy, the time-serving, and the otherwise impotent in character, who have no care for truth and piety, for whom blessedness consists in contemplating the gold in their coffers, and having their bellies gorged (*nummus in arce contemplari et ventres*

distentos habere)," but on those whom a good education, integrity of morals, and the practice of virtue have endowed with a liberal mind:—

"Men such as these," he continues, "will not be silenced by tyrannous laws, for men are so constituted that they bear nothing less patiently than to have the opinions that they believe true, treated as crimes, and to have things reputed wicked, by which they are moved to piety towards God and man."

He concludes

"that the true schismatics are they who condemn the writings of others, and seditiously stir up the petulant vulgar against them; and not the writers themselves, who write, for the most part, only for the learned, using no other aid than reason; and that the true disturbers are they who in any State endeavour to destroy the liberty of judgment, which cannot be destroyed."

Spinoza has been accused, amongst other odd accusations, of bitterness against Judaism. We have extracted out of this twentieth chapter of the "Theologico-Political Treatise," which may very well be taken as a sample of the book, the most uncompromising expressions that we could find; the reader who is acquainted, even slightly, with the amenities to which theological discussion in this nineteenth century has given rise, may be left to say whether language such as this should be considered a very "bitter" reply to execration, excommunication, banishment, and attempted murder.

The die was thrown. Spinoza was now twenty-four years of age—that is, if we take into account the precocity of his development, in the prime of genius and enthusiasm. Conscious of learning and of talents, and of the not entirely despicable advantages of a handsome face and commanding manners, he must have felt himself richly equipped for a career of honours and of power. Morally, he had but to palter but a little with his conscience, to be able to accept the brilliant career with self-approval. The obstacles that it threw in the way of self-development must have seemed, to all but a very searching gaze, to be more than counterbalanced by the facilities for culture that it afforded in the shape of affluence and security. The social element in which he would have had to move was not one of repulsive "Philistinism." The Portuguese Jews of Amsterdam formed at that time a community that we cannot help calling cultured, if not enlightened. With their traditional Talmudist education they connected modern studies. An eminent member of the college of Rabbins by whom Spinoza was excommunicated, Menasse ben Israel, was publishing writings in Latin and in Spanish. Dr. Ginsberg tells us that Hugo Grotius has left a very appreciative judgment of this remarkable man, dating from the

year 1639. From this it appears that Menasse ben Israel was well versed in ten languages, and composed poetry and other writings in Spanish as well as in Hebrew and in Latin. He is named in state documents Theologian, Philosopher, and Doctor of Physic. In 1632, at the age of twenty-seven, he published in Spanish his first great work, "Conciliator;" a writing the object of which is to reconcile with one another all the contradictory passages of the Holy Scriptures. It was the product of five years' labour, and was therefore begun at the age of twenty-two. The author's reading includes not only Rabbinical literature, but the Greek and Roman poets, Plato and Aristotle, the Arabo-Hebraic philosophers, and the Scholastics of the middle ages. More than two hundred and ten Hebrew works, and fifty-four Greek and Latin, Spanish and Portuguese authors, are cited in the first part. The fourth and last part of this exhaustive work appeared in 1651. A society that could produce men such as this could hardly have been an intellectual desert, even for Spinoza; and the temptation to yield, to compromise, to sacrifice this or that moment of the absolute idea of his life to the profit of the rest, must have been a strong one. And as for the interests of humanity, Spinoza's mind was dangerously well furnished with the ethical maxims that justify compromise. He held a doctrine of exoteric and esoteric treatment of truth that we cannot but consider as wearing a dangerous likeness to the principles of obscurantism. Submission to authority, that is, submission to power, political or religious, is the very principle on which depends the whole of his doctrine of political and religious practice. A brave and uncomplaining acceptance of the established fact is one of the most prominent features of his attitude towards all branches of human endeavour; a tendency that in the higher walk of philosophy, in the doctrine of the ideal sage as contained in the "Ethica," appears in the conclusion that places the freedom of the sage in his "contemplative submission to the order of nature. . . ." He did not reject the Scriptures as an authority ruling the conduct of life, he merely contended for liberty in the interpretation of them. He did not even advise that this or that demonstrably false method of interpreting them was in all cases to be combated. Many are the forms under which belief may be operative on conduct; and truth, if it is to be believed, must be accommodated to the intelligence of the believer. If Spinoza had accepted the career offered him by the Rabbins, and had placed a golden lock upon his lips, the act would but have taken rank with the too often forgotten fallings off of many another great Leader Lost. But he refused to palter, were it even but ever so little, with his conscience. Shaking off the dust from his feet, he set his face towards a life of poverty and of toil, made worthy and worth having by the

consciousness of independence and integrity, and by the warmth of the great design that was brooding within him.

Out of the four years of struggle and anxiety, and so weighty development, that followed his secession from the synagogue, from 1656, namely, to 1660, hardly a detail of his life has come down to us. We gather that his position must have been a hard one, at all events a very trying one. He was penniless. Rienwertz says that he got his living by teaching (*dass er Kinder informiret*). The writer of the MS. Life discovered by Müller states that he lived with the "Collegiant" friend above mentioned, "on the road between Amsterdam and Auwerkerke, until he moved with him to Rijnsburg, near Leiden."

Misfortune, it has been said, is the midwife that delivers genius of her children; and in some way or other Spinoza found time for writing during these years. Though he published nothing, it is probable that he wrote a great deal. The "Theologico-Political Treatise" was written about this time; and during the same period the lately discovered "*Tractatus de Deo et Homine*"—"Treatise on God and Man and his Welfare"—was probably entirely written. And if we take into account the composition of the "*Apologia*," we shall see that these were years of intense activity.

Spinoza was at Rijnsburg in 1661, as appears by a letter to him from Oldenburg, the secretary of the then lately-instituted Royal Society of England. Oldenburg refers to his visit to the philosopher at Rijnsburg, and to their "conversation about God, about Extension and Infinite Thought, about the difference and agreement of their attributes, about the manner of the union of the human mind with the body; also about the principles of the Cartesian and Baconian philosophies." Colerus is therefore in error in saying that it was in 1664 that Spinoza moved to Rijnsburg—or Rhynsburg, as it is differently spelt. He there inhabited a very small house, "still standing," writes Van Vloten in 1862, "and easy to be known by its inscription, dating from 1667, from the pen of the poet Kamphuysen—

' Ach, waren alle menschen wijs,
En wilden daarby wel :
De aard waar heer een Paradijs,
Nu is ze meest een Hel ; ' "—

an inscription that is curiously appropriate to the circumstances in which the philosopher found himself when an inhabitant of the house. It may be rendered, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the language—

" If all mankind could but be wise,
And pure their wills as well,
This earth would be a paradise,
That now is but a hell."

Spinoza had living with him during that time a certain young man whose identity is not quite clear, but whom there is great reason to believe to be that Albert Burgh who in 1675 became a convert to Catholicism, and wrote to the author of the "*Ethica*" a letter of some five-and-thirty pages, full of exhortation to "repent, to acknowledge his ignorance to be wisdom, and his wisdom madness; to be humbled from his pride, and be healed." The bear-leading of this youth was anything but a pleasant duty for the thinker; he complains bitterly of it in a letter to his friend Simon de Vries:—

"There is no one more annoying to me, nor none against whom I have to be more carefully on my guard, than he: wherefore I would have you and the others take heed not to communicate my opinions to him till he shall have attained a more mature age. He is too boyish yet and changeable, and greedy rather of novelty than of truth."

By "the others" is meant a certain circle of ardent friends who had gathered round the germ of the new doctrine, and were looking up in eager dependence to their leader. They had instituted a sort of club for the study in common of the new philosophy.

"As for the course of study," writes Simon de Vries, "we have thus ordered it. One of us (but each in turn) reads out to the rest, and explains according to his judgment, demonstrating everything according to the order and series of your propositions; then, if it happen that one of us cannot convince another, we think it worth while to make a note of the matter and write to you, in order that, if possible, it may be made clear to us; and that we may be able, with you for a leader, to defend truth against the superstitiously religious and the superstitiously Christian, and to resist the onslaught of the whole world."

During these years an active correspondence was kept up with Oldenburg. It is interesting to watch in it the working of forces that tend to dissolve the friendship between these so widely different minds, a friendship whose persistent triumph over all differences of opinion and of feeling is most encouraging. Spinoza is conscious of holding opinions which Oldenburg would consider to be at least "strange," and very likely "abominable;" but his friend has pressed him to communicate to him his thoughts on the weighty problems of philosophy and religion. So he writes that he will not refuse, for he holds "that friends should have all things in common, but most especially spiritual things." He adds, "I will endeavour to give you the explanation you ask for, though I think that, unless your kindness help, this step will not be a means of attaching you more strongly to me." He sends certain propositions of the "*Ethica*" which Oldenburg does not very well understand (this is in September, 1661); and the interest of the correspondence becomes transferred to the experiments of Robert Boyle, concerning whose book, "*De Nitro*," Spinoza writes with a

minuteness that testifies to the interest that he took in chemistry, and shows that he was not by any means devoid of practical acquaintance with the subject. He is in correspondence too with his good friend and medical adviser Ludwig Meyer, an Amsterdam Jew.

Of his way of life at Rijnsburg and at Voorburg, details are wanting, but an idea may be formed of it from Coler's description of his way of life at the Hague.

"It is almost incredible," says Colerus, "how sober and economical he was during that time. We find" (from accounts found amongst his papers) "that he lived a whole day on a milk-soup prepared with butter, which came to three sous, and a jug of beer at one sou and a half; another day he ate nothing but gruel prepared with raisins and butter, and this dish cost him four sous and a half. In these accounts, mention is made of at most two half-pints of wine in a month; and although he was often invited to dine out, he preferred to live on what he could have at home to sitting at a sumptuous table at another's expense."

We should have gladly passed over this oft-told tale of the milk-soup and the gruel—which after all does not prove much—were it not that it is again necessary to vindicate Spinoza's character from the charge—one can hardly write the word seriously—of gluttony. In 1847, Professor Guhrauer* published in the *Zeitschrift für Geschichte*, an account of the tradition concerning Spinoza that had been collected by one Gottlieb Stolle, a pupil of Christian Thomasius, during a voyage in Holland in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and written down by him in his "Memoirs." During his stay in Amsterdam in 1703, Stolle came to know "a certain old man," who had been personally acquainted with Spinoza. This old man stated that

"In the beginning Spinoza lived very soberly, that is, so long as he had not much to spend; but as he became richer, he began to live better. From Amsterdam he went to Leyden, and thence afterwards to the Hague; and as he became acquainted with persons of distinction, he took to wearing a sword, dressing himself nicely, committed excesses in eating and drinking, (he could take quite well a couple of cans of wine)—and also——"

But we must decline to attempt the translation of the very curious passage that follows; in short, the excesses he committed were such, "that he brought on consumption, of which he died." The reader who knows Spinoza, and has not the advantage of being acquainted with Stolle's old man, may be pardoned if he doubts the faithfulness of our quotation. He shall have the excerpt in the original; it is worth reading:—

"Da er mit grossen Herrn bekannt geworden, (habe er) sich einen Degen angesteckt propre (*sic*) aufgeföhret, im Essen und Trinken Excesse

* Cf. Gineburg, op. cit.

gemacht (wie er denn ein Paar Kannen Wein gar leicht auf sich genommen), auch wohl ad virgo (*sic!*) gegangen, daher er sich endlich die Schwindsucht an den Hals gezogen, und daran gestorben."

We have inserted, in the interest of grammar, a "sic" that appeared to be called for; as for the matter of the statements, we feel that marks of exclamation would be perfectly inadequate to the occasion. But let us look at the evidence. Firstly, Stolle's old man tells his story badly. To place the epoch of sensual indulgence at the end of a life whose whole course has been a chastening of the senses by moral suffering, by poverty, by intense thought, by the approaches of disease, is really clumsy. Secondly, all the other witnesses agree that Spinoza's life was one of perfect temperance. Rienwertz, his friend, the publisher of his works, told Stolle, that "he had always lived very moderately and been contented with little. He had never had any inclination to marriage, yet never blamed those who marry." We think of certain propositions of the "Ethica," and notwithstanding Stolle's old man, involuntarily we think of St. Paul. Stolle visited Bayle, the celebrated author of the dictionary, at Amsterdam, and Bayle told him that

"as regards Spinoza's morals, he lived soberly at the Hague, without furniture, or feasting, or show—(er habe im Haag mässig gelebt, und von Hausrath, Saufen, und Pracht nichts gehatten)."

Lucas writes that

"he was so temperate and so sober that the smallest means sufficed for his wants. He did not spend six sous a day, on an average, and did not drink more than a pint of wine in a month. 'Nature is satisfied with little,' he used to say, 'and when she is content, I am so too.'"

The evidence of Colerus has been given above. It should be borne in mind that this writer is the chief and by far the most weighty authority for the facts of Spinoza's life; and his testimony to the purity of Spinoza's morals is by so much the more valuable as good Colerus was animated by a most vehement hatred and terror of the philosopher's teaching. He speaks of him, when examining his writings, as "this miserable man," and as "this celebrated atheist." He is satirical concerning the terms of the bill sent in after Spinoza's death by his barber, who was so ill-advised as to speak of him in that document as "M. Spinoza de bien-heureuse mémoire." The undertaker, two "taillandiers," and a mereer, having paid the deceased the same compliment, Colerus devotes a grave paragraph to animadversion on the propriety of the term "bien-heureuse." He ends a paragraph on the "Theologico-Political Treatise" with the apostrophe, "Le Seigneur te confonde, Satan, et te ferme la bouche!" He asserts that that work is "full of nothing but lies and blasphemies," and of the doctrine of the

"Ethica" he asks, whether it be not "the most pernicious Atheism that has ever been seen in the world." Such an attitude of mind must infallibly have inclined him to render to the philosopher's moral character no more than the strictest measure of justice; it is incredible that he should have passed over without due distillation the malicious stories that were current concerning the "reprobate" freethinker, and any confirmation of them must have destroyed the admiration that he evidently felt for his character. And Coler's informants were capable witnesses; one of them, Van der Spyck, was an artist, and, judging from his eloquent portrait of Spinoza, by no means a bad artist; he must be considered to be a competent witness to the habits of the man who for more than six years lived in friendly intercourse with him under his own roof. For those who know Spinoza from his writings, such evidence must be superfluous; it is impossible to have the "Ethica" tolerably present to one's mind, and to believe the writer capable of low sensuality.

The instruction of Albert Burgh, or other unknown pupil, seems not to have furnished him with a sufficient income; and it was probably shortly after his excommunication that he set himself to work at a trade by which he could live. Colerus states that he "set himself to learn" the construction of lenses for telescopes and for other optical uses. It is probable that he had learned the art long before. It is well known that the Hebrew law ordained that all, even those destined to the study of the Law, should learn some handiwork or other, by which in time of need they might subsist. The exiled thinker, looking somewhat blankly around him for a plan of life, was reminded of this perhaps once-despised handicraft. It offered him, at least, "independence, the first of earthly blessings;" and he gallantly cast in his lot with plain living and high thinking. He succeeded so well in his lens-grinding, we are told by Colerus, that

"he was applied to from all sides for his glasses, the sale of which furnished enough to suffice for his wants. When the lenses were finished, his friends used to send and fetch them, sell them, and remit him the money that they brought in;"—

a practice which demonstrates in a most significant and even touching manner these friends' sense of the fitness of relieving a philosopher from sublunary cares.

"Most of his time he passed in his room. When tired of his meditations, he used in order to refresh himself, to come downstairs and talk to the people of the house on any matter that would serve for conversation, even on trifles. Sometimes he would enjoy a pipe of tobacco; or, when he wished for longer relaxation, he would set spiders to fight with one another, or would throw flies into the spiders' webs, taking such delight in the spectacle of the combat that he sometimes laughed outright."

So far Colerus. The anecdote is gravely brought forward by Dugald Stewart, in his "Dissertation" prefixed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," as evidence that Spinoza was "mad." To us it appears that, if true, it bears testimony merely to the philosopher's habits of hard thinking. Is it not a very picture of the childishly-cheerful relaxation of a brain fairly brought to a standstill by thought? We of the present generation must take upon trust the statement of such a teacher as Carlyle, that Dugald Stewart was an "amiable philosopher;" but our faith in the propriety of the one and of the other of the terms of the proposition is put to a somewhat severe trial by the thorough unfairness and incompetence of his estimate of Spinoza.

Persons whose æsthetic judgments were informed by their religious feelings, were of opinion that the philosopher was "little, yellow, that there was something sombre (noir) in his physiognomy, and that he wore a look of reprobation in his face (*qu'il portait sur son visage un caractère de réprobation*)." The accounts of the biographers agree that he was "of middle height, with well-proportioned features, dark complexion, curly black hair, long black eyebrows, small, lively dark eyes, and the general appearance of a Portuguese Jew." Van der Spyck's portrait of him shows us a perfectly handsome face. The forehead is not very conspicuous, but is very handsomely moulded; a broad and shallow furrow, scarcely perceptible, in the median line, testifies to the habitual contraction of the brows in thought. The eyes are not small; the orbit is very large, leaving between eye and eyebrow that all-important space where the soul seems to move; they look at you with a quite startling directness. The eyebrows are drawn in a wide true curve, dark and strong; the space between them is wide. The base of the nose is broad, and tapers downwards for some distance before reaching the level of the greatest narrowness, from which it swells out to form the bridge; the nose itself is Roman, with a slight Dantesque droop at the tip; broad on the level of the nostrils. The upper lip is very firm, the mouth exquisitely curved, and of a more lively appearance than any other feature of the face; its tendency to movement is controlled by a most sharply decisive line that cuts it obliquely downwards and backwards at the corner. The chin is large, massive, round, and handsome, of a firm, clear contour; and the face is set in a fine correct oval, with long dark hair flowing in broad waves down to the shoulders: every way a very noble face. So he looked, one thinks, when worthy Frau Van der Spyck asked him the uncomfortable question whether she could find salvation in the religion she professed. "Your religion is a good one," was the answer; "you have no cause to seek for any other, nor to doubt that you will find your salvation in it, so be it that whilst

following piety you lead a peaceable and tranquil life." Those who feel curious concerning the outermost of the hulls in which the philosopher's spirit walked on earth, may choose between the statement of Stolle's old man, that he was nicely dressed, and wore a sword by his side; that of Colerus, that he was careless of his clothes, "which were no better than those of the most simple citizen;" and that of Lucas, that he "had a quality that is by so much the more estimable as it is rarely found in a philosopher: he was extremely clean, and never appeared in public without showing in his dress that which distinguishes the well-bred man from the pedant."

The four years spent at Rijnsburg were full of life and movement; and some of the moments in their flight must have shaken a little golden dust about the quiet room in which the "Ethica" was being written. They are the busiest years of the philosopher's life. Lenses were being ground, and lessons given, that he might eat. An extensive correspondence was being carried on; an occupation which must have taken up much more time in those old days, when people wrote letters of a score, or two score of pages, which they forwarded by the kind hands of some travelling friend, than in this century of telegrams and post-cards, and public newspapers. Books were being written. Of the "Apology" we have already spoken. On reading it over in the quiet of his country retreat, "on the road to Auwerkerke," Spinoza probably reflected that the "dry light" was the better, and decided not to publish the MS. Instead, he set himself to treat the whole great question of liberty of thought, of Church and State, from the very foundations, in a thoroughly scientific manner. By the time he removed to Rijnsburg, the "Theologico-Political Treatise" was finished, or, at all events, was sufficiently advanced for him to be able to set to work on the "Ethica." He did so, and in all probability produced, as the first result of his philosophical essay, the "Treatise on God and Man and his Welfare." He was, perhaps, dissatisfied with the form that this work lent to his ideas, and for that reason—probably for others besides—withheld it from publication, and started again courageously to develop the system anew on another principle, the principle of mathematical form, which finally gave us the "Ethica" in its present shape. This was written down so fast, that in 1663 Spinoza was thinking of publishing it. In the early summer of that year, he had occasion, as we know from a letter of his to Oldenburg, to make a trip to Amsterdam, "in order to fetch his furniture." Whilst he was there, certain friends asked him to make them a copy of a *résumé* of the second part of Descartes' "Principia," in the form of mathematical demonstration

that he had dictated to Albert Burgh (if this be in reality the certain youth mentioned in his letter), for the use of the latter. At the same time they urged him to proceed, without loss of time, to a similar treatment of the first part of the "*Principia*."

"Not liking to deny my friends," he writes to Oldenburg, "I set myself straightway to the preparation of such a work; and finished it within two weeks, and handed it over to my friends. These then entreated me to allow them to publish the whole;"—

a request to which he acceded.

"For perhaps," he explains, "some of those who fill the first places in my country, may be led by this writing to wish to see the other works which I have written, and which contain the exposition of my own opinions, and so may be induced to take measures for having them introduced to the public, safe under the escort of their authority. If it so fall out, I nothing doubt but that I shall shortly publish something; but if it be not so, I shall choose to be silent rather than intrude my opinions on my fellow-men against their desire."

The little book was published, together with an appendix of certain very suggestive "*Cogitata Metaphysica*," which form a bridge by which the student may pass, if he please, from Cartesianism to Spinozism. The "*Principia*" was a modest, and apparently a harmless little book enough, as befitted an innocent dove sent out to try whether in all the turbulent waters of the fatherland there might be found sufficient foothold for the "*Ethica*." Notwithstanding its airs of innocence, however, it soon became the cause of much throwing about of brains, amongst the Cartesians. Lucas tells us that

"notwithstanding all that he says in praise of this celebrated writer, his partisans (*i. e.* the Cartesians), in order to ward off from him the suspicion of Atheism, tried all ways to bring down thunderbolts on our philosopher's head; thus putting in practice the policy of the followers of St. Augustine, who, in order to clear themselves of the reproach of leaning towards Calvinism, have written against that doctrine the most violent of books."

"*Battre le chien devant le lion*" appears to have been a very favourite device of theological warfare in the seventeenth and certain other centuries. The persons in the chief places in the land do not seem to have been attracted in the hoped-for manner by the "*Principia*," and for seven years to come Spinoza published nothing more.

In the month of May, 1664, he removed to Voorburg, a village distant one mile from the Hague. There he lived in the "*Kerklaan*," in the house of one Daniel Tydeman, an artist, "who seems to have held opinions more liberal than those that were generally current in the Reformed Church." The author of Müller's Dutch MS. suggests that it was Tydeman who first introduced Spinoza

to the world of art. He may have had lessons in drawing, perhaps even in painting, from this artist. At all events, he seems to have undertaken art studies in a very serious way. He attained some proficiency in portrait-drawing in ink or charcoal. Colerus possessed an album of his portraits, amongst which were those of several distinguished persons, and one of himself, in the costume of a fisherman "*en chemise*," carrying a net on his shoulder.

Very pleasant must have been these outlooks into the world of external beauty; one feels quite grateful that the ascetic thinker was able to sun his fancy for a little while before the sweet moving skies, and the sunshine modestly flickering on the prim brick-paved courts, before the sleeping water-wheels and dreaming waters, and the interiors lit up by maidens in white satin dresses, of the old masters that we love. In this respect, at least, he was born into the world at a happy date. In 1664 Holland had awakened to an artistic life of the brightest glory. There were living Wynants, and Albert Cuyp, Terburg, Bol, Adriaen van Ostade, Van Loo, Wouverman, Pynacker, Nicolaas Berghem, Ruysdael, Van der Velde, Backuisen, and Jan Steen. Potter had died in his brilliant youth, ten years before; Metsu also a few years before; but still living, thinking, dreaming, and working hard, at the close of his splendid and miserable career, was that prince of luminous darkness, the magician Rembrandt. The hermit of Rijnsburg made an excursion now and then to Amsterdam; he was there in the spring of 1663. He may have strolled (one cannot help indulging in such imaginings) absorbed in some philosophema of the "*De Deo*," down the Roosgracht. Then, at the door of a mean house in this mean part of Amsterdam, there may have stood, refreshing himself in the sunshine, and absorbed in contemplation too, but in outward contemplation, a strange old man, with short disordered grizzly hair and beard, wearing a night-cap or a coloured kerchief for a head-dress, and a fur-bordered dressing-gown variously spotted with dabs of paint. The philosopher, feeling that he was being scanned as he passed by, may have looked up at the wrinkled face, with its coarse puffy cheeks irregularly flecked with rich crimson blood, and started a little on remarking the powerful mouth, smiling its massive smile with its strong sanguine lips, the vertical fold of the brow with its two deep bordering furrows, and the small eyes shooting out from their deep setting, their odd glance of energy and confidence. Then one thinks that these two great kindred spirits must have felt a shudder of no common order as their eyes met; or perhaps they may have felt nothing; the philosopher may have forgotten the distraction in a moment, and passed on in meditation, fancy free; whilst Rembrandt van Rhyn, merely revolving in his mind his observations on Hebrew physiognomy, may have turned to a most

exceedingly disorderly palette, and set to work to sketch a memorandum of this Jewish face, as material for some future "Head of an Evangelist."

Rembrandt, one thinks at all events, must have come home to Spinoza in his works with singular nearness. The two natures have singular points of likeness; their lives, as well as their work, have much of the same spirit. Both of these great men were mystics; both of them abstract thinkers, ideologists, metaphysicians preoccupied exclusively with the essence of things, and careless of the outsides of things; visionaries both, looking inwards and disdaining to look outwards; proud, impassible, absorbed in the Idea to the extent of forgetting the Reality, almost to the extent of denying the Reality; alike in their lives of solitary labour, uncomplainingly persevering, and answering the unjust criticism and the unjust neglect of their contemporaries by the production of monumental works that stand like pyramids, in their inimitable solitary grandeur, in the view of their posterity.

The six years' residence at Voorburg was, it may be hoped, a happy one; at all events, it was a tranquil one, and affords the biographer not an incident of any moment to relate. The "Ethica" was slowly crystallizing in the quiet into its perfect geometric form; the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus" was being thought over lovingly, and lovingly retouched; but, after the *fiasco* of the attempt to gain the public mind by means of the "Principia," Spinoza seems to have been quite undisturbed by any desire to publish it; a trait that is very characteristic of him. A large correspondence afforded him the means of instructing a coterie of earnest and eager disciples; sometimes, indeed, of instructing persons who were neither disciples nor earnest. Correspondents took up his time with the strangest questions. His friend Peter Balling had heard in the night certain groanings. Afterwards, his child fell ill, gave utterance to groanings which Balling recognized as identical with those he had before heard in the night, and died. Balling wrote to be instructed whether the groanings he had heard were "omens." Spinoza replied at some length in a very curious letter. He considered that the groanings heard by Balling were "imaginationes." It had happened to himself, he related, that, waking up one morning, the images of which his dreams had been composed remained obstinately before his eyes, as vivid as though they had been real things. Amongst these was the image of a "certain black and filthy *Æthiopian*" whom he had never before seen. This image in great part disappeared when he directed his eyes *with intention* to a book or other object; but returned with the same vividness as it at first possessed, so soon as he allowed his eyes to fall anywhere *carelessly* (*sine attentione*). The image at length disappeared from the head

downwards. His description of the phenomenon may be interesting to students of the psychology of dreams. The most interesting part of the letter is the passage in which he admits the possibility of a certain species of "omens." "The mind has a power of vague presentiment of future events, which it may sometimes exercise (*mens aliquid, quod futurum est, confuse potest præsentire*)."

The dreadful correspondence with Blyenbergh took place in this period. Mijnheer Willem van Blyen Bergh was a well-to-do merchant of Dordrecht, who occupied his leisure hours with dilettante metaphysics. On the 12th December, 1664, he wrote to his "unknown friend" Spinoza, to beg that he would explain certain doubts that had arisen in his mind on the perusal of the treatise of Descartes' "Principia." God is the creative cause of all actions, as well as of all substances. Therefore he created the act of will that caused Adam to eat that apple. Therefore, either the eating of that apple was not a sin, or God is the cause of evil. A few days after receiving this letter, Spinoza answered it at great length, with that grand sweetness of his that we feel to be of so much higher worth than mere politeness. As regards that apple, he called Mijnheer van Blyen Bergh's attention to the fact that he had not specified what he meant by "evil." "As for me," he added, italicizing the statement as we have italicized it, "*I am unable to admit that sin and evil are anything of a positive nature at all.*" No! in this world, which is the splendid phantasmagory reflected from the changing outside of the Infinite Substance of God, all is good; and all is perfect; even the impious are units of the perfectness of the whole; they are the necessary shadows in the great scheme of *chiaroscuro*. The above italicized statement is not to be taken to be in any way an acceptance of the position that if sin be nothing positive, then the impious serve God equally well with the righteous. Once more, no! They are indeed, after their own fashion, expressions of the perfect will of God; but they are not to be compared with the righteous.

"For they who know not God are but as the tool in the workman's hand, that serves unconsciously, and in its service is consumed; but the righteous serve God consciously, and through the service become ever more perfect (*improbi, quia Deum non cognoscunt, non sunt nisi instrumentum in manu artificis, quod inscium servit et serviendo consumitur; probi contra conscii serviunt, et serviendo perfectiores evadunt*)."

More than one noble mind has found in this noble thought of Spinoza's a refuge of inestimable value, and has felt for it a quite unbounded gratitude. Mijnheer van Blyen Bergh saw in it nothing but hard words, which he resented. He could not perceive what Spinoza "meant by '*perfectiores evadere*,' nor what may be the meaning of '*continuo perfectiores evadere*.'" He returned to the charge with a very foolish letter of forty-two lengthy

paragraphs, full of "objections." With similar heavy paper bullets of the brain he continued for the next three months to bombard the philosopher. He even managed to personally penetrate into his retreat at Voorburg, and argue with him there. Of the conversation that took place on that occasion, no record has been preserved. We learn from Blyen Bergh's next letter, that notwithstanding the intense efforts that he made to commit the colloquy to memory, he was unable to do so; and that when on the first opportunity he sat down to commit it to paper, he found that he could not remember one-fourth of the matter. He therefore begged that Spinoza would be kind enough to refresh his memory for him, and took the liberty of propounding five new questions. Concerning these, we shall probably have done our duty towards the curious reader, by relating that one of them is—"whether, properly speaking, there be such a thing as error?" The persecution could be borne no longer, and, in his reply, Spinoza gently but firmly gave his questioner to understand that the demands on his time did not allow him to continue the correspondence. More agreeable was the renewal of the correspondence with Oldenburg, that had been allowed to lapse for nearly two years; and that now was carried gaily on with a new impetus through the greater part of the year 1665. Physical and metaphysical subjects were pleasantly discussed in these letters, and now and then some item of political gossip calls forth a tiny ripple on the surface of their philosophic calm. "I pass on to politics," wrote Oldenburg on the 8th December, 1665, at the end of a letter in which he had discussed the mechanics of Descartes, and of Hugen, and the physiological observations that were being made by the Royal Society at Oxford:—

"In every mouth here there is a rumour of the return of the Jews into their fatherland, after their dispersion for more than two thousand years. Few here believe it, but many hope it. You will signify to your friend what you have heard of the thing, and what you think about it. I long to know what the Amsterdam Jews have heard of the matter, and in what way they are affected by such a piece of news, which, if it were true, would certainly seem to herald some catastrophe of the whole world."

Over his young friends of the philosophical club Spinoza continued to keep a fatherly watch. To one of them, namely, to a certain Bresser, the same "J. B. Med. Dr." to whom the forty-second letter of Bruder's collection is addressed, Spinoza wrote the altogether charming pages published by Van Vloten at p. 303 of his "*Supplementum*." He gently reproaches his young friend with his neglect, and urges him to write:—

"I earnestly ask of you, nay, by our friendship I beg and beseech you, that you now turn your attention to some serious study, and henceforth devote to the culture of your mind and soul the better part of your life;

now, I say, now, whilst it is yet time, and before you have cause to lament the downhill of your years. As to our correspondence, I have a word to say, in order that you may write to me with the greater freedom. Know then that I have long suspected, nay, been almost certain, that you are more diffident of your own powers than is desirable, and that you are fearful of asking or stating something that may fail to smack of learning (*quod virum doctum non redoleat*). I am not going to enter into praises of you, and narrate your gifts. But if you are fearful of my communicating your letters to others, so as to cause you to become a laughing-stock for them, I give you my word beforehand that I will keep them religiously for myself, and not communicate them to any soul without your leave."

Spinoza was in correspondence too with his friend Jarig Jellis, on philosophical matters, and on the attempts of one Helvetius to obtain gold by transmutation, a subject in which Spinoza seems to have been much interested.

His friends seem to have been dissatisfied with the remoteness and out-of-the-way character of the little village in which the Master resided; and finally, in 1670, he yielded to their entreaties, and settled at the Hague. He there lived at first "en pension" on the Veexkaay, in the house of a certain Widow Van Velden. Finding this mode of life to be too expensive, he hired a room in the house of Henry Van der Spyck, an artist, on the Paviloengragt, "where he lived according to his fancy in a very retired manner, himself seeing to the providing of what food and drink was necessary for him."

This was an anxious year. In it, after some fourteen years of preparation, revision, and alternation of hope and despair, the "Theologico-Political Treatise" at length saw the light. Of the anxiety that must have attended its production, some idea may be formed from the precautions with which its publication was attended. It first appeared anonymously, under the title "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus, continens dissertationes aliquot, quibus ostenditur, libertatem philosophandi non tantum salva pietate et reipublicæ pace posse concedi, sed eandem nisi cum pace reipublicæ ipsaque pietate tolli non posse. Hamburgi, apud Henricum Kuenrath, 1670.*" Henry Kuenrath of Hamburg was a fiction, designed to lead the press-controlling authorities on to a false scent, the real publisher being Christopher Conrad of Amsterdam. The epitome of the contents of the book given in the declaration of the long title, that it showed "that freedom of philosophizing may not only exist without hurt to piety and the peace of the State, but that it cannot be withheld without hurt to the peace of the State and even to private piety," reticent though it was, was imprudently honest. The book was officially proscribed, though not, indeed, immediately on its appearance; for in February, 1671, we find Spinoza writing to Jarig Jellis to beg him to do his best to prevent a threatened translation of the book into Belgic;

"which to prevent," he says, "is not only my desire but that of many friends and acquaintances, who would not willingly see the book proscribed, which it certainly would be if it appeared in the Belgic tongue." The very year it appeared it was attacked by Jacobus Thomasius in a tract, "*Adversus anonymum de Libertate Philosophandi*;" by Fr. Rappoltus, in an "*Oratio contra Naturalistas*;" in 1671 by an anonymous S. M. V. D. M., in a certain "*Epistola*" directed against it; whilst from 1671 to 1676, that is, during the remainder nearly of the author's short life, it was copiously written against by authors whose names have now lost all interest. These attacks appear to have left Spinoza very much at his ease. Of the bulky quarto, "*Adversus anonymum Theologico-Politicum*," that the Professor at Utrecht, Regnerus a Mansvelt, had written against him, he writes to a friend, "I have seen exposed in the bookseller's window a book that the Utrecht Professor has written against me; and from what I was able to read of it, I judged it unworthy to be read, much more to be replied to. I shall therefore leave alone book and author." Early in 1671 one Lambert van Velthuysen (or Velthuisius), a writer on theology and philosophy, attacked it in a letter of thirty-five pages that he wrote to Isaak Orobios, who forwarded it to Spinoza for refutation. In his letter to Orobios, Velthuysen accuses the author of the "*Tractatus*" of "subverting all worship and all religion, of secretly introducing atheism, or making God such that no room is left for His divine government or providence, or distribution of rewards and penalties;" and thinks he is not far from the truth in judging the author "*tectis et fucatis argumentis merum atheismum docere*." The manuscript draft of Spinoza's reply has been discovered, and is very interesting from the manner in which it shows us the philosopher writing at first under the sway of a flush of wrath, but cooling down, after reflection, into more perfect reasonableness. The first draft began thus: (the reply is addressed of course to Isaak Orobios): "You are doubtless astonished at my having made you wait so long for my answer; the fact is that I feel the greatest difficulty in bringing myself to reply to the ineptitudes (*ineptias*) of that man." On second thoughts he ran his pen through the word "*ineptias*," and substituted that of "*libellum*," feeling probably that to throw hard words at a theological adversary was mere waste of energy. A little further on in the draft we find a passage that attributed Velthuysen's misrepresentation of the "*Tractatus*" to malice or ignorance, and his vituperations of the author to malevolence (*malum animum*) and hatred of truth. This passage also he afterwards erased, and substituted a simple "but to proceed (*sed ad rem*)."
Again, after his explanation of his doctrine of the liberty of God, he at first wrote a contemptuous "which seems to

surpass this man's understanding,"—and subsequently softened it down into the inoffensive "I really can see nothing in this that any one should fail to understand." The dispute was conducted, on Spinoza's side at all events, with great dignity. The "Jew" nourished so little rancour in his heart, that four or five years afterwards he proposed to Velthuysen that a second attack on the "Tractatus" that the latter had written should be published between the same covers as the Notes to the "Tractatus" that he was then thinking of bringing out. But no very great length of time can have elapsed before the "Tractatus" was hunted down and suppressed by the authorities. Three years after its first appearance, it was brought into circulation again as "*Danielis Heinsii operum historicorum collectio prima. Editio secunda priori editione multo emendatior et auctior. Accedunt quædam hactenus inedita. Lugduni Batav., apud Isaacum Herculis, 1673.*" It circulated also at the same time under the titles of "*Francisci de la Boe Silvii totius medicinæ idea nova. Edit. ii. Amstelodami, 1673;*" and "*Francisci Henriquez de Villacorta, doctoris medici, a cubiculo regali Philippi IV. et Caroli II., archiatri, opera chirurgica omnia, sub auspiciis potentissimi Hispaniorum regis Caroli II. Amstelodami per Jacobum Pauli, 1673;*" these two last ingenious titles having been imagined for the purpose of smuggling the book into Spain and Portugal. It appeared in England as the treatise of Daniel Heinsius.

On the 5th November, 1671, the celebrated Leibnitz wrote our thinker a flattering letter, addressed to him with the odd superscription, "*A Monsieur Spinoza, médecin très-célèbre et philosophe très-profond, à Amsterdam.*" The matter of the letter is of little interest; it accompanied a copy of an optical treatise of Leibnitz', on which the latter asks Spinoza's opinion, "having heard, amongst the other praises that report has published concerning you, that you are remarkably skilled in optics." Spinoza replied politely in the same strain, touching on no subjects other than optical, and accepted with thanks the offer made him by Leibnitz of a copy of his "*Physical Hypothesis;*" offering in return to send a copy of the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.*" Shortly afterwards, namely, in the very next month of January, Leibnitz wrote to his old master, Thomasius, concerning Spinoza in terms that implied that the latter was totally unknown to him, speaking of him as "*a certain Jew, excommunicated on account of his monstrous opinions—as they write to me from Holland*" (!). Other letters, now no longer extant, passed between the philosophers. From those of Leibnitz, Spinoza learned that he had to do with a man of most eminent talents; but they failed to inspire him with confidence in his character. To Leibnitz' endeavours to obtain, through Tschirnhaus, a sight of the "*Ethica,*" Spinoza opposed a

quiet but firm "I do not think it desirable that my writings should be communicated to him so soon." On his return from Paris through Holland, he visited Spinoza at the Hague. "I saw him when I passed through Holland," he wrote to the Abbé Galloys, "and had speech with him many times and at great length. He has a strange system of metaphysics, full of paradoxes." A system, we may remark *en passant*, that was not so "strange" as to prevent him from plagiarizing from it his doctrine of the "pre-established harmony," one of the most celebrated of the theories of the relation between "body" and "soul" that have been developed out of the position in which the problem was left by Descartes. Having to touch upon this visit in his "Théodicée," he passes over it as dry-footed as possible. "I saw M. de la Court, as well as Spinoza, on my return from France, and heard from them some good anecdotes touching the affairs of the times."

M. de la Court was a writer on politics, and the introduction of his name in this connection was nothing more or less than an ingeniously Jesuitical device for insinuating that for Leibnitz, the great Christian philosopher, the excommunicate Jew Spinoza, was only an object of the most disinterested curiosity. His assertion that Spinoza "burnt his imperfect writings lest, being found after his death, they should diminish the glory which he sought to acquire by his writings (*ne gloriam, quam scribendo quærebat, imminuerent*)," is an instructive instance of the manner in which a splendid intellect may be dragged into error by a meanness of the soul. Spinoza did not burn his "imperfect writings," for all of them, except the "Apologia," are extant; of the two that were published in his lifetime, only one, the "Principia," was signed; and for what reason it was signed the reader knows; for the rest we have the testimony of the editors of the "Opera Posthuma" that shortly before his death he gave express directions that his name should not be prefixed to the "Ethica," the darling work of his life. Gifted with as fine a brain as ever beat, Leibnitz carved out for himself a splendid career that may still dazzle us, but leaves our hearts unwarmed. As for the "excommunicate Jew" that he pretended to despise, we have come to love him and to honour him; we have made him our Master, and have

"Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die."

Notwithstanding that the "Theologico-Political Treatise" had been published anonymously, and that the only other work published by Spinoza, the "Principia," was a mere trifle, his fame had by this time been wafted far and wide. In February, 1673, Fabritius, the Professor of Philosophy at Heidelberg, wrote to him in the name of the Elector Palatine (Karl Ludwig, the son of

Frederic V.) offering him, in most eulogistic terms, the post of Professor of Philosophy in the University of Heidelberg.

"You would enjoy," wrote Fabritius, "the fullest liberty of teaching, which his Serene Highness believes you would not misuse to the disturbance of the established religion. . . . I, for my part, add that if you come hither you will be able to lead in peace a life worthy of a philosopher."

The offer must have been a tempting one to any lover of learning, most especially to one so poor as to be obliged to grind a living out of lenses. Spinoza probably took very anxious counsel with himself before writing the refusal that he shortly sent:—

"If ever," he replied to Fabritius, "I could have wished for a professorship, it could only have been this one that his Serene Highness the Elector Palatine offers me; and that especially on account of the liberty of teaching that the most gracious prince deigns to offer me; not to mention that I have long desired to live under the rule of a prince whose wisdom is the admiration of all. But as indeed I have never had any desire to teach in public, so now I am unable to bring myself to embrace this brilliant opportunity, though I have long turned the matter over in my mind. For I reflect, firstly, that I should be hindered in the pursuit of philosophy if I were to give up my time to the teaching of youth; and secondly, I reflect that I do not know within what limits that liberty of teaching would have to be confined, so that I might not seem to be disturbing the established religion; since schisms arise not so much from an ardent zeal for religion as from the different passions of men, or from the desire of contradicting, which leads them to misrepresent and to condemn even doctrines that are rightly taught. It is not from any hope of higher fortune, but out of love of tranquillity, which I believe myself to be in some measure able to obtain, that I abstain from public teaching."

The following years, too, were not quite bare of emotional excitement. In 1672 the French invaded Holland, under the conduct of Turenne and the Prince of Condé. In 1673 there commanded in Utrecht one Stoupe, the lieutenant-colonel of one of the Swiss regiments of the King of France. Stoupe had been at one time the Savoy minister in London, in the time of Cromwell; and to these political and military activities he added the exercise of theological polemics. Whilst he was at Utrecht he published a book on "The Religion of the Dutch," in which he took to task the Reformed theologians of Holland for having suffered such a book as the "Theologico-Political Treatise" to be printed in their country. By the order of Condé, Stoupe invited Spinoza to Utrecht, of which place Condé was taking over the government, and being greatly desirous to converse with Spinoza judged the opportunity a favourable one for so doing. A passport was forwarded to the philosopher, who in the month of July started for Utrecht; moved by what reasons we are unable to conjecture. Condé had left before he arrived, and he was received by Stoupe, who assured him that his Highness would be delighted to use his

interest for him, and had no doubt that he could obtain for him a pension from the King, if he would but dedicate some one of his writings to his Majesty. Spinoza, "having no intention of dedicating anything to the King of France, refused the offer with all the civility of which he was capable." The philosopher was known to have been on terms of personal intimacy with the celebrated Jan de Witt, one of the leaders of the advanced republican party in Holland, who, with his brother, had been massacred by the mob on the occasion of an uprising of the Orange party.* Jan de Witt used to attach great importance to the philosopher's friendship, consulting him frequently on important matters. At one time he desired to learn mathematics of him. During his life he had settled on him a pension of 300 florins; on his death, his heirs having "raised difficulties" about the further payment of it, Spinoza quietly returned them the document by which it was assured; a step which caused them to reconsider their conduct, and finally to continue to pay him the pension without any further difficulty. The knowledge of this intimacy gave rise to a popular suspicion that Spinoza's visit to the French authorities had been undertaken in the interests of a political intrigue. The mob regarded him as a spy, and on his return were whispering that it would be well to get rid of ("se défaire de") so dangerous a man. Van der Spyck was alarmed, apparently not without reason, fearing that the mob would force the house and lay violent hands on the philosopher. Spinoza reassured him.

"Fear nothing," he said, "I can easily justify myself; the objects of my journey are known to many persons, and amongst them to some of the chief persons of the country. If the mob make the least noise at your door, I will go out to them, even though they should treat me as they did the poor De Witt."

Happily the crowd was by some means or other quieted, and Van der Spyck's household left in peace.

The "Ethica" had long been finished; and the last few years of Spinoza's life were occupied with the composition of his unfinished works, and with a very large correspondence. The "Political Treatise" was occupying his attention; part of it had been communicated to at least one friend by the year 1674, as we learn from the fiftieth letter of Bruder's collection. Lighter occupation was afforded him by a correspondent who teased him greatly with questions concerning "spectres and lemurs." He had to reply gravely and politely to such questions as "whether there be such things as spectres and lemurs; and if so, how long

* On which occasion Spinoza is said to have shed tears. He himself related that he was on the point of sallying out to affix in the streets at the spot of the massacre a placard with the words, "*Ultimi barbarorum*." His host was obliged to employ force in order to keep him within doors.

do they live?" Before formally deciding this point, he requested the writer to explain what he meant by these "spectres or spirits." "Are they mad?" he asked, "or foolish? or childish? for the things I have heard concerning them are like nothing so much as the imbecilities of children or of idiots." (It is sad to think that two centuries of evolution should have left the spirits unimproved in this respect.) Nothing daunted, the inquirer furnished a statement of the reasons for his belief. He thought that they exist, for the following reasons:—"Firstly, because it belongs to the fairness and perfection of this universe that such should exist." Let us pass over the three remaining reasons, and proceed to record the writer's opinion, "that there be spirits of all species, yet none of the female sex"—an opinion which certainly procured Spinoza a hearty laugh, as the curious reader may assure himself from his answer (Ep. 58 of Bruder), in which he takes the trouble to examine his questioner's "reasons" one by one, at great length. Van Vloten has shown, in his interesting "Collectanea ad vitam Spinoza," that the anonymous correspondent to whom the group of letters comprising Nos. 61 to 72 of Bruder are directly or indirectly addressed was no other than Walther von Tschirnhaus, the author of the celebrated work, "De Medicina Mentis." He has also shown, in the most exhaustive manner, that that composition is nothing more than a plagiarism, of the most dishonest description, from the works of Tschirnhaus's great master. Its principles are taken from Spinoza's "De Emendatione Intellectus," and are frequently set forth in Spinoza's own words. Of his debt to his master, Tschirnhaus makes not a syllable of mention, only referring to him once, anonymously, as a "quidam" who had "reduced the 'Principia' of Descartes to a mathematical form." "And writers have endeavoured," he adds, "to cast their reflections on ethics (*sua cogitata Ethica*) into such a form." Once more, the sad spectacle of great meanness allied to great talents!

We have nearly exhausted the history of Spinoza's outward life. One or two events, for which the dates are wanting, alone remain to be related. The philosopher's father died, leaving a scanty succession to be divided between him and his two sisters. The latter endeavoured to exclude him from his share, pretexting the fact of his excommunication as a legal bar. He resisted this act of fanaticism and injustice, feeling certainly that he was by so doing combating a tyrannous principle of thought, rather than resisting an attempt at petty extortion. One would like to think that the sisters were prompted to this unsisterly act rather by the bitterness of fanaticism than by their greed of old furniture; but it appears more likely that they were moved by both these forces. They were legally condemned to carry out the division of the succession; but Spinoza, having successfully asserted his principle

that thought should not be persecuted, abandoned his share to them, "only keeping out of it for his own use a bed"—the rest the sisters seem to have accepted. Verily, whom the gods love, they chasten. Small as was Spinoza's stock of worldly goods, it numbered such articles of curiosity as a *justaucorps* pierced by a dagger-thrust, a parchment that solemnly cursed him and cast him out of the fellowship of man and God, and a bed that reminded him that his sisters would fain have left him without a bed to sleep on: all this because he had dared to say that the letter of the Law was dead and insignificant, and that piety is enough, and that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses. We turn with pleasure to the other undated facts. Spinoza's good friend Simon de Vries brought him one day a present of 2,000 florins. The philosopher, "in the presence of his host, civilly excused himself from accepting the money, saying that he was in need of nothing, and that the possession of so much money would only serve to distract him from his studies and occupations." But Simon de Vries did not abandon his project of providing for the sage's welfare. He made his will in his favour, constituting him heir to the whole of his property, an arrangement which he was able to make without injury to more pressing claims, as he was without wife or child. But Spinoza gave him to understand that he would never accept the legacy, which he considered to be unjust on account of its defeating the natural expectations of a brother whom De Vries had living. De Vries yielded, and made his brother his heir, charging the legacy, however, "with an annuity for Spinoza for his life, sufficient for his subsistence." On his death, the brother offered Spinoza an annuity of 500 florins, which he refused, "esteeming it to be too considerable," and caused it to be reduced to the sum of 300 florins; which was paid him regularly until his death.

The last few years of his short life must have been passed peacefully and cheerfully. Peace of mind he had, at all events, for the work of his life was done—perfectly done. The "Theologico-Political Treatise," the work of most immediate practical importance to mankind, was not only written but published. The "Ethica," that great pyramid of lofty thoughts built upon geometric lines, and fitted together with such minute and careful workmanship—tower of refuge, temple reared to the glory of the One Infinite Substance—was finished. The worker, we think, lingered lovingly over the last finishing touches, loath for very love to quit the work; perhaps, too, a little anxious lest some slight oversight should have been committed that would mar its fairness, and that might still be mended. The picture that history has handed down to us of Spinoza in these latter years is more than romantic in its sweetness and peacefulness. Coler's account of

the manner in which he passed his time has already been given. Colerus tells us besides that his manners were sweet and peaceful. He was to an admirable degree the master of his passions. No one ever saw him either very sad or very gay. In anger, he retained his self-possession; and of the vexations that befell him not a trace was visible in his exterior; or if there escaped him some word or gesture that testified to his chagrin, he would retire at once, in order not to offend against good manners. He was affable and easy in the commerce of life, conversing frequently with his hostess and the people of the house. He exhorted the children to attend frequently at church, and to be obedient and submissive to their parents. When the people of the house returned from church he often inquired of them what profit they had derived from the sermon, and in what respects they were edified by it. He had a great esteem for Dr. Cordès (Coler's predecessor in the ministry), "a learned man, of a pious nature and exemplary life, for the which Spinoza often praised him. Sometimes he even went to hear him preach, and attached great value to the learned manner in which he explained the Scriptures, and his solid applications of their doctrine. He used to exhort his hostess and the people of the house never to miss any of the sermons of so gifted a man."

Once more he suffered a hard rub from contact with the world. Correspondence with Oldenburg had been interrupted for nearly ten years, when, in the early months of 1675, Spinoza sent his old friend a letter and a copy of the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*." On the 5th July, 1675, he wrote to Oldenburg that he was about to publish the "*Ethica*," and at the end of the month he set out for Amsterdam to arrange for the publication of the book.

"Whilst I was so engaged," he writes, "a rumour was being spread everywhere that there was a certain book of mine under the press, and that I endeavoured to show in it that there is no God, which rumour was believed by many. Whence certain theologians (very likely themselves the authors of the rumour) took occasion to denounce me before the magistracy; and certain stolid Cartesians, who are believed to hold my views, began to go about, and are still going about, uttering abuse of my writings and opinions, in order to clear themselves of that suspicion."

This state of things became day by day worse, and the publication of the book was suspended. It is probable that on reflection he decided that the book should be withheld until after his death, promising himself that he would devote the remaining years of his life to the elaboration of the subordinate members of his system of thought. Such works were begun by him, and their remains make us regret that their author did not live to complete them. One of them, the "*De Intellectus Emendatione*," probably one of his earliest works, is a noble fragment, every way worthy to stand

beside the "Ethica." It appears to have been at this time that he made those excursions into the domain of natural history of which Colerus makes mention. "He used to observe with the microscope the parts of the smallest insects, whence he used afterwards to draw the inferences that seemed best to accord with his discoveries." This may point to biological studies undertaken in the interest of an unwritten book, in which the laws of life were to be exposed. We are unfortunately unable to say whether he was stimulated to these researches by a knowledge of the splendidly persevering and acute observation of his contemporary and countryman Leeuwenhoek, the father of modern microscopic anatomy.

We can well believe that Spinoza's health was never robust—that he was delicate, unhealthy, emaciated. Colerus adds that he had suffered from phthisis for more than twenty years before his death, and other authors have repeated his statement. It is, however, difficult to believe that such arduous work as that accomplished by Spinoza was performed in the teeth of such an enervating disease as pulmonary consumption. The last twenty years of his life, it should be remembered, cover just the latter half of it: from his excommunication, namely, in 1656, to his death early in 1677; that is to say, they include the whole period of his labours as an author. To the labour, assuredly immense, of the composition of such works as the "Ethica," we have to add that of the trade by which he gained his daily bread. Phthisis is a disease of a peculiarly enervating nature, peculiarly destructive of the courage necessary to support such long and arduous work. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that, always of a phthisical diathesis, Spinoza brought on an attack of consumption by undue abandonment to his sedentary mode of life? "He would sometimes pass three months without leaving the house." By such a mode of life disease must have been brought on.

Spinoza escaped a lingering illness, and on the afternoon of the 21st of February, 1677, placidly breathed his last. The tongue of slander was not silenced by the presence of death. The imaginations of the seventeenth century could not help dressing out the "deathbeds of infidels" with the blackest colours and the most horribly fantastic incidents. We do not know whether the profession of Pantheism in particular was supposed to be visited with "horrible deaths brought on by special diseases;" but our great writer's epigram loses all appearance of caricature when we compare it with the rumours that were current on the occasion of Spinoza's death. The author of "Menagiana," a book published in Amsterdam in 1695, asserts that he died in France, from fear of being put into the Bastille. Other stories relate the precautions taken by him during his illness, in order to avoid

visitors "the sight of whom would importune him" (that is, we imagine, as the sight of the blessed forms one of the torments of the damned). One account states that he was heard frequently to pronounce the name of God, during his illness, with a sigh. Another declares that he was heard many times to cry, "O God! have pity on me, miserable sinner!"—"which having given occasion to those around him to ask him whether he now believed in the existence of a God whose judgments he had every reason to fear after his death, he replied that the words had only escaped him unintentionally, by force of habit." Amongst still other tales, we read that he kept constantly in readiness "a preparation of Mandragora juice, which he drank as soon as he felt the approach of death, . . . and having drawn the curtains of his bed, fell into a deep sleep, losing consciousness, and thus passed from this life into eternity." Even the worthy and usually scrupulous Colerus cannot refrain from contributing a glimmer of lurid fancy to the scene; and allows his dislike of Ludwig Meyer's opinions to draw him into writing, that no sooner was Spinoza dead than he "seized a ducat, some small money that the deceased had left on the table, and a silver-handled knife, and retreated with his booty." Colerus himself has thoroughly demonstrated the falsehood of all of these absurd stories, except the last, which may fairly enough be written down as too absurd to need refutation. It is possible, as suggested by the writer of Müller's manuscript, that Spinoza in his last moments may have given his old and tried friend some small articles as keepsakes; and that this may have been the germ from which the libel grew.

Let us sum up. Spinoza was no abstract pedant, susceptible of being fully described by the statement of a handbook of literature that he was a "mathematician and metaphysician," and lived "from such a date to such a date, in such and such places;" on the contrary, he was largely and eminently human. There are two natures in Spinoza, that of the man of quick, wide sympathies, to whom nothing that is human is foreign, as well as that of the mystic extra-mundane reasoner. In the early years of his life we can trace, with considerable sureness, the quick flashes of the fiery southern blood that fed his veins. He was never wanting in impulsiveness, but impulse in him was always more or less controlled by reason; and the control of reason grew through the lifelong practice of reflection and restraint into an ever more perfect mastery. The grandeur and the majestic pride of the Portuguese he retained to the last. His Jewish descent appears in the lofty confidence that enabled him to stand fast in the isolation of his philosophic vision, withdrawn from fellowship with the thoughts of men; alone, like the Hebrew prophets of old time, with God. Labouring unremittingly in the practice of piety, he

succeeded in moulding his soul at length into a form of consummate moral beauty. He has been accused of pusillanimity, we have found him constantly brave; of bitterness, and we have met with the greatest sweetness of disposition and of behaviour everywhere in his life; of sensuality, and we have found every reason to believe that his life was one of perfect purity. We have seen him to have been totally devoid of ambition, that so general concomitant of genius; in all relations of life we have found him surpassingly modest, affable, sincere, and generous. In his contempt, not only of riches, but even of comfort, he was almost Quixotic. He loved truth passionately, and with perfect disinterestedness. To the preservation of the independence and integrity of his soul he made unheard-of sacrifices, and it is by his splendid solution of this thorny practical problem, more than for aught else, that he has wrung from us our unbounded admiration and our unbounded gratitude. Let us not fall short of the truth through fear of falling into exaggeration:—Spinoza's life was of a beauty to which history can hardly find a parallel; on that Sunday afternoon of the 21st of February, two hundred years ago, there cracked as noble and as sweet a heart as ever beat in human breast.

ARTHUR BOLLES LEE.

THE SOCIAL METHODS OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.

NUMERICALLY the Roman Catholics of England and Wales are a feeble folk, and so incoherent by race and circumstance that their union in faith is a continual marvel. Sanguine individuals of their communion estimate them at perhaps a million and a half, but it seems that a calculation commonly received by Catholics is more correct which counts them as probably one twentieth of the population. Of these about six-sevenths are Irish, so that not more than one per cent. of the English, at the most, owe spiritual allegiance to the Pope.

Catholics, therefore, have full opportunity to practise the austere virtues ascribed to minorities, and three hundred years' exile from the national life has given them at once a peculiar strength and a peculiar weakness that the bulk of the nation does not possess. English Catholics are more English than their countrymen in many national qualities, and they have joined less in the changes, political and social, of the modern world. Long training has strengthened in them a pride and reticence which shrinks from alliance, whether with converts of their own race or with the Irish who compose the numerical strength of their Church in England. It would be difficult to imagine a less aggressive people than are English Catholics, or any less eager to embark in controversy with their neighbours. Nor are the Irish, such as they become in our great cities, likely to prove, except by very special miracle, effective champions of their faith. Notable instances occur in which Irish piety influences persons who are equally suffering and wretched, but by their peculiar virtues the Irish are apt to offend

not less than by their foibles; and Faith, Hope, and Charity incarnate, if arrayed in rags and issuing from the dens of Marylebone or St. Giles', would hardly commend themselves to prosperous Englishmen of the middle class.

As a missionary force then, protesting England would seem to have little to dread from that twentieth part of her population, of which again six-sevenths are those by their race the pariahs of her poorest parishes.

It is true that at the opposite extreme of the social scale Catholicism has abundant representatives in men of high rank and high culture, of the oldest historical blood and the newest nineteenth-century learning. In literature, art, and science, and in the various qualities which make a true aristocracy, the Catholic minority is so rich that it conquers and holds a position in the world's sight disproportionate to its wealth and numbers. Vague alarm is felt by those whose "invincible ignorance" prevents their understanding why this handful of heterogeneous people hold together, for what political objects such social combinations are endured, and what delusion can bind in one superstition a Newman and a Whitechapel "coster." The facts of Catholic coherence are certainly strange and grow stranger as they are studied. It is not wonderful that old-fashioned believers in "Protestantism" should associate Satan and the scarlet lady with the forces of Catholicism; that newer thought should shunt the subject of Papal Christianity into the limbo of "unknowable" things, and treat its renascent vitality as a fact of curious historical reversion, to be temporarily forgiven as perhaps useful in the education and direction of the emotions. But still the fact is a considerable fact, and may well interest those who are not sufficiently sure of the necessary evolution and progress of humanity to neglect the actual tendencies of social forces.

It is well-nigh miraculous that there should be any Catholics in England. In Ireland, the "melancholy ocean," the bogs, and the supposed general "wrong-headedness" of the people combine to lessen English surprise at the tenacity with which the Irish have clung to their faith, but in England it is strange that they should not have lost it yet more than they have, in the crowded centres of our industry.

Without touching on the difficulties of the past for Catholics, a fair conception can hardly be obtained of their present weakness, political and social; but well-informed persons are probably sufficiently acquainted with the temporal disabilities of the Papist million and a quarter who by the waters of Babylon sing the songs of Zion, to appreciate the remarkable vitality of Catholicism. In spite of all national disparagement and dislike it works on, where

socially needed, in increasing power. As leaven leavens dough, it converts by silent and secret law, of which men are but obedient servants, the undigested and even dangerous materials of society, into strength-giving and precious force.

By a slight attempt to sketch some facts which indicate the working of Catholic charity in England, and particularly in London, the writer of this article would, however feebly, indicate at once the need and the active usefulness in our modern England of Christianity such as it has been preserved in Roman tradition, from times when the dangers and evils of a gorgeous civilization were even greater than they now are.

Now, as then, there is that antagonism of nationalism and naturalism, of paganism and pantheism, in which the excellence of Christian methods of life and thought seems to be proved as it is not proved in times of faith and obedience. Those methods which have been preserved through all social transitions by the Catholic Church are more and more followed by her as social difficulties multiply. Cassandra warns us of rocks ahead and propounds the enigmas of modern life. Catholicism sets in our sight an ark, and to all who lend their ears offers reasonable solution of social problems. As we fare onward, amid gathering storms and by unknown paths, it is not strange, except to men blinded by prejudice, that Catholicism should gain in the estimation of perplexed and suffering persons, and that as perplexed and suffering persons multiply the force of this the only logical Christianity should increase. Were there but one church, and that in Wapping; were there but one priest, and he an alien, guilty of brogue even in the Latin of the Mass; Catholicism must assert itself in a society such as ours, to which its dogmas and its methods of life have become useful for progress if not for mere preservation.

In America it would appear that this force of Catholicism is not only comparatively latent as here, but apparent in a rapid increase of wealth and numbers carrying with them social power. In England there is little development as yet of distinctive Romanism, though by many unacknowledged channels streamlets of Catholicism are fertilizing the English soil. The actual increase of professing Roman Catholics has been checked, so that there is probably little if any addition made to their numbers by conversion equivalent to the defections caused by Poor-law regulations, by national prejudice, and by the poverty of the community.

The few trustworthy statistics that exist of Roman Catholic subscriptions for charitable purposes, would appear to prove either singular poverty or singular inertness in the community, if its extraordinary circumstances were not fully acknowledged. In Fry's List of London Charities, the return of moneys contributed

by Catholics to their various associations gives but £48,407 as the income of twenty-four charities, there being no return for twelve. Catholicism must do its work without the millions that are yearly placed to the credit of Anglican and Dissenting charity. A few hundred persons of liberal income are heavily weighed by Irish needs; for, though Irishmen contribute pence and shillings for the support of their Church as do no other Non-conformist working men, yet they find bare existence on earth too difficult a problem for the most part to have much margin for spiritual expenses.

It is a hard saying in our well-to-do world, but there are symptoms of a change from the social condition in which money was of all powers the most powerful. Capital has had some shrewd blows dealt to it, and the labour of the poor is felt to be more important than the money-bags of the middle classes. Now Catholicism has little hold on the wealthy middle class. That mass of dough is not yet fit for leavening if it ever will be, but in proportion as labour regains its due position, labour of mind and intellect, or labour of hand and trained muscle, wealth will cease to hold the keys of English creeds as it has done for so long, and the poverty of Catholics may be less disadvantageous to the growth of Catholicism. Still the poverty of Catholics might meantime allay the fears of that comfortable class who only believe in religion when it wears broadcloth on Sundays. Romanism wears in London the livery of its founder, however much state patronage may have endowed it elsewhere with the disabilities of wealth, and it owes little, if any, of its increasing influence to the landed property of its few social grandees.

Roman Catholicism in England lives from year to year as its "little sisters of the poor" do from day to day, with but scanty means, yet with more good work to show, in proportion, than could easily be believed by those who know its material resources but who have not yet let themselves be convinced of the demand for it in the actual circumstances of England, whether for social reform or for social preservation, in culture of the higher emotions or in restraint of some encroaching vices.

To write of the work done by Catholic charity in London, is no doubt to invite comparisons where Protestantism is specially strong, and when by lack of coherence, by hereditary disorganization, and reticence, Catholics are at a disadvantage. While fully admitting that gallant work has been done, notably by Anglicans, and with growing zeal, in our centres of barbarism, it is the object of this paper to point out that difficulties too often unsuccessfully dealt with are met by Catholic methods; that, notwithstanding the dead weight of legislation and prejudice which has accumulated during three centuries in a nation which pre-eminently

dislikes that of which it is ignorant, Catholicism, working by means apparently so irreconcilable as to be worse than ineffective, has already done the work of a true religion in places and among persons that have been dangerously neglected.

Since its emancipation the development of Catholic charity among the wastrels of the State goes far to vindicate the claim of the Church to be a faithful guardian of man's rights, to regulate with best wisdom the methods of true progress, and to hold for the benefit of all the secrets of our being, in the knowledge of which happiness is secured to every man, whatever his place in society.

Irish discontent, transplanted to our great centres of labour, would have been ere now a serious danger but for the fortunate amenableness to Catholic law of the despairing victims of English misrule in Ireland. The starving population transplanted from agricultural to city life bore the transition badly. It was too sudden for their balance. Their natural gifts of imagination and faith, their best qualities, exposed them to every degradation. Circumstances and associations which had kept them long free from some glaring vices of our modern world, fail the Irishman in an English "rookery." He does not understand the neigh of the Hounynhms. He cannot eat out of their mangers, he has no sympathy with their aims, he undervalues the comforts of their clean straw and excellent oats, and too generally he becomes a yahoo.

By every political and social law, the million of Irish settled wherever the roughest and worst paid labour has to be done, ought to be the least manageable and the most explosive of the dangerous classes. Imbued with the principles of a more primitive and patriarchal existence, no people are more faithful to the duties and more graced by the rewards of family life than the Irish at home. In England this is shattered for them, with accompanying shipwreck of that respect for authority and for woman which is the groundwork of their "home" virtues. To live at all, the wives and daughters of Irish miners, bricklayers, dock labourers, and the like must also work with all the sad, set rage of Hood's sempstress. The Irish do not appreciate even when they can earn the substantial cakes and ale that are the reward of the more solid British workman. Relaxation from toil means to them reckless waste, just as the recoil of a sapling is more vehement after tension than that of an iron rod. That the Irish do not figure yet more largely than they do in the criminal statistics of our great cities, that this alien million is not an advanced cancer in the English body politic, is due not to policemen, but to priests; not to "necessary progress," but to the agents of Catholic charity. It is known to a few how on more than one occasion every nerve of those who had influence has been strained

to prevent mischief when the Irish million have been stirred by some offence or by some demagogue.

There is surely a notable social and political force in the methods which have restrained this unruly element in English life, which binds together with these poor Irish in confessed brotherhood men of the highest culture and faculties, which gives patience to the somewhat too "English" remnant of a mediæval Church, so that it can bear, and even court companionship with the certainly too "Irish" immigrants.

Nor can the most ingenious critic attribute the advance of Catholic principles to the special acuteness of any particular intriguer. It has been, perhaps, marked rather by personal blunders than by triumphs. The leaven works in spite of some Parliamentary defenders of the faith, in spite of platform exhibitions of weakness, and foolish partisanship with this or that errant Bourbon. And it works chiefly in places that are little likely to excite the ambitions of men, but where exist disgraceful misery and a squalor, extreme as is the extreme of luxury in West London.

Some notion of how Catholicism is earning that respect from men which, as social pressure proves the value of its social methods, must be conceded to it even by those who do not accept Catholic dogmas, may be got by a visit to any of the East London Missions. Man's life is simplified there, and the true conditions of it can be better studied than in the confusions of leisurely wealth at the other side of the great city.

Do many of the readers of this paper know Stratford—Chaucer's Stratford-atte-Bow? In it is an average specimen of the Catholic Missions which are multiplying in the poorer parts of England, but it is favoured by the settlement there of seven brown-habited Franciscans, who have established schools and services which the one priest formerly in charge could not attempt. The district under their care is large in extent, and the population is necessarily somewhat scattered, to the injury of its schools, for infants cannot walk miles and cross a network of tramways to and from their school, and even older children are more or less absorbed by Board Schools and others near at hand. The Roman Catholic population is about fifteen hundred, who are, with hardly an exception, workers of the rougher sort. A draper, in a small way, is the richest and most important member of the congregation. There are not any sensational horrors at Stratford of outlawed "courts" and close-packed human dens, nor does West End charity materially help the community. Still the railway labourers and roughs must have their church, and even mortgage their weekly pay to the extent of a shilling a week or more to discharge the debt they incurred in its erection. They take strong personal interest in every detail of the mission expenses, and, hand in hand

with the Franciscans, support three schools, and propose to build a fourth for infants, and maintain in decent splendour the worship of their God. They are even offended if not consulted, and give to the spiritual concerns of their community a common interest that other workmen would spend on clubs certainly less useful in right culture of the emotions.

The men and women who have thus founded and maintained their church, and who have elected to follow the "ancient ways," live in streets, of which there are miles in East London. Each house in them has three rooms—each room holds a family, and if a stray lodger can be found to help to pay the average rent of four shillings a week, a screen of rags is set up, and he or she is taken in, with very careful observance of that decency which is dear to the poorest Irish.

Such poverty means dirt and rags, enforced abstinence in food, too often relieved by beer. Can an Englishman believe that Church law is kept even in Friday-fasting, when spring onions and tea without milk make up the meal, perhaps so preparing usefully the law-keepers for a time of beef and mutton famine?

Fortunately at Stratford home ties are not shattered as in other places by the necessities of labour, and home affections and duties are at once the best foundations and the best results of social order and religious life. Sack-making is the principal employment for women, and a woman will toil with stiff, bruised fingers, and sew up her fifty sacks a day almost cheerfully if she can keep at home. The tenpence or shilling, her utmost gain, goes farther if the mother of the house need not travel abroad for it, and the general quality of Irish life at Stratford proves the importance of the fire-side to that still semi-patriarchal people. The chief employment in the district is supplied by a jute factory, whence comes the incessant stream of sacking, needing the incessant stitching of the neighbouring women. Some hundred Catholic girls work in the factory, and to the writer of these pages, when passing through its long lanes of reels and looms, these girls were easily recognizable by their decent faces and their good manner when addressed. The high pressure of the place had not spoiled some indescribable grace of home and spiritual consciousness in them. Time was avidly used, as it must be in our competing industry; but there was a hint of eternity in some of the dusty and hot faces. The last farthing was got out of the knotted veins and nimble fingers, but there was in their recognition of him by the girls a gleam of hope in other wealth as one of the Franciscan priests passed by. Meantime the Catholic "hands" had by good conduct secured a preference from the manager. It is for their worldly advantage that many of them visit their church daily instead of the penny gaff or the "public."

In the most wretched Catholic home where faith is retained, there is also culture. Not a room at Stratford but has its walls hung with more or less rude pictures of Divine meaning. The family of Nazareth, the Crucifixion, and like images, seem to throw light on the suffering and poverty of the inmates. In one home visited by the writer, a fair engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" hung opposite a girl dying of decline. Her sister, a comely factory "hand," home for her dinner of bread and tea, arranged the bundle of rags against which the sick girl's head was propped. "Do you ever get a holiday in the forest?" the writer asked. "How should I, when I haven't a change of clothes or any spare money?" she said very quietly. The holy days and services of her Church made the year bearable to her monotonous labour. The factory girl, as she stood calm, contented, and strong, showed higher culture than many an erudite professor of women's rights crammed with all possible ologies. The methods and aims of Catholic charity, not less than its success, can best be studied in such places and such a population. The "wilderness" has at Stratford begun to "blossom," and there are signs of fruitage. The Stratford schools show for boys a higher percentage than the average in passes and in attendance; while in the girls' school, where are ninety-six in average attendance, there were but three partial failures at the inspection. Found in greatest activity in every centre where work is hardest, it would appear that Catholicism is proving itself the people's friend, and gradually the people will recognize its uses. The recognition may be deferred by national prosperity; the wealthy middle classes object to unendowed shepherds lately come from outlawry and the wilderness, much as the Hebrew army objected to David. But there are crises in national life when Goliaths appear, not to be slain by any man but David. Indeed, when society simplifies itself, as in East London, to certain primeval facts of life, toil, and death, the time is near when primeval revelations of a Divine justice and promises of Divine mercy must be rightly valued.

Without the authoritative teaching of such good news, the facts of life in Whitechapel and Wapping excuse the revolt of conscience against circumstance and a deep-seated scepticism of the benefits of Bible lore. The wildest dreams of social evolution are courted as a relief, and pathetic efforts towards charitable neighbourliness are made by men who very reasonably reject the spurious Christianity, of which there is a great deal in England, but who all the more keenly feel the need of supplementing its social shortcomings. But however passionately individual benevolence would struggle against drunkenness and other vices which are gaining on our modern world, it appears quite unequal to check the dis-

content and envy and the physical deterioration that weaken the national life.

Missionaries of good laws and wise customs are wanted rather than spasmodic pity and lavish subscriptions. As yet, no better summary of the laws that further social progress seems to have been made than the Decalogue as interpreted by Christ, and the Decalogue is the basis of Catholic charity. Its action is strictly controlled by the venerable precepts which have so well established the three great social bulwarks—respect for God, respect for parents, and respect for women; and its virtue lies in the right adaptation of the commandments securing these to modern society.

The Irish immigrants of the "famine" who were in well-nigh desperate case, fortunately knew a dogmatic creed and the Ten Commandments by heart. There was a curious correspondence in date between the organization of the Catholic hierarchy with all its sub-machinery, and the influx of starving exiles from Ireland so unprepared for superior civilization that they could not carry their beer with propriety and good fellowship; so ready to fight as to add largely to the statistics of crime, yet, poor souls, seldom able to fight with the success that earns at least the consideration of fellow roughs. The million of Irish were, and still are, an unpleasing feature in English life. Zealous Anglicans shrink from meddling, though well inclined, with these fierce professors of the Romish faith and savage manners. Wealth passes them by, and they have little help from Protestant endowments. Drowning in the mud of London, they have none but casual assistance from the relieving officer; the Catholic Church has come to the rescue, and has proved the value of her methods so well, that she has made out a title to deal, not only with the London Irish, but the London English of the poorer sort. These are signs, to those who will read them, of Catholic revival, not among kings and governors, but in the centres of labour throughout Western Europe. Where there is greatest social antagonism, Catholicism asserts itself as guardian of human order and helper of the oppressed. Generations live and die who know not the gospels of science, and who find themselves in much the same case as the oppressed of Goshen, of Babylon, or of imperial Rome; but Catholicism is now, as then, the lawgiver, the prophet, the saviour of that special brotherhood which keeps alive the good traditions of humanity.

In Stratford the work done by Catholic charity is not seen in the strong light and shade of more sensational districts, though it is an instance of the unpretentious influence for good of a religious community in a monotonously poor neighbourhood. But the Tower Hill Mission deals with as wretched a population as is to be found in London, or probably in the world.

Eleven years ago the reading public were much exercised by

descriptions of the horrors of Whitechapel and the neighbouring districts. Civilization was disgraced within half-a-mile of the Bank of England. Policemen could do nothing but shut into its haunts the rampant savagery of East London; while national charity offered its "casual ward" to working men out of employment. Fervent Ritualists, enthusiastic rather than profound professors of fragmentary Christianity, aped Catholic methods with an excess of outward observance which earned for them little else but mob-insult and newspaper impertinence. There seemed little help for Whitechapel from scientific legislation or Exeter Hall speeches.

Just at that time a priest belonging to the order bearing the "un-English" name, "Oblates of Mary Immaculate," got together some fifty Irish labourers of Whitechapel and preached to them under a railway arch. The fifty increased to five hundred before long, and the congregation migrated from the railway arch to a garret, and thence to a temporary iron church. Meantime by much begging, by the help of a few benefactors of the upper world, but chiefly by the pence and farthings of the Romish roughs thereabouts, schools were built. In the upper school-room the services of the Church were carried on until it overflowed, so that six masses on Sunday and three on weekdays, besides a sermon and service every evening, hardly supplied the wants of the congregation. After a time it became possible to reward these poor Irish of Whitechapel, and to comfort the souls of the neighbourhood living in daily pain of ugliness and squalor, by a worthy temple. On the 22nd of June last a church, in which there has been no stint of beautiful materials, was opened for worship in a street approached from the Minories by a narrow passage called Goodman's Yard. The alleys and courts about were all "*en fête*," and more bunting was displayed than Sultan or Shah could have hoped for if they had passed that way. There was satisfaction on every face that day, as if a nearer prospect of heaven were attained. The church was filled to overflowing by worshippers of every rank, from the Catholic duke and "the" cardinal to the costermongers and sackmakers of the district. The fitness of Catholic worship was never better vindicated. The beauty and show had their evident uses as the light from the storied window and from the illumined altar fell on the upturned faces of the dock labourers, bricklayers, and poorest poor. The gleam was reflected in their smile, as the "Lauda, Sion," worthily sung, swelled through the high nave. The symbolism of the eucharistic vestments, the mitred shepherd, crozier in hand, the rising incense sweetening the place as prayer sweetens life, were "understanded" of that people by reason of their very wretchedness. The key was supplied to the frequent coincidence of the noblest churches hard by the poorest populations. Ritual is not "pernicious nonsense" for

the 5,000 Catholics of the Tower Hill Mission, but a most valuable help towards the civilization of those who live within the black shadows of modern society.

Enough has been written of the degradation of the Whitechapel poor and of their dirt. An Irish court is perhaps most wretched to the English eye. Crones too old for other work squat on the greasy pavement cutting up firewood, which they have painfully collected from rubbish-heaps in builders' yards. The younger women stand round some hook or post from which they can hang their sacking and stitch at it with a certain rage to live which makes their faces fierce. Up narrow stairs, in and out the slimy passages of the human warren, are the dark-brown rooms where crippled bedsteads are heaped with rags by day, by night with close-packed human creatures; but in the worst houses glimmers here and there a little print of the Divine Child, the Holy Family, the patient and suffering God. At dinner time—or starving time, it may be—cleaner and brighter faces appear, bringing sweetness and light to the dark places. They belong to the children come from school; the elders respect them, language grows decent in the presence of some boy or girl prepared, it may be, for the great event in a Catholic's life—that of First Communion—or belonging to some "guild" or association and wearing the badge of good conduct which has earned his or her distinction.

Of the 5,000 who make the Tower Hill congregation, the children in average attendance at school number, according to the last report, over ten per cent., while the general average in England is under eight per cent.—a difference partly, but not wholly, accounted for by the poverty of the people, who probably have access to none but elementary schools. The report for 1876 will give yet more satisfactory accounts of the mission schools, which were suffering in 1875 from a change of the master of the boys' school. Even then their proficiency earned a grant of £377 19s., or a fraction over fourteen shillings a scholar, while the general average was for that year 12s. 3½d. At the last examinations ninety-one per cent. of the children presented passed, while the general average is a fraction over eighty per cent. These are results that commend the methods of Catholic charity among the Irish of Whitechapel.

But let the three R's be ever so assiduously studied, some Boeotians inquiring into Whitechapel manners might observe that the evils of drinking go far to outweigh all possible good from science or even from "letters."

As yet it may be confidently said that no way has been suggested of dealing with this national danger which will lessen it without mischievous interference in social rights. Protestant efforts, except so far as they imitate the ways of Catholics, have

been as powerless as Acts of Parliament. It is consolatory that of the 5,000 souls of the Tower Hill mission nearly 500 men are bound to abstinence from strong drinks. Using the natural influences of religious brotherhood, more potent than some modern economists might suppose, each of these men becomes a missionary of temperance among his fellows. As each Catholic mission in England is a centre of persevering and efficient efforts towards repressing drunkenness, the usefulness of Catholic charity is very considerable. And in this, as in other urgent work, it has the merit of elasticity. Its right principles of brotherhood that have borne the test of centuries can meet each social need; and as in England now, wherever there is most urgent call for reform, for good-will in lessening social evils and in teaching higher laws of life, there will the active if scanty forces of English Catholicism be found.

It is unnecessary to catalogue the various good works which must result from a true neighbourliness. The Catholic charities of London are good samples of its manifold use even when the conditions of society are very unfavourable. Not this or that subscription from a wealthy chief, or this or that appeal of peculiar eloquence to sporadic benevolence, demands attention when we consider Catholic methods, but rather their peculiar fitness for our social needs, and, as pressure increases, the increasing appreciation of Catholic solutions of certain difficult problems. What Kant has called the "sociable unsociableness of man," the antagonism of his wish for society, and his dislike of the opposition he meets in it, are regulated by the wisdom of the Catholic Church, as by no other religion, to a resulting progress. The isolation of individuals in our great cities is a crying danger, and no Acts of Parliament can deal with the resulting egotism which, if in extreme, would break up society and sap national strength. Yet it is fatal to the true prosperity of a nation that individuality should not be a constant counterpoise to exaggerated sociableness.

The first of the two precepts which summarize the Catholic code is distinctly calculated, by teaching the love of God, to promote the highest and most active individuality, for in conceiving of Deity man's conception of himself is dignified as by no other means; and in contemplating the individuality of God, his own individuality is strengthened and justified. The second Catholic commandment is inseparable from the first in their double action towards the highest development of man. "In society," again to quote Kant, "man feels that he becomes more a man." This power of society may be called by an old-fashioned name. It is the power of neighbourliness. If it be necessary to culture and art, and if it be a means by which, as Kant asserts,

we have risen from "brutishness," we perceive that neighbourliness is not merely what ascetics would call a "counsel of perfection," but an important means towards progress and prosperity. If individuality break out of bounds society perishes, nor can "government" deal effectually in repression of refractory egotism unless its edicts be seconded by that habitual neighbourliness which results from Christian teaching. However notable and grievous have been the breaches of the second precept of the Christian law, it has been a main agent in European pre-eminence, for by it the highest sociableness is secured in its fullest development. Apart from its dogmatic value, the use of Catholicism as social cement has probably been under-estimated by the fairest sociologist who is not a Catholic; but it will every year gain larger acknowledgment as historic prejudices disappear, and the science of human life is better understood.

It will be generally agreed that only a wise direction of the emotions can secure social coherence and true progress. Great religions, which have with more or less wisdom directed the emotions, have ever been a mainspring in the action of great nations and powerful societies. The most complete intellectual training could not secure the goods man chiefly desires unless his emotions be cultivated and controlled by special education, more important to him than the illumination of his mind, inasmuch as intellectual error can be to some extent corrected by the witness of our senses, while moral or emotional error is little checked, but rather liable to be aggravated, by our external perceptions. Whatever may be in store for humanity, it cannot yet dispense with the machinery which would seem best suited for the culture of the emotions; and in the growing esteem for Catholic methods of securing neighbourliness, there appears a recognition of their value and their superiority in securing a corresponding social coherence.

To those who believe in its Divine mission, the elasticity and adaptableness of these methods to every phase of human life are fresh proofs of the supernatural origin of Catholicism; but in any case the success and usefulness of Catholic neighbourliness is noteworthy, even when necessarily shown on so small a scale as in England. Each religious house, each school, each ripple from the central power, hints of its value to modern society.

Every Catholic bound by the dogmas of his Church is also bound by its laws of neighbourliness. The "works of mercy," the "virtues," defined long ago and part of every Catholic infant's knowledge, were never more needed than in our modern world; and the value of that steady teaching of the duty of brotherhood is felt wherever a Catholic mission is established, and most felt where individuality threatens to be dangerous. The waning

influences of family life, which have hitherto been the foundation of all prosperous societies, are revived by Catholic laws and customs, which are never stricter than in definition of parental and filial duty, never more uncompromising than in support of almost excessive womanly prerogative. The friction of labour and capital, and, what is yet worse, the antagonism of ignorance and knowledge, are mitigated by that culture of the emotions which is a special care of Catholic missionaries. A common brotherhood in the sacraments of the Church, in obligatory worship, in spiritual aim and discipline, and most of all in community of creed, restores equality between man and man in all higher interests, and redresses inequalities as no mundane communism could do. It would be hard to over-estimate the service rendered by Catholicism, even in its present restricted and sporadic action, in mitigating strikes and keeping peace among the miners and navvies under its influence, though its full action cannot be felt until the holders of capital and the employers of labour are also influenced by its law of neighbourliness. Meantime no social problem is more urgent than how to check the increasing divergence in aim and manner of living between the rich and poor; and no men are so earnestly labouring in the common round of their mission work to solve the problem as are the four hundred priests who work in London and its suburbs.

As a sample of the energy of Catholic neighbourliness, the list of means by which the devotion and goodwill of the people are aroused may be quoted from the official report of any of the London Missions. In the East there is great activity, and the reader who chiefly judges of Catholic vitality by a stray and resonant conversion in the West End, by a newspaper correspondence, or by an "Evangelical" cry of alarm in the House or at Exeter Hall, will probably be surprised at the work carried on when certainly there are no ambitious or political motives for it.

At Moorfields, there is this work done. On Sundays and holy days there are five masses; on Sundays catechism at three o'clock, and afternoon Benediction on the third Sunday of every month; Vespers and sermon every Sunday at seven, and half-past seven on holy days; three masses and an evening service every weekday. Tuesday, devotions and temperance pledge given in the schoolroom. Wednesday and Friday, the rosary is recited with night prayers. Thursday, rosary sermon and Benediction. The first Friday of the month, devotion and Benediction for the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart. Confessions are heard daily. Confraternities are formed among the people, of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Sacred Heart, of the Holy Angels for children, and of Christian doctrine. There are Societies of Temperance, of "the Children of Mary," a Benevolent Society for aged and

infirm persons, one of the "Sacred Heart" for the education of poor children, and there is a night refuge for homeless persons of good character. Besides all these labours of highest charity and neighbourliness the clergy of the mission have to do that house-to-house visiting, and look to the needs of their congregation with that personal attention, which gives to all good works a special value, and alone makes them ultimately profitable to both giver and receiver.

At all points where the foundations of our national society seem weak and sapped by the wash of Time, or the tricks of innovation, Catholicism is busy in re-establishing them, and if according to the ancient models, with all the new materials at hand. Whether to provide decent homes or the best education, to teach the science of sciences or the secret of family life, Catholic charity will be found foremost among all others, and out of all proportion to the money and power of the Catholic population.

To deal wisely with the seventeen millions of men among us who live on the edge of poverty, and are only kept from mendicancy by daily manual labour, is a chief difficulty of the English future. Alms there must be when, through illness or check of trade, these workers slip from their place into pauperism; but the "art of alms" is well-nigh lost, as is shown in the misuse of such vast sums of money, such elaborate organization and fussy energy, as each year's records of English "subscriptions" and "funds" exhibit. Neighbourliness is forgotten, and the action of the Samaritan has become one of those obsolete myths only useful to round a sentence and fill the ears of persons who like to feel sensations of piety. Some years ago there was a very useful return made within the English Church towards Catholic methods. Certain learned and devoted persons discovered the beauty of them, and with admirable earnestness and self-sacrifice endeavoured to supply the scandalous lack in England of personal charity, by founding sisterhoods and confraternities, and by imitating as far as was possible the ways of Catholicism towards the sick and the poor. Unconsciously perhaps to themselves, men and women were influenced by a sort of fashion in these matters; hospitals were no longer left to hurried doctors and ignorant and often depraved nurses; "funds" for every possible need of the charities in vogue, fine ladies to administer ritualism or "the Gospel," abounded, and—were rather in the way and superfluous. But as far as Anglican enthusiasm reached, the ages of faith seemed clearly past; no expenditure could firmly re-establish in Protestant England even one of the hundred and fifty orders of women who belong to the goodly family of the Catholic Church. Group after group of devoted and often wealthy Englishwomen have given themselves to charitable work, and have done a great deal of temporary good,

yet with little fruit of increased neighbourliness, except so far as they exactly followed Catholic methods. A sense of this, even when unwillingly allowed, has driven many Anglicans into an exaggeration of the exterior forms of Catholicism, to the greater unreality of the result.

There are besides the charity practised from complicated High Church motives, the many excellent schemes of benevolent persons for whatever happens to be the social wastrel in vogue. Energetic individuals, moved by the many excellent reasons for philanthropy, just men, cut to the heart by the injustices of society, have planned and striven their best, yet the evils they combat have not been extirpated, even if temporarily checked. The hobby stridden by each good man dies or wears out under him. Few charities other than Catholic have inherent vitality, however solid the estates attached to them. Few gain the sympathies of the poor they are meant to serve. In the harshness of their disappointment the most munificent are beginning to say that charities must be self-supporting, and that investments in heavenly treasure must pay at least three per cent. on earth—in short, that almsgiving is an economic mistake, and contrary to right faith and morals.

It is not strange that neighbourliness should be little promoted by a system of almsgiving which, as a first principle, asserts the superior blessedness of receiving compared with giving. However much energy, talent, and good-will philanthropists can boast, it would seem that only so far as Catholic methods of charity are used by them have they succeeded in reconciling the poor, harmonizing educated and uneducated labour, and fusing the classes of givers and receivers into brotherhood.

Even supposing a golden age of perfected political economy and sanitary science, our crowded societies of Western Europe will probably not thrive without neighbourliness; and it is one of the more obvious shortcomings of that provisional religion which has been on trial for three centuries in England, that while largest endowed of any, and influencing the richest people in the world, the right uses of alms have been neglected; and while incredible sums are spent on relief of the poor, as a political necessity or as a personal satisfaction to benevolent persons ready to endow a college or a cat, a hospital for diseases of the toes, or a home for lost pugs, there has been ruinous ignorance of the true ends of alms, and so waste of at least one important agent towards brotherhood at our disposal.

The writer of this article claims only for the few and feeble charities now reviving, under Catholic direction, in England, that they are samples of the right method in such dealings with our fellow-men, and that the success they have met with in the face

of traditional and intense prejudice is owing partly to their inherent fitness, and partly to the increasingly felt need of a right sociableness in our crowded centres of industry. Catholicism is gaining ground in the slums of our great cities, because, being a remedy for the refractory egotism that is a growing danger, men of goodwill, even of the rougher sort, begin dimly to perceive its value as social cement. Revolt against the tyranny to which the denial of a governor greater than the policeman would subject them, makes the *administrés* of our police-courts desire that there should be a God.

The increasing dislocation of their homes, the sight before them of the wilderness only peopled by the phantoms of their misery when their individuality grows excessive, drives men to band together under any flag, and shout any watchword of union that will have plentiful echoes. It seems probable, and there are signs of it, that the better-minded among working men require a theology which can rally them around it in a brotherhood of belief.

Pilate need not "wait for an answer," but the thinking units of our seventeen millions of working men must have one to their questioning, What is truth? and their questions increase in urgency.

It is something meantime for the thinking unit to hear that there is a teaching power that has multiplied its mouths of late years wherever the questioning of the poor was likely to become most urgent. To teach is the eternal commission of the Catholic Church, and dogmatic teaching seems likely to become as precious to the poor now as during the Roman decline of sociableness and exaggeration of individuality.

In touching, however slightly, on the methods of Catholic charity, and the reasons of its eminent success, on however small a scale, in meeting the pressing needs of our society, it is impossible not to perceive the value, towards promoting neighbourliness and a coherent sociableness, of a dogmatic teaching that is backed by absolute assumption of Divine authority. United in a common bond with his fellows, "man," again to use Kant's phrase, "feels that he is more a man." Very earnest efforts have been made of late years to improve the mutual relations of the rich and the poor. The danger of marked severance and conflict has been perceived by prophets of all faiths and unfaiths; but perhaps the knitting together of men in their respective classes, of the working man with the working man, the educated with the educated, in a common work of human progress, is yet more important than the mere pacifying of the poor. For the egotism of exaggerated individuality seems chiefly mischievous in its destruction of closer ties than those possible between different classes of society. The rift that is deepening between leisure and labour has been perhaps sufficiently gauged, but not that worst disunion which breaks up

the family and the natural associations for mutual help of comrades in toil. Shifty philanthropists are in chronic perplexity how to "comblér le déficit" of charity by fussy appeals for subscriptions, and our ears are full of their shrieks; yet the lessening of cohesion between men of the same social standing is probably less remediable and more dangerous than jealousies of class.

It is noteworthy that the man who lives by labour has often clearer judgment than has the leisurely man of the broader social landmarks, for he has a more practical conception of his true place in creation. There is increasing egotism in every quarter of our crowded cities, not less in Belgravia than in the Peabody blocks. But the working man is here and there struggling against the isolation that threatens him. To communistic schemes, trades unions, international societies, and the like new formulas of neighbourliness, he looks for help with more or less of disappointment, but help he feels is urgently needed. The moneyed middle-class man can meantime make shift to do without other law or gospel than respectability, which is to him the first great precept, and the second is like unto it, to give "handsome" subscriptions whenever the list is well "inaugurated" by Royalty or the Lord Mayor.

Leisurely thinkers possessed of fixed incomes can afford to decompose creeds and are content with working hypotheses or none at all concerning the hope of that other life which simpler men *must* have whether it is to be on earth or in heaven. If there is none anywhere for the toiler, he would seem not inexcusable if he demand a reconstruction of society to be effected if needful by force and free fighting till owners of property are driven once more to "serve their feuds" and yield neighbourly help to the "hands" who work for them.

Meantime the Catholic leaven is working here a little and there a little throughout Western Europe in distinct encouragement of brotherhood, and antagonism to the excessive individuality which is fostered by the life of great cities, by mechanized labour, and by revolutionary schemes. Catholicism has done and is doing much towards this work by her perfection in the art of alms, but that of itself could hardly win the tolerance and even the approval that is being given more and more each year to Catholic methods by the working men and their more impartial friends. There is another science which directs the art of alms to its higher objects of neighbourliness. The life of Catholic charity, and its vitality under the most unfavourable circumstances, owes much to its dogmatic creed; and the marked tolerance that, in spite of "No popery" cries, is beginning to be shown to Catholic agents, from Cardinal Manning to the last-imported French *sœur de charité*, would not have been won for them but for the intolerance of

their creed and the defined dogmatism of their teaching. Brotherhood in faith and hope is probably the best antidote to excessive individuality, and a vague perception that this is so gives a force to Catholicism which no controversy on disputed points of history could attain wherever, as in our great cities, there is this danger of social incoherence. In times of social pressure, creeds spread fast among the poor whether they lie under an iron or a golden tyranny. The disruption of the Roman world probably hastened the crystallization of the Christian symbols, and dogmatic definitions of mysteries the most inscrutable cemented the European fellowship. Laws and customs contributed from various sources had their ultimate sanctions in a common creed, and a code of neighbourliness became well defined by the authorities both of Church and State. Those laws and customs are still powerful for us, but it is a question only of time how long they may be endured without revision by the practical working man when he discovers that they are but hollow props of a social edifice that has lost its cement. As a sense of creedlessness gains on the poor, and men of excessive individuality make new customs for their private convenience, a reaction may be looked for among honest persons towards religion. The working man in search of a creed is a very possible portent, and a hopeful one, unless we give up the expectation of sound national progress. He will hardly be satisfied without some formula of truth that he can believe to be infallible. His instinct will desire some hopeful outlook from his monotonous life, and some articulate explanation of it. In the muddle of generalities and newspaper phrases with which most persons who are called "educated" deceive themselves, the usefulness cannot easily be estimated of a verbal declaration of doctrine which, like the stamp of coinage, fixes the value of at least some words. The importance of a "cry" on the battle-field is recognized as a bond and help to the combatants. Every brotherhood, for good or evil, has its rallying dogma, and creeds are moral and intellectual standards round which men unite in that passionate devotion which has power to rouse the most miserable.

It would be impossible to write of the working of the Catholic charities without a remark that a main source of their success in the present time is probably the fact that they are inseparably connected with dogmatic teaching. Be the agents of it ever so reticent, be the Irish poor ever so unpopular, there is a spell in the higher neighbourliness of a common faith, of an infallible creed, that works when there is urgent need of such neighbourliness. A common profession of an infallible faith has probably saved the London Irish from the utter disappearance to which the circumstances of their immigration seemed to condemn them. A common profession of certain shreds of the Catholic creed, held to be

certainly true, gave strength to Puritan England, and created the brotherhoods for good of many English societies. It is not strange that, as these shreds fly into space or are traced to their origin, the mother-creed should again assert itself, and be gradually acknowledged as a necessary means towards unity among those who most suffer from social incoherence.

Without attributing to the active agents of Catholicism any design beyond the straightforward furtherance of their Master's work, it is obvious that, if the sociableness of man be promoted by an infallible creed, such a creed becomes politically of importance. Catholic charity is not a mere exercise of that benevolence which relieves the conscience of the rich, but, in its various phases, in its special activities, always adapted to the needs of the people, it is necessarily a social and political agent, more or less powerful. There would appear every prospect of its increasing power in the conditions of modern society, nor can persecution and abuse seriously check its growth, seeing that it is gaining its due place in the estimation of working men, and its advance is upwards from those deeper strata of society in which national forces reside. Probably no one form of government is more favourable than another to the development of Catholic charity, but certain states of society demand it. The increasing influence of the wage-receiving class will probably remove some of the shackles imposed by monarchies and aristocracies, and some Catholics even hope for the triumph of their Church in a widespread democracy. But the reason why Catholicism of late years flourishes best where government is popularized is probably because there is in such communities a keener instinct of the modern need of increased sociableness, and the common sense of men adopts a remedy proved to be effectual. When in the formation of European society it was necessary to individualize and centralize power, the monarchical and aristocratic forms of government had Catholic sympathy. But Catholic sympathy is continually shifted to whatever political or social order best secures the true progress and highest rights of the human race; whether it be democratic in the over-crowded centres in London or New York, or whether it support the confessors for conscience under the Falck laws, or accept thankfully the autocratic denunciations of the Syllabus against the invasion of error. Not this or that political recipe is used, or any special sort of defenders, royal or rough, are chosen by the Catholic Church for her implements of progress, nor does she appeal to this or that Cæsar, of the purple or of the gutter, for judgment of her acts, but to the common sense of men of goodwill. That their verdict is more and more favourable to the humble work done by Catholic charity since its emancipation in England, begins to appear.

Three works of charity seem specially needed in our modern world—care of the sick, of the old and infirm, and of orphans; the prevention of crime; and, greatest of all, the right education of the poor.

It is a question whether nursing be not, in many cases, as important as doctoring in the recovery of health—certainly it is so in the alleviation of incurable disease—and there is a widespread belief among persons who differ on most other subjects, that no nursing is so good as the nursing of nuns.

Some twenty years ago a lady, than whom few were better fitted to give an opinion, published a little book which urgently appealed for some reform in the nursing at the London hospitals. Inquiries into the general class of hospital nurses at that date—and it was not so long ago—had made it clear that Gampism was almost universal.

“The situation,” she writes of hospital nurses, “is most trying and responsible. Obedience, presence of mind, cheerfulness, patience, forbearance, judgment, tenderness—these are among the qualities required in a nurse, and where are these to be found combined?”

“Only a very low class of women apply for the situation of under-nurses, and the difficulty of procuring them at all is at times so great that matrons are often obliged to receive them without obtaining any character. Till within the last few years drunkenness was carried on to a fearful extent; and though this has been considerably checked, it still remains the besetting sin of nurses, and excuses are made for it on the plea that they need the support of spirits under their harassing work. A medical man in one of the large northern hospitals was questioned as to the religious character of his nurses. ‘If I can but obtain a sober set,’ was his answer, ‘it is as much as I can hope for.’

“Frightful tales of profligacy amongst the nurses have been brought to light by inquiry, and it is often the case that the best nurses, so far as medical attendance and skill go, are the worst characters.

“Respectable patients who have come into a hospital hoping and believing that they should benefit both bodily and spiritually, have gone home worse in the latter respect than they came in, their tone of mind lowered by the conversation they have heard unchecked around them; and even when all is outwardly correct the patients’ sufferings are too often aggravated by the rough treatment they exercise, the harsh words spoken, the absence of that tender sympathy which soothes prolonged pain and sickness, and which, amidst every other privation, they might have had at home.”

At the time this picture was drawn by one with full means of information, the London hospitals relieved over 300,000 patients annually; so the field for Catholic charity was indeed white unto harvest. It was well that its methods were about that time begun to be imitated, with more or less success, by a hitherto inert Protestantism, and that the very urgency of the need drove sincere workers to try the rules, and to act as nearly as they dared on the motives, which had long been efficacious in Catholic countries.

Since the formation of European society, Christian charity had provided for the nursing of the sick. S. Vincent de Paul con-

solidated the Order of *Sœurs de Charité*, but from its formation in 1097, the Hôtel Dieu of Paris had been in charge of nursing nuns. Now the Order numbers, perhaps, 20,000 sisters scattered throughout the world, and apparently multiplying with most energy wherever society is most advanced. Swept away in France by the revolution of 1792, the new world of the nineteenth century could not do without it. The Minister of the Interior, before any formal revival of religion was authorized in France, decreed the re-establishment of the Sisters of Charity. He officially gave three reasons for the Act, which are worthy of quotation:—

“Believing that the services rendered to the sick can only be properly administered by those whose vocation it is, and who do it in a spirit of love:

“Believing that among all the hospitals of the Republic, those are in all ways best attended to which have preserved the noble spirit of their predecessors, whose only object was to practise a boundless love and charity:

“Believing that there no longer exist in this institution any but those who are growing old, so that there is a fear of this Order, which is a glory to the country, becoming extinct: It is decreed,” &c.

“Ah,” said the First Consul, discussing one evening at the Tuileries with Cabanis, Destutt de Tracy, Volnay, and others, the benefits that the human race had derived from the eighteenth century, “all that is very well, gentlemen; but produce, if you can, a *sœur grise*.” A *sœur grise* is, in truth, one of those valuable products of the Christian civilization which were brought near perfection in France during the brilliant era of the seventeenth century, and which, fortunately for our world, were never more active than they are now in neighbourly labour. The Sisters of Charity have fourteen houses in England, where their various good works prosper, and earn commendation from Government inspectors, from Poor-law guardians, and even from “justices” of the most English breed.*

Still better suited to English soil are the Sisters of Mercy, an order hardly more than forty years in existence, but which numbers forty-two houses in England. While doing with diligence whatever good work comes to their hand to do, the three chief objects of the community are the visitation of the sick poor, the reception of destitute young women in the house of mercy, which, when practicable, must be attached to every convent, and the care of female orphans. Reformatories for criminals, as at Golden Bridge, in Ireland, hospitals, and everywhere schools for every class needing instruction, come within the large charity of these sisters. In 1861 they opened a hospital in Dublin, with 500 beds, where all who apply, irrespective of creed or rank, are received. There is

* Even when the courage which forbids them to be cautious, when dying and unbaptized babies are brought to them for succour, exposes these admirable women to the double danger of imperfect statistics and perfect Protestantism.

but a chorus of praise from competent judges of their work throughout Great Britain. It is significant that their first community in England settled down to its work in Bermondsey. Wherever the higher culture of humanity has been most neglected, there the sisters appear, and it is time that they should be at work in many of our crowded deserts. But this paper does not profess to be a catalogue either of the numbers of religious orders or of the testimonials to their work, which can be found in Government and parochial reports. It will, perhaps, be readily admitted that while there are sick poor and uneducated persons, the services of trained and devoted distributors of alms and executants of charity are very necessary. Nor will it be denied that until some twenty years ago there were in England but few new developments of the old charities, and little sign of the elasticity that a living law should manifest. With the Catholic revival also revived Catholic neighbourliness, or at least good imitations of it. The practices and rules followed by "our elder sister," as some Anglicans loved to call the Roman Church, were studied, and with admirable results. Yet, after all their noble efforts and their endurance of much suspicion and contempt, the Protestants who best imitate Catholic methods are still only quacks, and the remedies they apply for cure of disunion and distress are empirical. It is impossible not to feel that working men have more to hope from political economy, from sanitary reform, and from Education Acts, than from stray sisters Seraphica and the Ritualist agents of contraband devotions. In the East End of London, however, every cure for its disorders may well be tried, whether the homœopathy of Ned Wright or the ornamental "revivals" of some "High" Churches, where the *mise en scène* is as much finer than the service imitated, as Mr. Irving's Hamlet is more gorgeous in his surroundings than any Hamlet in Shakespeare's thoughts.

There are working now in London sixty-six communities of women and thirty of men belonging to Catholic religious orders. In the other great industrial centres of England still further removed from fashionable or political patronage there are, in about equal proportion to their poverty and population, religious houses. Many of them are recently founded, as each year sees new and rapid développement of Catholic charity. Many are weak in numbers, and all are poor. Some live from day to day on casual alms and scraps, as do the "little sisters of the poor," who feed themselves on the remnants left when the old people and children in their charge are satisfied. Papal aggression is conducted by a weak force, and there is probably not so much enthusiasm and excited self-sacrifice among the Catholic agents of charity as among Anglicans. Their orderly and codified action is no new or strange invention, and their remedies for social disorganization are

while more "advanced" than those professed by the newest doctrinaires, yet distinctly old-fashioned. They have not the exciting balance of four millions at their bankers to suggest gorgeous schemes of philanthropy, as has the great Protestant army of charity-mongers in London alone. Perhaps it is as well, for there is sorrowful question whether the four millions do not tend to the further severance of classes rather than to national neighbourliness.

Without venturing an opinion as to the truth of the Catholic creed, a powerful cement of society and a close tie to bind man and man together is in the hands of Catholic agents of charity, and one more powerful than money in millions, when they offer to all who will listen a compact "authorized version" of the Christian dogmas. All victims of penny journalism and "literature for the million"—indeed, all men addled by conventional phrases and universal cant—must feel uneasy surprise when they are met by a group of sentences every word of which is weighted with the full meaning possible to it. But in the shifting sands of modern phrases and in the general haziness of meaning prevalent particularly in religious compromises, what a relief to feel under floundering feet a form of belief which must be accepted or refused without economy of faith or glossing of speech! "Reformers," votaries of the "new learning," objected to the "hocus-pocus" of the Latin Mass; but who shall reform the focus-pocus of our profuse language of unbelief? Truth plays hide-and-seek in the fog of popular phrases, parliamentary or unparliamentary, until we begin to distrust profoundly all that is said, and still more all that is written, by our fellow-men in their dealings with us. It is evident how neighbourliness must suffer by this indefiniteness of speech. The uneducated man loses heart in the *mêlée* of vague words, and some day in a dumb rage may make clear his meaning by his fists. The professor of newspaper opinions will hardly know how to meet the professor of blows, having dandled himself in cant till decision or action have become too difficult.

And already there is among working men an evident craving for trustworthy creeds of some sort that may bind them together; that where there has been revolution there should have been break-up of old creeds by those who hoped to profit by social disruption is natural, but working men are equally eager to secure themselves by the recompilation of some formula. The strength of the Paris Communists was in the faith of the honest men among them that common action towards a common end by means commonly received must be revived. Their creed wanted both depth and height and breadth, yet it gave them temporary coherence, and that in proportion to the infallible authority which its inventors claimed for it.

What might not four millions sterling effect if the distributors of it were quite sure of their "apostles'" creed and equally sure of its social value? The Catholic agents of charity have just the eightieth part of that at their disposal. It will hardly be denied that to the general sum of neighbourliness and social good-will between rich and poor they contribute more than the eightieth part.

The wise men of the West do much to hasten the Catholic revival by their attempt to substitute working hypotheses and dreams of an "unknowable" for religious dogma. They evoke by agnosticism a "thorough spirit of opposition" which, Kant predicts, may "break up society," if indeed society be not already deeply fissured by it.

Meantime, infallible creed in hand, Catholic charity thrives as does no other, and is recognized day by day by the growing tolerance of the nation as perhaps the best; by the working men within its range—navvies, miners, or the like—as certainly the best. Its care of infants, of aged poor, of the sick, of penitent women, and of criminals, when it has access to them, is attested in reports that deserve reading by all interested in English life.

But of all manifestations of charity and of all means towards neighbourliness none are just now more useful than is the education of the poor. The merit of their methods in all the charitable dealings of Catholics may be tested by their success in this. The statistics, inaccessible in many other departments of their work, are to be seen in the yearly reports on Education presented to Parliament.

The usefulness of learning to a nation has been lately revealed to English economists and politicians, and the small community of Catholics has profited by the educational impulse. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of its recent outlawry, and the incoherence of its materials, it has proved more ready than any other group to use the means at last offered towards education by Parliament. The Church which claims to teach vindicates her claim by the success of her schools, in spite of drawbacks that would have left any other Nonconformist body hopelessly behindhand.

As a proof of the elasticity which can use favourable circumstances to rapid good it is noteworthy that while the increase in average attendance since the adoption of the new code has been thirty-four per cent. for Church of England and Dissenting children, it has been fifty per cent. for Catholic scholars—their numbers having risen from 71,666 in 1870 to 108,300 in 1875.

Taking the Roman Catholic population as about one-twentieth of the whole in England and Wales, it will be found that ten per cent. attend school, while about eight per cent. only of the remaining population attend; so that not only, as will be seen, by their proficiency but by their numbers, the Catholic community

receive a higher educational grant in proportion than do other denominations.

The part played by charity in this result is noteworthy. The per-centage of scholars who can pay no fees is about two per cent. generally, while Catholic children in that predicament are twelve per cent. The statistics of subscriptions throw curious light on the poverty of the middle and upper classes of Catholics in comparison to the burden of poor whom they must help to support.

Non-Catholic voluntary subscribers of five pounds and upwards are 21,032 in number, and taking Catholics at one-twentieth of the population they keep the proportion tolerably well in this, the higher class being 1,057, who subscribe five pounds and upwards.

But the lack of middle-class wealth is shown by their short-coming in the class who subscribe from one to five pounds. Non-Catholics number 106,797, of which a twentieth would be 5,339; whereas the actual Catholic subscribers of that class are 2,886.

The mass of Catholic subscriptions is from the poorer people who give less than a pound. These for non-Catholics number 118,916, of which the twentieth is 5,945, while actually there are 10,089 Catholic subscribers of the lower class. Yet still, taking them as a twentieth of the population, Catholic subscriptions are in proportion to their numbers nearly a third more than those of the other communities. It is perhaps a question whether poverty be a hindrance in the larger action of charity towards brotherhood, but it is certainly a check to the apparent success of Catholic schools in Blue Book reports. Their managers cannot afford the same salaries to the teachers; their average pay is five per cent. less than in Church of England schools, twenty per cent. less than in Board, and thirty less than in Dissenting schools.

The pressure of a wealthy and prosperous majority, who if certain of no other truth are cock-sure that Catholicism is an unprofitable superstition, tells on young teachers. If ambitious, the cleverest among them are tempted to seek in the outer world for better paid work and larger prospects.

The poverty of the Irish six-sevenths of the Catholic population reduces the proficiency of the children in the higher standards, for when the little ones can help in the family struggle for existence school is given up, and the patient nun or impatient master must content themselves with infant training, which, however important, has little showy results in the yearly blue book, and causes the per-centage of Catholic passes in higher standards to make but a sorry show.

Yet notwithstanding all drawbacks Catholic primary education is a success from every point of view.

It is the most economical of any. The average cost of teaching each child is respectively £1 11s. 11½*d.*, £1 12s. 2½*d.*, and £1 16s. 11*d.* for Church of England, Dissenting, and Board schools, while for Catholic schools it is £1 9s. 5*d.*

The average proficiency of Catholic children, as given in the report for 1875, is the highest of any, being 59·51 per cent., while the general average is 58·83. This is attained by the singular excellence of the teaching in the younger classes, for the children in the upper standards suffer seriously through poverty, and furnishes a proof how largely disinterested charity works towards the results. The care bestowed on infants is shown in the high average of children in the first class who pass completely, being as 69 to the general average of 63 per cent.

The average of Catholic proficiency would be very much higher, and show an almost unaccountable superiority of Catholic to other educational methods, but that the children are withdrawn so early, and are forced to be so irregular in attendance by their circumstances.

Up to the age of ten the per-centage of Catholic scholars on school registers is higher than for the other denominations; but from ten years old it regularly decreases, the general per-centage being nearly double the Catholic for scholars over fourteen years old.

Persons acquainted with the difficulty of finding teachers willing to devote themselves to infant teaching, as Catholics must do under these circumstances, will appreciate the value of women trained, as are nuns, in patience, obedience, and good manners.

To expect a young lady who embraces the religious life to teach by mere force of zeal is unreasonable; but if she undergo special training, Government inspection, and belong to an order that has teaching for its aim, and perhaps centuries of hereditary experience, there is little doubt but that her personal devotion, the strength and refinement gained by conventual plain living, and by the high thinking which the creed and catechism of her Church demand, give such a teacher a different influence over young minds than any likely to be possessed by the ordinary salaried mistress, however neatly turned in the education lathe. While some Catholic communities have earned the highest praise from Her Majesty's inspectors, it may be asserted that all the religious houses in Great Britain are valuable recruiting-grounds for the best class of teacher. How else could the fact be accounted for that, notwithstanding poverty, sparseness of schools, and the many disabilities of the Catholic poor in England, the proficiency of the children earns a higher grant than do the Church of England and Board schools, being 12s. 10½*d.* a scholar, while the

Church of England and Board schools respectively earned 12*s.* 8½*d.* and 11*s.* 5½*d.* for their children, the Dissenters alone, providing as they do for a comparatively independent class of poor, earning a higher grant than the Catholics, being 13*s.* 0¼*d.* for each scholar?

There is enough, meantime, in the circumstances of their poor to discourage any but very fervent and persevering charity among Catholics. The depressing effects of belonging to a minority, until lately subject to legal persecution, tells in the poor show made by the Catholic boys in comparison to the proficiency of the girls. The influences of a prosperous nation in which, if earnest, Catholics are more or less alien, tells on the boy who has to make his way in the outer world far more than on the girl whose interests are at home. In all other but Catholic schools the number of boys who try for higher subjects is very much greater than that of girls; in Catholic schools the proportion is reduced. Catholic young men are not unambitious, but they are tempted by circumstances and forced by pressure of poverty into other careers than Catholic schools can open to them.

Meantime there is truth in the saying, "educate a woman and you found a school," and though Catholic education in the blue book statistics has not the brilliant results it might otherwise show, the extraordinary success of the infant and girls' schools promises well for the community as a part of the nation. Society is agitating itself much about the future education of women, and the neglect of it in the more recent past. Would society be surprised to find that Catholic women have not suffered in the general decline of womanly power, from which there is the mistaken and dangerous reaction towards "women's rights?" There are no platform shriekers among Catholic women, but in the government examination for students who are candidates for admission to training colleges, of the first hundred women, eight Catholics occupied the places 1, 4, 30, 34, 67, 89, 94, 96. Of 1,500 female candidates 102 were Catholics, twenty-nine taking a first and seventy-three a second class. The highest male candidate of 1,345 examined ranked 116. Thirty-eight passed—six in the first, and thirty-two in the second class. In the past year the trained teachers were increased by the number of twenty-seven masters and seventy-six mistresses issuing with classes from the training colleges, so that the probable wants of Catholic schools are more than met, and there is even some difficulty in finding situations for the outgoing students.

The slight superiority in the proficiency of Catholic scholars in secular knowledge exists together with a very important proficiency in the large knowledge summed up as religious. The importance of instruction in the literature and training in the practices of Christianity is never forgotten by the Catholic over-

seers of the flock in their charge. The breadth of the religious examination would surprise many of the most ambitious advocates for the education of the poor. For instance, in the first standard fair knowledge is required of a considerable part of the Catechism, of the Ten Commandments, and of the leading doctrines and practices of the Catholic religion, besides an acquaintance with the Old Testament to the story of the tower of Babel, and with the Gospel story of our Lord's birth and infancy.

In the sixth standard, the course being complete, a knowledge of doctrine and sacred history is required that would very much astonish candidates for the Government services. The masters and pupil teachers are bound to have a proportionably intelligent acquaintance with the dogmas and history of their faith in all its development. So there is a double education for Catholics—a fact that goes far to explain the proficiency of these roughest poor who make up the mass of the community.

The official reports throw unexpected light on the various causes of this proficiency. With one consent inspectors declare that the indifference of parents is a main impediment to education. Now this indifference has been constantly combated by Catholic teaching. "No manipulation of the code," says Mr. M. Arnold, "can cure this weakness or diminish this difficulty." But Catholic manipulation of the Decalogue can do much in its remedy. The clearly defined relations of parents to their children authoritatively taught prevent at least habitual neglect of their training, and as a result no parents are so eager as the Catholic poor to secure within the limits of their poverty the best teaching for their children.

Inspectors frequently deplore the rough and disrespectful manner of teachers to their pupils, which injures the tone of the school in every way. This defect is almost unknown in Catholic schools, where teachers and taught are alike trained in habits of external as well as spiritual respect for certain persons and things, and where neglect of such reverence is considered a disgraceful mark of irreligion. Besides the "main impediment" to English education in the indifference of parents, Mr. Arnold (than whom is no better judge) complains of the "unawakened and uninformed minds of the majority of our school-children, even of those who can pass the examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and sometimes in an extra subject or two besides. This exceeds," he writes, "so far as my observation goes, anything of the kind to be found in the schools of other countries. In a school of seventy children, which I visited last year, a school with annual grants and pupil teachers, there was not one single child who knew the meaning of the word *feeble*. The longer my experience, the more I discover how prevalent among our school-children is the condition of mind which this sort of ignorance indicates. The composite

character of our language may go for something towards explaining it; the past life and circumstances of our poorer classes may go for something. But it exists, it is an obstacle of the most fatal kind to instruction, and, so far as it is due to the mixed character of our language, it is quite conquerable." To literature Mr. Arnold looks for help to cure the prevalent intellectual lethargy. "The examination of mind, the multiplying of ideas, the promptness to connect in the thought one thing with another, and to illustrate one thing by another are what are wanted—just what *letters*, as they are called, are supposed to communicate."

It is hardly necessary to point out how much of these suggestions are met by the special religious training acquired in Catholic schools. The accurate verbal knowledge of certain literary forms, the intelligent comprehension of the meanings enshrined in them, the wide horizons which instruction in the history of the Christian Church opens up, are singularly calculated to cure the dull stupidity which Mr. Arnold deplors as so general in English schools. Whatever controversy be raised touching the creed of Catholics, the educational system, which includes training in dogmatic and accurate religion, has a clear advantage over less literary methods, quite apart from the moral uses of a noble and ancient faith.

So that this proficiency in secular learning of Catholic children seems to be certainly advanced by a concurrent proficiency in religious learning, and the result rewards that higher charity which, guided by the experienced wisdom of the Church, insists that the poor should be instructed in both. There is a clear national reaction against the purely secular system, and the instinct of the people demands "more for their money" than bare instruction in the three "R's." Yet it does not appear that they are particularly urgent about any special religious tenets. The old flags of Protestantism are waved in vain, and there is a widespread indifference to the variations of creed, so that liberal souls congratulate themselves that the "religious difficulty" is disappearing. But the nation wants, and will more and more urgently ask for, a creed and a religion that can serve towards the higher progress of humanity. Meantime, intelligent and impartial persons can judge if Catholic charity be not vindicating, in its narrow English limits, the claim of the Catholic Church to be the most serviceable of all existing Churches towards the solution of social problems new and old, and towards the higher development of man.

The reason of the nation has perceived that secular education, however useful and necessary for progress, tends to unsociableness or exaggerated individuality. The principle and practice of neighbourliness needs to be proportionately insisted on as secular learning advances, and religion becomes an important agent

towards social prosperity, according as its culture of the emotions and of neighbourliness is effective.

The culture which honours labour by full and dogmatic recognition of its moral uses, which announces as a Divine revelation the liberty, fraternity, and equality of the perfected man, has surely a message for working men that no other culture can give. It is not, however, specially good for this or that class; for, appealing to the whole nature of man, it is useful to all races and ranks, to all circumstances and societies.

Politicians may grumble at the transformations of the Catholic religion and at some recent expressions of its power to enunciate truth with authority. But the increasing tendency to exaggerated individuality, the decrease of neighbourliness, needed remedy. The standard of dogmatic authority was once more solemnly unfurled by the Fathers of the Vatican Council, and while it has been an offence to some few hundreds of men who were sufficiently educated to judge of it, the reassertion of an infallible creed and of a living and visible authority has renewed throughout the world the bonds of the higher charity between men which are secured by a common faith. In the fusion of races and nationalities which increased power over natural forces is bringing about, the creed of broadest sympathies, yet of best power to cement society, must take precedence of all other. Catholic charity, as it works in the great centres of English industry by culture of the poor, is proving that it has the keys of that power, and that it is an active agent towards the progress of the human race in its dealings with those lower social strata that perplex and discourage politicians. The energy of the nineteenth century in physical and material advance is coincident with increased vitality in Catholic life, so that a true progress may be hoped for mankind by the due culture of the will not less than by improved knowledge, and by obedience to law even more than by acquaintance with laws.

In pointing out the very remarkable activity of Catholic charity, however limited its means are at present in England, and in trying to account for its disproportionate success by some remarks on its methods, the writer of this paper has desired only to consider Catholicism as a social agent more or less useful in correcting the divergences of humanity from the straight line of progress in which the good God willed that His people should advance.

Leaving aside the legends of Smithfield—and they are losing colour—and the myths of the “Reformation,” the more conscientious study of history from contemporaneous sources would show that Catholic charity has at all times been a powerful means towards social union, particularly when there has been a dangerous tendency to social incoherence. Its work in checking from the very source the increased antagonism, not only of class to class

but of man to man, must appeal to the common sense of all who care for the future progress not only of the English but of the race of man. If under all difficulties Catholic methods have, used openly or used in disguise, done so well in improved care of the sick and aged, in reformatories and penitentiaries, and in the education of the poor, it would seem scarcely doubtful but that the Catholic Church, offering as it does with full hands the remedies of dogmatic theology and scientific neighbourliness to our unneighbourly generation, must become popular and powerful in England, as is already the case in the United States.

Seeing these things, Catholics need not be concerned that their community gains in number but little, if indeed it do not absolutely lose, through workhouse rules and other machinery still hinting of penal laws, or through the pressure of the national influence which is as yet adverse.

Certain characteristics of European progress seem to have been hitherto alone secured by Catholic teaching. It has been echoed, however imperfectly, by the chief Protestant Churches. But the echoes grow feeble, and the need of a power to secure the elements of civilization once more to society must incline men's ears to hear the words and dispose their wills to obey the counsels of that Church, which can show she possesses the secret of the noblest and most complete social progress; and in the meantime can best arrest the threatened antagonism which impedes advance.

M. C. BISHOP.

TURKISH INVASIONS OF EUROPE IN 1670-83.

SOBIESKI'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE.

NOW that the Turks have vindicated their right to "do what they like with their own," and declare the present state of the Ottoman empire to be quite satisfactory (in which opinion a certain part of English society seems to agree), it is interesting to turn to the record of a time when there seemed considerable danger that the greater part of Europe might have been subjected to the blessings of their rule, and to recall the terror and dismay with which their advance was regarded, and the desperate efforts made to avert what was then considered as the greatest misfortune that could happen to civilization and Christianity.

A small volume of letters from the hero John Sobieski to his wife, detailing his progress day by day to the relief of Vienna and in the battles following it, the success of which at that moment was almost tantamount to the salvation of Christendom, were translated from the Polish into French by Count Plater, and published in 1826. It is a scarce book and extremely interesting, showing as it does the noble, disinterested, simple character of the man, and the fearful imminence of the danger which would have reduced Austria, and indeed the whole centre of Europe, to the condition of Bulgaria, Bosnia, &c. It requires, however, to be supplemented and interpreted by contemporary accounts, gathered from Salvandy's and Von Hammer's histories of Poland and the Ottoman empire.

From the time of the taking of Constantinople in 1453, the Turks had been a standing menace to Europe. Mahomet II., Bajazet II., Selim I. and II., and Solyman the Magnificent, had all

advanced at different times, and on different lines of attack. The fall of Rhodes, of Cyprus, of the islands of Greece belonging to Venice, and the strong places in the Peloponnesus, left them free to advance on the conquest of Dalmatia, thus threatening Italy, and on Moldavia Bessarabia, Servia, Bosnia, Hungary. It was now their object to secure both banks of the Danube. "Les derniers venus d'entre les barbares, les Turcs étaient aussi les plus redoutables," says Salvandy; "ils n'apportaient pas simplement la conquête, ils apportaient le brigandage, le rapt, l'apostasie, la mort." Their hordes had passed with fire and sword over Epirus and Greece to Transylvania on one side, and the provinces of the Adriatic on the other. Solymán had, it is true, been beaten back from the walls of Vienna with great loss in 1529, after having taken Belgrade; but the check was only for a time.

The fall of Cyprus in the wars of Selim II., who treated the defenders with great barbarity, was succeeded by an attack on Corfu; and although the united fleets of Spain and Venice obtained a great victory at Lepanto, yet Don John of Austria, who commanded, retired immediately. It was "a glorious victory," but produced little advantage, for the Turks dictated the hardest possible conditions to the Venetians, and the battle is generally remembered as that in which Cervantes lost his arm as much as for any political consequences.

The advance of the Turks continued—four times in eleven years, between 1672 and 1683, irruptions of immense hordes of barbarians threatened the centre of Europe, and in each case they were repelled chiefly, if not entirely, by the genius for war of Sobieski, and the influence which his noble character obtained.

Peace with the Porte was never of any duration; it was only when weakened by dissensions among its disorderly heterogeneous subjects, revolts of the Janissaries, wars with Persia, or the accidental weakness of a Sultan, that its onward course was stayed.

The fall of Crete in 1669, after a siege which lasted more or less for twenty-four years, and during which 200,000 men were said to have fallen on the two sides, was a cruel blow to Christendom, and the Pope, Clement IX., was said to have died of grief at the news.

Flushed by success, Mahomet IV. and his Grand Vizier Achmet Kiuprili, who was of Greek origin, now entertained the most magnificent projects of conquest. The empire touched the Caspian Sea, the Adriatic, the Indian Ocean, and stretched south towards the upper waters of the Nile; it was now advancing on the Baltic, and would soon, they trusted, possess fleets on the North Seas and the Indian Ocean alike, while the Archipelago and the Red Sea would have counted only as inland lakes in his dominion. "He hoped to reign over the Christian world." The present preparations were directed against Poland, which had

always been the chief barrier to the subjugation of the North by the Turks. With the exception of a small subsidy from the Pope, she was left to bear the brunt of the attack alone.

The preparations of the Porte were enormous: Tartars were arriving in hordes, Moldavia was full of battalions of strange men from the heart of Asia; the immense siege trains from Candia, consisting of between three and four hundred pieces of cannon, a number hitherto unheard of, were being carried up the Danube, and a numerous fleet was collecting in the Black Sea; seven hundred camels had arrived in Thrace with corn from Egypt; soldiers from Attica and the Peloponnesus, from East and West, filled a vast camp near Adrianople, where Mahomet and his Vizier held perpetual reviews. But their destination was still uncertain.

The Hungarians had long been making ineffectual attempts to defend their hereditary privileges against the tyranny of the Emperor, who ruled over them by an elective right alone. At length they rose in rebellion, headed by the chief nobles of the country. The revolt was put down with much cruelty, but the insurgents sought the assistance of the Porte, master already of two-thirds of the country, and were ready to join in any attack upon Austria if its arms were turned in that direction.

The Polish king refused to believe in any danger, and opposed Sobieski's exertions to collect the scattered troops. Thwarted at home and abroad by the jealousy of the Emperor and of Louis XIV., he could only get together six or eight thousand men, young, ill-armed, undisciplined, and without provisions. There were soldiers enough in the country to trouble its peace, but not enough to make war with safety. After a short and brilliant campaign against the Cossacks, Tartars, and wild hordes under the Khan, the allies and what might be called the advanced guard of the Turk, finding that no money and no help were to be had for the impending invasion, Sobieski fell dangerously ill with anxiety and fatigue, and the army, which for many years had received from him their only pay and rations, and had been led on to constant victory, indignant now at his treatment by the King, disbanded, and declared they would only serve under a chief of their own choice.

For a whole year the anarchy and confusion of Poland went on increasing, but when news arrived that the Sultan had started on his march towards Poland, the soldiers returned to their quarters and swore to follow their old leader to death. The Turks by forced marches advanced on Kaminiek, a fortress situated on the frontier of Moldavia and the Ukraine. It was almost the only strong place possessed by the Poles, and Sobieski had in vain tried to persuade the Diet to keep up its defences. After a siege of less than a month the Turks carried a place concerning which

it was said that, "God alone could have built it, and He only could take it."

Even then the only help which the Polish king thought fit to give in the struggle was to accuse his protector, the "great Hetman," of being "an impostor and a traitor." Sobieski, however, not heeding the insult, threw himself with his scanty forces on the weak points of the Turkish lines, pursued the Tartars who had invaded the kingdom and were carrying off immense booty, overtook them in the Carpathian defiles, and almost exterminated them, liberating nearly thirty thousand captives who were being carried off into slavery. He turned next on the advanced guard of the Sultan's army, which had advanced on the Vistula with forty thousand men. Mahomet had arranged a camp for himself at Boudchaz among the mountains, where, accompanied by his seraglio, he amused himself with hunting. Sobieski, by a *coup de main*, crossed the river, rushed on the camp "intoxicated with pleasure and pillage," penetrated even to the imperial tents and the women's quarters, and "the young lord who ruled at Athens and Memphis, Jerusalem and Babylon," on this his first campaign was obliged to fly to save his life.

But the miserable Polish king suddenly gave up the struggle and threw himself on the mercy of the invaders, abandoning the Ukraine and Podolia to the Turk, and reducing his country to the condition of a vassal state by promising an annual tribute.

Sobieski retired to his estates disgusted and nearly broken-hearted. He had not long been there, when the "Terror of the Turks," as he was surnamed, was accused in the Diet of having sold his country to the Infidel for a bribe of twelve million florins. Enraged at such an attack on his honour, he returned to Warsaw immediately, while his army, furious at such a libel on their beloved chief, swore to avenge the insult in blood. After calming them with much difficulty he proceeded to the Diet, where the very sight of him produced such an impression that when he claimed the punishment of his calumniator from the assembly, and excuses from all members who could for a moment have listened to such an accusation, his demands were accepted in a transport of enthusiasm. The Diet in a pressing message entreated his help against the Turks, and in the strangely hyperbolical language so often used in Poland, termed him "the hero of whom it might be believed, according to the system of Pythagoras, that all the souls of the great captains and good citizens lived again, as not one of their virtues was wanting in him."

The miserable informer confessed that he had been bribed to make the accusation, and was condemned to death, but Sobieski would not allow the sentence to be carried out.

The Diet pursued its course until the end of the session with

unaccustomed calm under his influence, and at its close the president declared in the same semi-Oriental style, that "the wisdom of a divinity, or, if Sobieski could be considered as a man, the excellence of a hero, had saved the liberty of his country by his virtues and its independence by his exploits. No such man had ever before been formed by Nature, and probably never would be so in future!"

The Diet then decreed a levy of sixty thousand men, and committed full power over it to the "great Hetman."

The summer was spent in preparations such as might be expected from Poland; "no men, no material of war, no money, were to be had."

For the time, however, disorders in Constantinople, and an insurrection in the Peloponnesus, had checked the projects of the Vizier. In November, 1673, however, seven bridges were by his orders thrown across the Dniester, and eighty thousand veterans advanced under the command of the Seraskier Hussein Pasha.

A division of Sobieski's small army was sent forward to carry the Turkish outposts; but when they found that they were required to cross a river full of floating ice, to put such a barrier between themselves and their homes, that they were being led into a country without towns or villages, and surrounded by innumerable Turks, they broke out into open mutiny. Once before Sobieski had quelled a similar revolt; now with his imperious eloquence he called upon his men in the name of their duty and their country to follow him, and, as always was the case both with friends and foes, he gained the day. He led them to the battle of Kotzim, on the other side of the Dniester, where Hussein had established himself in a camp defended by strong fortifications, natural and artificial, and by rocks and marshes. To attack such a position with such troops as Sobieski could command, at such a time of year, without provisions and with weak artillery, seemed an impossible task in all eyes but his own. Fifty years before, however, the Poles, under his father, James Sobieski, had conquered at the same spot, and the good omen gave them courage. The weather was dreadful, and the snow was falling thickly, when he disposed his troops for the attack. All night long the preparations went on. "Comrades!" cried he, passing along the ranks, his dress, his arms, his thick moustache covered with hoar-frost, "*you* have suffered, but the Turks are worn out; these men from Asia are half conquered already by the cold. The last twenty-four hours have fought for us. We shall save the Republic from shame and vassalage. Soldiers of Poland, fight for your country, and remember that Jesus Christ fights for you!" Sobieski himself had heard three masses since daybreak, the army had been blessed by a priest, and now getting off his horse, sabre in hand, he led

his infantry across the trenches. The Turks, who had believed an attack impossible in such weather, alarmed at the triumphant shouts of the Poles, defended themselves but ill; charge after charge of the young Polish cavalry, in full armour, cut to pieces their best troops; they turned to fly, but the bridge of boats had been broken down by Sobieski's orders; 20,000 men were believed to have fallen in attempting to cross the rapid, half-frozen river; "the water ran with blood and corpses for miles."

In the camp the carnage was frightful; under the axes, the lances, and scimitars of their assailants lay thousands of dead bodies, half of them Janissaries and Spahis. The green standard of Hussein, given him by the Sultan, was seized, sent to the Pope, and still hangs in St. Peter's. The victory was complete; all the Turkish garrisons of the neighbouring towns retired, leaving devastation and fire as monuments of their passage; and thanks were given in almost all the churches in Europe for the "most memorable battle gained against the Infidel for 300 years."

The Polish king died the night before the fight, and, by an act of tardy death-bed repentance, named John Sobieski as one of his executors.

It was now necessary to elect another monarch—a difficult and dangerous operation in Poland, even in the calmest times. The Poles were the only people in Europe who still preserved the ancient usage of a national assembly where the deliberations were carried on by a whole nation in arms. The difficulty of feeding 200,000 citizens thus collected together had constantly obliged them to separate without having settled affairs, and on this occasion a Diet, composed of the senate and of members elected by the country, was directed to choose the new chief of the nation. All the princes in Europe who were tired of living on the steps of a throne became candidates. Every species of intrigue was brought to bear upon the electors; the ambassadors of the different Powers had each their faction; they gave money; they made great promises; the meanest motives were appealed to, and the most undisguised corruption prevailed. Warsaw became one vast camp for six leagues round, where the whole equestrian order had established itself; an innumerable population of servants, often noble like their masters; almost all the army, Jews, merchants, doctors, the creditors of the nobles, the lawyers, had all collected there; the different palatinates were nearly deserted except by the peasants.

The plain of Vola had been chosen for the electoral camp; a great wooden pavilion, the *szopa*, occupied the centre, where the senate and the great nobles sat, but the deliberations were held in the open air, that the equestrian order might have an eye upon its representatives.

The noise and excitement were tremendous; tournaments and jousts, with javelins and lances; regiments of soldiers, Wallachs, Cossacks, Tartars, crossing and recrossing; innumerable stands of arms; immense tables, round which each faction collected its clients; trains of noble ladies on horseback, the wives of the palatines and senators, distributing exhortations and presents; cavalcades of gentlemen, battle-axe in hand, galloping past; fiery encounters, begun in drunkenness and ending in blood; "scenes of tumult, pleasure, discussion, and war, a true image of Poland herself, filled the plain," observes Salvandy. A vast circle of white tents surrounded the whole space—those belonging to the nobles were built like sham fortresses, castles, towers, or long galleries, containing stables, bath-rooms, kitchens, council-chambers, formed of silk and rich stuffs, often booty taken from the Turk, with a profusion of golden crescents, balls, and ornaments, rivalling each other in expense and savage and inordinate luxury. The magnificence of the dresses was as great; almost all wore Eastern costumes; caftans and robes of brocade and fur, embroidered, or edged and lined with rare furs, and clasped with diamonds; splendid arms, jewelled belts, swords, daggers, and pistols ("many diamonds and little linen," was Madame de Motteville's observation on the Polish nobles a few years before); 60,000 or 70,000 gentlemen were there, any one of whom might, by law, be chosen king the next day, and whose demeanour showed their pride in this vain and hurtful privilege. Sobieski himself was absent, but the tents taken from the Vizier of Mahomet IV., bearing his shield, were there, and were the pride of the assembly.

The competitors for the throne bid high, many of them intending to repudiate their offers later. They were now reduced practically to two, one representing the Emperor, the other Louis XIV. Charles of Lorraine proposed himself to pay the army for nine months, to raise 5,000 fresh men for the war against the Turks, to take 500 gentlemen as his guard of honour, to build two fortresses on the frontier, and open a military school for officers. The old Duke of Neubourg promised still more largely for his son Philip, aged fourteen.

Sobieski had hitherto confined himself to his duty of keeping order as chief marshal, while all present inquired anxiously what part he would take. As soon as he arrived, he was received almost in triumph; the shouts, the noise of arms, the flashing of javelins, lances, and scimitars, the flowers thrown in his way, made his entry almost a triumph. He then declared himself for the Great Condé. And the influence of the "great Hetman" was such that there seemed for some time every chance that his counsels would be followed, but the Lithuanian party of the Paz

would not hear of the French Prince. The confusion became still greater; the szopa was like a citadel besieged by armies of men half drunk with pride and rage. For twenty-nine days the destinies of the nation only grew more and more perplexing, and the furious parties seemed on the point of a civil war, when to avert such a frightful peril the Bishop of Cracow gave the signal for the hymns and prayers to be begun, which showed that the debates were closed, and the palatinates separated for the vote.

The President, Jablonowski, a man of great courage and capacity, began his discourse; he entered on the qualities of the two chief candidates, and rejected both, as the nominees of France and Germany. He discussed the qualities of the Great Condé, and then declared that "a Pole ought to reign in Poland."

"There is a man among us who has saved the Republic time after time by his counsels and his victories, whose patriotism and genius would maintain our country in the rank she should hold in the universe. Nothing in such a choice would be left to chance; *he* will not make us a vassal of the infidels. If we have a country at all, if men of illustrious dynasties care to rule over us, remember to whom we owe it, and take John Sobieski as your King!"

The speech was received with furious acclamations by the assembly. "The finger of God is here, it was on a Saturday as to-day that Kotzim was taken," cried the Governor of Lemberg; "I vote for Sobieski." The tumult was tremendous; it was nine o'clock at night, but the long day of the north still gave sufficient light, and they would have proceeded immediately to the vote, but Sobieski would not suffer it. "I will not accept the crown," said he, "when no one has had the time to consider his vote, at the approach of night when opposition might be stifled or constrained. I will raise my veto against it if no one else will do so."

The next day the agitation became still greater. Austria did not yet consider herself beaten; every possible calumny was disseminated against Sobieski, while the jealousy of the great Polish ladies was excited against his wife, Marie Casimire, daughter of a French marquis, captain of the guard to the brother of Louis XIV. Would they consent that a foreigner should be Queen when no Pole had ever attained to such honour? At all events if Sobieski were elected he should be required to marry the widow of the last king; but at such a price he absolutely refused the crown. His great qualities however carried the day. Cries of "Sobieski or death!" were heard in the camp; the assembly would hear of no delay. Again, however, he declared that if his election was not legal, and therefore unanimous, he would not accept the crown. Throughout the night the camp was illuminated with innumerable lanterns, while the firing of muskets, pistols, and arquebuses testified the excitement and the joy of the public at the thought of the election which they had resolved on making. The next

day Sobieski, almost against his will, was proclaimed King at the Kolo or Assembly; the vote was now only a form, but it was gone through. Three times did the Bishop Regent, on horseback, demand if there were any opposition to the election. Three times did the nobles and the people repeat the cry proclaiming that John Sobieski should be their King.

All the standards of the palatinates and of the foreign contingents, the bells of the town, the salvoes of artillery, the shouts of the people, saluted their hero as King. Then at a sign from the Bishop came a sudden silence, the banners were lowered, a sacred hymn was sung by the people, led by a choir of bishops, and the acclamations began again as Sobieski was led in triumph to the cathedral, where thanks were offered up to God for the choice which had been made. Poland, indeed, believed herself to be saved from anarchy and invasion alike. "The Cossacks will no longer ravage our fields, the Infidel will no longer exact tribute," cried the women.

As soon as he was proclaimed, Sobieski made magnificent gifts to the nation, greater indeed than the foreign princes had promised, and which they were not likely to have performed: 100,000 florins went to the support of the Lithuanian part of the army, 200,000 for that of the Polish half, 60,000 for the fortifications of Lemberg, 300,000 to buy back the jewels of the crown, pledged to the Jews of Vienna and Warsaw. All this was out of his private purse, and gives some measure of the resources of a great Polish noble at this time. Refusing a coronation on account of the expense and delay it would entail, Sobieski declared that his "mission was to make war on the Turks. I am placed on the throne to fight, not for representation. Festivals may come later."

High-minded, brave, pious, disinterested, caring much for the interests of his country, and little for his own grandeur, with a love of books which contrasted strangely with his military tastes and the life of incessant movement which fate had forced him to lead, Sobieski was indeed one of the rare instances where the highest qualities had led a man to great fortune.

His statesmanship as well as his great military qualities are insisted on in all the contemporary accounts; his love of science and of books, and his power of speaking German, Italian, French, English, and Turkish almost as well as his own language.

"One of the handsomest men of his time," said the official French *Gazette*, "his countenance is such that he inspires at the same time respect and affection. Enlightened, kind, he is so forgiving that it has been always said that he only revenged himself for the calumnies of his enemies by his great actions." His picture, in armour, fully bears out this description.

Achmet Kiuprili was not likely to leave the new sovereign time

to settle himself firmly on the throne. He regarded Poland as a good position to take up between the Muscovites, whom he despised, and Austria, whose flank would thus have been turned. The ports of the Baltic tempted him onward, and Europe in this manner would have been cut in two, when the Turks might soon have dominated the whole continent.

In 1674, Mahomet himself again joined the army, which was once more to march on Kotzim. The enormous supplies of men which the Turks were able to draw from their provinces in Asia, Africa, and Europe, after the tremendous defeats which they had undergone and the waste of life, are surprising in our eyes, with whom the want of men to supply even the demands of an army in times of peace is sometimes found impossible to meet.

Sobieski, who had been called the Whirlwind, from the rapidity of his marches and the vigour of his onslaughts, was carrying all before him, when the intrigues of Leopold deprived him of half his army; the Lithuanian Grand Hetman Paz, who had opposed Sobieski's election, suddenly left the camp with his troops, and the winter was lost in vain attempts to restore order, for the disbanded soldiers spent their time in pillaging their own country instead of fighting the enemy.

Gradually Sobieski, by dint of patient courage, tact, and skill, collected an army again in the central position of Lemberg. He alone preserved his courage and confidence in the midst of the universal alarm. "He fears nothing who has foreseen all," said the Poles afterwards. He was at the same time attempting to form a political coalition to assist his military manœuvres, in spite of the enmity of Leopold, who strove to keep Poland weak, calculating that it might thus occupy the Porte in the north and prevent any attack being made in his direction.

The Turks, under Ibrahim the Seraskier, began the siege of Zbaras; a number of Russian peasants had taken refuge in the town, and treacherously gave it up to the enemy, when Ibrahim cut to pieces the whole population except the women, who were reserved for the seraglios. The old, the children, perished in the flames or by the sword, and the Turks moved on to other sieges, where the same horrible cruelties were exercised. Von Hammer, after repeated descriptions of barbarities on such occasions which make one's blood run cold, and indeed are sometimes quite unreadable, at length seems to grow weary of such horrors, and merely writes, "The town was taken; the usual cruelties ensued;" or, "The city was sacked with the atrocities used by barbarian troops." The love of pillage was so great among them that the army was delayed, so that their advantage in numbers was lost, and the fine season passed away, while Sobieski destroyed their communications, seized their plunder, and cut to pieces the troops whom he encountered.

A second army was sent across the Dnieper, and the Sultan put himself at the head of a third body which collected at Adrianople. The Seraskier then determined on the course with which he should have begun—he left the fortresses alone, and advanced on Lemberg, the strongest place in Poland. If this was carried there would be an end to the Republic, and Sobieski was resolved to defend it or die under the ruins.

The terror of his name counted for a host in itself against the Turks, while among the Poles, if some of the peasants cried, "All is lost," the answer was, "John Sobieski is there still, he will save us." A few days after great fires in all directions announced the arrival of the Mussulman host. The King had arranged his little army with consummate skill among the defiles near the town, the artillery on the low hills, while the hussars with their lances defended the vineyards and rough ground. The nobles fought with sabres and pistols. A storm of hail and snow, though it was only August, troubled the Infidel. The King, the father of his country, having given his blessing to the army, rushed at the head of his troops with the cry, "Jesus!" three times repeated, to which came the threefold answer of "Allah!" The cavalry wavering for a moment, he brought them up himself again to the charge: "Remember," cried he, "that we must conquer or you will leave me here;" and he reminded them that he had brought his wife and children into the midst of the danger. The Turks, in spite of their enormous numerical preponderance, were driven back terrified, their divisions were broken, their ranks were confused. Sobieski fell like a thunderbolt upon the parts of the field where he was least expected. The victory of Lemberg was considered to have been a miracle, even considering the reputation of the King. "Five thousand Poles have beaten 150,000 Turks and Tartars!" cried the *Gazette de France* of September, 1674, with pardonable exaggeration. "That the King should have conquered such powerful enemies by his astonishing courage, reducing the infidels to make a precipitate retreat, ... shows that Heaven itself has defended this bulwark of Christendom."

An interval of quiet now ensued, and Sobieski employed his breathing-time in attempting to bring about a better state of things for Poland, and in reorganizing the army; but the people would endure no fresh taxes, and he made little progress. Revolts, however, at Memphis, at Babylon, and Damascus, the doubtful fidelity of the Tartars, and a superstitious dread in the Mussulman army at the thought of contending against "King John," had made the Porte desire an interval of quiet.

In September, 1676, however, just two hundred years ago, the untiring Turk poured again up the banks of the Dniester, and

Poland had now to withstand 120,000 Tartars and 20,000 Turks. The terror of Sobieski's name was, however, so great that there was difficulty in getting them forward, even under the command of a fierce Pasha of Damascus, surnamed Shaitan (Satan). At length, after some preliminary combats, the two armies came face to face. Sobieski had entrenched himself with his small handful of men between the Dniester and the protection of some woods and marshes; the immense body of Ottomans almost encircled them. For twenty days they continued thus opposite each other, and the extremity of the danger was considered such in Poland that prayers for the dead were recited in all the churches. From time to time the Mussulman army came forth from their camp, sounded the charge, pushed forward their horsetails and camels, apparently to excite the Christians to fight or to deride their weakness. At length the Poles one day were tempted out in pursuit of some Tartars, the whole right was engaged, and the centre left uncovered; the Turks brought up their artillery and made fearful ravages among the ranks, which began to yield, when the King flung himself on the victorious Moslems, who were pursuing their success in some disorder, killed hundreds of men and horses, overthrew their first redoubts, took or spiked a number of guns, and brought back his men in safety. He lost, however, six hundred gentlemen in the charge, and his own horse was wounded under him; his exploits read like those of a hero in one of the old romances of chivalry.

Ibrahim, "the Devil," now brought up his siege artillery, mines and countermines were dug, and great galleries formed where battles were fought underground; but the Poles were not sufficiently numerous for such work, and the Turks believed themselves at the point of victory, when Sobieski in a most brilliant action again turned the day. The Spahis had thrown themselves between him and his camp, when the King, with his terrible hussars, rushed upon the lines, which were crowded by their very numbers and soon fell back. The Seraskier sent next day to propose peace. He said that he knew to what a state of starvation the besieged were reduced, that the Sublime Porte would rather have such a King as their ally than their captive, and all they asked was the ratification of King Michel's treaty promising to pay tribute and an offensive alliance against Russia.

"Tell the Aga," said Sobieski, "that if such propositions are again addressed to the King of Poland, he will hang the messenger." The bombardment now became terrible; neither by night nor day had the Poles any rest, and the entrenchments were continually attacked. The Christian camp had become a prison, the soldiers had hardly any food or ammunition, and discontent and even mutiny began to appear among them. Sobieski rode

along the ranks. "I have brought you out of worse straits than this," said he; "do you think my head is weaker because you have placed a crown upon it?" A successful skirmish raised the spirits of the troops, the Turks fancied he must have received reinforcements, and, when at last he came out of the town with his whole army, they were seized with a panic terror, and declared that magic was being used against them. They all dreaded the approach of winter; Shaitan Pasha knew that a reverse would cost him his head, and he prudently offered an honourable peace. A part of the Ukraine and Kaminiék were given up; but the strength of the Ottoman empire was increasing, while Poland became weaker in men and money each year. To regain their fortresses, the prisoners, the frontier of the Dniester, and get rid of all pretensions to tribute, was better than a victory in such circumstances. One of the most pious of men, Sobieski stipulated that the custody of the Tabernacle at Bethlehem and of the Holy Sepulchre should be restored to the monks who had held them before. As this favour had been long demanded in vain by Europe, the glory of Poland and her King was all the more greatly extolled.

Madame de Sevigné, a great admirer of his, writes, November, 1676, enthusiastically of his deeds:—

"Peace is concluded in Poland, *romantically*. This hero, at the head of 15,000 men, surrounded by 200,000, has forced them to sign a treaty, sword in hand. Since the days of the Calprenède [in a novel of Mdlle. de Scuderi] such a thing has never been heard of."

The Ottoman army, who were in desperate straits, made ready for departure, and defiled before the King, demanding to see the "invincible lion" with whom they had contended so often on the field of battle; at the same time giving into his hands 15,000 Russian prisoners destined to slavery.

For thirty years the Ottoman empire, at the height of its power, had been kept at bay by Poland: what might not have happened, if, masters of Buda and of the Adriatic, they had been able to turn their whole force upon Italy and Austria?

A general peace now ensued. Sobieski's grand object was to form an alliance against the Turk among the kingdoms most liable to be attacked. "Not to attempt to conquer or restrain the monster should be our object," said he, "but to fling it back to the deserts from whence it came; to exterminate it, and raise once more on its ruins a Byzantine empire. This is the only Christian, worthy, wise, and decisive course;"* and for this he only required the concurrence of the four threatened Powers. Innocent promised assistance "to the new Godfrey of Bouillon." But except from the Pope, he could get no help from any one

* There is a curious similarity between Sobieski's expressions and those of many much-reprobated speeches and writings at the present crisis.

of them. The Czar was playing a double game, as usual, and sent embassy after embassy to Warsaw, only to obtain better terms for himself at Constantinople. Leopold refused all alliance with or help to Poland; Venice would not even allow his envoy to cross her frontier; Louis XIV. ordered back a small body of French gentlemen who had been fighting for the mere love of war by Sobieski's side; Poland was again abandoned to herself to fight the battles of Christendom.

The next two years, however, there was a pause among the exhausted combatants again; and they were spent by Sobieski in trying to discipline his army, and restore order and law, which under his rule reigned in Poland to an extent unknown before.

Again in 1683, however, the indefatigable Porte prepared for another invasion, as a preliminary to which the Sultan recognized Count Tekeli as Prince of Hungary under his vassalage, while a confederation of Christian States, Transylvania, Wallachia, Hungary, and the Ukraine, under his protectorate, reached from the Danube to the Carpathian mountains. The tide of war was evidently now to be turned on Austria.

The Emperor took fright, but it was in vain that he sought help in his peril. France was his deadly enemy; the Elector of Brandenburg rejoiced in his humiliation; a child of nine years old, afterwards to be known as Peter the Great, reigned in Russia. Poland only remained; Leopold had treated Sobieski as a personal enemy; he had refused all help in the perils of Poland, but now he literally implored the King to come to his assistance, and the Austrian envoy positively flung himself at his feet in the fervency of his entreaties. It was difficult to say whether Leopold was meanest in adversity or prosperity. Sobieski now indeed commanded the position, and his alliance was sought on all sides. Louis XIV. offered his aid in securing the inheritance of Poland for his son, and promised to assist him in obtaining Hungary for himself. Leopold had recourse to the great argument of the house of Austria in all times, the hand of an arch-duchess for the young prince, his son; Mahomet solicited his friendship, and declared that the armaments he was preparing were not intended to be used against him.

Sobieski refused all offers for himself, and, after long considering what would be most advantageous to his country, threw in his lot with the Empire. He did his best to persuade Leopold to treat the Hungarians with fairness, if only to detach them from the Porte, but with small success, Leopold could not do the right, even when it was his interest. At length it was announced that the Sultan and his Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, were marching from Constantinople, where the standard of Mahomet

had been unfurled with great pomp at the Seraglio. The whole of Europe and Asia seemed to be in movement; Christianity and Islamism, civilization and barbarism, were preparing for a decisive battle. The first blow was to be struck on Austria, the second on Italy. "The Vizier will never be satisfied till he has stabled the horses of the Sultan in the Basilica of St. Peter," said one of the defenders of Candia.

The Turkish preparations had lasted nearly seven years, and were equally gigantic and minute. All the provinces had furnished their contingents of soldiers from the Euphrates and the Nile; whole Arab tribes, Kourds, Mamelukes, Greeks, Albanians, and Tartars, were marching under the same flag. The merchant vessels of all nations which came within reach were seized to bring munitions of war from Smyrna, Aleppo, and Alexandria; 2,000 camels had been employed for years in the transport of corn, &c., from the Ægean Sea to the Danube; the river itself was covered with boats; 10,000 waggons were collected to convey stores through Hungary, which began to suffer under the burden of her ally as much as under that of her oppressor.

Sobieski would have made any efforts to detach Hungary from the Turks, and had an interview with Tekeli, but without success, as he could give no pledges for Leopold's good faith. He made an alliance with Sweden and the Ukraine, and attempted negotiations with the Czar, with Persia, Venice, and Louis XIV. His cabinet was said to be the best served in Europe, the East was open to his spies, and he had friends even in the Divan; and he now warned the Emperor that the Porte was marching on Vienna, and that the suburbs ought to be demolished lest they should afford shelter to the enemy; but Leopold judged his defender by himself, mistrusted him, and refused to follow his counsels. Between Belgrade and Buda the Sultan stopped, and confided to Kara Mustapha with great pomp the double aigrette of heron's feathers, the golden robe and quiver of diamonds, signs of sovereign power, and the standard of Mahomet, an emblem that the contest was in the cause of Islam. He then returned to his beloved chase, where thousands of men were employed in driving game, on the slopes of the Balkan.

Louis XIV.,* utterly regardless of anything but his own fancied interest and pique against the Empire, chose this opportunity of making an alliance with Tekeli, and sent his fleet to the Baltic to

* Among the multitude of petty meannesses to which the great Louis condescended was a letter which he wrote to Tekeli at this time. In describing the blessing which had been given to Hungary, he praised the entire liberty of religion which was enjoyed there. In the same official *Gazette*, appeared a declaration that the property of any Protestant who had escaped from the kingdom would be confiscated, and all contracts they had entered into annulled. The Governor of Poitou, in the same paper, announced that he had made 39,849 conversions, adding an edict by which any of the "converts" found entering a Protestant church were condemned to the galleys.

attack the allies of the Emperor. Sobieski was therefore obliged to divide his troops, while Leopold could only collect 30,000 men on the Danube, and even threw every obstruction in the way of his deliverer. But the cause was everything in Sobieski's eyes, and with a magnanimous disregard of all personal feelings he devoted himself to what he considered to be his duty.

The last series of letters to his wife begins in August, 1683. Marie Casimire was a bad, ambitious, intriguing Frenchwoman, intent only on her own aggrandisement and her own pleasure, who used and abused her influence over her hero in the worst way and for the most selfish ends. In spite, however, of her continual provocations, he continued faithful to her until the end of his life. "*Mon incomparable*," he continually calls her in his letters, which all begin, "*Seule joie de mon âme, charmante et bien aimée Mariette*." They are often dated in the middle of the night; in spite of the fatigue and anxiety he was enduring, and of his sufferings from acute rheumatism, he never fails to sacrifice the rest so necessary to him, to sending off long and entertaining letters to his exacting and selfish wife, who complains of his not writing enough, and of what he writes, with singular cynicism. She forgets to give him important information which he asks her for, to convey his orders, even to date her letters, while she sends him all the injurious gossip she can pick up, intrigues with his enemies, and publishes letters he has desired to be kept secret.

"You finish by telling me, dear heart, that you are very discontented with me. Yet I tell you everything in my letters. It is my fate. What consolation do I get in my troubles? I try and unravel something pleasant in your cyphers and to find some comfort from my heart, and get only the old and eternal complaints," he writes pitifully.

"The difficulty we have had in crossing the Danube at three in the morning opposite the Turkish camp was immense; the bridges broke down under the weight of artillery and baggage waggons; we had to seek out fords, which we found luckily on the smaller branches of the river, but the current was too rapid in the main stream; there is no river which can compare with the Danube in violence. After this important passage we have had to cross a line of mountains, or, more strictly speaking, to climb them. A furious wind blew straight into our teeth; it seemed as if the 'powers of the air' were unchained against us; the Vizier is said to be a great magician! We had left our baggage behind us, and I have only with me two light carts; since Friday we have neither eaten nor slept—more than the horses. We can see from here the immense camp of the Turks and the town of Vienna in the distance, but we are separated from it by forests, precipices, and a very big mountain, of which no one had told us a word. The horses have nothing to eat but the leaves of the trees; we have neither food nor forage," which had been promised but never furnished by the Emperor.

"Humanly speaking, however, and putting all our trust in God, I must believe that the chief of an army who, like the Grand Vizier, has not thought of entrenching himself or collecting his scattered troops, but has encamped there as if he were a hundred miles off, is predestined to be beaten.

"I have passed the night on the extreme right; we could see the whole

Turkish camp, and the noise of the cannon prevented all sleep. This letter is my eighth ; it has taken me till daylight."

At last the Emperor discovered a remedy for the fearful state of his affairs: "it was forbidden, under pain of death to speak of 'present circumstances!'" as they were euphuistically called at Vienna. The march of Kara Mustapha had been a stroke of genius; in those days an army generally lost much time during a campaign by attempting to subdue the strong places, while he aimed straight at the heart of the country, threw his bridges of boats across the Danube, and appeared before Vienna in the shortest possible time. The fortifications of the town had been much neglected, and there were but few troops to man them. In twenty-four hours the Emperor became aware of the approach of the Turks by harsher signs than words; he took flight immediately by night, with all his court and family, leaving his cousin, the Duke of Lorraine, to do his best in defending the kingdom—the same prince who had contested the throne of Poland with Sobieski, and now acted with great loyalty towards him. For four days the enormous crescent of the enemy was seen forming round the city, with an extraordinary noise of bells, trombones, and cymbals; tents, horsetails without number, troops of camels and mules, armies of bullocks and sheep going to drink at the Danube, the tent of executions, which, as usual, was placed in the most conspicuous position, could all be seen from the walls. At night the watch-fires and lanterns all over the camp lighted up the sky, the noise of artillery never ceased, and the cries of the muezzin summoning the Moslems to prayer made all sleep impossible.

But the Vizier, instead of carrying the town, as he could have done, by a *coup de main*, was afraid of losing the valuable booty of Vienna by fire, and consumed the whole month of August striving to reduce the city by famine, and thus lost his prize. Surrounded by his harem, his 150 valets, even his menagerie, he spent his time in his tents of silk and gold, which covered a larger extent than the town of Buda, and refused to believe in the advance of Sobieski.

Suddenly he heard that the King was upon him, when a panic-terror took possession of the army—a bad preparation for the next day's work.

At eight in the morning the action began. Sobieski and his allies descended from the hills in five columns, like great torrents, and were met at first by the Spahis, who, being on horseback, became embarrassed in the broken ground, the narrow lanes, vineyards, and woods which surrounded Vienna, and gave way on all sides. The defenders of the city took courage and fired from the walls, while Kara Mustapha, still not believing in the imminence of his danger, attempted to continue the battle with the town

before him, at the same time that he marched himself to the rear, to meet King John, now at the head of 70,000 men, the finest army he had ever commanded, 18,000 of whom were Poles.

The heat was intense. The Christian army stopped for a moment to eat, without, however, putting down their muskets and lances; then in a great semicircle the allied force continued its march, Sobieski passing from column to column, encouraging the troops, and speaking to each in the language of their country.

The Turks had profited by this halt to form a new line on the glacis of the camp. The Vizier commanded here in person, with all his best troops; the King was in front. It was nearly five o'clock, and the work before them seemed too great an undertaking for tired men; he determined therefore to sleep on the field, and put off the battle till the next day. The Grand Vizier, in his contempt for the Christians, and his indomitable pride, treated the whole matter so lightly that at this moment he retired to his crimson tent, to drink coffee with his sons.

At the sight, the King's choler rose; although his infantry had not yet marched up, he pointed two or three cannon upon the tent; and the ammunition having not yet arrived, a French officer stuffed into one gun his gloves, his wig, and a packet of *Gazettes de France* which he had with him. Sobieski, as soon as his troops appeared, ordered them to take a neighbouring height. Kara Mustapha in defending himself left his flanks bare, the whole line was troubled. The King cried aloud that the enemy was lost, and surrounded by his squadrons, distinguished afar by his brilliant aigrette, his bow, his golden quiver, and the magnificent buckler carried before him, he rushed straight on the crimson tent, crying, "Non nobis, Domine exercituum, sed nomini tuo des gloriam." The Tartars and Spahis recognized him and drew back. The name of the King of Poland ran through the ranks. "By Allah, the King is with them," repeated they. An eclipse of the moon made the "crescent" grow pale in the sky, and appeared to the excited armies as an omen from on high. "Heaven is against us," cried the Turks.

The Vizier, at last, after trying to rally his troops in vain, was obliged to take flight himself, weeping, it was said, bitterly. Sobieski's next letter is dated "from the tents of the Vizier in the night."

"God be praised; He has given our nation such a victory as has never been known in any former century.

"All the artillery, the camp of the Mussulmans, infinite riches, have fallen into our hands. The victory has been so sudden and extraordinary that in the town as in the camp there have been constant alarms that the enemy was returning upon us. They have left powder and munitions to the value of a million of florins, but half of this was set fire to and the explosions were like the last judgment.

"The Vizier abandoned everything except his coat and his horse. I have

constituted myself his heir. The private tents alone cover as much space as Warsaw. I have sent the great standard to the Pope, but have hardly had time even to look at the multitude of rich tents, superb equipages, and a thousand beautiful and costly trifles, such as quivers mounted with rubies and sapphires, which are said to be worth thousands of ducats.

"Night put an end to the pursuit, for the Turks defended themselves desperately. They made the finest possible retreat. The Janissaries were forgotten in the trenches, and were all cut to pieces. Such was their pride and presumption that one part of the army was assaulting the town while the other gave us battle, and their forces were enough for both. Without the Tartars I believe they amounted to three hundred thousand men. One hundred thousand tents were counted. In flying they left a number of captives, particularly women, after having massacred as many as they could. Many were killed, but also many were only wounded and may recover. I saw yesterday a charming little boy of three years old whose head one of these cowards had split open from the mouth. It is impossible to describe the refinements of luxury which the Vizier had collected in his tents—baths, little gardens with fountains, even a rabbit warren. . . . He had taken possession of a fine ostrich found in one of the Emperor's country houses, but he cut off its head that it might not fall again into the hands of the Christians. . . . I have been in to see the town; it could not have held out five more days. The imperial palace is honey-combed with bullets, the bastions in a terrible state with great pieces of the walls about to fall over, like masses of rock. All the troops of the allies have done their duty well; they attribute the victory to God and to us. The greatest shock of the battle was just opposite where I was, in front of the Vizier; and at the moment the enemy began to yield, the Elector of Bavaria, the Prince of Waldeck, and the other generals crowded round me embracing me, the soldiers and officers on foot and horseback crying, 'Our brave King!' and kissing my feet. In the town they called me their 'saviour.' I went into two churches, where the people kissed my hands and feet and coat, crying, 'Let us touch your victorious hands.'"

He does not mention the text of a sermon preached in Vienna on that day—"There was a man sent by God, and his name was John."

"But the day is just beginning to break, and I must finish this letter. God is indeed great. Let us render glory and honour to Him for it now and for ever. I cannot longer enjoy this pleasant *tête-à-tête* with you. We have lost a great number of men, but we shall march to-day to pursue the enemy into Hungary: the Electors say they will accompany me. The heat is most oppressive.

"The Princes of Bavaria and Saxony will follow me to the end of the world, but we must get over the first two miles quickly, for the smell and infection from so large a number of corpses of men, horses, and camels, is insupportable.

"The Emperor is a mile and a half away. I perceive that he has no great wish to see me, so I shall make room for him, and am very glad to escape all the ceremonies that are going to take place in Vienna.

"To-day we are pushing on, but I feel sure that the Germans will not budge. I have sent the Elector of Saxony, as a remembrance, two richly caparisoned horses, two Turkish standards, &c., &c. He is gone back with his army after having expressed his resentment against the Emperor very vehemently.

"Sept. 17.—I have had my interview with the Emperor yesterday. He arrived at Vienna some hours after my departure. Not expecting to see him after so many delays, I sent him, as a compliment in memory of our victory, one of the standards of the Vizier."

Leopold had taken every pains to show that he felt no gratitude to or interest in his deliverer, but finding that Sobieski had literally begun his march from Vienna, he sent an awkward message to him intimating that he did not know how etiquette would allow him to receive an elected king. When the dilemma was laid before Charles of Lorraine, he replied, "With open arms if he has saved the empire!" But Sobieski does not mention this little passage at arms.

"I proposed that we should meet on horseback, I in front of my army, he before his and his capital. I need not describe him to you; his appearance is well known; he wore an embroidered surcoat and a hat with white and red plumes. I made my compliments in Latin in very few words. He replied in the same way. [Sobieski again does not give his answer to the Emperor's cold and awkward address—"I am very glad, Sire, to have rendered you this little service."] I presented my son; the Emperor did not even put his hand to his cap. To avoid scandal I said a few words more to him, and then turned my horse; we saluted, and I went back to my camp. He then went on to look at our army with the Palatine of Russia, but our people are extremely piqued, and complain openly that the Emperor did not deign to thank them for all the privations and pains they have endured, even by saluting them.

"Our sick have nothing but dung to lie on; the wounded, of whom there are a great number, cannot obtain boats to go down the river to Presburg, where I could have them nursed at my own cost. They refuse to allow our dead to be buried in the cemeteries of Vienna, even the superior officers. They pillage our baggage and carry away the horses following us. A German dragoon struck one of my pages on the face and brought blood, at four steps from me; another tore away my cloak from one of my people. Some of my body-guard, left near the Turkish cannon we have taken, lost their cloaks, their clothes, and their horses. We have never been in such bad case, and if it had not been for the oats found in the Turkish camp we should have lost all the horses; the misery is so great everywhere that it is difficult to find a truss of hay or any fresh grass. Bare fields are all that remain after the passage of these clouds of pagans.

"Several of our men having pressed into the town to find some food, as we are dying of hunger in the country, the Commandant gave orders to fire upon them. . . . After such a battle, where we have lost so many men, and officers of our highest families, we are to lose our horses and baggage, and to be left to perish of misery. We are treated as if we had the plague, while before the battle my tents, which, thank God, are spacious enough, could not contain the crowds. We are marching on a still greater famine, but I want to get away from this town of Vienna, where they fire on our people. But tell no one of these subjects of complaint—the old adage says, 'Qui ne sait cacher son ennui apprête à rire à l'ennemi.' We are like the Israelites by the waters of Babylon, we weep the loss of our horses, the ingratitude of those we have saved, and so many chances of success thrown away.

"Sept. 18th.—We are only three miles from Presburg. The roads are full of corpses; at one of the fords of the river the Turks lost nearly 2,000 men, killed partly by our people, partly by the peasants. The Germans have not stirred from Vienna.

"It has been hinted to me by the imperial equerry that I should do well to offer some fine saddle-horses to the Emperor. This is a very pretty compliment when I have hardly any for myself, but I shall try and see whether any can be found in the army, as it is my fate to have to oblige

everybody and to have nothing to expect except from God. . . . It is not the least extraordinary thing we have experienced that we do not know what is going to become of us. It would only have been right, I think, to ask me how I intend to go on with the war, but they have no communication with me. If they would at least declare frankly that they do not want us any more, I should be free to go where I please.

"The Turks are marching day and night in a straight line on Belgrade, where is the Sultan, abandoning their baggage at the defiles or river-fords.

"The soldiers and officers are suffering from fever and dysentery, brought on by fatigue, the want of nourishment, and the excessive heat. The Duke of Lorraine comes often to see me; 'le pauvre diable' has neither spoils from the enemy nor honours from the Emperor."

Ingratitude was the order of the day at Vienna, and generals, feudatories, and allies were all treated with the same coldness.

"Sept. 19.—We hope to cross the Danube to-morrow on a bridge which has still to be made, in order to enter the enemy's country, where we hope to find forage for the horses. The Turks have stopped nowhere, and leave stragglers behind in all directions, dying of hunger. I should wish to march directly on Buda, and so finish the war, but These military details, however, will not have much interest for you, my love, for I often observe that when you hear them, you take no notice. . . . What a beautiful country this is, and how these pagans have maltreated it! . . . I have sent the Emperor some fine horses, according to the hint which he sent me; I put on them harness mounted with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. He has replied by a tolerably handsome sword. I have given presents [to the officers who had fought by his side], and shall be reduced, most likely, to come home with nothing left but buffaloes and camels for my own share. People are coming to me every moment—I have not a moment of rest night nor day. You know, *chère dame*, how much I love reading; well, upon my honour, I have not ever had a book in my hands since Ratibor.

"A week ago the greater part of the Turkish army disbanded, and neither halter nor cold steel could stop the men. The Vizier has caused the Pasha of Buda to be strangled in his presence because his soldiers refused to fight. He was a brave, honest old man, who had married a Pole, and had been wounded at the affair of Vienna. Many other executions have taken place, and more are to be carried out near Buda. All their treasures are taken by the Vizier.

"*Presburg*.—We have lost a number of men lately, some from wounds, many from dysentery. I have brought them down here, where the inhabitants are kind and hospitable, like our own Poles. . . . I have devoted my life to the glory of God and of His holy cause and I shall go on with it," he adds in answer to some of his wife's complaints. "I too care for my life, I care for it for the service of Christendom and my country, for you, dear heart, for my children, my family, and my friends, but honour must be dear to me also.

"It is sad to hear the officers talk. They even regret that we came to the Emperor's help, and wish we had left this proud race to perish, never to rise again; everybody is discouraged and out of heart. The intense heat brings with it fever and something like plague. [Leopold, indeed, seemed bent on showing by his consistent meanness and ingratitude how little worth saving he had been.]

"I send a list of the munitions of war taken in the Turkish camp, which are to be divided; but there was much more—this was only taken after three days of pillage. I forbade anything to be touched after the battle till night, thinking the Turks might return; but many of the soldiers have become great lords, they have grown so rich with plunder. Belts

set with diamonds have been seen among them. Watches with diamonds, rich poignards, and knives, and quivers, &c., are in the list; carpets, coverlids, furs, the most beautiful in the world.

"I can't think what the Turks intended to do with them, as they do not wear such. Perhaps they were intended for the ladies of Vienna! I send you one of the Vizier's coverlids in white satin, embroidered with gold flowers—nothing can be warmer or more delicate—and a cushion embroidered by the Vizier's chief wife; also two purple carpets woven with gold. I beg you graciously to receive these bagatelles."

And now came the only reverse which Sobieski ever encountered in his life. In the hot pursuit of the Turks, the advanced guard, without the King's knowledge or orders, advanced to the Danube, and found that the Ottoman army had just crossed. The Poles had neither infantry nor cannon, and the Turk charged furiously upon them; they were not quite five thousand men, and the Duke of Lorraine had not come up as was expected.

"The Turks charged them a second and a third time; our centre and left wing began to fly. I cried and ordered in vain, all abandoned me. I ordered Fanfan [his son] to go on with them, and not knowing what had become of him I thought I should have died of grief. I was very near losing my life; my hands, my thighs, all my body is as black as coal, bruised by the press of the flyers. The poor Palatine of Pomerania was pushed off his horse and fell with many others near me." "A cavalry soldier saved my life; two Turks were close upon me; he killed one and wounded the other. I had hoped to recompense the man largely, but he did not come alive out of the fight. Let particular mention be made of him in the service for the dead. I was supposed to be among the dead, and it is almost a miracle it was not so. Almost all my pages perished in the action, and I can hardly sit on my horse from the fatigue and grief I have endured. The body of the poor Palatine has been found, but headless—these barbarians make no prisoners."

Two days after, however, he had his revenge: Kara Mustapha returned in great force from Buda, with troops, inspirited by the false news of the death of the King, and gave battle at Parkany, on the 10th October, with the usual results.

"Oh, how good God is, my dear Mariette, to have given us in compensation for a little confusion, a victory greater than that of Vienna! In the name of your love for me do not cease thanking Him, entreat Him to continue His mercies to His faithful people. I am quite well, thank God, and feel twenty years younger since our victory—everything is repaired."

Kara Mustapha had been promised the aid of Tekeli and 40,000 Hungarians; the Ottoman army had recovered its vigour, and was posted so as to stretch from Parkany to the foot of the mountains, the right resting on the gorges by which the Hungarians were to arrive. By this time, however, King John had received his contingents and Cossacks. Before day he had arranged his army in three lines; he led the first himself, the Duke of Lorraine the second, and Jablonowski the third; the Turks charged this last furiously as usual, but were driven back in disorder. The King meantime advanced on the walls of the fort; the broken squadrons

were alarmed; the two wings of the Christian army, forming a vast crescent, rested on the Danube; Sobieski came down on the disordered troops and drove them into the river. "It was a diverting spectacle (!)," said an eyewitness; "those who would not dare this dangerous passage were cut to pieces on the banks, and heaps of them, a fathom high, formed a sort of parapet on the edge." The bridge below broke, five Pashas and a number of generals perished there, and the slaughter was tremendous.

The Hungarians arrived too late, purposely it was said, and that Tekeli grieved equally over the check to Sobieski, which left him at the mercy of the Turks, and at the destruction of the Turks, which left him at the mercy of the Austrians. The King attempted in vain to save him from the consequences of his own indecision.

When Sobieski heard that Kara Mustapha had fled to Belgrade his joy was great. "Here is Hungary at last delivered from the Infidel after 300 years. Belgrade is not in Hungary but in Servia," he explains. "I know you are not strong in geography," he observes several times. "The Turks now have only five or six of the principal fortresses left, and it would only require fourteen days to deliver this great and beautiful kingdom entirely."

He had all along desired to attack Buda, but was persuaded by the Duke of Lorraine to besiege Gran. It was the first time that the Turks had had to defend places since the foundation of their empire, and a new art for them to learn; they had hitherto done nothing but attack, but now, after 300 years, they were conquered and invaded in their turn. He writes from within the town, October 21st:—

"Although pressed by the bad weather and the want of forage, I resolved to attack the fortress against the advice of every one. The town has yielded; the garrison, two Pashas, and 5,000 troops have marched out with arms but without baggage or artillery; it was the strongest place in Hungary. Mass has been celebrated for the first time these 150 years in the church, which had been converted into a mosque. We have taken five mosques in this way from the pagans during the year. No one, however, speaks either of our present or our past. God and glory are our reward.

"We see nothing but sickness, pillage, towns on fire, and ruined churches, in this miserable country, where every sod of earth would yield blood, it seems, if it were pressed.

"We are bivouacking in the open air, we cannot even use our tents, the ground is so frozen that it is impossible to drive in the tent-pegs."

Desertion, brigandage, and sickness were ravaging the ranks on both sides; but still Sobieski went on with his self-imposed task, and the Turks had such confidence in his honour that they would surrender to him at discretion, as at Schetzin, when they would trust no one else.

The rain had made the roads now impracticable; the snows which followed determined the end of the campaign for the

allies, although Sobieski yet desired to carry Buda, which would have driven the Turks out of Hungary, and thus concluded the war.

With a last effort to save Tekeli, and do something for Hungary, if possible, Sobieski wrote to the Pope in their favour, after having vainly attempted to obtain terms for them with the Emperor. Then, to the great delight of his army, he turned homewards, through mud and snow, and hardships of all kinds. On Christmas eve he reached Cracow, after only four months' absence, which had been one series of successes and triumphs. He was received with the acclamations of his people, who were half-mad with pride and joy.

On the very day after, an Aga of the Janissaries presented himself to Kara Mustapha at Belgrade, on the part of the Sultan, to demand his head. It was said that Mahomet would have saved him, but that the exasperation of the army and the people was such that he was afraid for his own life; despots are often the greatest slaves. The disgraced Vizier was sent for to Constantinople after attempting to save his treasures, by burying them and killing the Albanian workmen who had done the work. He saw from his windows the Aga approaching with a numerous escort, received him calmly, kissed the hatti-scherif of death, made his prayer, washed his hands, face, and head, to "receive martyrdom pure in body soul," and then, kneeling down, adjusted the cord round his own neck. His head a few days after decorated the gates of the Seraglio, "another trophy to John Sobieski."

The tide of conquest had turned; the Turks were driven back never again to trouble Europe by their invasions. We have forgotten the political and religious horror which followed the long series of triumphs that carried the standard of Mahomet from Mecca, Jerusalem, and Damascus, into the very heart of Europe. Sobieski was spoken of as a second Maccabæus who had saved Christianity itself, as well as the Holy Land. In three months he had recovered all that the Porte had conquered during two hundred years. The decline of the Empire of the Mahomets and Solymans dates from the utter defeat of the Turks by King John at Vienna, and the battles which succeeded it. Since that time the Porte has never gained a foot of territory in Europe.

The extraordinary genius for war possessed by the Turkish race, the manner in which such bodies of men and masses of material of war were collected in those roadless days in such short periods of time, and from such distances, is almost inconceivable. Inspired by religious fanaticism, these were hurled on the foe with a force which for a time carried all before it. But although their powers of destruction were enormous, the utter absence of all capacity for ruling or amalgamating with their subject races is even more remarkable. The Turks have never been able to use their acquisitions, except to derive tribute from them. Their existence has

always and everywhere been that of a garrison in a conquered country—aliens in faith, in race, and manners, they have continued apart to the present day. Literature they have none, trade they have left to the despised Giaour: they seem incapable of progress, in the European sense of the word. The fierce hordes which have overrun so large a portion of the world have apparently been urged on by the blind instinct that leads the locust or the soldier-crabs afield, more than by any more human feeling. Von Hammer, at the end of one of his volumes, summing up the principal invasions of the thirty previous years, mentions six in Styria, six in Carinthia, nine in Carniola, without counting the great number of smaller attempts, twenty-seven in Carniola alone from 1460 to 1518.

The Turk has lost his savage energy of conquest since those days, but though the common people are said to be brave, sober, and trustworthy, the hopeless corruption of the ruling class in Constantinople and the provinces is as great or greater than ever, the social conditions are utterly rotten, and the general disorganization complete.

The problem of our dealings with the Porte is, however, of course complicated by the fact that it is only the advanced guard of the enormous Mussulman population scattered over the world, and that our Queen rules over a greater number of Mahometans than does any other sovereign, even the Sultan and the Shah.

The history of Sobieski has a peculiar interest at the present moment, as helping to interpret that present which has its roots, as ever, in the past. The "Bulgarian atrocities," which have shocked the world, are seen to be merely "a survival" (as Mr. Tylor would call it) of the ordinary usages of the Turks in war and in the suppression of rebellion. The antagonism between the Porte and "Muscovy," the friendly feeling between Turkey and Hungary, which has helped to paralyze Austria at the present crisis, existed in the days of King John as now. If the jealousies of the European Powers had not prevented the formation of that great Confederation which he strove so earnestly to organize, and he had been able to carry on his victorious campaign after the relief of Vienna as he desired, the "Turkish difficulty" would not have been troubling Europe at the present moment. It is almost the only consolation in the conduct of the Conference that, though the Porte continues much as she was two hundred years ago, the Great Powers have certainly been acting a more Christian part. Such conduct as that of Louis XIV. and Leopold would at least be now impossible in the face of international public opinion; and we may therefore still entertain a faint hope that the honest efforts of the Christian nations combined may bring about a better result than has followed the campaigns of 1670-83, successful as they were. But the time for action is indeed short.

F. P. VERNEY.

REASONABLE FAITH.

IN a recent number of this REVIEW Mr. Clifford remarks that "it is wrong" "to believe upon insufficient evidence;" and that if any should reply, "I have no time to investigate," "then he should have no time to believe."*

There is, no doubt, much truth in the view thus forcibly expressed, for no excuse of want of time can release any person of ordinary ability from the duty of carefully investigating the foundations of that which he professes to believe. But there is also a manifest fallacy in this reasoning, at least in the view of those who hold that the Christian Revelation was intended, not only for the wise and learned, but equally for the poor and simple; for we regard it as one strong argument in proof of its Divine origin that while it sustains uninjured the fiercest criticism of the sceptic, and adapts itself to the advancing discoveries of the philosopher, it is also recognized by sincere, though unlearned men, as responding to the deepest cravings and highest aspirations of their nature. There is much force in the reply put by the American novelist into the mouth of the Christian slave, who, being appealed to by his sceptical master to justify his confidence as an unlearned man in the truth of a belief, which the former, with his learning, could not receive; replied, "Ah, master, I *feel* it, I *feel* it to be true." It is the writer's purpose in the following pages to accept the challenge apparently given in Mr. Clifford's article to men engaged in commerce, and other various occupations apart from theology and literature, to come forward

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for January, 1877: Ethics of Belief.

and defend what appears to them the reasonableness of their faith, and endeavour to examine, in the same condition of mind in which such persons weigh evidence and decide upon the daily difficulties that meet them in the business of life, *first* the objections raised by sceptical writers against, and *then* the cumulative evidence in favour of, the Scripture revelation.

In carrying out this intention no excuse need be made for the use of arguments already familiar to the students of Butler, Paley, Chalmers, the Duke of Argyll, and many other champions of the faith, for it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to find entirely new arguments either on one side or the other. The objections are mostly but old enemies in new forms, adapted to modern modes of thought; and indeed it is often a matter of conjecture, in reading such essays as the "Ethics of Belief," whether the writers could ever have read the works of Paley and Butler, who long since demolished the arguments that are now brought forward, with a little change of dress, as original discoveries. The object of the present essay will be, while using the vast wealth of argument accumulated, to condense it for the need of this busy age, and to place it in that form which has proved most convincing to the mind of the writer.

No subject can equal the importance of the one now before us; namely, the answer to the question, Is this brief life, in which success is so rare, and even success so generally ends in disappointment, which begins with the infant's wail of pain, is, through the short time it lasts, full of trial and trouble,—sometimes of great physical or mental suffering,—and which ends so often in its prime, amid the pain of disappointed hopes and the anguish of broken hearts, just as character has been matured by discipline, and the mind has become rich in knowledge and experience;—is this indeed all, or at least all that is sufficiently certain to claim the attention of reasonable men? Or, on the other hand, Is there satisfactory evidence that this life is not all, but only a period of probation and discipline needful for man, and perfectly consistent with Divine goodness and wisdom? The former view, at least in its practical influence, is without doubt very prevalent, as is shown not less in the secularization of education abroad, and the contempt with which religion is openly treated by many leading professors in foreign universities, than in the disposition of so many at home as well as abroad, in alarm at the progress of these views, to seek rest from painful mental conflict in the arms of that Church which claims "infallibility;" and, perhaps, in a still greater degree in the general indifference to religion which prevails so extensively among young persons of all classes, leading them to reject the old forms of faith with little examination, and to adopt, instead, a fanciful religion of their own, with a code of morals adapted to the current opinion of those with whom they associate.

In an able essay on "The Courses of Religious Thought,"* Mr. Gladstone brought forward a formidable list of various developments of scepticism, which however appear, practically, to resolve themselves into three—namely, those which deny the necessity, though they may not deny the possibility, of a Creator; those which acknowledge God, but entirely reject revelation; and, lastly, those which accept the ethics of the Bible, but, more or less, reject its historical truth, and its claim to inspiration. In considering this subject the thoughtful student of sceptical literature can hardly fail, at the outset, to be struck by the apparent inconsistency of many of those writers, who, while professing philanthropy, yet set themselves, at the cost of much labour, to destroy all existing forms of belief, although acknowledging the excellence of the moral teaching of Christianity, and admitting the fact that it supplies strength to hundreds of thousands, amid pain and sorrow, and in death itself unspeakable comfort and peace.

It cannot but appear unphilosophical and cruel thus gratuitously to take away such joy and consolation in trouble, and such inducements to excellence of character and virtuous conduct, as the Christian faith yields, when confessedly those who would be its destroyers, have no truer consolation to offer and no more constraining motive to present as a substitute.

In proceeding to examine these developments of unbelief, the first which comes under our notice is that which denies the necessity, though it may not deny the possibility, of a personal Creator. This form, though comparatively rare, is yet to some extent openly professed, while its unacknowledged influence is very considerable, and we must therefore examine it, however useless it may be to attempt to convince by argument those who, while capable of comprehending the wondrous indications of skill, adaptation, and intelligence daily more clearly revealed by science, are yet capable of attributing these combinations of power and high intelligence to chance or the "fortuitous combination of atoms, moved by physical forces." It is difficult to realize the fact that any reasonable man, not utterly blinded by prejudice, can study the most elementary book of science—say on physiology—that he can contemplate the human frame in its wonderful structure of bone, sinew, and muscle, all arranged on the most perfect mechanical principles; trace the numberless contrivances necessary to make the body available to the possessor—such as the exquisitely arranged system of blood-vessels, veins, and capillaries, the nerves and glands, and those seemingly complicated contrivances connected with the digestion and the action of the heart; with all the curious arrangements by which the separation of exhausted blood is accomplished, and the numberless

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for June, 1876.

valves, muscles, and membranes necessary for the work; and hold such a theory. Or, again, that he should consider the way in which, by "osmosis," the good blood is enabled to supply nourishment to the body, and the worn-out particles are carried off; and then proceed to calculate the "probabilities," first, that each of these contrivances was formed separately by chance, and secondly, that by "fortuitous combination" they fitted themselves into the exact places required. Or, again, that he should examine the human eye—examination of which might alone be a cure for atheism—that wondrous organ which grasps within its scope the landscape, paints it upon a point the size of a pin's head, and is so alike in each person that a similar idea of the scene is conveyed to the brain of every beholder; or the marvellous structure of the ear, which can recognize harmony or discord among the millions of vibrations of the air produced at an instrumental concert, and distinguish from a hundred other sounds the notes struck upon a piano separated from the ear by a solid brick wall; or, still further, calculate the absolute requirements of the body and the corresponding supplies provided for it in earth, in air, and in water;—and yet feel any doubt whence all originated.

To those who accept the faith that the world was made by the power of God, every science brings confirmatory evidence of the strongest kind—whether it be that which reveals the course of the stars, or that which shows how the wayside flowers, trees, and plants, growing in beauty for our use and enjoyment, draw their nourishment from carbonic acid gas that has been given off as waste by the animal creation, and restore it again in forms necessary for man's life and sustenance; but it would indeed be vain to expect to convince by words those who can calmly contemplate these and the other wonders of the creation, and yet accept the irrational suggestion that they came into existence and arranged themselves into the exquisite and perfect order in which we find them by "fortuitous combination" and "natural selection." One thing is beyond doubt—that no sane man would accept such reasoning regarding the phenomena and occurrences of daily life, or would look upon any person who could do so as a reasonable being.

It must not be supposed that we are here insinuating that any large number of those who hold even extreme views upon the doctrine of evolution hold also such ideas as are objected to in the foregoing pages. For the most part, while their writings appear to suggest this conclusion, the question as to the First Cause seems rather ignored by them; and so long as it is admitted that the *origin* of all things comes from the mind of a Divine Creator, we need not trouble ourselves, even though it were proved that all inanimate creation originated in a "concourse of atoms," or in atoms

and ether, and that all living beings have sprung from one germ. Such a conclusion is at present not proved; but if such were the case, it would but enhance the wondrous miracle of creation. No truly scientific man will maintain the absurdity that anything could have been evolved from a germ except that which, in its possibility, the germ already contained; and therefore the conclusion that the creation was evolved thus, would only prove that the Creator, instead of making separately the varieties of creation, created them potentially in one rudimental form, ordaining that, at different periods and under diverse circumstances, each species should evolve from the preceding.

Let it be granted, then, that all living beings, from the insect which crawls upon the ground to the eagle which flies in the heavens, and the complex human form which walks erect upon the face of the earth, have been developed from one tiny germ, in which all the attributes of each species must have been enfolded—this plainly detracts nothing from the miracle of creation; but would, if true, be a far greater marvel than that which we generally understand to be the Scripture record of the event. We consider the mechanic skilful who can make a perfect chronometer; but we should count him ten thousand times more so if he could make a watch capable, by evolution, of developing many varieties. Therefore while at present, without doubt, the various theories of Darwin and others contain great truths, and, to ordinary minds, still greater incredibilities, yet even should the extreme views regarding the “evolution” of species prove true, there would be no conflict in them with the reasonable faith that the world was made by the wisdom and power of God, and that those things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.

Leaving, now, the believers in the seemingly incredible system of auto-genesis, we propose to consider the views held by that very much larger number who, while acknowledging the existence of a Creator, deny the possibility or the fact of a Divine revelation, and determine, in the spirit of Confucius, that as it is impossible, scientifically, to prove the existence of a God, or, if there be one, His character or the nature of His government, it is the part of a wise man to abstain from troubling his mind on the subject, and to devote himself rather to get the greatest advantage from the realities of life, regarding which there can be no doubt. We shall endeavour to prove that, even were the Christian revelation untrue, such agnosticism is without excuse, since Nature itself reveals the character of God; and then pass on to show that one of the strongest proofs of the reasonableness of the Christian faith is, that it is in perfect accord with Nature’s revelation, which it does little more than amplify, explain, and enforce.

Let us endeavour to look upon the world as spectators, seeking,

if we may, to find out from creation alone the character of the Being who created it, always bearing in mind the undeniable truth that every *designed* creation must originally have formed a part of the designer's mind; for what are called "ideas" (which many mock at as if mere ideas were nothing) are, in reality, the source of every creation, and every creation must have existed ideally in the mind of the Creator before it became embodied in outward form. Whether it be the stately architectural pile, the thrilling poem, or the entrancing oratorio, not one of these could have been produced had it not been first in the mind of the author; and hence the admiration that we render to the names of such men as Christopher Wren, Handel, and Shakespeare, for creations which delight the eye, the ear, and the mind; and to Watt, Stephenson, and Brunel, for the application of natural arts to the service of humanity. For the same reason we are compelled to acknowledge that what we find in Nature must have formed a part of the mind of Nature's God. What then does animate, as well as inanimate Nature, teach us regarding the Creator? First, inanimate nature, without doubt, tells us of His *infinite* power and wisdom, and every discovery of science only adds to the wondrous exhibition of purpose, adaptation, and resource, which the first casual survey presents to us. But it also tells us of a reign of law, of inflexible, unchanging law, the reflex of the mind of One to whom lawlessness and disorder are repugnant, and by whose decree violation of law involves punishment.

If we turn to the highest form of animate nature, we are at once struck by the curious contradiction, that while all mankind who are not utterly debased recognize the excellence of virtue, few practise it. But the fact remains, that human nature has in it the *capacity* of recognizing and approving as excellent the qualities of justice, truth, purity, and benevolence. The name of "just" was the highest title heathens could apply to a man, and every reader knows how universally these virtues when displayed have been held in reverence by them. Now if it follows, as it surely does, that these qualities in the creature formed part of the mind of his Creator, then nature itself is found inviting us to become acquainted with God as the Infinitely Good and Wise, whose government is one of law and order, and whose character includes those qualities which we designate by the names of truth, purity, justice, and benevolence.

With regard to His moral *government*, the indications are not so clear; for while, on the whole, the same law as in nature holds good, and violations of the moral law do bring punishment upon the transgressor, yet startling exceptions occur, pointing to some disturbing element. Yet it is evident that, as a rule, transgression does bring punishment, and obedience to the laws of virtue does

bring reward, while the exceptions suggest the probability of a future existence in which these apparent discrepancies will be explained and remedied. And this view leads to another great question: Does nature give any solution of the great problem which is, at some time or other, presented to the minds of all, whether philosophers or others—"If a man die shall he live again?" and as the difficulty of believing that a man who dies yet survives in another state is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of faith, it may be well to deal with this question rather fully.

The fact that in a world where law and order are seen to be the rule of government, such large exceptions should exist, undoubtedly requires explanation. That these exceptions do occur is undeniable. Many a patriot has worn out his life in a dungeon—his heart torn by the reflection that the cause he loved better than life itself was languishing for want of his presence and support—and has died a cruel death—destroyed for ever, if there be not another life—while the cruel oppressors have gained their end, and have been visited by no obvious punishment. Again, many a slave-dealer has died in old age after a life of luxury and enjoyment, with the respect of his class (the only public opinion he values), while his slaves have lived in misery, to perish, perhaps, in the end, under the cruel lash. If there be no future life, then this life, in these aspects of it, is indeed an inexplicable blunder.

Again, if we contemplate the faculties and powers which men, even the greatest of the race, die without having fully developed—time and opportunity for the development being wanting in their lives—we have another strong reason presented to us for believing in a future life. By the time that mature age is reached in the horse or the dog, for instance, we can develop in them all the possibilities of their nature—so that if they were to live for centuries after that time, no more could be developed, and their nature would progress no farther. But it is not so with man. We can hardly imagine the *possible* attainments of a Newton, or a Bacon, or other intellectual giants, had they continued to live among us till the present time. And, as regards ordinary mortals who yet possess minds capable of mastering all knowledge, were sufficient time allowed to them, how utterly inexplicable is it that they should be cut off just when, after great labour, they have attained to the possession of the first elements of knowledge, and have begun to catch glimpses of the vast treasury of wealth opening to their view—unless, indeed, this apparent inconsistency tells of a future life, where our education shall be carried on and perfected?

It is, indeed, terribly difficult, as we look upon the cold corpse that still bears the lineaments of a friend, to realize that *he* is not there, but certainly elsewhere; and the hateful fashion which surrounds death with doleful trappings—closing shutters to exclude heaven's

light, draping every object with the utmost gloom, demanding that the decaying form shall be preserved in the hideous process of corruption as long as metal can delay inevitable decomposition—all tends to make the fact of death being a change of condition, and not a destruction, most difficult to realize. But if we will only attend to them, Nature is full of comforting revelations. First, science has proved that nothing, at least in the inanimate creation, can be destroyed; and it would indeed be strange if animate nature in its noblest form—the mind and spirit of man—were the only exceptions to a law which governs the universe. But science goes farther, teaching us that in most cases in which a body becomes invisible and is apparently lost, it disappears only to reappear afterwards in a more beautiful form.

Let us on a winter night sit by a blazing fire and, casting in its flames the great Yule log, enjoy the comforting warmth while we watch with pleasure the cheerful glow. Returning in the early morning we find the huge log, its warmth, its blaze, and its comforting power all gone, and a few dull grey ashes alone remaining on the chilly hearth. But has all been destroyed? By no means. All that *was* there has but temporarily adopted an invisible form, and will soon reappear, in the glad spring, in some more beautiful shape, either of leaf, of fruit, or flower. And so it comforts us to believe that there is no more difficulty in the faith, that the friend in whose warmth of love we basked, and in whose glow of wit and intellectual power we rejoiced, of whom all that remains to us are the decaying ashes in the cold tomb, has only for a time become invisible, in order, by-and-by, to assume a new form of life and beauty, and that inanimate Nature with her silent voice thus confirms the instinctive belief of mankind in another life. Nature abounds in such teachings, of which another example offers itself as we walk along the wayside path and glance at the pools of water which, a short time since, came from above in a number of glistening drops, and now form a discoloured, foul, and ugly mass. We return to these pools in a few days and find them gone, and at our feet is only that which, being earthly, was mixed with the purer element. But the water has not been destroyed, it has only become invisible, and still exists around us, though we may not see it. It requires only a slight change of temperature, and again it will become visible to us, not in the impure connections with which it was before deformed, but in the dazzling beauty of the limpid hoar-frost, or reflecting every ray of light in the purity of the glistening snow.

To these revelations, which science has elicited from Nature, as regards apparent, in contradistinction to actual, annihilation, of which latter no example can be found in Nature, may be added the illustration used by St. Paul, when, replying to some

Materialist, he exclaims, "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Only observe that dull, lifeless grain of corn in your hand and ask yourself, Can it live again? Bury it in the earth and then see how its earthy covering decays and returns to the earth from which it came; while the vital germ, pressing upwards to the light of heaven, gathers from sun and air the required aid, and is soon visible once more, not in its old body, but clothed in one far more beauteous, ordained for it by its Creator. So also is the resurrection of man's body, thus shadowed forth by Nature. It is a sensual body (*ψυχικόν*) that is sown; it is a spiritual body which is raised. The character of that spiritual body is not revealed; but without doubt it will be as fitted for its then spiritual condition as this sensual body is fitted for its lower life on earth.

Thus far we have treated of natural religion, and of a few of the instances in which it bears testimony to the Being, the Character, and the Government of God, as well as to the present duty and future condition of man. If we find, on examination, that the Christian revelation accords with these teachings, there can hardly be a stronger testimony to its truth. Before, however, developing this portion of the argument, it will be well to pause and consider the objections which are raised, and which equally affect natural and revealed religion. A careful analysis and examination of these will show that under various forms the main objection urged is, that the arguments in favour of natural and revealed religion are disproved, alike by the supposed discovery that animated nature as it now exists has been gradually developed by process of evolution, and also by the regularity and invariableness of those laws that govern the universe. From the consideration of which it is urged that no variation of such laws can ever have taken place, and that no breach of continuity can ever possibly have occurred. These, so far as the writer has been able to discover, are the sole difficulties on which are founded the whole superstructure of unbelief, with reference both to natural and revealed religion.

If we examine the value of these objections, we shall find that they resolve themselves into this: that according to the knowledge to which scientific men have hitherto attained, certain phenomena appear incompatible with the received doctrines of religion. Indeed, this is all that can possibly be asserted, until they are assured of the perfection of their knowledge, and the omniscience of their perception. It would be contrary to all true science and philosophy to maintain that *apparent* contradictions can never be reconciled, since daily experience proves the contrary, teaching us that increased light and science are constantly solving supposed difficulties, and reconciling apparent contradictions by the discovery of the existence of some still higher but previously hidden law. One thing at any rate is certain, that incapacity to compre-

hend how difficulties can be explained or apparent contradictions reconciled, is no proof whatever that such solutions are impossible.

To present this argument more clearly, it may be illustrated by the facts of electric telegraphy. We all know how, owing to the rapidity with which messages are conveyed, it is quite possible that a speech, which was delivered and taken down in India from the mouth of the speaker at one o'clock on the 1st day of January, 1877, should be read in the newspapers in London on the evening of the 31st of December, 1876—the previous day and year. Let us suppose that, *before* the electric telegraph was discovered, the philosophers who deride our faith because they cannot reconcile it with the apparent laws of the universe, or the present revelations of science, had been told that, in a few years, by mere mechanical and natural means, this remarkable event would occur—that a speech delivered in India should be reported in England the day before it was actually uttered! Is it not certain that such an assertion would have been treated with contempt as equally opposed to common sense, to the teachings of science, and to the fixed laws affecting time and space? The moment, however, the connecting link—the electric telegraph—should be explained, the incredible statement would become clear, and this even to the comprehension of a child.

A careful examination of the objections of sceptics will show—at least in those cases where they condescend to argument, and do not, as is often the case, appear to take it for granted that their readers have risen superior to the supposed exploded superstitions of “so-called divine revelation”—that their objections are obviously founded on the same unsafe grounds upon which our supposed philosophers would have rejected the possibility of the speech made in India reaching England the day before the date upon which it was uttered. They find difficulties which reason cannot explain, and apparent contradictions they cannot reconcile, and forthwith reject the idea that any evidence can be allowed to weigh against this fact arising from their own imperfection in knowledge. As an example of the shallowness of many of the arguments upon this subject, we may refer to those which deny the possibility of any breach of continuity in relation to the fixed laws of nature—such breaches as are involved in miracles. Let us grant that all our objectors assert upon this point is correct,—and that the Creator of the universe, having founded the world upon certain fixed laws, would not introduce confusion by violating them. Yet, if properly considered, the assent to this proposition will in no way affect the credibility of miracles, or even their compatibility with the law of continuity.* It was stated by the late celebrated Mr. Babbage that it was

* Stewart and Tait : *The Unseen Universe*.

quite possible to construct a machine which, after having worked for a long time according to one method of procedure, should suddenly manifest a single breach of this method, and then resume and for ever afterwards keep to its original law. If human skill can thus control an instrument which may make a single, and apparently an isolated variation from its original principle of action, without changing the law of its design, how fatal is the assertion that any faith is false because it claims that the Infinitely Wise and Mighty Designer of the world had provided for such variations in the ordinary procedure of His plan of government! Moreover, objectors to the miracles apparently forget that at least two miracles, or breaches of continuity, have undeniably occurred, namely, that first miracle which introduced Matter into the universe, and the second, which introduced Life. How eminently unscientific is it, therefore, to assert that though matter and life have been miraculously, and by "breach of continuity," introduced into the universe, any introduction of spiritual life and Divine revelation in the same way "is impossible!"

Leaving now those sceptical writers who maintain the views of the atheist or agnostic, before proceeding to the second part of our subject—namely, the foundations upon which we build our reasonable faith—we have to consider the objections of those who, while acknowledging a Creator, reject the revelation of the Bible and all forms of Christianity; and we shall find that such objections are grounded chiefly in disbelief of the possibility of miracles, and any supernatural interposition, or else in doubts as to the historical truth of the Scriptural record, and the feeling that the Bible is not consistent with itself, or worthy of the lofty claim it makes to be the very Word of God. The first of these objections has been already dealt with, and it is only necessary to remark further, that if it be admitted that this world was formed according to the preconceived design of an All-wise Creator, there would be nothing improbable in the idea of His having determined that at certain periods in the history of the race, revelations of His character and will should be provided through apparent variations of those laws by which He governs the universe; at all events it would be unreasonable to assume that such an arrangement was an impossibility.

In regard to the question of the historical truth of Christianity it would evidently be impossible to deal fully with it within the limits of such an article as this, even if all the objections had not been anticipated already by the works of Paley, Butler, Chalmers, and other great writers. It must suffice to observe: that the Christian religion does at present exist; that it is a religion professed in all the most civilized countries in the world; that it arose 1877 years ago in an obscure part of Palestine; that without resorting to force, and notwithstanding the opposition of the

secular power, it overthrew all the religions existing at the time of its appearance; that those who first promulgated it suffered severe persecution on account of their faith—a faith of which one fundamental doctrine is, that truth is of God, that no liar has any part in God's kingdom; and if this religion be not true, we are justified in asking our opponents to give some reasonable account of the miracle of its existence.

Coming now to the third class of objectors—those who deem the Bible inconsistent with itself, or not worthy of its high claim to be considered the Word of Him who is Perfect Truth, Justice, and Benevolence—we cannot avoid seeing how much has been done to create such objections, by what appears to us the false theologies that have been set forth as derived from the pages of the book; teachings concerning the Supreme Being which, like those of High Calvinism, represent Him in a character so unjust that the very spirit of justice implanted in man, when not deadened by early training, is revolted by them. True, these representations of the Deity have been thought to be so supported by the *words* of the Bible, that the good John Newton, in his “Cardiphonia,” speaking of the Calvinistic view of Predestination and Election, wrote: “It is Scriptural, or else Scripture is a mere nose of wax without a determinate meaning.” Yet we must regard them as unscriptural errors against which it becomes our duty vigorously to protest.

We are thus led to the consideration of what is a “reasonable faith” in the Christian revelation, and thus again to the meaning which is to be attached to the inspiration of that Book on which all Christian faith is based. The inspiration of the Bible is still held by large numbers to extend to its very words. But such a claim will, we think, hardly bear reflection, when it is considered how many interpolations have undoubtedly been discovered, how much has been translated so as to miss the true meaning of the original; and, still more, if we remember the immense change in meaning which words have undergone, and are constantly undergoing—a change which is so interestingly brought out in Archbishop Trench’s work on the “Study of Words.” And, indeed, what are words? Robertson describes them as counters—as coins of intellectual exchange, which require the receiver to be in possession of the idea before he can hope to perceive it in the word. But this, though true, is scarcely exact. They are more like the forced paper currency existing in many States of which the value is constantly changing, and the real worth of which is still more uncertain when translated into a foreign currency. Should it, however, be allowed that the very words of Scripture as we have them are inspired, very little assistance would be gained, since those who so urge their devotion to what they call “plain words of

Scripture," must not only be sure that they have grasped the exact meaning of the word, at the time it was used, but still more—since so many words have several different meanings—that they have grasped what it would require almost another revelation to insure—which meaning among the many, is the correct one in each particular instance. As an illustration of this difficulty, let us take the smallest word in the Bible, a word about which it would be imagined there could be no dispute, yet over which the fiercest battles have been and are being fought—namely, the little word "*is*." Christ said of the sacramental bread, "This is my body;" and for hundreds of years the meaning of the word *is* has been the subject of bitter controversy, while each party can claim reason on their side for the meaning they attach to it. For instance, the landowner looking on his estate may say, "This *is* my property." Looking upon a picture of it hanging on the wall, he may again rightly say, "This *is* my property." Or handing over a bundle of title-deeds to his banker, he may as truly say, "This *is* my property." The Romanist adopts the first meaning; various Evangelical denominations the second; and the Church of England, calling the sacramental elements "an outward sign of grace, the means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof," apparently adopts the third. We therefore cannot but conclude that words, mere words by themselves, are utterly incapable of conveying and perpetuating inspired truth. Our claim, however, regarding the Scriptures is—not that they are a collection of inspired words, but that they compose the one inspired Word, of which their several parts are but the syllables. What then is a word? Perhaps the best definition of it is, that it is a medium by which the ideas or the desires of one mind are conveyed and made intelligible to the attentive mind of another. Such a word may be spoken, written, or may be even a dumb sign. It may be given by direct instruction or by parable—its one essential quality being that if intelligently received, it shall convey the thought of one mind to another. It may be here objected that it is essential that the Divine Word should be so clear as to admit of being at once recognized; and such we maintain is the case, provided that it be approached with a candid and unprejudiced mind, by a sincere and single-hearted seeker after truth. There is an inward eye, placed in the heart of man by his Creator, that, *if single*, is enabled to distinguish the light of heaven from the phosphorescent gleam which springs from corruption and induces to destruction. The great teacher of the Gentiles declares that it is "with the heart" man believes, and thus it is not so much intellectual capacity that is required as that one should not resist the inward testimonies of conscience to the manifested truth.

It may, again, be asked why this revelation was not made so

plain that none should be capable of misunderstanding it. The answer is, that all the revelations of the Creator to man are more or less veiled. Nature hides her testimony to her Maker, except to the earnest seeker. The Living Word, who came to reveal the Creator to the creature, came so veiled that prejudiced man rejected Him as an impostor, and the written Word, in the same way, is daily trying men, compelling them, by the way in which they read its syllables,* to pass sentence upon themselves. The Pharisee reads in it that he is one of the little flock selected by a partial Father for happiness, and with cynical contentment contemplates his unfortunate erring brother being sent from home into outer darkness; and thus, too, many others take some one syllable of the great Word, and so misplace it that the words of the Bible have been used to defend almost every contradiction of true Christian spirit, and every error regarding Christian faith. It may be noticed, in passing, how often religious opinions are strangely at variance with the practical conduct of those who hold them—some persons rising far superior to their theoretical beliefs, others sinking below them. Thus, at the present time, we have many enthusiastic speakers and writers on the paramount value of the Gospel, and of its inspiration, who make great efforts to send it to the heathen, yet combine together to keep it from many thousands of the children of their countrymen, because they cannot settle the political view of the results arising from English children being taught the Scriptures by the schoolmaster, or because they think that the Word, they call God's, cannot safely be trusted to any but the religious professors of some one or other of the many competing creeds. On the other hand, we have the good missionary Carey, who, while giving up home, life, and everything esteemed by men to save others, wrote in the diary of his voyage that he had "great delight in reading Jonathan Edwards' discourse on 'God glorified in the Damnation of the Lost.'"

But to return: it is of the utmost importance to get a clear conception of what the inspiration of the Bible really is, since thousands have become sceptics through the revolt of their minds from the false doctrines taught them in early years, professedly as Bible truth. They have been called upon to worship and love a partial Creator who was represented as choosing certain favourites for heaven and consigning myriads to an everlasting hell, and this because they failed to believe certain doctrines; yet this great Being, thus represented, was declared to be man's heavenly Father, a declaration which in some instances perhaps has happily sufficed to neutralize all the rest—the very word "*Father*" prevailing gradually to dispel the mists of error, by suggesting to the mind the justice, the compassion, the long-

* Jukes: *Restitution of all Things*.

suffering, and boundless love which the parental relation implies, and leading it at length to read the great Father's letter in the light of the Father's name.

Proceeding to the consideration of the evidence in favour of the reasonableness of the Christian faith, the first point we touch is that before referred to—the harmony between the teachings of the Christian religion and the revelations of Nature. We find Nature, in its inanimate and human aspects, unveiling to the sincere inquirer the truth that the world was created by a Being of infinite power and wisdom, the attributes of whose character are justice, truth, and benevolence, whose government is regulated by principles of law and order, and also, that the development of His creatures is generally through transition and apparent destruction to other forms of life, and often of increased beauty. And this teaching is confirmed and further exemplified by the Christian revelation. In continuing our investigations, however, apparent contradictions present themselves, especially in the circumstance that retribution, so unvarying in Nature, is not invariable in the life of man; and still more in the fact that in man alone capacities have been created, for the full development of which no opportunity, in respect of time, is ever granted. To this difficulty revelation supplies the only satisfactory explanation—that life is but an ante-chamber to a more complete existence hereafter, and that there is a future judgment, which, guided by unerring justice, will redress the inequalities of time. It is not denied that the Christian revelation does leave many a mystery unsolved. Yet its teachings, so far from being incredible, are but accordant with and complementary of those of Nature, while they are confirmed by the development of that moral consciousness which, notwithstanding the increased scepticism as to the truth of the Scripture history, yet increasingly approves as true that spirit of morality which the Scriptures breathe and enforce. We must, indeed, lament the fact that so many noble minds accept the ethical teachings and admire the character of the Christ set forth in the volume of revelation, who yet reject historical Christianity. Without doubt the errors and mistakes by which the latter has often been disfigured, at the hands of its friends, are responsible for much of this unbelief, and it is now our purpose, with a deep sense of the importance of the subject, to endeavour to indicate what we believe is the reasonable faith contained in the Christian Scripture.

The existence of evil cannot be disputed. The deepest thinkers of all nations have bewailed its prevalence. It is shown not less in the oppression and anarchy under which communities so constantly suffer than in the selfishness, cruelty, vice, and degradation which characterize so many individuals. Wherever we turn, manifestations of it in some form or other are encountered, while

the best and noblest of men are constrained to acknowledge its presence in themselves. How it originated in the creation of a Benevolent Being is a question which has as yet foiled every attempt at explanation, but that it *is*, is obvious to all, denied by none. Now it is in correspondence with and in answer to this mournful fact that Christianity gives us its doctrine of Atonement, which, while rejected by many able and earnest thinkers as incredible, is accepted by multitudes with gratitude and joy, and clung to as their central ground of hope for themselves and the race. In considering this doctrine we must endeavour first of all to free our minds from the misleading parodies of it with which it has so often been confounded—such, for instance, as the idea of substitution—that God, to save some of a guilty race, substituted the innocent Divine man to take the punishment which had been incurred by others; or that Christ, by giving His soul to anguish and His body to the cross, paid on man's behalf the debt to God which else would not have been remitted by the Creator; or the almost blasphemous assertion that God's anger against man had to be appeased by the sacrifice of the one innocent being of the race. Such parodies, more or less disguised, pervade much of the teaching found in many religious books and sermons, and it is no wonder that reasonable men reject the doctrine when it is thus exhibited. But the Scriptural account of the mystery is altogether different from these. The Scripture, indeed, still leaves it a mystery, but only a fit supplement to the indisputable mystery of the existence of evil; and there appears no reason why the one should appear more incredible than the other. Nay, more; this doctrine affords the only way by which the existence of evil can be reconciled at all with the goodness of God; for if God, so to speak, had stood by, a passionless spectator of creation groaning under the misery effected by sin, we must needs have doubted His benevolence.* But the Christian revelation, while leaving the mystery of the origin of evil and the need of the Atonement unexplained, yet proves how deeply the Creator pitied, how much He loved, the world that had gone astray, and how intensely He desired to remove the evil which had found entrance into the universe; for what is the Atonement which it declares? That He who made the world, clothed Himself—"not another"—with human nature, in order that He might know experimentally the misery that sin had brought upon His children; that He suffered the utmost physical and mental agony in His benevolent work, so that there is no suffering of man from the cradle to the grave that man's Creator has not Himself experienced; that the everlasting God thus acted and thus suffered with a view to the removal of evil, that He who was just might be able to justify the

* Wace: Boyle Lectures, 1874-5.

ungodly. If any should object that it was the Son sent by the Father who suffered, we reply, in Christ's own words, "I and my Father are one; he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." God was *in* Christ reconciling the world to Himself—the world was made by Him, and He who made it came to it and was rejected by it. We have no clue to the mystery of the Divine Fatherhood and Sonship, but we know that in relation to man the Lord our God is *one* God; and that this one God was manifested in human form as the Son of God and Son of Man, in order that He might destroy evil; and that, being clothed in human nature, He, as a spotless Lamb, gave His human life as a ransom for the life of the world. If it should be demanded why this atonement was necessary, we can only reply that the solution of the mystery, alike of the origin of evil and of the need of atonement, is laid up within the veil, and must be waited for until we ascend thither.

But not only did God manifest Himself as an atoning sacrifice; He came also to declare the Divine character in all its excellence and beauty, as the essence and perfection of all that man at his best craves and admires, teaching us the Divine approval of courage, truth, justice, honesty, purity, and unselfishness, and that to grow in these virtues is to become true children of the Father; while the man Christ, who enjoined them, exemplified them in perfection, bearing His sufferings with unfailing meekness—enduring patiently every insult and wrong, though, as He said, His prayer might have obtained for Him legions of angels, exposing and denouncing at the same time the iniquities and hypocrisies of the "chief men," and at last resigning Himself to the cross and all the unspeakable mental anguish which it seems to have involved—supported by the generous hope of becoming through His sacrifice "a quickening spirit."

It is untrue to assert that there is anything incredible in all this, however mysterious it may seem, while to those who do receive it, it has the effect of a new life. It takes away the bitterness of failure—which would else have often caused them to despair—to believe that the future Judge is this Son of Man; while the sense that every blessing they enjoy comes to them from a Being who loves, and who, if need be, would again pour out His blood for man's sake, gives motive to obedience that nothing else could supply. And when, in addition, these claims upon gratitude attach to a character responding to the highest ideal of every virtue for which there is a name, and embodied in a brother man, it is not strange that they should have aroused that enthusiasm of affection which has led so many to die for His cause, and forced from one, himself a martyr, the exclamation, "We joy in tribulation, and count not our lives dear unto us, that we may win Christ, and be found in him, not having our own righteous-

ness, but that which is by faith!" This last word suggests a moment's consideration of another doctrine often received with scorn and contempt, namely, the doctrine of the imputation of righteousness to faith. Can, say objectors, one man's righteousness be reckoned to another? Can the true and omniscient God assume one man to be just who is not just on the ground of another's goodness? Certainly not; such a doctrine belongs to no reasonable faith, neither, as we read Holy Scripture is it taught there, but rather, that righteousness is quickened in men through faith in Christ, and that this faith therefore is imputed to them for righteousness, as being the living germ out of which it unfolds.*

Space will not permit us to give more than a passing reference to the doctrine of the Trinity, regarding which it must suffice to remark that it is unreasonable to object to the threefold oneness of the Deity as incredible, when even the objectors themselves cannot but acknowledge an equal mystery in the threefold oneness of their own nature—the body, soul, and spirit forming one man; or the mystery of their own mind, for ever inquiring of itself what it is, where it is placed, and whence it came; whilst the statement that the Lord our God is one God, that Christ and the Father are one, that Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are in that one God, is an unquestionable part of revelation.

It is necessary, however, that one doctrine—that of eternal punishment—should be glanced at before we close, since the writer is convinced that in its usually received form it has been one of the greatest hindrances to the reception of Christianity. It would appear, indeed, that the very laws of nature, which are the laws of God, involve an eternal punishment of evil, since no action once committed can be undone, and though pardoned, the conservation of moral force must preserve something of the effects. This would seem to indicate that wounds created by sin, even while healed, must needs leave behind them their scars to mar the beauty of the restored soul. We know at all events that death must be the breaking forth upon each of us of the character that has been secretly forming here, behind the veil of the body—that when that veil is stripped from us, we shall appear altogether as we are. Even in this life we can often trace in the countenances of different persons how low one has sunk in sensuality or malignancy, and how another has risen in benevolence and virtue—the features of the spirit, as it were, impressing themselves upon its earthly covering; but when this covering is finally taken away, each must necessarily be perfectly revealed, and each must go to his own place. There is, however, the time spoken of when all things shall be subdued under the feet of Christ, and it is impossible to believe that sin, His great

* S. A. Tipple: *Echoes of Spoken Word*.

enemy, shall continue to exist unsubdued, a rival power as eternal as Himself. It seems to have come, from some cause, to be understood by many Christians, that the victory of the Son of God will consist in holding the victims and subjects of this enemy in everlasting torture; but this would be a poor victory even for an earthly conqueror, and an awfully miserable victory for any benevolent being; and though it may be that the utterly worthless dross that no punishment can purify must be at last "destroyed with everlasting destruction" in the gehenna of fire, where the worm and fire are represented as never ceasing to consume the lifeless carcasses, His promise is of a new heaven and a new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness, and of a restitution of all things. Such indeed will be a worthy victory, when "good becomes the final goal of ill," and, through God's Atonement, there arises

"Greater good because of evil,
Larger mercy through the Fall."

But while looking forward to the future, we must not overlook the good which the Gospel has already effected and is still effecting upon earth by enjoining and inspiring a morality that, if once universally diffused and completely regnant, would sweep away nearly all the evils which afflict society—banishing the pride, selfishness, sensuality, and falsehood which it so strongly condemns, and causing war, crime, drunkenness, and pauperism to cease. With its teachings fully carried out, families would dwell in family love, and nations in peace and quietness; language itself would be redeemed, and the Golden Age, dreamt of by poets, would be realized. And just in the proportion in which its teachings are carried out these effects are produced: the obedience rendered to them at present is at the best very imperfect, yet many a Christian home and many a Christian life may be found among us, in which the power of Christ to purify from selfishness and to inspire more generous devotion to the interests of others is strikingly displayed. It is against all reason to believe that good can ever have its origin in an evil source. Evil may indeed quote and counterfeit, but can never originate good. No lie would ever be forged to denounce falsehood, and maintain the paramount sanctity of truth. The sublime morality belonging to the Christian revelation and the perfect life which it sets before us are the sufficient proof that it cannot be a mere mythical legend, since none but a transcendently good Being could have conceived it, and to such a Being falsehood would have been impossible; from whence not less than from the combined testimony of inanimate and human nature, of science and of history, we maintain the truth of our Christian faith.

FRANCIS PEEK.

PRUSSIA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.

THE history of Prussia during the present century naturally divides itself into five great periods: First, what I shall call the period of fall and humiliation, 1806—1812; then the period of rise and regeneration, 1813—1815; after that the period of reaction and red-tape, 1816—1830; then from 1830 to 1866, an epoch of tentative Liberalism and Constitutionalism; and lastly, from 1866 to the present hour, the period of nationality and empire. The object of the present paper is shortly to sketch the character and significance of these five epochs in the great drama of European politics.

I.

Among the many external consequences of the military preponderance of France which arose out of the French Revolution, not the least notable was the sudden breakdown of Prussia by the battle of Jena in 1806. Of the accidental causes that may have contributed to this unexpected result, it were of no use to discourse. The essential causes which it is instructive to note were—(1.) The military genius of Napoleon, coupled with the unity of action, energy, and complete organization, which arose out of his political position and the authority with which he was invested. (2.) The democratic inspiration of the French people, and the high spirit and military temper of the French army thence resulting. No doubt that democratic impulse, though strong, was far from pure, and became ever more impure the farther it proceeded from its well-head. But it was unquestionably there; and enabled the

most absolute despot that modern history has seen to put himself forward on the great stage of European politics as "the armed apostle of a democratic movement" which there was nothing in Old Europe strong enough to resist. (3.) The political division of Germany, which prevented common action among its members; and specially the hereditary hostility betwixt Prussia and Austria, which had enabled the thundering Corsican to strike first one and then the other with a force that, in his hands, was irresistible. The eventful campaign of 1806-7, presenting, in some respects, an exact opposite to the recent campaign, which ended even more suddenly in the humiliation of France, was not a trial of strength between France and Germany; but the real antagonistic powers were France in alliance with one-third of Germany, and inspired by the genius of Napoleon, against one-third of Germany, without a great military head; while the other third—viz., Austria—remained neuter. (4.) The fourth cause that contributed largely to the sudden downfall of Prussia was the entire want of popular institutions and a popular spirit among the Prussian people. When the army did not happen to be commanded by a military genius like Frederick the Great, and once got a sound beating, there was nothing behind to break its fall: no people; only pipeclay and facings; red tape, long pedigrees, and petty privileges; in a word, nobility without noblemen, and soldiership without citizenship.

So much for the first epoch of the fall.

II.

The rise and regeneration of Prussia took place very soon after its fall, chiefly by the happy occasion of the Russian expedition of Napoleon in 1812, and the terrible precipitation which had followed at last as the necessary consequence of his own portentous pride and unblushing insolence; but the real cause that enabled Prussia so triumphantly to shake off the hated yoke of Gaul is to be sought for in the great political and military reforms which were introduced mainly by the Baron von Stein. Stein was one of those strong and courageous, direct, decided, and altogether manly characters that cannot be present in any age, when there is a call for noble action, without putting their stamp on it. The great need does not always bring with it the great man; but if the great man is there he can scarcely fail to show himself. The great idea which inspired Stein's statesmanship was to create what had hitherto not existed in Prussia, a free people; and this he did by two bold measures, the one of which gave emancipation to the peasant by turning him into a proprietor, and the other created citizenship by restoring the free municipal constitutions which in the middle ages had given wealth and enterprise to the towns.

Along with these two great regenerative measures went the new organization of the army, under the masterly direction of Scharnhorst, one of those thorough-trained soldiers whose manly forms in the great public places of Berlin so significantly proclaim to the stranger the history of the country. Under his direction, instead of professional drill and pipeclay dressing for a body of mere technical soldiers, the whole people were taught to wield arms in defence of a country in which they now rejoiced to exercise the rights of full citizenship; and there seems certainly to be no more important truth in political economics than this, that if a nation is to be saved from a weighty yoke of foreign oppression, it can only be as Greece and Rome were saved on the great occasions of their world-renowned heroism, by the effective soldiery of the whole people. This system of national arming, which was the main cause of the grand political regeneration of Prussia in 1813-14, as all the world knows, enabled that Power, in the recent Franco-German struggle, to bring into the field an embattled array of patriotic citizens, against which even the soldiers of the early French Revolution, under the guidance of the famous captain of those days, might have contended in vain; and I, for one, am decidedly of opinion that a compulsory military drill of the whole people has not only been the salvation of Prussia on two great occasions during the present century, but is the best guarantee for the independence of all nations at all times and at all places, and not less certainly in commercial Britain than in military Prussia. I can have no doubt that the general adoption of the Prussian system in this country would not only afford a stronger bulwark of national liberty than we at present possess, but would work along with our national schools and our national Churches,—I do not mean the Established Churches alone, but all Christian Churches in the land,—in potentiating the patriotism, in improving the physical fibre, and in giving firmness to the reins of a healthy social discipline. But whatever people may think of the application of the system of compulsory soldiery to this native-seat of rank individualism and inorganic liberty, there can be no doubt that it is owing mainly, if not altogether, to this admirable system of national soldiery that Prussia—not two centuries ago a petty electorate on the extreme march of the least lovely part of Germany—is now that great Power to whose decision all other Powers naturally look, as controlling with firm hand the fortunes of the Present, and shaping by its bold and manly policy the destinies of no distant Future.

I now pass to the third epoch, which I have called the period of reaction and red-tape.

III.

The battles of Leipzig and Waterloo, which restored Prussia to her old position as a European power of high consideration, had been gained not only by gunpowder, and an accumulation of material forces, but mainly, as just indicated, by the creation of a popular spirit, and the raising of a national and truly German enthusiasm among the people. After the peace it was natural, and indeed necessary, that the fervid enthusiasm which had overthrown the French despotism should occupy itself further with the reconstruction of popular citizenship, and the shaping forth of some sort of political unity for a free Germany. And the then King, Frederick William III.—who was a thoroughly honest man, and a most excellent private character—no doubt sincerely intended, as soon as possible after the blood had been washed from the hands of stern warriors and the tears wiped from the cheeks of weeping mothers, to inaugurate a system of social policy, which should in its salient features be exactly the reverse of that whose woful weakness had mainly caused the downfall of 1806-7. Accordingly, in the articles agreed to by the diplomatic gentlemen who, in 1816, were found assembled round a green table at Vienna, to attempt such a political reconstruction of Germany as seemed possible under the circumstances, we find one which distinctly states that there shall be introduced into all the States of the Fatherland a Constitutional Government, with freedom of the press. This, for internal liberty; and to secure the common action of all the German States against any future encroachments of France, or other ambitious neighbour, the States were constituted into a Board, Diet, or Confederation, of which Austria was perpetual president. The presidency of Austria did not promise much for the cause of popular freedom; and the action of a body composed as the Diet was, to those who could look beneath the surface, afforded no sure guarantee for the future existence of a strong and a united Germany; but with good-will on the part of the minor States, and a touch of manly decision on the part of Prussia, important movements, both in respect of social progress and political position, might rationally have been looked for.

But this touch of manly decision was just the very thing that was not found. It was not to be expected, indeed, that fair general promises of Liberalism and Constitutionalism, made at Vienna, under the wing of Prince Metternich, would be in any hurry to ripen into sweet fruits. On the contrary, the great law of reaction, of which the operation can be traced everywhere, potent in the flow and ebb of social movements, set in almost mediately after the green table, round which the diplomatists

had deliberated, was left vacant. The hopeful anticipations of a flaming enthusiasm were met by a host of obstinate old habits in a stout army of official people not to be abolished in a day. Behind and before, and all around the throne of the well-meaning old King, not the prophets of the future, but the office-bearers of the past, were encamped. And not the old men only were there, but the old machinery (for new machinery could not be made in an hour); and so public government in Prussia returned with perfect ease into its old grooves; and the old bureaucracy of red tape, whose motto was stolen from the magnificent French Louis of the seventeenth century, to do everything for the people and nothing by the people, began forthwith to display a most fussy activity in plugging up the vents of the great political volcano, and plastering the rents which the sudden military earthquake that had recently shaken the old foundations of things had left in their old smoothly appointed and trimly furnished domiciles. Bones, after all, are firmer than blood; and so, having the reins in their hands, they contrived with very little trouble at Berlin, and with nods of assenting approval from Vienna, to have things their own way, to make the Liberal articles of the Congress of Vienna a dead letter, and to prove to the world once more that the promises of politicians, like the vows of lovers, are made only that Jove may laugh at them. The Liberal dog had indeed entered into the house; but it was possible to pull out his teeth, to flog him when he barked loudly; and if he dared to bite, strangle him outright. The pious old King also, who was not made for bold independent action, in the face both of old kingly traditions and a plausible amount of reputable proprieties, on reflection found that in an evil hour he had promised to raise the democratic devil; and, after considering the whole affair seriously, came to the conclusion that it was more pious in this case to break his word than to keep it.

The existence of this pious weakness on the part of the King was soon publicly indicated by some events of a rather grotesque character, but of a very sad significance. An assembly of enthusiastic young students, fresh from the wars, assembled in the Wartburg, where Luther had made his translation of the Bible, and with the Imperial tricolor of gold, black, and crimson, floating about their caps, and billowing forth patriotic songs about Hermann and Charlemagne, delivered over to the Moloch of a great jubilee-bonfire some odious manifestoes of pamphleteering literary police inspectors, in Berlin and Vienna. The popular dramatist Kotzebue, also, who had the character of being employed as a Russian spy, was, about the same time, foolishly shot by an excited young student named Sand; and this was signal more than enough to throw all the bureaucratists of Berlin into a series of fits of

Conservative activity, which issued in throwing some of the finest spirits of Germany into the fortress of Spandau, in banishing others to Paris and New York, and in putting a violent extinguisher on all Liberal and Constitutional movements for an indefinite period. Of freedom of the press, of course, no more was heard; and as for the unity of Germany, it was soon discovered that the Diet was not a machinery in any way calculated to usher any such new political entity into existence. Practically, the Board did not, and, as political nature is constituted could not, represent Germany at all, but either Prussia or Austria; and during this period of old wives, informers, policemen, and red tape, it practically represented Austria. For fifteen years, till 1830, the whole of that cumbrous and dilatory machine was twirled round the little finger of that arch-obscurantist Metternich, with a dexterity and a persistency that must command the admiration even of those who have the utmost abhorrence of the cause in which it was exercised; for the children of this world, we read, are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

IV.

The French revolution of 1830 sent, as French revolutions generally do, an electric shock through the whole of Europe, and not least through Germany, where much combustible matter had been accumulated, and curses, not loud but deep, against princedom and policedom, were eager for a vent.

The first explosion of this popular discontent took place in the trim little metropolis of Brunswick, where Duke Charles, hastening home from the French capital, planted himself before his angry burghers with the air of a man who was born to do something. But his calibre was by no means equal to his conceit. He no doubt doubled his body-guard, and planted sixteen pieces of cannon in front of his palace, with an attitude that looked heroic enough. But it was all in vain. The people rose in revolt; and the palace rose in flames; and the mighty Duke was carried off in the smoke like a scroll of paper, and wafted where the wind might carry him. He was a mere braggadocio with a crown—or whatever dukes wear—on his head; a declared incapable pilot in such tempestuous times; so that even Metternich, in whose school he had been trained, pulling the wires of the Diet at Frankfort, could not save him. A new Duke was elected, and a Constitution proclaimed in Brunswick on the 12th October, 1832.

In Hesse-Cassel, Saxony, and Hanover Liberal triumphs of a similar nature were achieved; but a foolish popular outbreak at Frankfort, in the spring of 1833, served no purpose but to give the wily Metternich a just text for preaching his favourite gospel,

that all Liberalism means mob government, and mob government, of course, means anarchy and ruin and chaos. In Prussia affairs remained quiet. Personally the King was much respected, and there were no abuses in the routine of government so glaring as to vex the eyes of the common spectators into open revolt. Only people felt a strong desire to move their own legs, and their own arms, and their own tongues freely, which under a "paternal Government" had hitherto been denied them. It was also a sad humiliation to intellectual and Protestant Prussia to be kept playing second fiddle to the great and proverbially stupid obscurantist people of the South. It was not and it could not be right, that the independence and political unity of the German people, as represented in the Diet, should mean only the subordination of Prussia to Austria, and of both to the Pope. Some consolation for this sore affront was afforded by the regulations for freedom of trade among the German States, which Prussia introduced under the name of *Zoll-Verein*. A certain social and economical preponderance was thus given to Prussia, which, under favourable circumstances, might lead to a thorough undermining of the political weight of Austria in the Diet.

In the year 1840 Frederick William III., the royal bearer of the great memories of 1813, died; and with his successor, Frederick William IV., a new era was expected to be inaugurated. The long-promised Constitution, with freedom of the press, and other freedoms comprehended under the familiar term Liberalism, would now surely at last make its epiphany in Berlin. But the new King, though a man of uncommon accomplishments, and fitted to adorn either a throne or an arm-chair in quiet times, was not a man to put a commanding bit into the mouth of the stout Democracy of the nineteenth century. His ideas of Governmental power were borrowed rather from the middle ages than from any existing Government, whether in England or France. "No power on earth," he declared, "shall ever succeed in persuading me to change the natural relation between king and people into a conventional and constitutional one; and never more will I yield to the demand that, between our Lord God in Heaven and this country, a written paper shall interpose itself to take the place of the old sacred ties of loyalty by which people and prince are bound together." So the piece of written paper, called the Acts of the Congress of Vienna, and the vows that accompanied it, were trampled under foot by a second Frederick William; and the Prussian people were obliged to content themselves with the institution of provincial or local parliaments, and the shadow of a sort of National Assembly called *der Vereinigte Landtag*, instituted in 1847, all under the sacred thumb of the old military and bureaucratic absolutism.

But matters could not continue in this state. The air of Europe was electric with Liberalism; even aristocratic old England had had her Reform Bill; and grown-up men, rejoicing to stand on their own legs, would not be for ever treated as minors. In 1848 another French revolution broke out, accompanied with the usual portents of fugitive kings and floating coronets, and altogether in a much more startling and explosive style than in the previous affair of 1832. Then only a little Duke of Brunswick was blown into smoke; but now the mighty Metternich himself was exploded, and from his firm seat in Vienna, where he had controlled the whole diplomacy of Europe for half-a-century, wafted over the seas to England, the general House of Refuge for the democratic and oligarchic destitute from all quarters. The sweet-blooded Viennese were fevered with a strange astonishment when they saw on one fine morning a mob of students flaming with wild notions, and troops of tatterdemalion artisans, marching through the streets, braying about liberty, and sitting on the seat of Government for a year and a day.

But it could not last long: the firm front of Prince Windischgrätz's cannon, and the fair promise of a new Kaiser on the 7th March, 1849, brought back the Liberal chaos into the old Conservative order. In Middle and Northern Germany outbreaks of the epidemic of democracy equally violent took place. At Baden, where German Liberalism had long had its chief seat, even before the outbreak of Republicanism in France, Basserman, a distinguished deputy of the Liberal party, had brought in a bill in the Chambers for summoning a general German Parliament in Frankfort, to consider the best means of breaking down the unkindly wall of partition that at present separated the people of Germany from the princes; and in obedience to this bold patriotic summons, the 18th of May saw three hundred and twenty deputies from all parts of Germany assembled in the Paul's Kirche at Frankfort, to deliberate on the political state of the Fatherland, and, out of the ruins of petty principdom, to re-create the splendid medieval empire of the Othos and the Barbarossas. And no doubt if mere German ideas and German patriotic talk could have produced a new German order of things, a German empire would have leapt into existence at the word of command in those days. But these things are not done by mere ideas, however just, and by mere debates, however eloquent. The Frankfort Chambers drew up a constitution for the new German Empire, appointed a chancellor, the Archduke John of Austria, for the nonce; but when the articles of the Constitution came to be realized it was found there was no power willing to enforce the decrees; and so the stentorian giant of German Liberalism stood powerless in the old imperial city, a helpless trunk, without either legs to stand on or arms to strike with. The

Frankfort Parliament, after oceans of wise talk, dwindled into a rump, and the rump, true to the destiny of all rumps, was dispersed into a nonentity by a Stuttgart minister named Roemer, who had a head hard enough and a hand firm enough to do it.

Meanwhile, at Berlin, a notable tragi-comedy had been enacted. Mobs of people had started up before the Palace in the Schlossplatz, brandishing knives and ropes in red revolutionary fashion; barricades were erected in the *Königs Strasse*, and grape shot had been set to rake the citizens. Then suddenly repentance seized the heart of the monarch; and he was seen riding up the Linden with the imperial tricolor of black, red, and gold, and proclaiming with a loud voice, "Von jetzt an geht Preussen in Deutschland auf" (From this moment Prussia is swallowed up in Germany). But this was a rhetorical phrase which any word-monger, actor, or poet, or master of elocution, could use; to do the thing at that moment was possible only to a real king of men; and such Frederick William IV. was not. In the face of this grand speech, he afterwards (28th March, 1849) refused to accept of the imperial crown, when offered to him by the men of the Paul's Kirche in Frankfort.

Nevertheless, the Berlin insurrection remained not without fruit. A Constitution, based on the Democratic principle, was granted on the 3rd December, 1848; and since that period, Prussia ranks now historically—not, indeed, after John Bull's present ideal, but still in the eye of political philosophy *de facto*—as one of the great limited monarchies, whose existence forms one of the distinctive contrasts between the social organization of ancient and modern times.

V.

We now wind up this great political drama by a short sketch of the fifth Act, which we have designated "Nationality and Empire."

Frederick William IV., with all his fine speeches and romantic sentiments, died in the year 1861; and his successor, the present King William, being a soldier to the backbone according to old Prussian traditions soon fell into a position of painful conflict with his Parliament, about the period of military service, and the equipment thereto belonging. According to his view of what the defence of the country required, he could not yield; and, according to their view of what liberal policy and economical retrenchment required, they could not yield. So affairs came to a dead lock; and the King, in 1862, found himself in the same position that, about two centuries before, had cost England a civil war and the loss of a king's head. But Prussia was not England; and, at the very moment when the plot of the political drama

seemed most perplexed, a god appeared on the scene, worthy in every way to untie the knot. This god was Bismarck, who, with a firm will and a strong hand, and the aid of favouring circumstances, piloted his sovereign triumphantly through the troubled seas of Parliamentary conflict, carrying on the government of the country on the budget of the previous years, without asking Parliament for an annual vote. Bismarck boldly sketched out a line of policy, the success of which will be accepted as the best guarantee of its wisdom. It may be shortly summed in the following five points:—(1) To destroy Austrian predominance in the Diet as prejudicial to the interests of Germany, and antagonistic to the spirit of social progress in the nineteenth century; (2) to kick the Diet from off the political stage altogether as an encumbrance and a sham; (3) to give political unity to Germany in the only practical way, by throwing the political and military guidance of the whole German people into the hands of Prussia—a great Germany could be made only by a strong Prussia; (4) to give to Prussia a strong and a well-defensible boundary, wherever possible, by the absorption of the petty principalities; (5) to keep a sharp eye on the machinations, and a strong arm ready to strike against the ambitious encroachments, of France. And all these points he had made up his mind to carry out, if not in the most scrupulous, certainly in the shortest and most effective way, not by talking or by the votes of majorities, according to the now fashionable Democratic style, but by a firm will, a shrewd policy, and, when necessary, by “blood and iron.”

And here, as in many similar cases, the old adage found itself true, that “Fortune favours the brave.” The policy of blood and iron effected more for the German cause in half-a-dozen years than any amount of talk and convocation would have done in as many centuries. The detachment of Holstein from the Danish monarchy, which followed naturally by the law of succession, just as Hanover fell off from England, to prevent which Denmark drew the sword, and Great Britain the pen, afforded Bismarck the desired opportunity at once of humbling Austria, strengthening the boundaries of Prussia, and blowing the Diet into smoke. Schleswig-Holstein was taken possession of jointly in the name of the German Diet by Austria and Prussia; but here the formal right ended and despotic expediency commenced. What any man, acquainted with the traditional policy of Prussia, and the maxims of politicians generally, might have predicted, took place. Holstein was not given to its rightful Duke, in whose interest the war was ostensibly carried on; but Austria and Prussia, finding their interests in that quarter irreconcilable, quarrelled about the plunder, divided the whole of Germany into two parties, and went to war. This was exactly what Bismarck wanted, and wisely wanted, as

absolutely necessary for the double purpose of diverting the mind of the Prussian people from the stiff struggle betwixt the Crown and the Parliament, and as the only feasible way of at once abolishing the cumbrous machinery of the Bund, and placing Austria altogether outside of the great German game. This splendid double stroke Bismarck delivered in the campaign which ended with the battle of Sadowa, 3rd February, and the peace of Prague, 23rd August, 1866,—a campaign made possible, next to his own bold design and firm will, by the military genius of Count Moltke on the one side, and on the other by the inactivity of the Emperor of France, whose energy had already begun to be lamed by the difficulties, which never fail, sooner or later, to grow up in the path of an usurper.

Austria was now humbled, and Prussian pride, in the matter of national position in the Fatherland, gratified to the full. But there remained still the internal difficulty of coming to a compromise with the Parliament, whose beard Bismarck had plucked so rudely, not to mention the soothing of the thousands of fretful spirits in the provinces which the red hand of war had so rudely appropriated in the affair of 1866. Out of these difficulties Bismarck and the King were triumphantly helped by the folly of the French, who, with a display of vapouring gasconade unexampled in recent history, insisted on dictating to Germany in a matter of Spanish concern with which they had nothing to do. This insolent dictation arose naturally out of the national vanity of the French people, fostered by the ambition of the great Napoleon, and the soreness which they felt at the territorial aggrandisement of Prussia, as fixed by the peace of Prague. The breach with France, however, was so manifestly in the interest of Bismarck, and so much in harmony with his declared policy of "blood and iron," that French partisans were not slow to endeavour to lay on his shoulders the guilt of the bloody struggle. But it was not so. Bismarck knew that the ambition of the French Emperor, the irritation of French politicians, and the vanity of the French people, equally pointed to a war with Germany, for the realization of their favourite dream of the Rhine boundary. He knew well, also, that a war with France, if successful, would tell in his favour with even more force than his recent triumph over Austria; but he was too wise a politician, and I believe, also, too good a man, to throw himself rashly into the risk of so terrible a struggle. The main points of his German policy had been already achieved; and, so far as France was concerned, his only duty was to keep out a habit-and-repute burglar from the German home. Though not, however, seeking war, he was always prepared for it; and in the moment of alarm he pounced upon the burglar in a style which astonished Europe,

and himself too, we may well imagine, not a little. For there are always chances in war: and though Bismarck knew France and the Emperor well, he never could have predicted that the splendid edifice of Napoleonic ambition would have fallen to pieces, like a castle of cards, so suddenly. But it did fall; and though the chapter of accidents may have been largely in favour of the Germans, yet the main causes of the wonderful campaign, which turned what might have been a bloody defence into a brilliant invasion, were the physical, intellectual, and moral forces on the German side, which, with wise accumulation, did not fail to reap their natural reward.

The completed Prusso-French war of 1870-1 stands now before the world as at once the most brilliant and solid achievement of modern history. Prussia has stoutly asserted herself as the natural head of Germany; German unity has been achieved after centuries of unhappy division by the willing submission to a Prussian hegemony; and Germany now stands firmly in the centre of the European political system, a massive bulwark against the encroachments of Russia on the east, and the aggression of France on the west. And this mighty change will be recorded for posterity, as the fruit indirectly of the regenerative policy of the Baron von Stein, but directly of the far-sighted intelligence, manly purpose, firm will, strong hand, and astute management of Prince von Bismarck.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

BALDER THE BEAUTIFUL.*

A SONG OF DIVINE DEATH.

Ó ðáttar nald.

*"The gods are brethren. Whereas'er
They set their shrines of love or fear,
In Grecian woods, by banks of Nile,
Where cold snows sleep or roses smile,
The gods are brethren. Zeus the Sire
Was fashion'd of the primal fire
With Odin; he whom Ind brought forth
Hath his pale kinsmen east and north;
And more than one since life began
Hath known Christ's agony for Man.
The gods are brethren. Kin by fate,
In gentleness as well as hate,
'Mid heights that only Thought may climb
They come, they go; they are, or seem
Each, rainbow'd from the rack of Time,
Casts broken lights across God's Dream."*

I.

BALDER'S RETURN TO EARTH.

I.

"BALDER IS HERE."

WHO cometh sweetly
With singing of showers?—
A bright wind runs fleetly
Before his soft tread;
The sword stirs asunder
To radiance of flowers,
While o'er him and under
A glory is spread—
A white cloud above him
Moves on thro' the blue,
And all things that love him
Are dim with its dew:

The lark is upspringing,
The merle whistles clear,
There is sunlight and singing,
For Balder is here!

He walks on the mountains,
He treads on the snows;
He loosens the fountains
And quickens the wells;
He is filling the chalice
Of lily and rose,
He is down in the valleys
And deep in the dells—
He smiles, and buds spring to him,
The bright and the dark;

* It may be well for readers of the following poem to dismiss from their minds all recollection of the "Eddas," Ewald's "Balder," Oehlenschläger's "Balder hin Gode," and even Mr. Arnold's "Balder Dead." With the hero of these familiar works, my Balder has little in common; he is neither the shadowy god of the "Edda," nor the colossal hero of Ewald, nor the good principle of Oehlenschläger, nor the Homeric demi-god of Mr. Arnold. In the presentation of both the Father and Son, I have reverted to the lines of the most primitive mythology: discovering in the one a northern Messiah as well as the northern Apollo, in the other (instead of the degraded Odin of later superstition) the Alfadur, or temporarily omnipotent godhead, who, despite his darker features,

He speaks, and birds sing to him,
 The finch and the lark,—
 He is down by the river,
 He is up by the mere,
 Woods gladden, leaves quiver,
 For Balder is here.

There is some divine trouble
 On earth and in air—
 Trees tremble, brooks bubble,
 Ants loosen the sod ;
 Warm footfalls awaken
 Whatever is fair ;
 Sweet rain-dews are shaken
 To quicken each clod.
 The wild rainbows o'er him
 Are melted and fade,
 The light runs before him
 Thro' meadow and glade ;
 Green branches close round him,
 The leaves whisper clear—
 "He is ours—we have found him—
 Bright Balder is here !"

The way grows more golden
 The farther he flees,
 New flowers are unfolden,
 New creatures arise ;
 Flames flash at his passing
 From stones and from trees,
 Dark runlets gleam, glassing
 The stars of his eyes.
 The Earth wears her brightest
 Wherever he goes,
 The hawthorn its whitest,
 Its reddest the rose ;
 The days now are sunny,
 The nights starry clear,

And the bee gathers honey,
 For Balder is here.

He is here on the heather,
 And here by the brook,
 And here where together
 The scented boughs cling ;
 He is coming and going
 With love in his look,
 His white hand is sowing
 Sweet seeds, and they spring !
 He has touch'd with new silver
 The lips of the stream,
 And the eyes of the culver
 Are bright from his beam.
 He has lit the white lilies
 Like lamps on the mere ;
 All happy and still is,
 For Balder is here.

Still southward with sunlight
 He wanders away—
 The true light, the one light,
 The new light, is he !
 With music and singing
 The woodlands are gay,
 And the peace he is bringing
 Spreads over the sea.
 All night, while stars twinkling
 Gleam down on the glade,
 His white hands are sprinkling
 With bluebells the shade ;
 And when day hath broken,
 All things that dwell near
 Will know, by that token,
 That Balder is here.

In the dark deep dominions
 Of pine and of fir,

has affinity with both the Zeus of the Eleusinian mysteries and the Jehovah of the Bible. It is unnecessary, however, further to explain the spirit of a poem which each competent reader will interpret in his own way, and which, if it fulfils its purpose at all, should have many meanings for many minds.

In publishing the poem in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, at the request of the Editor, the author has thought it advisable to omit the earlier portions, descriptive of Balder's birth and gradual growth into the life of Nature, his first journey heavenward, and his sad dissatisfaction with the cruel, pitiless life of gods. All that the reader requires to bear in mind, for the perfect understanding of what follows, is that Balder, as here pictured, is the divine spirit of earthly beauty and joy, and the only one of the gods who loves and pities men. Sick of the darkness of heaven, he returns to the Earth which fostered him, and of which he is beloved, and now for the first time he becomes conscious of that Shadow of Death which darkens the lot of all mortal things.—R. B.

Where the dove with soft pinions
 Sits still on her nest,
 He sees her, and by her
 The young doves astir,
 And smiling sits nigh her,
 His hand on her breast ;
 The father-dove lingers
 With love in its eyes,
 And lights on his fingers,
 And utters soft cries,
 And the sweet colours seven
 Of the rainbow appear
 On its neck, as in Heaven,
 Now Balder is here.

He sits by a fountain
 Far up near the snow,
 And high on the mountain
 The wild reindeer stand ;
 On crimson moss near to him
 They feed walking slow,
 Or come with no fear to him,
 And eat from his hand.
 He sees the ice turning
 To columns of gold,
 He sees the clouds burning
 On crags that were cold ;
 The great snows are drifting
 To cataracts clear,
 All shining and shifting,
 For Balder is here.

O who is this singing,
 Where sunset shines red,
 And wild ducks are winging
 Against the dark gleam ?
 It is he, it is Balder,
 He hangeth his head
 Where willow and alder
 Droop over the stream ;
 And the purple moths find him
 And murmur around,
 And from marshes behind him
 He hears a low sound :—
 The frogs croak their greeting
 From swamp and from mere,
 And their faint hearts are beating,
 For Balder is here.

The round Moon is peeping
 Above the low hill ;
 Her white light, upcreeping
 Against the sun's glow,
 On the dark shallow river
 Falls silvern and chill,
 Where bulrushes quiver
 And white lilies grow.
 The black bats are flitting,
 Owls pass on soft wings,
 Yet silently sitting
 He lingers and sings—
 He sings of the Maytime,
 Its sunlight and cheer,
 And the night like the daytime
 Knows Balder is here.

He is here with the moonlight,
 With night as with day,
 The true light, the one light,
 The new light, is he ;
 The moon-bows above him
 Are melted away,
 And the things of night love him,
 And hearken and see.
 He sits and he ponders,
 He walks and he broods,
 Or singing he wanders
 'Neath star-frosted woods ;
 And the spheres from afar light
 His face, shining clear :
 Yea, the moonlight and starlight
 Feel Balder is here.

He is here, he is moving
 On mountain and dale,
 And all things grow loving,
 And all things grow bright :
 Flowers blow in the meadows,
 Milk foams in the pail,
 There is scent in the shadows,
 And sound in the light :
 O listen ! he passes
 Thro' valleys of flowers,
 With springing of grasses
 And singing of showers.

Earth wakes—he has call'd her,
Her face shineth clear ;
She was waiting for Balder,
And Balder is here !

His voice was in the lonely wood,
And by the nameless stream,—
He shed in silent solitude
The peaceful rays of Dream.

II.

'Mid mountains white by rainbows
spann'd,
Upon his knees he sank,
And melted in his hollow'd hand
The stainless snows, and drank.

And far beneath in mists of heat
Great purple valleys slept,
And gleaming bright beneath his feet
The loosen'd cataracts leapt.

Down to those happy vales he drew,
Where men and women dwell,
And white snow melted, green grass
grew,
Where'er his footprints fell.

Then night by night and day by day
His sweetest joy was found
In watching happy things of clay,
And hearing human sound.

All human eyes to him were sweet,
He loved the touch of hands,
He kiss'd the print of human feet
Upon the soft sea-sands.

All silently he went and came,
With mild and blissful mien,
Bright as a beam his face would flame
Amid the forests green.

To timid mortals passing by
He seem'd a vision fair,
But little children oft drew nigh,
And let him smooth their hair ;

And witless men would come to him
With wild and eldritch cries,
And lying in the moonbeams dim
Would gaze into his eyes !

From vale to vale he went, and blest
The wild beast and the bird,—
While deep within the green Earth's
breast
The founts of being stirred. . . .

He sat down in a lonely Land
Of mountain, wood, and mere,
And watch'd, with chin upon his hand,
Dark maids that milk'd the deer.

And while the sun set in the skies,
And stars gleam'd in the blue,
They sang sweet songs, till Balder's
eyes
Were dim with kindred dew.

He pass'd along the hamlets dim
With Twilight's breath of balm,
And whatsoever was touch'd by him
Grew beautiful and calm.

The old man sitting on the grass
Look'd up through hoary hair—
He felt some heavenly presence pass,
And gladden'd unaware !

He came unto a hut forlorn
As darker shadows fell,
And saw the man among the corn,
The woman at the well.

And entering the darken'd place,
He found the cradled child ;
Stooping he lookt into its face,
Until it woke and smiled.

Then Balder pass'd into the night
With soft and shining tread,
The cataract call'd upon the height,
And stars gleam'd overhead.

He raised his eyes to those cold skies	He watch'd them as they came and fled,
Which he had left behind,—	Then his divine eyes fell.
And saw the banners of the gods	"I love the green Earth best," he said,
Blown blackly on the wind.	"And I on Earth will dwell!"

III.

ALL THINGS BLEST BY BALDER.

So when his happy feet had wander'd far,
 When all the birds had brighten'd, and his hand
 Had linger'd on the brows of all the beasts,
 He came among the valleys where abode
 Mortals that walk erect upon the ground.
 First, southward passing, he beheld those men
 Who where the snow for ever lieth dwell
 In caverns of the ground, and swathe their limbs
 In skins of beasts: these felt his glory pass,
 But knew it not, because their eyes were dim
 With many nights of darkness. Round their doors
 Sorrel blood-red he cast and saxifrage,
 And singing passed away! Then roam'd he on,
 Past porphyry and greenstone crags that line
 Limitless Oceans of unmelting ice,
 Until he entered valleys kindlier
 That reddened unto ruby as he came;
 And in among the countless deer he stole,
 Marking their horns with golden moss, and singing
 A strange soft song their souls could understand.

And as the Earth grew fairer, presently
 He came beneath the shade of forest leaves,—
 And deep amid the emerald depths he found
 Those mortal men who dwell in woods and build
 Their dwellings of the scented boughs of trees.
 And often, with his cheek upon his hand,
 Balder would sit and watch the smoke of fire
 Upcurling thro' the branches heavenward,
 While to and fro in sunshine passed the shapes
 Of men and women. Most he loved to mark
 Those forms which gods made fairest, and to hear
 Those voices gods made sweetest; but his hand,
 Falling unseen, was gentlest on the hair
 Of children and of hoary aged men.

Then Balder said, "The Earth is fair, and fair,
 Yea, fairer than the stormy lives of gods,

The lives of gentle dwellers on the Earth ;
 For shapen are they in the likenesses
 Of goddesses and gods, and on their limbs
 Sunlight and moonlight mingle, and they lie
 Happy and calm in one another's arms
 O'er-canopied with greenness ; and their hands
 Have fashion'd fire that springeth beautiful
 Straight as a silvern lily from the ground,
 Wondrously blowing ; and they measure out
 Glad seasons by the pulses of the stars.
 O Spirit whom I know not, tho' I fear
 Thy Shadow on my soul where'er I go,
 Almighty Father, tho' thou lov'st not me,
 I love thy children ! I could sit all hours,
 Just looking into their still heavenly eyes,
 Holding their hands ! Most dear they are to me,
 Because they are my brethren ;—beautiful,
 My brethren and thy children !”

O'er his head

The blue sky darken'd, and a thund'rous Voice
 Murmur'd afar off,—and in great black drops
 Came out of heaven the blind and ruinous rain.
 But Balder gazing upward reach'd out arms,
 And bless'd it as it fell ; and lo, it grew
 Silvern and lovely as an old man's hair !
 And scents came out of the rich soil'd earth,
 And all the boughs were glad and jewel-hung,
 Till very softly, very silently,
 The shower ceased, with kisses tremulous
 On Balder's lifted hands !

Even so he turned

The saddest things to beauty. With his face
 Came calm and consecration ; and the Earth,
 Upturning sightless eyes in a new joy,
 Answer'd the steadfast smile of the still heavens
 With one long look of peace. In those strange days
 The whirlwind was his playmate,—yea, the blast
 New-loosen'd by the very hands of gods
 Came to him like a lamb, and at his smile
 Fell at his feet, and slept. Then out of heaven
 Came Lightnings, from whose terror every face
 Of fearful men was hush'd,—meteors and flames,
 Forms of the fiery levin, such as wait
 For ever at the angry beck of gods.
 But Balder stood upon a promontory,
 And saw them shining o'er the open sea,

And on the fields of heaven crimson'd red ;
 And lo, he lifted up a voice and cried,
 "O beautiful wild children of the fire,
 Whence come ye, whither go ye ? Be at peace,
 Come hither !" and like soft white stingless snakes
 That crawl on grass, the fiery Meteors came,
 Kissing his feet in silence, looking up
 With luminous eyes !

Ev'n as he conquer'd these,
 Heaven's angry messengers, he tamed the hearts
 Of human things, and in the sun they sat
 Weaving green boughs, or wooing in the shade,
 Or leading home the white and virgin bride.
 For as the holy hunger and desire
 Came quickening in the hearts of birds and beasts,
 Ev'n so woke Love within the hearts of men ;
 And out of Love came children ; and the Earth
 Was merry with new creatures thronging forth
 Like ants that quicken on some sun-kist clod.

IV.

THE CRY FROM THE GROUND.

AND Balder bends above them, glory-crown'd,
 Marking them as they creep upon the ground,
 Busy as ants that toil without a sound,
 With only gods to mark.

But list ! O list ! what is that cry of pain,
 Faint as the far-off murmur of the main ?
 Stoop low and hearken, Balder ! List again !
 "Lo ! Death makes all things dark !"

Ay me, it is the mortal souls that sigh,
 Coming and going underneath the sky ;
 They move, they gather, clearer grows their cry—
 O Balder, bend, and hark !

The skies are still and calm, the seas asleep,
 In happy light the mortal millions creep,
 Yet listen, Balder !—still they murmur deep,
 "Lo ! Death makes all things dark."

[Oh, listen ! listen !] "Blessed is the light,
 We love the golden day, the silvern night,

The cataracts leap, the woods and meres are bright,
We gladden as we mark.

"Crying we come, but soon our cheeks are dried—
We wander for a season happy-eyed,
And we forget how our sad sires have cried,
'Lo! Death makes all things dark.'

"For is the sun not bright and full of cheer?
Is it not sweet to live and feel no fear?
To see the young lambs leaping, and to hear
The cuckoo and the lark?

"Is toil not blest, is it not blest to be?
To climb the snows, to sail the surging sea,
To build our saeters where our flocks roam free?
But Death makes all things dark.

"Is love not blest, is it not brave and gay
With strong right hand to bear one's bride away,
To woo her in the night time and the day
With no strange eyes to mark?

"And blest are children, springing fair of face
Like gentle blossoms in the dwelling-place;
We clasp them close, forgetting for a space
Death makes the world so dark.

"And yet though life is sweet and love divine,
This Shape we fear is here i' the summer shine,—
He blights the fruit we pluck, the wreath we twine,
And soon he leaves us stark.

"He hunts on fleetly on the open steep,
He smites us as we sow and as we reap,
He creepeth in to slay us as we sleep,—
Ah! Death makes all things dark!

"Yea, when afar over our nets hang we,
He walks unto us yonder on the sea;
The wind blows in his hair, the foam flies free
O'er many a sinking bark!

"Pity us, gods, and take this god away,
Pity us, gods, who made us out of clay,
Pity us, gods, that our sad souls may say,
'Bright is the world, which Death a space made
dark.'"

V.

THE SHADOW ON THE EARTH.

Now all his peace was poison'd and he found
No solace in the shining eyes of day,
Starlight and moonlight now seem'd sorrowful,
And in his soul there grew the sense of tears.
For wheresoe'er he wander'd, whatsoe'er
He gazed on, whether in the light or dark,
Was troubled by a portent.

Evermore,
Listening to man's sad immemorial moan,
Balder remember'd that pale haunting Shape
Which he had seen in those primæval woods
Where he was foster'd by the happy Earth;
And those sad tales the Mother-goddess told
Of mortal men, and how they waste and wane,
Came back upon his life with ghostly gleams.
Yea, Balder's heart was heavy. All in vain
He wove wild runes around the flowers and trees,
And round the necks of beasts and gentle birds;
For evermore the cold hand found them out,
And evermore they darkly drooped and died.
This direful thing was on the helpless Earth,
Unprison'd, unconfined. Before his face
It faded, and before his eager touch
Melted and changed, but evermore again
It gather'd unto dreadful lineaments,
And pass'd with arms outreaching on its way.

Then Balder lifted up his trembling hands
To heaven, crying, "FATHER!" and no sound
Came from the frozen Void; and once again,
"O Mother, Mother!" but pale Frea lay
Stone-still in anguish at the Father's feet,
And dared not answer; and he cried once more,
"Gods, gods, immortal gods!" when suddenly
He saw across the open arctic heaven
The hosts of Asgard, ev'n as sunset clouds
That drift confusedly in masses bright,
Trooping, with blood-red rays upon their heads,
To fight against the meteor Snakes that flash
Far northward, in the white untrodden wastes.
They passed, they saw not, but he heard their feet
Afar as muffled thunder, and he cried,
"O Slayers of the snake, immortal gods,

And protestation. Then a winged Wind
 Caught up the sound and bore it suddenly
 To the great gates of Asgard, so that all
 Within the shadowy City heard ; and He
 Who sitteth far beyond upon his Throne,
 Immortal, terrible, and desolate,
 Heard, but was silent ; and no answer came,
 No help or answer, from the lips of Heaven.

VI.

ON THE HEIGHTS—EVENING.

Mountain Girl. Art thou a god ? thy brow is
 shining so !

O thou art beautiful ! What is thy name ?

Balder. Balder.

Girl. Now let me look into thy face.

Balder. Look.

Girl. How I love thee !

Balder. And thy name ?

Girl. Snow-blossom.

That is my mother standing at the door,
 Shading her face and gazing up the hill.
 I keep my mother's reindeer, and each night
 Milk them, and drive them to their pasturage.
 How clear thine eyes are ! They are like that star
 Up yonder, twinkling on the snow.

Balder. Come hither !

Thou hast bright hair like mine, and starry eyes,
 Snow-blossom, and a voice like falling water ;
 Thy flesh is as the red snow and the white
 Mingled together softly, and thy breath
 Is scented like the fragrant thyme in flower.
 Mine eyes have looked on many shapes like thine—
 Yet thou art fairest.

Girl. I am called Snow-blossom

Because I am not brown like other maids,
 And when a little child I was so white !

Balder. Snow-lily !

Girl. They are calling—I must go—

Come down with me, and by our saeter's fire
 Slumber this night, and ere thou liest down
 I'll sing to thee the strange old songs I know
 Of Death, and of the battle-fields of gods,
 And of the wondrous City where they dwell
 Yonder afar away !

Balder. What knowest thou
 Of Death or gods ?

Girl. Only last winter-tide

I saw my father die : he drew one breath,
 Then went to sleep ; but when we touched his hands
 They had no warmth, and his twain eyes were glazed,
 Gazing at something that we saw not. Then
 We wrapt him warm in skins, and in his hands
 We set his seal-spear and his seal-hide thong,
 And placed him sitting in the sunless earth,
 Crouch'd resting on the ground with knees drawn up
 As many a night he sat beside the fire.
 And that the fierce white bear might find him not,
 We wall'd him up with earth and mighty stones,
 Seal'd tight with snow and water : then we said
 A prayer to the good gods, and left him there
 Where they might find him !

Balder. Hast thou seen that Death
 Which smote thy father ?

Girl. Nay !—no mortal thing
 Sees him and lives. He walks about the Earth
 At his good-will, and smites whate'er he lists,
 Both young and old. There is no spirit at all
 More strong than he !

Balder. Is he a god ?

Girl. I know not.

Balder. And will thy father waken ?

Girl. When the gods
 Find out his grave, and open up the stones,
 Then he will waken, and will join the hosts
 Of Odin and of Thor ; for he was brave,
 My father : he could keep his own, and ere
 He took my mother, with his spear he slew
 Her father and her brother, who were wroth
 Because they hated him ; and evermore
 When he shed blood, he made his offering
 To Odin and the rest.

Balder. And thou, Snow-blossom,
 Thou in thy turn wilt wed a mighty man,
 And bear strong children ?

Girl. Yes !—a man of strength,
 Fair like my father. I would have him fierce
 As bears are, bearded, a seal-strangler, swift,
 And a great hunter with a boat and dogs.
 But I would have him very cunning too,
 Knowing old songs and wise at weaving runes,
 That in the season when the sun is fled,
 We might be merry thro' the long cold nights
 Waiting for summer !

Balder. Hark !

Girl. It is my mother

Calling again! Wilt thou not come?

Balder. Go thou!

shall fare further o'er the summer hills.

Snow-blossom! let me kiss thee ere thou goest!

Girl. Yes!

Balder. Now farewell! . . .

How lightly down the height

She leapeth with the leaping cataract,
And now she turns and waves her little hand,
And plunging down she fades. And in the world
Dwell countless thousands beautiful as she,
Happy and virgin, drinking with no pain
The vital air of heaven! O pink flesh
Over the dark nest of a singing heart
Heaped soft as blossoms! O strange starry eyes
Of mortals, beautiful as mine! O flame
Out of soft nostrils trembling, like the light
From lips of flowers! O wonder of Earth's life,
Why is it that the great gods chase thee down?
Why is it that thou fallest evermore
When thou art fairest? Up and down the world
Each creature walks, and o'er each red mouth hangs
Breath like a little cloud, faint smoke of breath
Blown from the burning of the fire within.
Great gods, if as they say ye fashioned them,
Why do ye suffer this wild wind of doom
To wither what ye made so wonderful?
The vale is dark, the snow-fields on the height
Are purpled with the midnight. . . . Steadfastly
One lamp shines in the valley, and above
The still star shines an answer. Slumber well,
Snow-blossom! May no shadow of the gods
Come near to trouble thee in thy repose!
Sleep like immortal raiment wrap thee round,
To charm away the rayless eyes of Death!

VII.

THE VOW OF BALDER.

BRIGHT Balder cried, "Curst be this Thing
Which will not let man rest,
Slaying with swift and cruel sting
The very babe at breast.

"On man and beast, on flower and bird,
He creepeth evermore;
Unseen he haunts the Earth; unheard
He crawls from door to door.

"I will not pause in any land,
Nor sleep beneath the skies,
Till I have held him by the hand
And gazed into his eyes!"

He raised his face to heaven, and said,
"Dark drinker of sweet breath,
I will not rest till I have read
Thy soul's sad rune, O Death!"

II.

BALDER'S QUEST FOR DEATH.

I.

He sought him on the mountains lone and bare,
And on the windy moors;
He found his secret footprints everywhere,
Yea ev'n by human doors.

All round the deerfold, on the shrouded height,
The starlight glimmer'd clear;
Therein sat Death, wrapt round with vapours white,
Touching the dove-eyed deer.

And thither Balder silent-footed flew,
But found the Phantom not;
The rain-wash'd moon had risen cold and blue
Above that lonely spot.

Then as he stood and listen'd, gazing round
In the pale spectral glow,
He heard a wailing and a weeping sound
From the wild huts below.

He saw the sudden flashing of the lights,
He heard an answering cry—
And as he stood upon the silent heights
He saw dark Death pass by.

Wan was his face, his eyeballs pale and wild,
His robes like rain wind-blown,
And as he fled he clasp'd a naked child
Unto his cold breast-bone.

And Balder clutch'd his robe with fingers weak
To stay him as he flew—
A breath of ice blew chill upon his cheek,
Blinding his eyes of blue.

'Twas Death! 'twas gone!—All night the shepherds sped
Searching the hills in fear;
At dawn they found their little darling dead,
Up by the lily mere;

And on its brow and o'er its eyelids dark,
And round its nipples cold,
And round its throat, a fatal finger-mark
The cruel story told.

Then Balder moan'd aloud and smote his breast,
"O drinker of sweet breath,
Curst be thy cruel lips! I shall not rest
Until I clasp thee, Death!"

He track'd the footprints in the morning gray
From rocky haunt to haunt, . . .
Far up i' the snows a wolf had crost Death's way;
It lay there, lean and gaunt.

He cross'd the highest snows and found them strewn
With bleaching bones of deer.
Night came again,—he listen'd 'neath the moon
Shining so cold and clear.

Beneath him stretch'd vast valleys green and fair,
Still in the summer shine,
With glistening meres, and cataracts hung in air,
And woods of fir and pine;

And on the meres lay dim red dreams of day
The midnight sun cast there,—
Sunlight and moonlight blending in one ray
Of mother-o'-pearl most fair.

He wander'd down thro' woods that fringed the snows,
Down cliffs with ivy crown'd;
He passed by lonely tarns whence dusky rose
Great cranes, and hover'd round.

He paused upon a crimson cliff, and lo!
Far down at the crag's foot,
The Shape he sought, in shadow, far below,
With folded wings, sat mute!

But as a vulture of the east it seem'd
 Brooding on something dead ;
Dark was the form on which its cold eyes gleam'd,
 And still and heavy as lead.

Then Balder swung himself from tree to tree,
 And reach'd the fatal place ! . . .
The Phantom fled as silent wild things flee,
 But white human face

Gleam'd from the ground ; and Balder's glory shone
 On a wild hunter's hair !
Too late—his lips were cold—his breath was gone—
 The fatal marks were there !

The Shape unseen had cast him down the steep,
 Down, down, the abysses dim ;
Then, as an eagle followeth a sheep,
 Had hover'd after him !

His goatskin dress was bloody ; in his grip
 Still hung a goathead's horn ;
His eyes were wild, and on his stained lip
 Death's kiss still lay forlorn.

But Balder touch'd him, and his face grew fair,
 Shining beneath the skies,
Yea, Balder kissed his hands, and smooth'd his hair,
 And closed his piteous eyes.

Not resting yet the bright god wander'd soon
 Down by the torrent's track ;
And lo ! a sudden glory hid the Moon,
 And Dawn rose at his back.

II.

DAWN purple on the peaks, and flowing in floods
 Into the valleys vast,
Encrimsoning the lakes and streams and woods,
 Kindling and bright'ning fast ;

And every creature gladden'd, and the Earth
 Turn'd on her side and woke :
There came sweet music ; sunny gleams of mirth
 Across the landscape broke.

And when a thousand eyes of happy things
 Had open'd all around ;
And when each form that blooms, each form that sings,
 Saw Balder glory-crown'd,

Standing like marble bathed in liquid flame,
 Divine of face and limb,
Infinite voices syllabled his name,
 And Earth smiled up at him !

All shapes that knew him (and all shapes that be
 Knew Balder's face that hour)
Grew glorified—the torrent and the tree,
 The eagle and the flower.

The meres flash'd golden mirrors for his face ;
 The forests saw and heard ;
The cataracts brighten'd ; in its secret place
 The sunless runlet stirr'd.

A light of green grass ran before his feet,
 His brow was bright with dew,
Where'er he trod there sprang a flower full sweet,
 Rose, crimson, yellow, or blue.

But Balder's face was pale, altho' his frame
 Its natal splendour wore ;
Altho' the green Earth gladden'd as he came,
 Sweet Balder's soul was sore.

“ O happy Earth ! O happy beams of day !
 O gentle things of breath !
Blest were ye, if some hand divine might slay
 The slayer, even Death ! ”

He spake, and he was answer'd. By his side
 A crimson river ran,
Out of the cloven mountains spreading wide
 It water'd vales for man.

Amid its shallows flowers and sedge did twine,
 But in the midst 'twas deep,
And on its sides fed flocks of goats and kine
 On meadows soft as sleep.

Suddenly, while upon its marge he stood,
 With heart as cold as clay,
He saw the Phantom sailing down the flood,
 Dim in the gleam of day ! . . .

'Mid drifted lily-bells and leaves of green
 Uptorn and floating light,
 There came, with face upturn'd, now hid, now seen,
 A maiden dark as night—

Her raven hair was loosen'd, her soft breath
 Had fled and left no stir,
 Her eyes were open, looking unto Death,
 Who drifted down with her.

Beside her, tangled 'mid the lily bells,
 A shepherd's crook was cast ;
 Lightly, upon the water's silvern swells,
 Her form was floating past.

And Death, with eyes of feverish fatal light
 Fix'd on her face in dream,
 Came clinging to her 'mid the eddies bright,
 Upon the shining stream.

Then Balder wail'd ; and wafted down that way,
 Death saw his shape and knew ;
 Then like a falcon startled from its prey,
 Rose, vanishing from view !

III.

THE FIGHT OF SHIPS.

Now Balder came across the great sea-shore,
 And saw far out upon the windless waves
 A fight of water-dragons fierce as fire,
 Wing'd and bright and wrought about with gold.
 And dragon unto dragon clash'd and clung,
 And each shriek'd loud, and teeth in teeth were set,
 Until the sea was crimson'd, and one sank
 In its own blood. So like to living things
 They seem'd, but ships they were within whose wombs
 Throbb'd many savage hearts. And suddenly,
 Amid that clangour of sharp steel and shriek
 Of living voices, 'mid the thick o' the fight,
 When in the stained waters all around
 Men to the brain were cloven as they swam,
 Balder saw dimly, hovering on wings,
 Ev'n as the kestrel hovers poised and still
 With glittering eyes searching the nether ground,
 The Shape he sought. As the bright dragons rush'd
 This way and that, with rapid sweep of swords,
 And as the tumult passed from wave to wave,

It follow'd, as the falcon followeth
 Some fearful quarry creeping on the ground.
 And when the sunset came, and the great din
 Was hush'd, and torn apart from one another,
 The dragons darken'd on a fiery sea,
 The Shape illumined with a crimson gleam
 Still linger'd o'er them very quietly,
 Watching the slain that drifted like to weeds
 On the red waters, shoreward.

Then aloud
 Cried Balder, "FATHER!" uttering from his heart
 A bitter cry; and as he spake he saw,
 All congregating on the brazen walls
 Of sunset, with their wild eyes looking down,
 Feeding upon the carnage of the fight,
 The gods his kin; and like to evening clouds,
 Crimson and golden in the sunset flame,
 They would perchance have seem'd to human eyes,
 But his perceived them clearly, and discern'd
 The rapture in their faces as they gazed.
 Yet ne'ertheless he cried, "Come down, ye gods,
 And help me, that upon this fatal thing
 I lay my hand!" They laugh'd reply, and lo!
 He saw their banners raised i' the wind, their brands
 Flashing and moving.

"FATHER!"

No reply;

But quiet as a curtain fell the night,
 Solemn, without a star.

Then by the sea
 Silent walk'd Balder, and all sounds were still
 Beyond him on the bosom of the deep.
 And where he went along the moonless sands
 He made a brightness such as ocean shells
 Keep in their iris'd ears; and the soft sea
 Came singing round his silvern feet; and doves
 Came out of caves and lit upon his hands.
 Then Balder thought, "He answer'd, and has sent
 The darkness as a token!" and ev'n then
 He *blest* his Father.

. . . . What is this that flames
 Lurid and awful, far upon the sea?
 What light is this that, burning night's black robes,
 Shoots as a portent yonder on the deep?
 Seized in the fangs of fire, a dragon-ship
 Consumes and shrieks, and as it burns illumines
 The water under and the thunderous rack
 Blackening above; and Balder as he stands

Pallid upon a headland, o'er his face
 Catches the red reflection of the ray ;
 And sky and sea are crimson'd, and he sees
 Black shapes that hither and thither waving arms
 Dart 'midst the flame on the consuming decks
 And plunge with shrill scream down into the sea.
 . . . What care to call on the Immortals now ?
 He looks, one hand prest hard in agony
 Upon his human heart, and he discerns,
 Brooding above that brightness, poised i' the air,
 Down gazing, half illumed, half lost in light,
 The Phantom ! As the dragon swims and burns,
 And as the last cry rises on the air,
 The Shape sinks nearer with still waft of wing.
 And when in dumb and passionate despair,
 Balder looks northward once again, he sees
 The cloud-rack parted, the cold north on fire,
 And all the gods their cruel cheeks aflame,
 Their bright eyes glittering like cluster'd stars,
 Thronging against the blacken'd bars of Heaven !

IV.

THE FACE IN HEAVEN.

THEN Balder lifted up his voice and cried,
 "Curst be this thing and you who sent it hither,
 Tho' you be gods, immortal, and my kin ;
 For lo, I loathe you, deeming lovelier far
 The black hawk, and the fox upon the ground,
 Who slay sweet lives not knowing what they do ;
 But ye, O gods, are wise, yet Death's sick scent
 Is pleasant to your nostrils." Loudly afar
 A laugh of thunder answer'd, and the gods,
 Still congregated in the glistening north,
 Flash'd like the pale aurora one white gleam
 Of earthward-looking eyes, and in the midst
 A hoary FACE like to a moonlit cloud,
 Silent, and staring down with darken'd eyes.
 And on this last did Balder gaze, and lo !
 His limbs dropt, and his cheek divine was blanch'd,
 And with no further word he turn'd away.

End of the First Part.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

RACE AND LANGUAGE.

THOSE who have read their newspapers during the last few months with becoming care must have been, perhaps a little startled, perhaps a little amused, at the story of a deputation of Hungarian students going to Constantinople to present a sword of honour to an Ottoman general. The address and the answer dwelled on the ancient kindred of Turks and Magyars, on the long alienation of the dissevered kinsfolk, on the return of both in these later times to a remembrance of the ancient kindred and to the friendly feelings to which such kindred gave birth. The discourse has a strange sound when we remember the reigns of Sigismund and Wladislaus, when we think of the dark days of Nikopolis and Varna, when we think of Huniades encamped at the foot of Hæmus, and of Belgrade beating back Mahomet the Conqueror from her gates. The Magyar and the Ottoman embracing with the joy of reunited kinsfolk is a sight which certainly no man would have looked forward to in the fourteenth or fifteenth century. At an earlier time the ceremony might have seemed a degree less wonderful. If a man whose ideas are drawn wholly from the modern map should sit down to study the writings of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, he would perhaps be startled at finding Turks and Franks spoken of as neighbours, at finding *Turcia* and *Francia*—we must not translate *Τουρκία* and *Φραγγία* by *Turkey* and *France*—spoken of as border-lands. A little study will perhaps show him that the change is almost wholly in the names and not in the boundaries. The lands are there still, and the frontier between them has shifted much less than one might

have looked for in nine hundred years. Nor has there been any great change in the population of the two countries. The Turks and the Franks of the Imperial geographer are there still, in the lands which he calls Turcia and Francia; only we no longer speak of them as Turks and Franks. The Turks of Constantine are Magyars; the Franks of Constantine are Germans. The Magyar students may not unlikely have turned over the Imperial pages, and they may have seen how their forefathers stand described there. We can hardly fancy that the Ottoman general is likely to have given much time to lore of such a kind. Yet the Ottoman answer was as brimful of ethnological and antiquarian sympathy as the Magyar address. It is hardly to be believed that a Turk, left to himself, would by his own efforts have found out the primæval kindred between Magyar and Turk. He might remember, with a just pride, that Magyar exiles had found a safe shelter on Ottoman territory; he might look deep enough into the politics of the present moment to see that the rule of Turk and Magyar alike is threatened by the growth of Slavonic national life. But the idea that Magyar and Turk owe each other any love or any duty, directly on the ground of primæval kindred, is certainly not likely to have presented itself to the untutored Ottoman mind. In short it sounds, as some one said at the time, rather like the dream of a professor who has run wild with an ethnological craze, than like the serious thought of a practical man of any nation. Yet the Magyar students seem to have meant their address quite seriously. And the Turkish general, if he did not take it seriously, at least thought it wise to shape his answer as if he did. As a piece of practical politics, it sounds like Frederick Barbarossa threatening to avenge the defeat of Crassus upon Saladin, or like the French of the Revolutionary wars making the Pope Pius of those days, answerable for the wrongs of Vereingetorix. The thing sounds like comedy, almost like conscious comedy. But it is a kind of comedy which may become tragedy, if the idea from which it springs gets so deeply rooted in men's minds as to lead to any practical consequences. As long as talk of this kind does not get beyond the world of hot-headed students, it may pass for a craze. It would be more than a craze, if it should be so widely taken up on either side that the statesmen on either side find it expedient to profess to take it up also.

To allege the real or supposed primæval kindred between Magyars and Ottomans as a ground for political action, or at least for political sympathy, in the affairs of the present moment, is an extreme case—some may be inclined to call it a *reductio ad absurdum*—of a whole range of doctrines and sentiments which have in modern days gained a great power over men's minds.

They have gained so great a power that those who may regret their influence cannot afford to despise it. To make any practical inference from the primæval kindred of Magyar and Turk is indeed pushing the doctrine of race, and of sympathies arising from race, as far as it well can be pushed. Without plunging into any very deep mysteries, without committing ourselves to any dangerous theories in the darker regions of ethnological inquiry, we may perhaps be allowed at starting to doubt whether there is any real primæval kindred between Turk and Magyar. It is for those who have gone specially deep into the antiquities of the non-Aryan races to say whether there is or is not. At all events, as far as the great facts of history go, the kindred is of the vaguest and most shadowy kind. It comes to little more than the fact that Magyars and Ottomans are alike non-Aryan invaders, who have made their way into Europe within recorded times, and that both have, rightly or wrongly, been called by the name of Turks. These do seem rather slender grounds on which to build up a fabric of national sympathy between two nations, when several centuries of living practical history all pull the other way. It is hard to believe that the kindred of Turk and Magyar was thought of when a Turkish Pasha ruled at Buda. Doubtless Hungarian Protestants often deemed, and not unreasonably deemed, that the contemptuous toleration of the Moslem Sultan was a lighter yoke than the persecution of the Catholic Emperor. But it was hardly on grounds of primæval kindred that they made the choice. The ethnological dialogue held at Constantinople does indeed sound like ethnological theory run mad. But it is the very wildness of the thing which gives it its importance. The doctrine of race, and of sympathies springing from race, must have taken very firm hold indeed of men's minds before it could be carried out in a shape which we are tempted to call so grotesque as this.

The plain fact is that the new lines of scientific and historical inquiry which have been opened in modern times have had a distinct and deep effect upon the politics of the age. The fact may be estimated in many ways, but its existence as a fact cannot be denied. Not in a merely scientific or literary point of view, but in one strictly practical, the world is not the same world as it was when men had not yet dreamed of the kindred between Sanscrit, Greek, and English, when it was looked on as something of a paradox to hint that there was a distinction between Celtic and Teutonic tongues and nations. Ethnological and philological researches—I do not forget the distinction between the two, but for the present I must group them together—have opened the way for new national sympathies, new national antipathies, such as would have been unintelligible a hundred years ago. A hundred years ago a man's political likes and

dislikes seldom went beyond the range which was suggested by the place of his birth or immediate descent. Such birth or descent made him a member of this or that political community, a subject of this or that prince, a citizen—perhaps a subject—of this or that commonwealth. The political community of which he was a member had its traditional alliances and traditional enmities, and by those alliances and enmities the likes and dislikes of the members of that community were guided. But those traditional alliances and enmities were seldom determined by theories about language or race. Men might in this or that place be discontented under a foreign government; but, as a rule, they were discontented only if subjection to that foreign government brought with it personal oppression, or at least political degradation. Regard or disregard of some purely local privilege or local feeling went for more than the fact of a government being native or foreign. What we now call the sentiment of nationality did not go for much; what we call the sentiment of race went for nothing at all. Only a few men here and there would have understood the feelings which have led to those two great events of our own time, the political reunion of the German and Italian nations after their long political dissolution. Not a soul would have understood the feelings which have allowed Panslavism to be a great practical agent in the affairs of Europe, and which have made talk about “the Latin race,” if not practical, at least possible. Least of all, would it have been possible to give any touch of political importance to what would have then seemed so wild a dream as a primæval kindred between Magyar and Ottoman.

That feelings such as these, and the practical consequences which have flowed from them, are distinctly due to scientific and historical teaching there can, I think, be no doubt. Religious sympathy and purely national sympathy are both feelings of much simpler growth, which need no deep knowledge nor any special teaching. The cry which resounded through Christendom when the Holy City was taken by the Mussulmans, the cry which resounded through Islam when the same city was taken by the Christians, the spirit which armed England to support French Huguenots and which armed Spain to support French Leaguers, all spring from motives which lie on the surface. Nor need we seek for any explanation but such as lies on the surface for the natural wish for closer union between Germans or Italians parted off by purely dynastic arrangements from men who are their countrymen in everything else. Such a feeling has to strive with the counter feeling which springs from local jealousies and local dislikes; but it is a perfectly simple feeling, which needs no subtle research either to arouse or to understand it. So, if we

draw our illustrations from events which are going on at the present moment, there is nothing but what is perfectly simple in the feeling which calls Russia, as the most powerful of Orthodox states, to the help of her Orthodox brethren everywhere, and which calls the members of the Orthodox Church everywhere to look to Russia as their protector. The feeling may have to strive against a crowd of purely political considerations, and by those purely political considerations it may be outweighed. But the feeling is in itself altogether simple and natural. So again, the people of Montenegro and of the neighbouring lands in Herzegovina and by the *Bocche* of Cattaro feel themselves countrymen in every sense but the political accident which places one section of them under a rule purely national, another section under a rule civilized but foreign, a third under a rule at once foreign and barbarous. They are drawn together by a tie which every one can understand, by the same tie which would draw together the people of three adjoining English counties, if any strange political accident should part them asunder in like manner. The feeling here is that of nationality in the strictest sense, nationality in a purely local or geographical sense. It would exist all the same if Panslavism had never been heard of; it might exist though those who feel it had never heard of the Slavonic race at all. It is altogether another thing when we come to the doctrine of race, and of sympathies founded on race, in the wider sense. Here we have a feeling which professes to bind together, and which as a matter of fact has had a real effect in binding together, men whose kindred to one another is not so obvious at first sight as the kindred of Germans, Italians, or Slaves who are kept asunder by nothing but a purely artificial political boundary. It is a feeling at whose bidding the call to union goes forth to men whose dwellings are geographically far apart, men who may have had no direct dealings with one another for years or for ages, men whose languages, though the scholar may at once see that they are closely akin, may not be so closely akin as to be mutually intelligible for common purposes. A hundred years back the Serb might have cried for help to the Russian on the ground of common Orthodox faith; he would hardly have called for help on the ground of common Slavonic speech and origin. If he had done so, it would have been rather by way of grasping at any chance, however desperate or far-fetched, than as putting forward a serious and well understood claim which he might expect to find accepted and acted on by large masses of men. He might have received help, either out of genuine sympathy springing from community of faith or from the baser motive that he could be made use of as a convenient political tool. He would have got but little help purely on the ground of a community of blood and

speech which had had no practical result for ages. When Russia in earlier days interfered between the Turk and his Christian subjects, there is no sign of any sympathy felt or possessed for Slaves as Slaves. Russia dealt with Montenegro, not, as far as one can see, out of any Slavonic brotherhood, but because an independent Orthodox state at enmity with the Turk could not fail to be a useful ally. The earlier dealings of Russia with the subject nations were far more busy among the Greeks than among the Slaves. In fact, till quite lately, all the Orthodox subjects of the Turk were in most European eyes looked on as alike Greeks. The Orthodox Church has been commonly known as the Greek Church; and it has often been very hard to make people understand that the vast mass of the members of that so-called Greek Church are not Greek in any other sense. In truth we may doubt whether, till comparatively lately, the subject nations themselves were fully alive to the differences of race and speech among them. A man must in all times and places know whether he speaks the same language as another man; but he does not always go on to put his consciousness of difference into the shape of a sharply drawn formula. Still less does he always make the difference the ground of any practical course of action. The Englishman in the first days of the Norman Conquest felt the hardships of foreign rule, and he knew that those hardships were owing to foreign rule. But he had not learned to put his sense of hardship into any formula about an oppressed nationality. So, when the policy of the Turk found that the subtle intellect of the Greek could be made use of as an instrument of dominion over the other subject nations, the Bulgarian felt the hardship of the state of things in which, as it was proverbially said, his body was in bondage to the Turk and his soul in bondage to the Greek. But we may suspect that that neatly turned proverb dates only from the awakening of a distinctly national Bulgarian feeling in modern times. The Turk was felt to be an intruder and an enemy, because his rule was that of an open oppressor belonging to another creed. The Greek, on the other hand, though his spiritual dominion brought undoubted practical evils with it, was not felt to be an intruder and an enemy in the same sense. His quicker intellect and superior refinement made him a model. The Bulgarian imitated the Greek tongue and Greek manners; he was willing in other lands to be himself looked on as a Greek. It is only in quite modern times, under the direct influence of the preaching of the doctrine of race, that a hard and fast line has been drawn between Greeks and Bulgarians. That doctrine has cut two ways. It has given both nations, Greek and Bulgarian alike, a renewed national life, national strength, national hopes, such as neither of them had felt for ages. In so doing, it has done one of the best and most hopeful works

of the age. But in so doing, it has created one of the most dangerous of immediate political difficulties. In calling two nations into a renewed being, it has arrayed them in enmity against each other, and that in the face of a common enemy in whose presence all lesser differences and jealousies ought to be hushed into silence.

There is then a distinct doctrine of race, and of sympathies founded on race, distinct from the feeling of community of religion, and distinct from the feeling of nationality in the narrower sense. It is not so simple or easy a feeling as either of those two. It does not in the same way lie on the surface; it is not in the same way grounded on obvious facts which are plain to every man's understanding. The doctrine of race is essentially an artificial doctrine, a learned doctrine. It is an inference from facts which the mass of mankind could never have found out for themselves, facts which, without a distinctly learned teaching, could never be brought home to them in any intelligible shape. Now what is the value of such a doctrine? Does it follow that, because it is confessedly artificial, because it springs, not from a spontaneous impulse, but from a learned teaching, it is therefore necessarily foolish, mischievous, perhaps unnatural? It may perhaps be safer to hold that, like many other doctrines, many other sentiments, it is neither universally good nor universally bad, neither inherently wise nor inherently foolish. It may be safer to hold that it may, like other doctrines and sentiments, have a range within which it may work for good, while in some other range it may work for evil. It may in short be a doctrine which is neither to be rashly accepted nor rashly cast aside, but one which may need to be guided, regulated, modified, according to time, place, and circumstance. I am not now called on so much to estimate the practical good and evil of the doctrine as to work out what the doctrine itself is, and to try to explain some difficulties about it. But I must emphatically say that nothing can be more shallow, nothing more foolish, nothing more purely sentimental, than the way of speaking of those who think that they can simply laugh down or shriek down any doctrine or sentiment which they themselves do not understand. A belief or a feeling which has a practical effect on the conduct of great masses of men, sometimes on the conduct of whole nations, may be very false and very mischievous; but it is in every case a great and serious fact, to be looked gravely in the face. Men who sit at their ease and think that all wisdom is confined to themselves and their own clique may think themselves vastly superior to the great emotions which stir our times, as they would doubtless have thought themselves vastly superior to the emotions which stirred the first Saracens or the first Crusaders. But the emotions are there all the same, and

they do their work all the same. The most highly educated man in the most highly educated society cannot sneer them out of being with a "but" or a "probably."

But it is time to pass to the more strictly scientific aspect of the subject. The doctrine of race, in its popular form, is the direct offspring of the study of scientific philology; and yet it is just now, in its popular form at least, somewhat under the ban of scientific philologists. There is nothing very wonderful in this. It is in fact the natural course of things, which might almost have been reckoned on beforehand. When the popular mind gets hold of a truth, it seldom gets hold of it with strict scientific precision. It commonly gets hold of one side of the truth; it puts forth that side of the truth only. It puts that side forth in a form which may not be in itself distorted or exaggerated, but which practically becomes distorted and exaggerated, because other sides of the same truth are not brought into their due relation with it. The popular idea thus takes a shape which is naturally offensive to men of strict precision, and which men of strict scientific precision have naturally, and from their own point of view quite rightly, risen up to rebuke. Yet it may often happen that, while the scientific statement is the only true one for scientific purposes, the popular version may also have a kind of practical truth for the somewhat rough and ready purposes of a popular version. In our present case scientific philologists are beginning to complain, with perfect truth and perfect justice from their own point of view, that the popular doctrine of race confounds race and language. They tell us, and they do right to tell us, that language is no certain test of race, that men who speak the same tongue are not therefore necessarily men of the same blood. And they tell us further that, from whatever quarter the alleged popular confusion came, it certainly did not come from any teachings of scientific philologists.

The truth of all this cannot be called in question. We have too many instances in recorded history of nations laying aside the use of one language and taking to the use of another, for any one who cares for accuracy to set down language as any sure test of race. In fact the studies of the philologist and those of the ethnologist strictly so called are quite distinct, and deal with two wholly different sets of phenomena. The science of the ethnologist is strictly a physical science. He has to deal with purely physical phenomena; his business lies with the different varieties of the human body, and specially, to take that branch of his inquiries which most impresses the unlearned, with the various conformations of the human skull. His researches differ in nothing from those of the zoologist or the palæontologist, except that he has to deal with the physical phenomena of man, while they deal with

the physical phenomena of other animals. He groups the different races of man, exactly as the others group the genera and species of living or extinct mammals or reptiles. The student of ethnology as a physical science may indeed strengthen his conclusions by evidence of other kinds, evidence from arms, ornaments, pottery, modes of burial. But all these are secondary; the primary ground of classification is the physical conformation of man himself. As to language, the ethnological method, left to itself, can find out nothing whatever. The science of the ethnologist then is primarily physical; it is historical only in that secondary sense in which palæontology, and geology itself, may fairly be called historical. It arranges the varieties of mankind according to a strictly physical classification; what the language of each variety may have been, it leaves to the professors of another branch of study to find out.

The science of the philologer, on the other hand, is strictly historical. There is doubtless a secondary sense in which purely philological science may be fairly called physical, just as there is a secondary sense in which pure ethnology may be called historical. That is to say, philology has to deal with physical phenomena, so far as it has to deal with the physical aspect of the sounds of which human language is made up. Its primary business, like the primary business of any other historical science, is to deal with phenomena which do not depend on physical laws, but which do depend on the human will. The science of language is in this respect, like the science of human institutions or of human beliefs. Its subject-matter is not, like that of pure ethnology, what man is, but, like that of any other historical science, what man does. It is plain that no man's will can have any direct influence on the shape of his skull. I say no direct influence, because it is not for me to rule how far habits, places of abode, modes of life, a thousand things which do come under the control of the human will, may indirectly affect the physical conformation of a man himself or of his descendants. But it is quite certain that, as he cannot by taking thought add a cubit to his stature, so neither can he by taking thought make his skull brachycephalic or dolichocephalic. But the language which a man speaks does depend upon his will; he can by taking thought make his speech Romance or Teutonic. No doubt he has in most cases practically no choice in the matter. The language which he speaks is practically determined for him by fashion, habit, early teaching, a crowd of things over which he has practically no control. But still the control is not physical and inevitable, as it is in the case of the shape of his skull. If we say that he cannot help speaking in a particular way, that is, that he cannot help speaking a particular language, it simply means that his circumstances are such that no other way of

speaking presents itself to his mind. And in many cases, he has a real choice between two or more ways of speaking, that is, between two or more languages. Every word that a man speaks is the result of a real, though doubtless unconscious, act of his free-will. We are apt to speak of gradual changes in language, as in institutions or anything else, as if they were the result of a physical law, acting upon beings who had no choice in the matter. Yet every change of the kind is simply the aggregate of various acts of the will on the part of all concerned. Every change in speech, every introduction of a new sound or a new word, was really the result of an act of the will of some one or other. The choice may have been unconscious; circumstances may have been such as practically to have given him but one choice; still he did choose; he spoke in one way, when there was no physical hindrance to his speaking in another way, when there was no physical compulsion to speak at all. The Gauls need not have changed their own language for Latin; the change was not the result of a physical necessity, but of a number of acts of the will on the part of this and that Gaul. Moral causes directed their choice, and determined that Gaul should become a Latin-speaking land. But whether the skulls of the Gauls should be long or short, whether their hair should be black or yellow, those were points over which the Gauls themselves had no direct control whatever.

The study of men's skulls then is a study which is strictly physical, a study of facts over which the will of man has no direct control. The study of men's languages is strictly an historical study, a study of facts over which the will of man has a direct control. It follows therefore at once from the very nature of the two studies that language cannot be an absolutely certain test of physical descent. A man cannot, under any circumstances, choose his own skull; he may, under some circumstances, choose his own language. He must keep the skull which has been given him by his parents; he cannot, by any process of taking thought, determine what kind of skull he will hand on to his own children. But he may give up the use of the language which he has learned from his parents, and he may determine what language he will teach to his children. The physical characteristics of a race are unchangeable, or are changed only by influences over which the race itself has no direct control. The language which the race speaks may be changed, either by a conscious act of the will or by that power of fashion which is in truth the aggregate of countless unconscious acts of the will. And, as the very nature of the case thus shows that language is no sure test of race, so the facts of recorded history equally prove the same doctrine. Both individuals and whole nations do in

fact often exchange the language of their forefathers for some other language. A man settles in a foreign country. He learns the language of that country ; sometimes he forgets the use of his own language. His children may perhaps speak both tongues ; if they speak one tongue only, it will be the tongue of the country where they live. In a generation or two all trace of foreign origin will have passed away. Here then language is no test of race. If the great-grandchildren speak the language of their great-grandfathers, it will simply be as they may speak any other foreign language. Here are men who by speech belong to one nation, by actual descent to another. If they lose the physical characteristics of the race to which the original settler belonged, it will be due to intermarriage, to climate, to some cause altogether independent of language. Every nation will have some adopted children of this kind, more or fewer, men who belong to it by speech, but who do not belong to it by race. And what happens in the case of individuals happens in the case of whole nations. The pages of history are crowded with cases in which nations have cast aside the tongue of their forefathers, and have taken instead the tongue of some other people. Greek in the East, Latin in the West, became the familiar speech of millions who had not a drop of Greek or Italian blood in their veins. The same has been the case in later times with Arabic, Persian, Spanish, German, English. Each of those tongues has become the familiar speech of vast regions where the mass of the people are not Arabian, Spanish, or English, otherwise than by adoption. The Briton of Cornwall has, slowly but in the end thoroughly, adopted the speech of England. In Ireland itself the crimes of the Saxon are for the most part denounced in the Saxon tongue. In the American continent full-blooded Indians preside over commonwealths which speak the tongue of Cortes and Pizarro. In the lands to which all eyes are now turned, the Greek, who has been busily assimilating strangers ever since he first planted his colonies in Asia and Sicily, goes on busily assimilating his Albanian neighbours. So between renegades, Janissaries, and mothers of all nations, the blood of many a Turk must be physically anything rather than Turkish. The inherent nature of the case, and the witness of recorded history, join together to prove that language is no certain test of race, and that the scientific philologists are doing good service to accuracy of expression and accuracy of thought by emphatically calling attention to the fact that language is no such test.

But, on the other hand, it is quite possible that the truth to which our attention is just now most fittingly called may, if put forth too broadly and without certain qualifications, lead to error quite as great as the error at which it is aimed. I do not suppose

that any one ever thought that language was, necessarily and in all cases, an absolute and certain test. If anybody has thought so, he has put himself altogether out of court by shutting his eyes to the most manifest facts of the case. But there can be no doubt that many people have given too much importance to language as a test of race. Though they have not wholly forgotten the facts which tell the other way, they have not brought them out with enough prominence. And I can further believe that many people have written on the subject in a way which cannot be justified from a strictly scientific point of view, but which may have been fully justified from the point of view of the writers and speakers themselves. It may often happen that a way of speaking may not be scientifically accurate, but may yet be quite near enough to the truth for the purposes of the matter in hand. It may, for some practical, or even historical purpose, be really more true than the statement which is scientifically more exact. Language is no certain test of race; but if a man, struck by this wholesome warning, should run off into the belief that language and race have absolutely nothing to do with one another, he had better have gone without the warning. For in such a case the last error would be worse than the first. The natural instinct of mankind connects race and language. It does not assume language as an infallible test of race; but it does assume that language and race have something to do with one another. It assumes that, though language is not an accurately scientific test of race, yet it is a rough and ready test which does for many practical purposes. To make something more of an exact definition, one might say that, though language is not a test of race, it is, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, a presumption of race—that, though it is not a test of race, yet it is a test of something which, for many practical purposes, is the same as race.

Professor Max Müller warned us long ago that we must not speak of a Celtic skull. Mr. Sayce has more lately warned us that we must not infer from community of Aryan speech that there is any kindred in blood between this or that Englishman and this or that Hindoo. And the warning is scientifically true. Yet any one who begins his studies on these matters with Professor Müller's famous Oxford Essay will practically come to another way of looking at things. He will fill his mind with a vivid picture of the great Aryan family, as yet one, dwelling in one place, speaking one tongue, having already taken the first steps towards settled society, recognizing the domestic relations, possessing the first rudiments of government and religion, and calling all these first elements of culture by names of which traces still abide here and there among the many nations of the common stock. He will go on to draw pictures equally vivid of the several

branches of the family parting off from the primæval home. One great branch he will see going to the south-east, to become the forefathers of the vast, yet isolated, colony in the Asiatic lands of Persia and India. He watches the remaining mass sending off wave after wave, to become the forefathers of the nations of historical Europe. He traces out how each branch starts with its own share of the common stock; how the language, the creed, the institutions, once common to all, grow up into different, yet kindred, shapes, among the many parted branches which grew up, each with an independent life and strength of its own. This is what our instructors teach us as being the true origin of nations and their languages. And, in drawing out the picture, we cannot avoid, our teachers themselves do not avoid, the use of language which implies that the strictly family relation, the relation of community of blood, is at the root of the whole matter. We cannot help talking about the family and its branches, about parents, children, brothers, sisters, cousins. The nomenclature of natural kindred exactly fits the case; it fits it so exactly that no other nomenclature could enable us to set forth the case with any clearness. Yet we cannot be absolutely certain that there was any real community of blood in the whole story. We really know nothing of the origin of language or the origin of society. We may make a thousand ingenious guesses; but we cannot prove any of them. It may be that the group which came together, and which formed the primæval society which spoke the primæval Aryan tongue, were not brought together by community of blood, but by some other cause which threw them in one another's way. If we accept the Hebrew genealogies, they need not have had any community of blood nearer than common descent from Adam and Noah. That is, they need not have been all children of Shem, of Ham, or of Japheth; some children of Shem, some of Ham, and some of Japheth may have been led by some cause to settle together. Or if we believe in independent creations of men, or in the developement of men out of mollusks, the whole of the original society need not have been descendants of the same man or the same mollusk. In short, there is no theory of the origin of man which requires us to believe that the primæval Aryans were a natural family; they may have been more like a club or an accidental party of fellow-travellers. And if we accept them as a natural family, it does not follow that the various branches which grew into separate races and nations, speaking separate, though kindred, languages were necessarily marked off by more immediate kindred. It may be that there is no nearer kindred among Persians or Greeks or Teutons than the general kindred of all Aryans. For, when this or that party marched off from the common home, it does not follow that those who marched off together were neces-

sarily immediate brothers or cousins. The party which grew into Hindoos or into Teutons may not have been made up exclusively of one set of near kinsfolk. Some of the children of the same parents or forefathers may have marched one way, while others marched another way, or stayed behind. We may, if we please, indulge our fancy by conceiving that there actually may be family distinctions older than distinctions of nation and race. It may be that the Gothic Amali and the Roman Æmili—*I throw out the idea as a mere illustration*—were branches of a family which had taken a name before the division of Teuton and Italian. Some of the members of that family may have joined the band of which came the Goths, while other members joined the band of which came the Romans. There is no difference but the length of time to distinguish such a supposed case from the case of an English family, one branch of which settled in the seventeenth century at Boston in Massachusetts, while another branch stayed behind at Boston in Holland. Mr. Sayce says truly that the use of a kindred language does not prove that the Englishman and the Hindoo are really akin in race; for, as he adds, many Hindoos are men of non-Aryan race who have simply learned to speak tongues of Sanscrit origin. He might have gone on to say, with equal truth, that there is no positive certainty that there was any community in blood among the original Aryan group itself, and that, if we admit such community of blood in the original Aryan group, it does not follow that there is any further special kindred between Hindoo and Hindoo or between Teuton and Teuton. The original group may not have been a family, but an artificial union. And, if it was a family, those of its members who marched together east or west or north or south may have had no tie of kindred beyond the common cousinhood of all.

Now the tendency of this kind of argument is to lead to something a good deal more startling than the doctrine that language is no certain test of race. Its tendency is to go on further, and to show that race is no certain test of community of blood. And this comes pretty nearly to saying that there is no such thing as race at all. For our whole conception of race starts from the idea of community of blood. If the word "race" does not mean community of blood, it is hard to see what it does mean. Yet it is certain that there can be no positive proof of real community of blood, even among those groups of mankind which we instinctively speak of as families and races. It is not merely that the blood has been mingled in after times; there is no positive proof that there was any community of blood in the beginning. No living Englishman can prove with absolute certainty that he comes in the male line of any of the Teutonic settlers in Britain in the fifth or sixth centuries. *I say in the male line, because any one*

who is descended from any English king can prove such descent, though he can prove it only through a long and complicated web of female successions. But we may be sure that in no other case can such a pedigree be proved by the kind of proof which lawyers would require to make out the title to an estate or a peerage. The actual forefathers of the modern Englishman may chance to have been, not true-born Angles or Saxons, but Britons, Scots, in later days Frenchmen, Flemings, men of any other nation who learned to speak English and took to themselves English names. But supposing that a man could make out such a pedigree, supposing that he could prove that he came in the male line of some follower of Hengest or Cerdic, he would be no nearer to proving original community of blood either in the particular Teutonic race or in the general Aryan family. If direct evidence is demanded, we must give up the whole doctrine of families and races, as far as we take language, manners, institutions, anything but physical conformation, as the distinguishing marks of races and families. That is to say, if we wish never to use any word of whose accuracy we cannot be perfectly certain, we must leave off speaking of races and families at all from any but the purely physical side. We must content ourselves with saying that certain groups of mankind have a common history, that they have languages, creeds, and institutions in common, but that we have no evidence whatever to show how they came to have languages, creeds, and institutions in common. We cannot say for certain what was the tie which brought the members of the original group together, any more than we can name the exact time and the exact place when and where they came together.

We may thus seem to be landed in a howling wilderness of scientific uncertainty. The result of pushing our inquiries so far may seem to be to show that we really know nothing at all. But in truth the uncertainty is no greater than the uncertainty which attends all inquiries in the historical sciences. Though a historical fact may be recorded in the most trustworthy documents, though it may have happened in our own times, though we may have seen it happen with our own eyes, yet we cannot have the same certainty about it as the mathematician has about the proposition which he proves to absolute demonstration. We cannot have even that lower degree of certainty which the geologist has with regard to the bare order of succession between this and that stratum. For in all historical inquiries we are dealing with facts which themselves come within the control of human will and human caprice, and the evidence for which depends on the trustworthiness of human informants, who may either purposely deceive or unwittingly mislead. A man may lie; he may err.

The triangles and the rocks can neither lie nor err. I may with my own eyes see a certain man do a certain act; he may tell me himself, or some one else may tell me, that he is the same man who did some other act; but as to his statement I cannot have absolute certainty, and no one but myself can have absolutely certainty as to the statement which I make as to the facts I saw with my own eyes. Historical evidence may range through every degree from the barest likelihood to that undoubted moral certainty on which every man acts without hesitation in practical affairs. But it cannot get beyond this last standard. If then we are ever to use words like race, family, or even nation, to denote groups of mankind marked off by any kind of historical, as distinguished from physical, characteristics, we must be content to use those words, as we use many other words, without being able to prove that our use of them is accurate, as mathematicians judge of accuracy. I cannot be quite sure that William the Conqueror landed at Pevensey, though I have strong reasons for believing that he did so. And I have strong reasons for believing many facts about race and language about which I am much further from being quite sure than I am about William's landing at Pevensey. In short, in all these matters, we must be satisfied to let presumption very largely take the place of actual proof; and, if we only let presumption in, most of our difficulties at once fly away. Language is no certain test of race; but it is a presumption of race. Community of race, as we commonly understand race, is no certain proof of original community of blood; but it is a presumption of original community of blood. The presumption amounts to moral proof, if only we do not insist on proving such natural community of blood as would satisfy a genealogist. It amounts to moral proof, if all that we seek is to establish a relation in which the community of blood is the leading idea, and in which, where natural community of blood does not exist, its place is supplied by something which by a legal fiction is looked upon as its equivalent.

If then we do not ask for scientific, for what we may call physical, accuracy, but if we are satisfied with the kind of proof which is all that we can ever get in the historical sciences—if we are satisfied to speak in a way which is true for popular and practical purposes—then we may say that language has a great deal to do with race, as race is commonly understood, and that race has a great deal to do with community of blood. If we once admit the Roman doctrine of adoption, our whole course is clear. The natural family is the starting point of everything; but we must give the natural family the power of artificially enlarging itself by admitting adoptive members. A group of mankind is thus formed, in which it does not follow that all the members have

any natural community of blood, but in which community of blood is the starting point, in which those who are connected by natural community of blood form the original body within whose circle the artificial members are admitted. A group of mankind thus formed is something quite different from a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. Three or four brothers by blood, with a fourth or fifth man whom they agreed to look on as filling in everything the same place as a brother by blood, form a group which is quite unlike an union of four or five men, none of whom is bound by any tie of blood to any of the others. In the latter kind of union the notion of kindred does not come in at all. In the former kind the notion of kindred is the groundwork of everything; it determines the character of every relation and every action, even though the kindred between some members of the society and others may be owing to a legal fiction and not to natural descent. All that we know of the growth of tribes, races, nations, leads us to believe that they grew in this way. Natural kindred was the groundwork, the leading and determining idea; but, by one of those legal fictions which have had such an influence on all institutions, adoption was allowed to count as natural kindred.*

The usage of all languages shows that community of blood was the leading idea in forming the greater and smaller groups of mankind. Words like *φῶλον*, *γένος*, *gens*, *natio*, *kin*, all point to the natural family as the origin of all society. The family in the narrower sense, the children of one father in one house, grew into a more extended family, the *gens*. Such were the *Alkmaïōnidai*, the *Julii*, or the *Scyldingas*, the real or artificial descendants of a real or supposed forefather. The nature of the *gens* has been set forth often enough. If it is a mistake to fancy that every Julius or Cornelius was the natural kinsman of every other Julius or Cornelius, it is equally a mistake to think that the *gens Julia* or *Cornelia* was in its origin a mere artificial association into which the idea of natural kindred did not enter. It may indeed be thought that really artificial *gentes*, groups of men of whom it might chance that none were natural kinsmen, were formed in later times after the model of the original *gentes*. Still such imitation would bear witness to the original conception of the *gens*. It would be the doctrine of adoption turned the other way; instead of a father adopting a son, a number of men would agree to adopt a common father. The family then grew into the *gens*; the union of *gentes* formed the state, the political community, which in its first form

* I am here applying to this particular purpose a line of thought which both myself and others have often applied to other purposes. See above all Sir Henry Maine's Lecture "on Kinship as the Basis of Society" in the "Lectures on the Early History of Institutions;" and I would refer also to my own lecture on "the State" in "Comparative Politics."

was commonly a tribe. Then came the nation, formed of an union of tribes. Kindred, real or artificial, is the one basis on which all society and all government has grown up.

Now it is plain that, as soon as we admit the doctrine of artificial kindred, that is as soon as we allow the exercise of the law of adoption, physical purity of race is at an end. Adoption treats a man as if he were really the son of a certain father; it cannot really make him the son of that father. If a brachycephalic father adopts a dolichocephalic son, the legal act cannot change the shape of the adopted son's skull. I will not undertake to say whether, not indeed the rite of adoption, but the influences and circumstances which would spring from it, might not, in the course of generations, affect even the skull of the man who entered a certain *gens*, tribe, or nation by artificial adoption only. If by any chance the adopted son spoke a different language from the adopted father, the rite of adoption itself would not of itself change its language. But it would bring him under influences which would make himself adopt the language of his new *gens* by a conscious act of the will, and which would make his children adopt it by the same unconscious act of the will by which each child adopts the language of his parents. The adopted son, still more the son of the adopted son, became, in everything but physical descent, in speech, in feelings, in worship, one with the *gens* into which he was adopted. He became one of that *gens* for all practical, political, historical purposes. It is only the physiologist who could deny his right to his new position. The nature of the process is well expressed by a phrase of our own law. When the nation—the word itself keeps about it the remembrance of birth as the groundwork of everything—adopts a new citizen, that is a new child of the state, he is said to be naturalized. That is, a legal process puts him in the same position, and gives him the same rights, as a man who is a citizen and a son by birth. It is assumed that the rights of citizenship come by nature, that is by birth. The stranger is admitted to them only by a kind of artificial birth; he is naturalized by law; his children are in a generation or two naturalized in fact. There is now no practical distinction between the Englishman whose forefathers landed with William, or even between the Englishman whose forefathers sought shelter from Alva or from Lewis the Fourteenth, and the Englishman whose forefathers landed with Hengest. It is for the physiologist to say whether any difference can be traced in their several skulls; for all practical purposes, historical or political, all distinction between these several classes has passed away.

We may in short say that the law of adoption runs through everything, and that it may be practised on every scale. What adoption is at the hands of the family, naturalization is at the hands

of the state. And the same process extends itself from adopted or naturalized individuals to large classes of men, indeed to whole nations. When the process takes place on this scale, we may best call it assimilation. Thus Rome assimilated the continental nations of Western Europe to that degree that, allowing for a few scraps and survivals here and there, not only Italy, but Gaul and Spain, became Roman. The people of those lands, admitted step by step to the Roman franchise, adopted the name and tongue of Romans. It must soon have been hard to distinguish the Roman colonist in Gaul or Spain from the native Gaul or Spaniard who had, as far as in him lay, put on the guise of a Roman. This process of assimilation has gone on everywhere and at all times. Which of the nations that come into close contact shall assimilate the other, or whether neither shall assimilate the other, depends on a crowd of circumstances. Sometimes the conquerors assimilate their subjects; sometimes they are assimilated by their subjects. Which form the process takes in each particular case will depend, partly on their respective numbers, partly on their degrees of civilization. A small number of less civilized conquerors will easily be lost among a greater number of more civilized subjects, and that even though they give their name to the land and people which they conquer. The modern Frenchman represents, not the conquering Frank, but the conquered Gaul, or, as he called himself, the conquered Roman. The modern Bulgarian represents, not the Finnish conqueror, but the conquered Slave. And so we might go on with endless other cases. The point is that the process of adoption, naturalization, assimilation, has gone on everywhere. No nation can boast of absolute purity of blood, though no doubt some nations come much nearer to it than others. When I speak of purity of blood, I leave out of sight the darker questions which I have already raised with regard to the groups of mankind in days before recorded history. I assume great groups like Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic, as having what we may call a real corporate existence, however we may hold that that corporate existence began. My present point is that no existing nation is, in the physiologist's sense of purity, purely Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic, or anything else. All races have assimilated a greater or less amount of foreign elements. Taking this standard, one which comes more nearly within the range of our actual knowledge than the possibilities of unrecorded times, we may again say that, from the purely scientific or physiological point of view, not only is language no test of race, but that, at all events among the great nations of the world, there is no such thing as purity of race at all.

But, while we admit this truth, while we even insist upon it from the strictly scientific point of view, we must be allowed to look at it

with different eyes from a more practical standing point. This is the standing point, whether of history which is the politics of the past, or of politics which are the history of the present. From this point of view, we may say unhesitatingly that there are such things as races and nations, and that to the grouping of those races and nations language is the best guide. We cannot undertake to define with any philosophical precision the exact distinction between race and race, between nation and nation. Nor can we undertake to define with the like precision in what way the distinctions between race and race, between nation and nation, began. But all analogy leads us to believe that tribes, nations, races, were all formed according to the original model of the family, the family which starts from the idea of the community of blood, but which allows artificial adoption to be its legal equivalent. The point is that, in all cases of adoption, naturalization, assimilation, whether of individuals or of large classes of men, the adopted person or class is strictly adopted into an existing community. Their adoption undoubtedly influences the community into which they are adopted. It at once destroys any claim on the part of that community to purity of blood, and it influences the adopting community in many ways, physical and moral. A family, a tribe, or a nation which has largely recruited itself by adopted members cannot be the same as one which has never practised adoption at all, but all whose members come of the original stock. But the influence of the adopting community on its adopted members is far greater than any influence which they exercise upon it. It cannot change their blood; it cannot give them new natural forefathers; but it may do everything short of this; it may make them, in speech, in feeling, in thought, and in habit, genuine members of the community which has artificially made them its own. While there is not in any nation, in any race, any such thing as strict purity of blood, yet there is in each nation, in each race, a dominant element, or rather something more than an element, something which is the true essence of the race or nation, something which sets its standard and determines its character, something which draws to itself and assimilates to itself all other elements. It so works that all other elements are not co-equal elements with itself, but mere infusions poured into an already existing body. Doubtless these infusions do in some measure influence the body which assimilates them; but the influence which they exercise is as nothing compared to the influence which they undergo. We may say that they modify the character of the body into which they are assimilated; they do not affect its personality. Thus, assuming the great groups of mankind as primary facts, the origin of which lies beyond our certain knowledge, we may speak of families and races, of the great Aryan family and of the

rac^{es} into which it parted, as groups which have a real, practical, existence, as groups founded on the ruling primæval idea of kindred, even though in many cases the kindred may not be by natural descent, but only by law of adoption. The Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic races of man are real living and abiding groups, the distinction between which we must accept among the primary facts of history. And they go on as living and abiding groups, even though we know that each of them has assimilated many adopted members, sometimes from other branches of the Aryan family, sometimes from races of men alien to the whole Aryan stock. These races which, in a strictly physiological point of view, have no existence at all, have a real existence from the more practical point of view of history and politics. The Bulgarian calls to the Russian for help, and the Russian answers to his call for help, on the ground of their being alike members of the one Slavonic race. It may be that, if we could trace out the actual pedigree of this or that Bulgarian, of this or that Russian, we might find either that there was no real kindred between them, or we might find out that there was a real kindred, but a kindred which must be traced up to another stock than that of the Slave. In point of actual blood, instead of both being Slaves, it may be that one of them comes, it may be that both of them come, of a stock which is not Slavonic or even Aryan. The Bulgarian may chance to be a Bulgarian in a truer sense than he thinks for; he may come of the blood of the original Finnish conquerors, who gave the Bulgarian name to the Slaves among whom they were merged, while they adopted their Slavonic language. And if this or that Bulgarian may chance to come of the stock of the Finnish conqueror assimilated by his Slavonic subjects, this or that Russian may chance to come of the stock of Finnish subjects assimilated by their Slavonic conquerors. It may then so happen that the cry for help goes up and is answered on a ground of kindred which in the eye of the physiologist has no existence. Or the kindred may be real in a way which neither the suppliant nor his helper thinks of; the real kindred may have utterly passed out of the mind of either, while the cry is sent up and answered on the ground of a kindred which in this sense is purely imaginary. But in either case, for the practical purposes of human life, the plea is a good plea; the kindred on which it is founded is a real kindred. It is good by the law of adoption. It is good by the law the force of which we all admit whenever we count a man as an Englishman whose forefathers, two generations or twenty generations back, came to our shores as strangers. For all practical purposes, for all the purposes which guide men's actions, public or private, the Russian and the Bulgarian, kinsmen so long parted, perhaps in very truth no natural

kinsmen at all, are members of the same race, bound together by the common sentiment of race. They belong to the same race, exactly as an Englishman whose forefathers came into Britain fourteen hundred years back, and an Englishman whose forefathers came only one or two hundred years back, are alike members of the same nation, bound together by a tie of common nationality.

And now, having ruled that races and nations, though largely formed by the working of an artificial law, are still real and living things, groups in which the idea of kindred is the idea around which everything has grown, how are we to define our races and our nations? How are we to mark them off one from the other? Bearing in mind the cautions and qualifications which have been already given, bearing in mind large classes of exceptions which will presently be spoken of, I say unhesitatingly that for practical purposes there is one test, and one only, and that that test is language. We may at least apply the test negatively. It might be unsafe to rule that all speakers of the same language have a common nationality; but we may safely say that, where there is not community of language, there is no common nationality in the highest sense. As in the teeth of community of language there may be what for all political purposes are separate nations, so without community of language there may be an artificial nationality, a nationality which may be good for all political purposes, and which may engender a common national feeling. Still this is not quite the same thing as that fuller national unity which is felt where there is community of language. In fact mankind instinctively takes language as the badge of nationality. We so far take it as the badge, that we instinctively assume community of language as a nation as the rule, and we set down anything that departs from that rule as an exception. The first idea suggested by the word Frenchman or German or any other national name, is that he is a man who speaks French or German as his mother-tongue. We take for granted, in the absence of anything to make us think otherwise, that a Frenchman is a speaker of French and that a speaker of French is a Frenchman. Where in any case it is otherwise, we mark that case as an exception, and we ask the special cause. The rule is none the less the rule nor the exceptions the exceptions, because the exceptions may easily outnumber the instances which conform to the rule. The rule is still the rule, because we take the instances which conform to it as a matter of course, while in every case which does not conform to it we ask for the explanation. All the larger countries of Europe provide us with exceptions; but we treat them all as exceptions. We do not ask why a native of France speaks French. But when a native of France speaks as his mother-tongue some other tongue than French, when French is

spoken as his mother-tongue by some one who is not a native of France, we at once ask the reason. And the reason will be found in each case in some special historical cause which withdraws that case from the operation of the general law. So again, within the bounds of Great Britain, if we find any tongue spoken other than English, we at once ask the reason and we learn the special historic cause. In a part of France and a part of Great Britain we find tongues spoken which differ alike from English and from French, but which are strongly akin to one another. We find that these are the survivals of a group of tongues once common to Gaul and Britain, but which the settlement of other nations, the introduction and the growth of other tongues, have brought down to the level of survivals. So again we find islands which both speech and geographical position seem to mark as French, but which are dependencies, and loyal dependencies, of the English crown. We soon learn the cause of the phenomenon which seems so strange. Those islands are the remains of a state and a people which had adopted the French tongue, but which, while it remained one, did not become a part of the French state. That people brought England by force of arms under the rule of their own sovereigns. The greater part of that people were afterwards conquered by France; but a remnant of them still clung to their connexion with the land which their forefathers had conquered. This last case, that of the Norman Islands, is a specially instructive one. Normandy and England were politically connected, while language and geography pointed rather to an union between Normandy and France. In the case of continental Normandy, where the geographical tie was strongest, language and geography together could carry the day, and the continental Norman became a Frenchman. In the islands, where the geographical tie was less strong, political traditions and manifest interest carried the day against language and a weaker geographical tie. The insular Norman did not become a Frenchman. Neither did he become an Englishman; he alone remained Norman, keeping his own tongue and his own laws, but attached to the English crown by a tie at once of tradition and of advantage. Between states of the relative size of England and the Norman islands, the relation naturally becomes a relation of dependence on the part of the smaller members of the union. But it is well to remember that our forefathers never conquered the forefathers of the men of the Norman Islands, but that their forefathers did once conquer ours.

These instances and countless others bear out the position that, while community of language is the most obvious sign of common nationality, while it is the main element, or something more than an element, in the formation of nationality, the rule is open to exceptions of all kinds, and that the influence of language is at

all times liable to be overruled by other influences. But all the exceptions confirm the rule, because we specially remark those cases which contradict the rule, and we do not specially remark those cases which do not conform to it.

In the cases which we have just spoken of, the growth of the nation as marked out by language, and the growth of the exceptions to the rule of language, have both come through the gradual, unconscious working of historical causes. There was no moment when any one deliberately proposed to form a French nation by joining together all the separate duchies and counties which spoke the French tongue. Since the French nation has been formed, men have proposed to annex this or that land on the ground that its people spoke the French tongue, or perhaps only some tongue akin to the French tongue. But the formation of the French nation itself was the work of historical causes, the work doubtless of a settled policy acting through many generations, but not the work of any conscious theory about races and languages. It is a special mark of our time, a special mark of the influence which doctrines about race and language have had on men's minds, that we have seen great nations united by processes in which theories of race and language have really had much to do with bringing about their union. If statesmen have not been themselves moved by such theories, they have at least found that it suited their purpose to make use of such theories as a means of working on the minds of others. In the reunion of the severed German and Italian nations, the conscious feeling of nationality, and the acceptance of a common language as the outward badge of nationality, had no small share. Poets sang of language as the badge of national union; statesmen made it the badge, so far as political considerations did not lead them to do anything else. The revived kingdom of Italy is very far from taking in all the speakers of the Italian tongue. Lugano, Trent, Aquileia, Trieste, Zara, form no part of the Italian political body, and Corsica is not under the same rule as the other two great neighbouring islands. But the fact that all these places do not belong to that body at once suggests the twofold question, why they do not belong to it, and whether they ought not to belong to it. History easily answers the first question; it may perhaps also answer the second question in a way which will say Yes as regards one place and No as regards another. Ticino must not lose her higher freedom; Dalmatia must not be cut off from the Slavonic mainland; Corsica would seem to have sacrificed national feeling to personal hero-worship. But it is certainly hard to see why Trent and Aquileia should be kept apart from the Italian body. On the other hand, the revived Italian kingdom contains very little which is not Italian in speech. It is perhaps by a

somewhat elastic view of language that the dialect of Piedmont and the dialect of Sicily are classed under one head; still, as a matter of fact, they have a single classical standard, and they are universally accepted as varieties of the same tongue. But it is only in a few Alpine valleys that languages are spoken which, whether Romance or Teutonic, are in any case not Italian. The re-union of Italy in short took in all that was Italian, save when some political cause hindered the rule of language from being followed. Of anything not Italian so little has been taken in that the non-Italian parts of Italy, Aosta and the Seven German Communes, fall under the rule that there are some things too small for laws to pay heed to.

In the case of Germany the exceptions both ways are more numerous and more striking. Still they are exceptions. Wherever German-speaking people dwell outside the bounds of the revived German state, wherever that revived German state contains other than German-speaking people, we ask, and we can find the reason either way. Political reasons forbade the immediate annexation of Austria, Tyrol, and Salzburg. Combined political and geographical reasons, and, if we look a little deeper, ethnological reasons too, forbade the annexation of Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia. Some reason or other will, it may be hoped, always be found to hinder the annexation of lands which, like Zürich and Bern, have reached a higher political level. Outlying brethren in Transsilvania or at Saratof come again under the rule "*De minimis non curat lex.*" On the other hand, where French or Danish or Slave or Lithuanian is spoken within the bounds of the new Empire, it is almost wholly in corners, corners won by conquest and that mainly by recent conquest. And on the principle that language is the badge of nationality, that without community of language nationality is imperfect, one main object of modern policy is to bring these exceptional districts under the general rule by spreading the German language in them. Everywhere in short, wherever a power is supposed to be founded on nationality, the common feeling of mankind instinctively takes language as the test of nationality. We assume language as the test of a nation, without going into any minute question as to the physical purity of blood in that nation. A continuous territory, living under the same government and speaking the same tongue, forms a nation for all practical purposes. If some of its inhabitants do not belong to the original stock by blood, they at least belong to it by adoption.

The question may now fairly be asked, what is the case of those parts of the world where people who are confessedly of different races and languages inhabit a continuous territory and live under the same government? How do we define nationality in such cases

as these? The answer will be very different in different cases, according to the means by which the different national elements in such a territory have been brought together. They may form what I have already called an artificial nation, united by an act of its own free-will. Or it may be simply a case where distinct nations, distinct in everything which can be looked on as forming a nation, except the possession of an independent government, are brought together, by whatever causes, under a common ruler. The former case is very distinctly an exception which proves the rule and the latter is, though in quite another way, an exception which proves the rule also. Both cases may need somewhat more in the way of definition. We will begin with the first, the case of a nation which has been formed out of elements which differ in language, but which still have been brought together into an artificial nation. In the other cases of which we have spoken thus far, the object which was consciously or unconsciously followed has been the formation of a nation marked out by language, and within whose bounds the use of any tongue other than the dominant tongue of the nation should be at least exceptional. But there is one nation in Europe, one which has a full right to be called a nation in a political sense, which has been formed on the directly opposite principle. The Swiss Confederation has been formed by the union of certain detached fragments of the German, Italian, and Burgundian nations. It may indeed be said that the process has been in some sort a process of adoption, that the Italian and Burgundian elements have been incorporated into an already existing German body, that, as those elements were once subjects or dependencies or protected allies, the case is one of clients or freedmen being admitted to the full privileges of the *gens*. This is undoubtedly true, and it is equally true of a large part of the German element itself. Throughout the Confederation, allies and subjects have been raised to the rank of confederates. But the former position of the component elements does not matter for our purpose. As a matter of fact, the foreign dependencies have all been admitted into the Confederation on equal terms. German is undoubtedly the language of a great majority of the Confederation; but the two recognized Romance languages are each the speech, not of a mere fragment or survival, but of a large minority forming a visible element in the general body. The three languages are all of them alike recognized as national languages, though, as if to keep up the universal rule that there should be some exceptions to all rules, a fourth language still lives on within the bounds of the Confederation, which is not admitted to the rights of the other three, but is left in the state of a fragment or a survival.* Is such an artificial body of this to be

* While German, French, and Italian are all recognized as national languages by the

called a nation? It is plainly not a nation by blood or by speech. It can hardly be called a nation by adoption. For if we chose to say that the three elements of all agreed to adopt one another as brethren, yet it has been adoption without assimilation. Yet surely the Swiss Confederation is a nation. It is not a mere power, in which various nations are brought together, whether willingly or unwillingly, under a common ruler, but without any further tie of union. For all political purposes, the Swiss Confederation is a nation, one capable of as strong and true national feeling as any other nation. Yet it is a nation purely artificial, one in no way defined by blood or speech. It thus proves the rule in two ways. We at once recognize this artificially formed nation, which has no common language, but each of whose elements speaks a language common to itself with some other nation, as something different from those nations which are defined by an universal or at least a predominant language. We mark it as an exception, as something different from other cases. And when we see how nearly this artificial nation comes, in every point but that of language, to the likeness of those nations which are defined by language, we see that it is the nation defined by language which sets the standard, and after the model of which the artificial nation forms itself. The case of the Swiss Confederation and its claim to rank as a nation would be like the case of those *gentes*, if any such there were, which did not spring even from the expansion of an original family, but which were artificially formed in imitation of those which did, and which, instead of a real or traditional forefather, chose for themselves an adopted one.

In the Swiss Confederation then we have a case of a nation formed by an artificial process, but which still is undoubtedly a nation in the face of other nations. We now come to the other class, in which nationality and language keep the connexion which they have elsewhere, but in which nations do not even in the roughest way answer to governments. We have only to go into the Eastern lands of Europe to find a state of things in which the notion of nationality, as marked out by language and national feeling, has altogether parted company from the notion of political government. It must be remembered that this state of things is not confined to the nations which are under the yoke of the Turk. It extends also to the nations or fragments of nations which make up the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. On the state of things under the Turk there is no need to enlarge

Swiss Confederation, the independent Romance language which is still used in some parts of the Canton of Graubünden, that which is known specially as *Romansch*, is not recognized. It is left in the same position in which Welsh and Gaelic are left in Great Britain, in which Basque, Breton, Provençal, Walloon, and Flemish are left within the borders of that French kingdom which has grown so as to take them all in.

here. The essence of his rule is the trampling under foot of all national right. No one would be so unjust as to place the other great composite dominion on a level with his mere barbarian oppression. Yet that composite dominion is just as much opposed to those ideas of nationality towards which Western Europe has been long feeling its way. We have seen by the example of Switzerland that it is possible to make an artificial nation out of fragments which have split off from three several nations. But the Austro-Hungarian monarchy is not a nation, not even an artificial nation of this kind. Its elements are not bound together in the same way as the three elements of the Swiss Confederation. It does indeed contain one whole nation, in the form of the Magyars; we might say that it contains two, if we reckon the Czechs for a distinct nation. Besides these, there are Germans, Italians, Roumans, Slaves of almost every branch of the Slavonic race. Here, as on the other side of the Ottoman border, there is plenty of living and active national feeling; but, while in the West political arrangements for the most part follow the great lines of national feeling, in the East the only way in which national feeling can show itself is by protesting, whether in arms or otherwise, against existing political arrangements. Save the Magyars alone, the ruling race in the Hungarian kingdom, there is no case in those lands in which the whole continuous territory inhabited by speakers of the same tongue is placed under a separate national government of its own. And, even in this case, the identity between nation and government is imperfect in two ways. It is imperfect, because, after all, though Hungary has a separate national government in internal matters, yet it is not the Hungarian kingdom, but the Austro-Hungarian monarchy of which it forms a part, which counts as a power among the other powers of Europe. And the national character of the Hungarian government is equally imperfect from the other side. It is national as regards the Magyar; it is not national as regards the Slave, and the Rouman. There is indeed one other nation, the Saxon, which is united under the rule of a single power; but that power is one which has no right to the name of government. The whole Bulgarian nation is under the rule of the Turk; but that simply means that the whole nation is given up to the brigandage of the Turk. The other nations of those parts are cut up among various powers. No one nation forms a single national government. One fragment of a nation is free under a national government, another fragment is ruled by civilized strangers, a third is trampled down by barbarians. The existing states of Greece, Roumania, and Servia are far from taking in the whole of the Greek, Rouman, and Servian nations. The mainland of Illyria is unnaturally cut off from its Dalmatian mouths. In all these lands

there is no difficulty in marking off the several nations; only in no case do the nations answer to any existing political power.

In these lands too another element comes in towards the formation of nationality of which, in that light, we know nothing in the West. In many cases religion takes the place of nationality; or rather the ideas of religion and nationality can hardly be distinguished. In the West a man's nationality is in no way affected by the religion which he professes, or even by his change from one religion to another. In the East it is otherwise. The Christian renegade who embraces Islam becomes for most practical purposes a Turk. Even if he keep his Greek or Slavonic language, he remains Greek or Slave only in a secondary sense. Even the Greek or Armenian who embraces the Latin creed goes far towards parting with his nationality as well as with his religion. In the Armenian indeed we have come very near to the phenomenon of the further East, where names like Parsee and Hindoo, names in themselves as strictly ethnical as Englishman or Frenchman, have come to express distinctions which are religious rather than national, or rather distinctions in which religion and nationality are absolutely the same thing. But this whole class of phenomena presents far too many subjects of enquiry to be dealt with cursorily at the end of an article. I merely point them out, as bringing in an element in the definition of nationality to which we are unused in the West. But it quite comes within our present subject to give one definition from the South-Eastern lands. What is the Greek? Clearly he who is at once Greek in speech and Orthodox in faith. The Hellenic Mussulmans in Crete, the Hellenic Latins in some of the other islands, are at the most imperfect members of the Hellenic body. The utmost that can be said is that they keep the power of again entering that body, either by their own return to the national faith, or by such a change in the state of things as shall make difference in religion no longer inconsistent with true national fellowship.

Thus, wherever we go, we find language to be the rough practical test of nationality. The exceptions are many; they may perhaps outnumber the instances which conform to the rule. Still they are exceptions. Community of language does not imply community of blood; it might be added that diversity of language does not imply diversity of blood. But community of language is surely, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, a presumption of the community of blood, and it is proof of something which for practical purposes is the same as community of blood. To talk of "the Latin race," is in strictness absurd. We know that the so-called race is simply made up of those nations which adopted the Latin language. The Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic races may conceivably have been formed by a like artificial process.

But the presumption is the other way; and if such a process ever took place, it took place long before history began. The Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic races come before us as groups of mankind marked out by the test of language. Within those races we find nations marked out again by a stricter application of the test of language. Within the race we may have languages which are clearly akin to each other, but which need not be mutually intelligible. Within the nation we have only dialects which are mutually intelligible, or which at all events gather round some one central dialect which is intelligible to all. We take this standard of races and nations, fully aware that it will not stand a physiological test, but holding that for all practical purposes adoption must pass as equivalent to natural descent. And, among the practical purposes which are affected by the facts of race and nationality, we must, as long as man is what he is, as long as he has not been created afresh according to some new scientific pattern, not shrink from reckoning those generous emotions which, in the present state of European feeling, are beginning to bind together the greater as well as the lesser groups of mankind. The sympathies of men are beginning to reach wider than could have been dreamed of a century ago. The feeling which was once confined to the mere household extended itself to the tribe or the city. From the tribe or city it extended itself to the nation; from the nation it is beginning to extend itself to the whole race. In some cases it can extend itself to the whole race far more easily than in others. In some cases historical causes have made nations of the same race bitter enemies, while they have made nations of different races friendly allies. The same thing happened in earlier days between tribes and cities of the same nation. But, when hindrances of this kind do not exist, the feeling of race, as something beyond the narrower feeling of nationality, is beginning to be a powerful agent in the feelings and actions of men and of nations. A long series of mutual wrongs, conquest and oppression on one side avenged by conquest and oppression on the other side, have made the Slave of Poland and the Slave of Russia the bitterest of enemies. No such hindrance exists to stop the flow of natural and generous feeling between the Slave of Russia and the Slave of the South-Eastern lands. Those whose statesmanship consists in some hand-to-mouth shift for the moment, whose wisdom consists in refusing to look either back to the past or onwards to the future, cannot understand this great fact of our times; and what they cannot understand they mock at. But the fact exists and does its work in spite of them. And it does its work none the less because in some cases the feeling of sympathy is awakened by a claim of kindred, where, in the sense of the physiologist or the genealogist, there is no kindred at all. The

practical view, historical or political, will accept as members of this or that race or nation many members whom the physiologist would shut out, whom the English lawyer would shut out, but whom the Roman lawyer would gladly welcome to every privilege of the stock on which they were grafted. The line of the Scipios, of the Cæsars, and of the Antonines, was continued by adoption: and for all practical purposes the nations of the earth have agreed to follow the examples set them by their masters.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

ESSAYS AND NOTICES.

PROFESSOR CLIFFORD AND HIS CRITICS ON "THE ETHICS OF BELIEF."

IN the January number of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* appeared a very compact and also very comprehensive article on the "Ethics of Belief." It consisted of three connected essays, entitled respectively :

1. "The Duty of Inquiry."
2. "The Weight of Authority."
3. "The Limits of Inference."

In opening his case Professor Clifford made use of illustrations which had the effect of putting some of his readers and reviewers on a wrong track; though it does not seem to the writer of these paragraphs that there was anything oblique or illegitimate about the case of the doubtful ship-owner and the doubtful ship. A different judgment must, we think, be passed upon the Professor's occasional use of the word "credulous." This was eminently calculated to raise false issues, and did in fact raise them—or, at least, it raised issues which were, in bare logic, irrelevant to Professor Clifford's purpose. As it happens, however, this accident (for as an accident we shall treat it) may perhaps lead us to a side-path of inquiry which shall not be wholly a *cul-de-sac*.

It is obvious that an exhaustive treatment of the main topics of Professor Clifford's paper would be neither more nor less than a *Novum Organum*. And the treatment might be made as purely formal, and as destitute of moral assumptions or motives, as Mr. Mill's "Logic." But the Professor has not chosen that method—nor can he claim its immunities—nor, we profoundly hope, will he in his cause reap its advantages. The title of the first essay or section is "The Duty of Inquiry," and it derives all its force from moral assumptions which indirectly the Professor sets himself to define, and put in their places, if not to justify, in the later sections of the article. Much, if not most, of the attention which the paper excited was caused by its evident drift or bearing—some of the propositions, taken in themselves, being both obvious and harmless; nay, useful and profitable. In fact, as not seldom occurs in these matters, the argument of the opponents may be said to have taken this shape:—Admitting the "duty" you lay down in your first essay, Professor Clifford, we find that the moral and religious assumptions necessary to support it must have a better basis than you provide for them in your second and third essays.

The doctrine of the first essay is, perhaps, hardly well expressed by its title. The meaning is not so much, "It is your duty to examine your beliefs and test their grounds," as, "It is your duty not to allow yourself in false beliefs or to work yourself up to them." In fact, the substance of this section might be stated in some such words as the following:—

"Belief and action should *always* correspond, and in case of doubt or suspended belief, there should be a corresponding suspense of action. It is spiritual death to go on trying to believe things because they are useful to be believed, when you

think they are, at the same time, untrue. And it ends in spiritual cachexy to flinch from looking into apparent contradictions of heart and head, for fear of meeting evil creatures in the long, dark corridors of the soul's remoter places.

"All this applies to the notion so commonly urged in certain discussions, that a thing may be proved to be true because it meets our needs. But a proof of this kind can never go beyond the induction of instances on which it is founded.

"But nobody can really believe a proposition because it agrees with him, or with other people. Thus, again, the famous *solvitur ambulando* principle, with which the names of Dr. Arnold and some Broad Church teachers have been connected, never did, never could, make anything but sceptics. To tell a man who doubts to go on acting as if he did not doubt at all must corrupt or weaken, or both, the intellect or the morale, or both. When a man doubts, he is called upon to *suspend* action. He must get his breakfast of course, meet his friends, and buy an umbrella if he wants one. But if he suspect a flaw in the Athanasian Creed, he is bound *not* to read it to the people next Sunday, whatever consequences may follow."

Now, these are not the words of Professor Clifford—they are the words of the present writer in a book published fourteen years ago; so that we at least are not disposed to question the duty of intellectual honesty. And this has nothing to do with the question of credulity or incredulity. The most *credulous* person in the world may be morally innocent, however absurd his belief; he may be so constituted that it would be nonsense to talk to him of "the duty of inquiry," or of "suspended belief and suspended action." On the other hand, incredulity may proceed from a moral defect. A bad man may be blind to evidence of honesty in a good man, and the reason of the blindness may be the bad man's badness. This point underlies some of the perfectly just, but not plainly relevant, criticisms of the *Spectator* of 3rd January, 1877. But Professor Clifford did not contemplate this case when he employed the word credulous. His remarks were aimed at more or less deliberate trying to believe, more or less conscious acquiescence in a pretence of belief. The case of Columbus, involving the general question of the intuitions or passionate forecasts of great or indeed little if earnest minds, was also put by the same very thoughtful critic. He did not use a passage in Miss Smedley's fine comedy of "Lady Grace" by way of illustration, though he might have done:—

Fitzurse.

"What could he do?"

Cranston.

"Unanswerable question!

Limit your risks by their foreseen results,
And so be safe. But never walk by faith
Into the danger of the vast unknown.
A man who did so once found a new world,
And was, not safe, but famous for all time.
'Twas hardly worth the pains."

But again it must be said that this case is not plainly relevant, *at all events under the first section*, and it is met by Professor Clifford's express admission in the second, that there are many cases in which it is our duty to act upon present probability (or very partial conviction) when the evidence is slight. In fact, what Columbus did was, we may say, mere experiment. He had a perfect right, it is clear, to make his voyage, but he would have done wrong if he had *tried* to persuade himself, or others, *against evidence*, or in conscious, deliberate, exaggeration of fancied evidence, that there was a north-west passage to the Indies.

Professor Clifford has, of course, to admit under both his second and third heads, that "every belief, even the simplest and most fundamental, goes beyond experience when regarded as a guide to our actions." When a burnt child dreads the fire it assumes, or infers, that the untried fire of to-day will burn it as the tried fire of

yesterday did. In a similar way, says Professor Clifford, when we act or refrain from acting upon the dictates of a "moral tradition"—we use Professor Clifford's phrase with a reserve—that it is wrong to lie or to steal, we assume something; for whatever our experience or that of others may tell us of the lie or theft of yesterday, or of other years, we have to make an inference before we can apply the tradition to any given case of temptation now before us. Even as they stand these are important admissions; they were inevitable, of course, and it would have been of no use for the Professor to dodge the necessity for them, even if he had been so disposed. But to us and all others who regard conscience as something other than tradition, and the law of duty (we of course do not say every particular law that takes the name) as something other than a generalization from experience—to us there is here a glaring chink in the armour. Nor is the Professor's tone at this point at all what the case requires, or in harmony with that of the rest of his paper. He is confident enough in the first essay, and definite enough; he writes like a man who knows he has axioms behind him (we do not say he would, or can consistently think so), but now, all of a sudden, his grasp relaxes. He puts an inevitable question: What is the ground of moral certainty as to what we shall do *next*? To the deed yet undone no test of our own experience, no law of verification, can possibly avail. This is obvious; and Professor Clifford falls back at once on what he calls "the weight of authority." But his handling, we repeat, is not so confident as it might be; and he seems to us, quite clearly, to have some half-latent sense that his material will not yield just what he is manipulating it for. "*There is no practical danger*" that such and such consequences will ensue. This is not a bad sort of eloquence for an engineer planning a tunnel or a tramway; but it is hardly precise enough for a philosopher who is dictating the ethics of belief. It was not to practical probabilities that the appeal was made in the first instance. We were told with a prophetic fervour which no intuitionist could outdo, that it was our duty to be true. Whence the fervour, and whence the confidence and definiteness of the appeal? It came from a feeling in the author, and relied upon a feeling in the reader, which has a much surer basis than any tradition of the race of "Man." Mr. John Morley recently taken to spelling God with a small g, Professor Clifford, by way of makeweight, spells man with a capital. Our duties to "Man" are, it seems, of the most strenuous order. "There are," says the author, "many cases, in which it is our duty to act upon probabilities, although the evidence is not such as to justify present belief; because it is precisely by such action, and by observation of its fruits, that evidence is got which may justify future belief." Now this is our serious admission; and it is not easy at a glance to see the end of it. Let us try. We begin by assuming absolute duties to "Man," duties of truthfulness and "beneficence." To the laws which impose these duties there are no exceptions; at least we presume not, or the door is open for very serious "practical difficulties"—such as might even bring us down from Professor Clifford to Machiavelli or Borgia. However, these duties, like all others, have their roots in the past. But, when did the first moral action take place—when was the first moral dictum *leading* to action pronounced? Had *that* its roots in the past, or when? Clearly, we must at last come back to a case where "the evidence was not such as to justify present belief," and where action had to be taken "upon probability, because it is precisely by such action and by observation of its fruits, that evidence is got which may justify future belief." But we must surely require to know where was the footspring of the first end of the bridge that is to carry us safe over the centuries. "Act upon probability"—but probability of what? and why act upon probability? The fact is, there is no sense in the story, unless a distinctly moral *datum* be presupposed. The case to-day is the same as the case of the yesterday a million ages behind us. In every judgment of moral "probability" there is something to start from, over and above the elements to be "observed" and the "fruits" which result; or why make the judgment? How is it that we find in the last term

of the "tradition" which enjoins truthfulness and beneficence, elements which transcend any accurate reading of the word tradition? *Certain things have been done*—that is tradition. But what we find is—*certain things ought to be done*, and if there is any meaning in Professor Clifford's first section, we must add—at all costs to the individual. Now where did this come from? We are told it is now in the tradition. Well, where and when did it enter, and how and why did it become dictation? The proposition that we must sometimes act upon probabilities in order to obtain the material for future (moral) beliefs is in every way an awkward one. May we act upon such probabilities purely by way of experiment? For example, might we proceed to destroy half the children that will be born next week; or forbid public worship in any form, in order to see what comes of it? Of course it is not cases of caricature (like these) which Professor Clifford contemplated—he had in view the ordinary action of the human mind in what some might call hybrid, or epicene, or unclassifiable tracts of human life. But where are we to go for the moral element in trying to shape our beliefs? Why, for example, should we not proceed to try whether lying and theft might not be worked into the "tradition" of the race? Is it so clear that an overplus of pain, pure and simple, results, upon the testimony of experience, from lying and thieving? Of course, if lying and thieving were to be adopted into the tradition, another name would be found for them; and alien sanctions would be imported into their applications; but this would be done quietly, insensibly: and that which we call Divine would slip in and out just as the phraseology seemed to require heightening or levelling.

We are all too sadly aware that there is nothing new in these conflicts. We hold that the side which even thinking men take in them will be partly determined by the apprehensiveness of their natures from the emotional side. But, of course, nothing can hold its ground which cannot find for itself an intellectual justification at last. In practice, the well-disposed men and women would continue for a time in well-doing, even though it were proved that they would lose by it, or at least that there was no Divine reason for it. Of course, that is not the question when we have to discuss the Ethics of Belief. But we are all of us infinitely concerned to repudiate a method of testing beliefs which will hear of nothing but direct scientific verification, and throws cold water upon what the intuitions, hopes, fears, or other forecasts of the soul have told us, and still go on telling us. Let us follow this view of the subject a little farther.

It would be impossible to prove, by induction of instances, that the best hopes of human nature (those to which Professor Clifford, like every other propagandist, is compelled tacitly or otherwise to make his appeal) have proved themselves true in history and daily life. Why does a tragedy like "King Lear" touch us so nearly, and while wounding us so cruelly, lift our faith so high? Surely no one will have the hardihood to say that it is because what we read in Thucydides, or Hume, or to-day's newspaper proves to our satisfaction that Cordelias get more pleasure out of life than Gonerils, or that the world gets more pleasure out of what the Kents and Edgars do than out of what the Edmunds and Gloucesters do. There is not the shadow of proof in favour of any such proposition; and it is not only arguable, it is very strongly presumable, upon the bare facts of life and history, that the ethics of self-interest, if sufficiently clever and cautious, would lead up to a large balance of pleasure. True, we cannot prove this; and true, also, our hearts leap in spontaneous and irrepressible approval of *something* which runs through a story like that of Shakespeare's great poem. What is that something? Is it not the tacit appeal which is made to the inscrutable but inexcludable pressure of a moral order which runs not back to tradition, but forward towards an infinite promise, which binds past, present, and future in one? If so, can this be shown to be absurd? We say no; we say, on the contrary, that the general trust which this involves cannot be disengaged without tearing the whole web of morals into shreds and reducing human life to a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Here lies the proof, or at least that form of the proof with which one is particularly concerned in dealing with these "Ethics of Belief." This proof is indirect; it is a *reductio ad absurdum*; but it is complete. It amounts to this:—Irreducible elements you must have somewhere, somewhen. No theory of life escapes them. But you must not cry off and fall back upon what you call "the unknowable" till your theory has absorbed whatever is absorbable. Now, by commencing with the moral element, you bind yourself to find a justification for it. And that justification you cannot find without travelling out of the sphere of *direct* scientific verification.

It may thus be strictly true that

"Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,"

may really be wiser and nearer to the truth than a philosopher. True, the inquiry we are now prosecuting is anterior to all questions concerning particular religious creeds, and though we have quoted Cowper's instance, we now raise no such questions. Topics of history are susceptible of no absolute verification, direct or indirect; and, that being so, it is *à fortiori* at the same time true of whatever refers itself to topics of history. But let us push this a little closer, and see how much is absolute in, say, Cowper's instance, and how much is contingent. At the close of Kingsley's "Yeast," Barnakill addresses some very peremptory but shaky logic to Lancelot Smith upon the use of hypothesis in morals and religion. How (says he) do you proceed in physics? You make hypotheses,—you needs must,—and then you see if they will work. If they do, you conclude that they are true. Now, apply this to Christianity. See what you can do, by assuming its truth, and then see what you *fail* to do upon the contrary hypothesis.

Professor Clifford would, we may presume, make short work of this. He would probably say something like this:—In physics you have no predilection to mislead you. It is a matter of indifference whether you read "inversely as the squares," &c., or otherwise. Not so in morals and religion. There you cannot assume an hypothesis and experiment with it without contracting a bias while you do so. But, more important still, it is not easy, in a process so complicated, where you *cannot* make an absolutely clean slate or an absolutely fresh start, it is not easy to disengage with certainty the efficient moral or spiritual factors of the case from the incidentals. And, finally, when the best *attained* result is fixed for inspection, you cannot be sure, by any merely "inductive" process, that it is the best *attainable*. So your test is still to seek.

We cannot, of course, be sure that Professor Clifford would say this, but, if he did, the writer of these present paragraphs would not know how to answer him. But neither would it be necessary to answer him. We are, in considering these "Ethics of Belief," outside the territories of all historical creeds whatever, considered as historical. Our immediate concern is with the irreducible residuum of religious truth which an inquiry into the "Ethics of Belief" leaves upon our hands. And we contend that no quibble of the old scholasticism even in its oldest dotage could be more imbecile than the question about the "Ethics of Belief," if the instinctive forecasts of the human soul—sentimental gropings in the dark, some people would call them—are not to be taken into account and consulted with reverential assiduity. "They can tell you nothing," say the whole agnostic school. Pardon us, but they can. They do. They tell us of certain blanks which must be filled up at peril of all "Ethics" whatever; at peril of all rhyme or reason for caring a dead straw about one belief rather than another. They indicate these blanks with a voice which has never been silenced yet, which will never be silenced till the human heart has ceased to throb. That in response to its throbbings God manifests himself at sundry times and in divers manners, and that the soul then feels and knows that the blank is filled, we do indeed believe. But

that is another matter. Our present concern is to insist that though there can from the nature of the case be no direct proof of a Divine Will and a perfect, though undisclosed moral order in the universe, there is indeed proof which not only justifies but compels belief of the kind, which, it is scarcely too much to say, Professor Clifford treats with the coldest irony that is consistent with a roughly serious cannonade of some of its less logical and consistent outworks.

The argument for the objective reality of those religious ideas for which Professor Clifford would maintain there is no evidence at all is thus (so we contend) unanswerable though indirect; and is (so we contend) implicit in every appeal to Duty in the high sense. But the case does not stop there. Professor Bain has noticed the peculiar "heated atmosphere" which seems naturally to accompany the action of certain of our feelings. He might well notice it; might well have expressed wonder at the fact. It is in our opinion full of significance. Let us suppose it to be true that at those times when human nature is raised by intense emotion to the high heroic or poetic level—in the hour of passionate grief, passionate love, passionate joy, passionate pain, passionate absorption into the beauty or terror of nature—let us suppose it to be true that at such times, human nature most certainly and most powerfully makes forecasts of its relations to God and the infinite future; opens its ears to receive and does receive, "tidings of invisible things" which it has no doubt are "authentic tidings." Let us suppose, in other words, that when the best and finest natures are at their best and highest they, by internal compulsion, believe and affirm implicitly, and are ready to believe and affirm explicitly, "the things that never can be proved" by ordinary scientific methods. If this be so, shall it go for nothing? We assert that it is so. Of course, it is difficult to work an argument like this without lapsing into something that looks like arrogance; but, after all, it is the dignity and hopes of human nature, and not the superiority of any one human being over another, that is in question here. Is it not at least plausible that our best moments are the moments in which we feel, to go no higher, so keen a craving to touch divine things and know them for real, that longing is for the time indistinguishable from assurance? We are taking pains not to put this too high: we do not say what we ourselves fully believe, namely, that God speaks to the human soul, and that His voice is known when heard—this could in no case be an argument to any one but the actual subject of the belief—all we submit is this. First, in the experience of the individual human being the highest moments of love and heroism contain an implicit pledge of Divine sympathy and endless life. Secondly, that though this cannot be positively proved to every one, and may even sound idly to those who are deficient on the side of tenderness and reverence, it is shown to be at least very probable by known facts: for example, by the unmistakable tone and accent of the highest literature, and by the unquestionable character and avowed experience of the most ardent lovers of good and the most devoted workers for it. In laying down these propositions, we make no assumptions in favour of formal Christianity. We only say that it appears as if there were no working hypothesis of life, duty, and progress which did not assume the sympathy of the Creator with the creature, and the continuous development in the individual consciousness of a Divine Moral Order.

It is customary to dispose of arguments like these by the remark that human desire in this matter proves nothing. But does it not? Not when taken in connection with the moral impulse which makes Professor Clifford insist upon "truth in the inward parts," and truth towards others at whatever risk to ourselves? Surely, the desire proves everything. If Nature, or whatever power we choose to speak of, can be false in this, why should she, or it, be true in anything? To what promise of hers can we for one moment trust if here she lies? Professor Clifford lays it down as absolutely "verifiable" from within that it is our duty to do good and to be true. Here are his words:—

"That it is right to be beneficent is matter of immediate personal experience; for

when a man retires within himself and there finds something, wider and more lasting than his solitary personality, which says, 'I want to do right,' as well as, 'I want to do good to man,' he can verify by direct observation, that one instinct is founded upon and agrees fully with the other."

It is not our business to explain how upon Professor Clifford's principles it is that a man, by retiring within himself, finds within himself something wider and deeper than his own solitary personality; but so it is laid down on page 303, in the January number of this REVIEW. That *a man finds in his personal consciousness something wider and deeper than his own personality*, is an alarmingly mystical proposition for Professor Clifford; but we cordially accept the finding, and have only to add, that unless something else be found in the same place, the first finding is without authority or justification.

The fact is that when men of fine character, who love truth, as Professor Clifford evidently does, call upon their fellow-men to make sacrifices for the truth's sake, they are really appealing to the same spiritual residuum (so to call it) in human nature as those who believe definitely in God and a future life; only here it has been thrown back into a state of incandescent haze. We cannot rid ourselves of that "general trust which is practically infinite" which the writer of these lines has elsewhere contended is the inevitable and irreducible supplement of all arguments from probability upon which we found moral conduct. If, in any age, this "general trust," thrown back into incandescent haze, does the work of the same trust wrought up into definite abstract form, it is still the same in its essence; and when the logical faculty comes to be withdrawn, after a time, from concrete tasks, it will do its old work upon the old material, and we shall not have these astonishing anomalies.

OUTWORKS OF FAITH.

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD has recently published a book entitled "Thomas Wingfold, Curate."* Read in fragments the work frequently leaves upon the mind an impression of great power and beauty; but taken as a whole it is wandering, fantastic, and wanting in grasp. Now the story and the character go to pieces for the sake of the argument; and now the argument plays at hide-and-seek with the story. This is the inevitable result of the conditions under which Dr. MacDonald set himself to work; but, judged by its intention and final scope in the author's mind, the book is singularly appropriate in its application to the questions we have just been considering.

Thomas Bascombe, barrister, a pronounced agnostic, is in love (so far as an agnostic can be in love) with his cousin, Helen Lingard. Helen's brother, Leopold, has committed a murder, and dies of remorse. Partly by natural anguish and partly by the influence of Wingfold and a friend of his, Helen becomes passionately awake in every fibre of her being. After her brother's death, while she is in this state of exaltation, Bascombe proposes marriage to her. From the scene in which he receives his dismissal, we extract the following abbreviated and slightly manipulated passages:—

"How long will you love me," says Helen, "if I tell you I don't love you?"

"Really, Helen, I don't see how to answer such a question."

"Tell me then," said Helen, "how long will you love me if I love you in return?"

"For ever and ever."

* Thomas Wingfold, Curate. By George MacDonald, Author of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes of Howglen," &c. London: Hurst and Blackett.

"Is that a mere form of speech?"

"You know what I mean well enough. I shall love you as long as I live."

"George, I never could love a man who believed I was going to die for ever."

"But, Helen," pleaded Bascombe, "if it can't be helped, you know!—If there should be anything afterwards, of course I should go on loving you to the very extreme of the possible."

"While now you don't love me enough to wish I may live and not die! Leaving that out of view, however, it makes all the difference to the love I should have to expect of you. It may be only a whim—I can prove nothing any more than you—but I have a—whim then—to be loved as an immortal woman, the child of a living God, and not as a helpless bastard of Nature!—I beg your pardon—I forget my manners. But if we are creatures of nothing, in spite of all the outcry of our souls against that fate, what mighty matter is it if, thus utterly befooled of Nature, we should also a little fool ourselves, by believing in a lovely hope that looks like a promise, and seems as if it ought to be true? How can a devotion to the facts of her existence be required of one whose nature has been proved to her a lie?"

This, in language fresh from a woman's heart, is the very argument which we have just been using. It is nothing new. That the soul, walking in the high places of emotion, knows she must go higher still, and for ever higher, is teaching which could be quoted in ten thousand shapes from the poets and the wise men; we are only glad to find the truth so simply and forcibly put in a book containing (we think) a good deal of tortuous thought and mere verbal fence.

There is another particular in which the book raises questions that concern the present discussion. Early in the story Bascombe, with some insolence, challenges Wingfold, the curate, who is rather a poor creature, to say whether he believes in the religion he teaches or not. Wingfold is dumbfounded. He could not say that he believed. He had never thought about it:—

"This much remained undeniable, that when the very existence of the Church was denounced as a humbug in the hearing of one who ate her bread, and was her pledged servant, his very honesty had kept him from speaking a word in her behalf! He must go home and study Paley—or perhaps Butler's Analogy—he owed the Church something, and ought to be able to strike a blow for her. Or would not Leighton be better? Or a more modern writer—say Neander, or Coleridge, or perhaps Dr. Liddon? Could he say he believed there was a God? Or was not this all he knew—that there was a Church of England, which paid him for reading public prayers to a God in whom the congregation—and himself—were supposed by some to believe, by others, Bascombe, for instance, not?"

The curate's first impression is almost to the effect that he had better quit his post at once; but upon reflection he finds his path not at all clear:—

"Here was a man who could not pray, and yet must go and read prayers and preach in the old attesting church, as if he too were of those who knew something of the secrets of the Almighty, and could bring out from his treasury, if not things new and surprising, then things old and precious! *Ought he not to send round the bellman to cry aloud that there would be no service? But what right had he to lay his troubles, the burden of his dishonesty, upon the shoulders of them who faithfully believed, and who looked to him to break to them their daily bread? And would not any attempt at a statement of the reasons he had for such an outrageous breach of all decorum be taken for a denial of those things concerning which he only desired most earnestly to know that they were true? For he had received from somewhere, he knew not how or whence, a genuine prejudice in favour of Christianity.*"

The italics here, as the reader will naturally conclude, are ours and not Dr. Mac Donald's; they serve to emphasize for the moment a very important part of the case; from which we must in the meanwhile pass on.

Under the advice of a friend, whose spiritual and moral force is much greater than his own, the curate continues to minister in the church. This friend advises

him to be perfectly frank with the people, and among other devices for keeping a clear conscience, to preach the sermons of others, openly announcing that they are not his own and that he has not made up his mind about the truth of Christianity; but that he is, like many others who are nominally Christians, only a learner or inquirer.

This state of things lasts for some time, and the story ends in a manner which might be described as equivocal. Wingfold delivers a discourse—or might we call it a manifesto?—in which he declares to the people that though he is no more free from doubt than other people, he has made up his mind that Christianity is the best thing under heaven; that there is no such path to the true knowledge of God and the loving service of man as the reading of the Gospels has disclosed to him; and that thus all the belief in *his power* gathers itself up hopefully around the life and teaching recorded in those books.

Bascombe, as may be expected, denounces Wingfold as a hypocrite. But, though it would not be difficult to maintain that Wingfold ought to have sent round the crier with the bell at the time when that expedient occurred to him as the only safe thing for his conscience,—or at least ought to have withdrawn at once from his post as a teacher of religion—it is equally difficult to call him a hypocrite. And is not his case typical?

It will be observed—to go back now to the sentences which are italicized—that Wingfold had what he calls “a prejudice in favour of Christianity;” and he, in fact, ends with such a prejudice, only it is now very greatly strengthened. Of course, an orthodox Christian is likely to hold himself shut up to the *duty* of having such a prejudice, by the words, “If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.” Equally of course, George Bascombe would maintain that these words constitute a charter of persecution, or at least furnish an excuse for it; because they seem to trace back unbelief to some final spring of moral obliquity or imperfect obedience.

But the main point to be observed is, that in the case of Wingfold the logically prior question of the truth of the records does not play any great part, or perhaps any part at all in the case. If his position is good for anything—for his own purposes we mean—it must amount to this:—Without a certain primary faith and hope, duty collapses, and all questions of right and wrong become idle. That faith and hope, and this secondary one, I find so much of kin that I cannot separate them. If, therefore, it should even prove that the second as it stands is not true, I should still have to say—*then something equivalent must be true*. In that case, the matters which I now hold as facts would for me pass into the region of symbol; and if my faith and hope are sound, their equivalents would stand disclosed to me.

But—we feel Wingfold might continue—how would it still stand with thousands of others; with hundreds of the congregation to begin with? What am I to do with “yon cottager who weaves at her own door?”

It is a question which few men brought up in the Christian tradition can nowadays escape, unless they shirk their plain duty to the poor and ignorant.

Arthur Dimmesdale knew very well that if he had only whispered in the ear of the old dame whom he met the blasphemy that occurred to him, she would have dropped down dead in the street. George Bascombe would hardly walk into the chamber of death, and talk nihilism while some one was reading, “I am the resurrection and the life,” to the weeping friends. Now, almost every day, we find similar difficulties arise in practice. It is the case of Spinoza and his landlady over again, or a much harder case. With half the people we meet, it is Christianity or nihilism. George Bascombe may say, “The sooner a superstition is out of the way the better; we must just take our chance, and tell the truth.” But, from lips such as his, the words have a sinister sound. And it must be borne in mind, that what Wingfold says, or means to say, is this:—For the faith which I hold, in its essentials, no equivalent is possible—I cannot treat the possibility as an open question.

Now so long as the case can be put thus, and yet the charge of *hypocrisy* cannot be made good against men like Wingfold (though his moral policy was feeble and blameworthy), but falls back blunted, it may surely be said that when we have condemned to the very utmost all time-serving, whether for money or social position, and all hushing-up of felt difficulties, the question how to deal with the outworks of belief in ignorant, simple-hearted believers, is one which might well give the boldest unbeliever pause, and must be a pathetically anxious one for him who unwillingly doubts. We do not for a moment suggest or suppose that men like Professor Clifford would attack "yon cottager." But then, may not those who believe some things which Professor Clifford does not, rightly hesitate to attack the curate who goes to read with the cottager? The curate's faith is worth little if it will not help him to be a true man, true in full confidence that the Maker and Manager of this world can take care of the beliefs of the creatures in it. So he is bound to inquire; he is bound to profess no belief that he does not share; he is bound especially to be on his guard against all attempts to work up a factitious belief because it pays or is pleasant; but he is also entitled to say to the agnostic: The particular inquiry to which you invite me is one which I cannot, without self-stultification, include under any conception of duty.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PUNISHMENT.

MR. SERJEANT COX has just published an octavo volume of about 200 pages with the above title.* Its pretensions are of the most moderate kind, and it would be a mistake to treat it as if it did more than open for discussion a very large and difficult subject, the difficulties of which are plainly felt by the author himself. It is surprising, or melancholy, or at least not encouraging, to note how many pages you may read upon a subject like this, and how much anxious and careful thought you may expend upon it, and yet make but very little way either for your own guidance or that of others. Though our laws may want codifying, they cannot be called bad ones, and, on the whole, they are not wanting in flexibility. We have admirable and laborious judges, who take it for a poor compliment if you call them incorruptible. An innocent person is very rarely convicted. And yet nobody can deny the inequalities of punishment which set the learned Serjeant upon writing this book. It appears to have been found that the sentences for small offences tried at Quarter Sessions exceed in severity those for greater offences tried at Assizes! At all events, that was the result of an average struck some years ago.

While we are writing, we happen to take up the report of two cases tried at Maidstone before Mr. Justice Brett, a judge who leans to severity rather than to the contrary. Two lads, aged seventeen and eighteen respectively, were tried for highway robbery, with violence, and for a further assault of a horrible kind upon one of the persons attacked—an old woman of sixty-eight! The prisoners were not tried upon a second indictment, though one of them impudently invited trial. Mr. Justice Brett observed that he saw no object in proceeding with the second indictment, and that it would only have this effect, that he could then order both prisoners to be flogged in addition to "the terrible sentence" of fifteen years' penal servitude which would now be passed upon them. "*The prisoners left the dock laughing.*"

Immediately after this a school-mistress, aged thirty-six, was tried for the manslaughter of her husband. She was a most passionate woman: upon an angry dispute at dinner she flung at her husband a knife, which simply cut his throat and killed him. Her remorse had been extreme, as well it might be. Mr. Justice Brett, remarking very truly that she had narrowly escaped being tried for murder, sentenced her

* *Law Times Office.*

to ten years' penal servitude. "*The prisoner fainted, and was carried out of the dock in an insensible condition.*"

We do not affirm that this sentence was unduly severe; but it certainly seems as if it had rather been suggested by the fact that the wretched woman had narrowly escaped hanging than by the gravity of her crime. It may safely be assumed that she had no intention to harm her husband: the act of flinging the knife—which was committed in the presence of a third person, a visitor—was perhaps half-hysterical. At all events, the punishment will fall heavily; and if the object of State punishment for crime be, as Mr. Serjeant Cox maintains, to deter others, we may well ask whether there is any probability that this sentence will have much deterrent effect. How many educated women are at this moment likely to come under any temptation to fling knives at their husbands? And of the whole number, how many will see the report of this case? A severe sentence in such a case as this is not like a severe sentence passed upon, say, a surgeon or a commercial traveller; for in instances like the latter the whole of a class of persons will probably know of an exemplary punishment inflicted upon any one of their class. We are safe in saying that there are judges on the bench who would have inflicted a sentence not one fifth as severe as the one in question.

Turning to the case of those two young "braves," of the devil's regiment of the line, we do not find our difficulties diminish; though certainly Mr. Justice Brett did not deal too severely with them. It is rather sickening to reflect that those nice young fellows—in all probability irretrievably bad—will have to be fed and dressed and housed at our expense for fifteen years. Does it not require considerable self-control to refrain from the suggestion that the best thing that could happen to two powerful young brutes who could half-kill an old man and woman, and in addition behave like "the Ottomites" to the latter, aged sixty-eight, would be to hang or shoot them out of hand? There is, or was, or was said to be, a tradition that a peculiar blue flower grew out of convicts' graves. It would not be easy to fancy any flower growing out of the graves of these young brutes, if they were put out of sight. But—why did not Mr. Justice Brett try the second indictment, when he could have ordered a flogging under it? We express no opinion in favour of flogging, or, for that matter, of hanging either; all this comment is hypothetical; but if flogging is a good thing, these "laughing" ruffians were surely proper subjects for it.

It is no reflection upon any particular judge to say that the "principles," to use Serjeant Cox's word, upon which they interfere to direct or qualify the action of law are too often quite obscure to the lay mind. The strongest case in point that occurs to us is that of the man Toomer, which occurred while Mr. Walpole was Home Secretary. There is a crime as to which Mr. Serjeant Cox quotes the late Baron Platt as laying it down (after very large experience in such cases) that it *never* was committed. This dictum was not intended to be quite absolute; but the opinion of that acute judge and man of the world—an opinion shared by Serjeant Cox—was that in the incalculably larger number of cases, there was some degree of consent on the part of the victim. Toomer was tried for this crime, and found guilty upon evidence of the most preposterously flimsy character—such as a sane man would not whip a dog upon. Mr. Justice Shee quietly sentenced him to (we believe we are correct) fifteen years' penal servitude.

Nobody likes to meddle with pitch, and there was a short spell of silence. But this was followed by such an outcry, that at last Mr. Walpole ordered the release of Toomer after he had been in prison about six months. As far as we can recollect, no explanation was ever given of the reasons which kept Mr. Justice Shee from such interference in this case as was within his competence.

Unless we are mistaken (which is possible enough), it is in the power of a judge, at his own risk, to refuse to accept a verdict, and to order a fresh jury. At all events a judge has some power, and we occasionally see it exercised in extreme

cases. But, while we suffer from the stupidity of juries, it must be admitted that we suffer also from the idiosyncrasies of the judges. They have all their theories and prejudices, and we can distinctly trace them in the sentences they pass. Mr. Serjeant Cox rightly objects to a "sentimental" judge; he might also object, and no doubt he does, to a moralizing judge. It would be only too easy to mention cases of late years, in which moralizing judges have shown by their addresses to the prisoners at the bar, and the strange severity of their sentences, that they thought of themselves rather as instruments of Divine reprobation than as administrators of the law. A flagrant case occurred lately in which a living judge, in passing a severe sentence, lectured the prisoner on his wicked abuse of *one of the rites of the Church*. If any student of these matters is anxious to see how the varied idiosyncrasies of the judges work, he will find what he desires in the cases tried for manslaughter and the trials for bigamy. A man who commits bigamy is just as great a criminal if he was married at the registrar's as if he was married at his parish church. A judge has not the slightest business to lecture him, much less to punish him, for sacrilege in the one case any more than in the other.

Mr. Serjeant Cox would be the last man to hope too much from such a volume as he has prepared. It was not a very pleasant task, and though he has fulfilled it with thoughtfulness and moderation, he must know that a good many stones will be thrown at him. Especially we fear he will get scolded as if he had attempted what he disclaims. Upon the general theory of punishment he does not pretend to say anything new. For his purpose he classifies crimes under these heads :

- I. Crimes of Wantonness;
- II. Occasional Crimes;
- III. Crimes involving Breach of Trust;
- IV. Crimes of Fraud;
- V. Crimes of Passion;
- VI. Crimes of Violence;
- VII. Crimes of Cruelty and Brutality;
- VIII. Prevalent Crimes.

And though he has nothing very original to say about the "principles of punishment" (how should he have?) he makes a great many sensible comments, and tells a few instructive stories. The opponents of the lash will complain that he has taken for granted that the decay of garotting is due to the terrors of the cat. They will say, not proven. And he will not escape without contradiction on other points. But everybody will agree with him upon the duty of leniency to first offences; and will read with emotion the following little history from his own experience :—

"A man had been tried, convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for larceny. As he was leaving the dock, a person spoke to him from the floor of the court, and he broke into a flood of tears. Seeing this, I called him back and inquired what it was that had so grieved him.—'Oh, my Lord!' he said, 'I am told that my poor wife died in childbed last night from sorrow for me, and I was not there to close her eyes.' At once I resolved to trust him. 'If you will give me your word that you will come here on the first day of next sessions to receive your punishment, you shall go and bury your wife.' Those about me were sure I should never see him again. 'I put you upon your honour,' I repeated; 'I trust you.' The promise was given. With an expression of extreme gratitude he left the court. At the next sessions great curiosity was felt as to the result of so uncommon, and, as some thought, so unjustifiable, an experiment. But when the court met, the convict appeared as he had promised, in mourning, saying, 'I am come as I promised, to take my sentence.' After a moment's reflection, I said, 'You have behaved well, and so well that I shall not inflict upon you the sentence I had intended. In the hope that you will repent the past, and be honest for the future, I will give you a chance to retrieve the character you have lost. You shall go on

your own recognizances to come up for judgment when called on.' I have been informed that he has profited by the lesson, and has since preserved an excellent character for honesty and industry."

One topic Serjeant Cox has not dwelt upon. But surely judges and jurors are too often influenced by what is in the air, not to say by what is in the newspapers. "Cruelty to animals" is a grave offence; but there is something so ludicrous, as well as painful, about the fashion of severity in dealing with it, which has set in lately, that if we did not know by experience how these fashions in punishment pass away after a time, we might with reason begin to inquire on what *proportionate* scale we might soon see cruelty to human beings punished.

FROM 1851 TO 1875.

"HISTORY and News, necessary as they are to one another, have never pulled together or been very fast friends. News belongs to that indefinable Present which has no real existence, but is only the ever-advancing line between all that has been and all that is to be. History lags behind, tries to choose its pace, to select and order its materials, and to dominate over the silent, still, and unresisting realm of the once-mighty Past. Many attempts have been made, and are made, but it yet remains a universal complaint, whether in the school or in the study, that while it is more or less possible to master any former period of the world's progress, there is nothing to call a history of the period comprised in a man's own life and experience. He cannot compare his own recollections, or his own comments, with those of any author who has made it his business to survey human affairs and to sum up their manifold lessons from time to time till the very present hour. What we have attempted now for a long time, in the form of an Annual Summary of the Events of the Past Year, is the nearest approach to a history immediately evolved from the news of the day—that is, from their publication and discussion—that has yet been made. When one takes into account the difficulties under which even an Annual Summary must be done, we must conclude it hardly possible to strike the balance of human affairs at shorter intervals. The comprehensive survey and solemn attitude of the historic Muse become ridiculous when applied to the smaller fragments of time. A series of Annual Summaries ought to leave no interval and let no topic slip through. It ought to be a history, for even History itself does not disdain to observe the alternations of activity and repose, anticipation and retrospection, that in public, as in most private affairs, go along with the seasons of the natural year. In the form then of the Summaries presented to the readers of *The Times* on the last day of the year, these pages are a history of the last twenty-five years—the third quarter of the nineteenth century."

These are the words, somewhat abbreviated, with which the preface to "*The Times* Summaries for a Quarter of a Century" opens. They express a felt want, but it is a want that can never be satisfied in the form which it thus takes. Excellent are these Annual Summaries: but they are news warmed up in a concentrated form, not history: nor can they be. They will be fine material for the historian; but the difference between history and an "old almanack" is one that can never be bridged over.

Even considered as material for history, this concentrated *réchauffé* of news is not all the historian wants. It is the duty of the annalist, no less than of the journalist—perhaps it is more his duty—to be as impartial as he can be consistently with truth. No doubt, too, that is also a part of the duty of the historian. But when events are near at hand, when it is with the yesterday which stirred our pulses that we have to deal, can we attain to any but a strained and, so to speak, partial, impartiality? It is doubtful. Does the historian require for his purpose the com-

paratively colourless and unbiassed records of the annalist, who must needs crowd a thousand things together under a diminishing glass, or would he rather have the trouble of contrasting the diffused and prejudiced accounts of partisan story-tellers, and digesting them in his mind? We think he would. History is more than chronicle. There must be time for standing off from great events before we can see them in their true proportions, or with the lights and shadows that will serve the purpose of the historic muse.

All this we have no doubt the Editor of this bundle of summaries would admit; but the little book is, nevertheless, one of much usefulness. Many a writer of history will use it for its compact scheme of events, who will find the high-and-dry antithetic balance of the manner disturbing to the historic attitude. There is, comparing the earlier with the later summaries, a noticeable difference in the style, and the first ends with a classical allusion of a kind which would now be said to bear the stamp of old fogeyism. But the great change of all is in the comparative *lengths* of these yearly compends. The first, 1851, occupies four pages and a half. Gradually there is more to say, or at least more is said. Towards the middle of the volume we find about twenty pages is a fair length for a summary. At the end the narration of its events of the year occupies over thirty. The Editor very truly remarks that the changes with which the quarter of a century has been crowded are not exactly of the kind which was looked for in the year of the Great Exhibition. In these five-and-twenty years have been included the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the rise and fall of the second French Empire, the American War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Spanish Revolutions, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the second great measure extending the Suffrage, the foundation of a system of National Education for England; the gradual, but steady and sure rise of the working classes into greater and greater power and importance; and the awakening of the agricultural labourers. These are all matters which come strictly within the province of a newspaper annalist. But there have been other and very considerable movements of which it was more difficult to say much in annual summaries. Different estimates will be formed of the probabilities of Disestablishment, but it may safely be said that the Church of England is far from being weaker than she was in 1850; while she has, in various ways, allied herself much more closely with the most stirring thought and the most active life of the country. There has been, within its borders, a steadily growing movement in the direction of Traditionalism, Ceremonialism, and Sacerdotalism. Roman Catholicism (to use the convenient phrase) has greatly advanced. Its leading men come more frequently to the front; its propagandist activity is manifest in the best literature especially; and it no longer excites, among educated persons, the bitter enmity of the old days. Connected with the immense scientific-speculative activity of the last twenty years, and the scarcely less striking historico-critical activity manifested in Germany, France, and England, there has been an extensive and powerful revolt, especially among educated persons, from the authority of all forms of religious belief. Lastly, we must not overlook what may be called the Art-movement, which has had and is having important consequences; though its history would be a perplexing one to write. Of course, no student of the times in which we live can be blind to the immense increase of temperance propagandism or its results. The fate of the world might have been different if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter—so we have all read; and in the early spring of 1874, Liberals had to learn bitterly enough what a small thing may lead to the reversal of a course of national policy which had been proceeding with little interruption for thirty years. It is a fact, and not a mere smart fiction, that the "beer" interest destroyed Mr. Gladstone's reduced majority of sixty.

The mention of this distinguished name may be permitted to remind us to say that there are two gentlemen who, whenever they turn up in these summaries, are treated with a kind of reticence that too often looks like snubbing—Mr. Gladstone

and Mr. Bright. The homage, when it cannot be avoided, has in it a touch of alienation which is slightly amusing. What will be said of Mr. Gladstone in the summary for 1877, it would be rash to predict in detail; but we sincerely hope it will not be said that he proposed to drive the Turks out of Europe, or hinted at the possibility of such a thing. We can assure Sir Henry Elliot, Sir Charles Adderley, and all whom it may concern, that the driving of the Turks out of Europe was discussed, not by Mr. Gladstone the other day, but by Addison's political upholsterer two hundred years ago. "He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. And not only was it considered undesirable to expel the Turks, it was considered an impracticable thing." The upholsterer being asked for a loan of half-a-crown, the *Tatler* continues:—"I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople, which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand." The affairs of Europe even "now stand" so that the Turk cannot be driven out of Europe; but before *The Times* issues its next budget of summaries we may hope to see a considerable approach to what the greatest statesman of the century really did suggest—and perhaps something more and better.

PROPHETS AND PROPHECY IN ISRAEL.*

THIS volume of 700 pages, with an introduction by Dr. Muir, which is sanctioned by Dr. Kuenen, is a book for theological students, though the author has written it with an eye to general readers who are sufficiently interested in the subject to follow him in his criticism. We do not now profess to discuss it from any point of view whatever, or even to analyze it, though we shall give some account of it. It does not seem to us that the general reader will care to follow the author through so long an examination of the subject, because when once the old-fashioned belief in Hebrew prophecy is given up, or even shaken, the mind rapidly seizes, without help, upon the main lines on which any alternative theory must be constructed. As for Dr. Kuenen of Leyden, he is already so well known to theological students in this country that it is unnecessary to say that his theory of the character and history of Hebrew prophecy is what is sometimes called the "organic" as distinguished from the supernatural. The prophets, according to this view, were not inspired to foretell future events—they were simply men of great moral and spiritual fervour, whose predictions, when they made any, were simply such impassioned forecasts as would naturally arise in the minds of men who believed with more or less definiteness that they were able to speak to the nation "the word of Jahveh." Of course the Messianic prophecies are examined; and the New Testament exegesis generally. The conclusion is that none of the prophecies were "fulfilled" in the old-fashioned sense; and that such practical fulfilment as may be recorded in a few cases was nothing remarkable or unaccountable. The prophets differed among themselves; the members of the inner and outer circle especially. Their work exercised an unfavourable influence upon the national polity as a whole; but they

* *The Prophets and Prophecy in Israel: an Historical and Critical Inquiry.* By Dr. A. Kuenen, Professor of Theology in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Dutch by the Rev. Adam Milroy, M.A., with an Introduction by J. Muir, Esq., D.C.L. Longmans & Co.

laid the foundation of that ethical monotheism which, in its transformed shape, we now know as Christianity.

This is a very brief account of Dr. Kuenen's book, to which we hope^{*} to return at some future time. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to quote anything from Dr. Muir's summary; but a few sentences may be admitted:—

"Israelitish prophecy was not a supernatural phenomenon, derived from divine inspiration; but was a result of the high moral and religious character attained by the prophets whose writings have been transmitted to us. This moral and religious character was itself the slowly-matured growth of ages, the seers and soothsayers in whom the first beginnings of prophecy were manifested, having stood on a much lower spiritual level, and entertained a less worthy conception of Jahveh's nature and attributes, than were eventually reached by their successors. The latter were persuaded that Jahveh was a holy and righteous God, who must necessarily reward his faithful and obedient servants with earthly prosperity, and punish with temporal punishment those who forsook him and transgressed his commandments. They consequently predicted evil as the certain lot of the offenders, unless they repented, and a happy future for the righteous, if they continued to do well. At the same time the prophets were convinced that Israel was Jahveh's chosen people, and they therefore conceived that a most glorious future awaited a portion, at least, of this favoured nation; these were the ideas which inspired, and found expression in, their prophecies. But prediction was not in reality regarded by them as their principal function; and they did not attach primary importance to the literal and immediate fulfilment of their promises and threatenings, being convinced that at some time and in some way or other the divine decrees which they announced would be substantially accomplished. They were, above all, preachers of righteousness."

Dr. Kuenen is decidedly an arid writer. He is wanting in height, warmth, and spiritual apprehensiveness; but he is candid and patient. He dedicates his work to Dr. Muir, and acknowledges in a very graceful manner the merits of Mr. Milroy's translation—adding that Mr. Milroy has corrected him in a few places.

PHOEBE JUNIOR.*

DARK will be the day which gives us the last novel by the author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside;" but we are not sorry that this is the "Last Chronicle of Carlingford" which we are to have from her welcome pen. It is not that there is any falling off—"Phoebe Junior," the daughter of our old friend with the pink shoulders (who has married Mr. Beecham, now settled in London), is one of the finest and most finished portraits ever drawn by Mrs. Oliphant. It is well also that she is a very agreeable girl, for otherwise the story would be unpleasant. Of course the story *could* not exist without her, or some one else to give it unity; but what we mean is that this bit of the old Tozer "strain"—grafted and trained and watched and tended, and brought down to the latest date, even to Chinamanania—is just the mediating power that was wanted. And most dexterously has Mrs. Oliphant used her. There is something exceedingly subtle about this lady's female characters—the remark may seem almost idle, but we doubt if she has had justice done to her in this respect. Look at Millicent in "Three Brothers," and then at Phoebe Junior, and you will admit that you do not know where else to turn for similar character-painting. It is all done under your eyes, and yet it is conjuring. Phoebe is a wonderful creature. What an inscrutable mixture of stubborn honesty, worldly wisdom, real kindness, quiet sensitiveness,

* Phoebe Junior: A Last Chronicle of Carlingford. Three Volumes. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Second Edition.) London: Hurst and Blackett.

and entire self-possession is this charming hussy! And how perfectly natural a product, as we hinted just now, of the Tozer genius, born into a world a few years older, and submitted to the influence of London culture in a West-end Dissenting community, instead of to that of a little country town, where a small cheesemonger is the Diotrephe of the church!

One of our reasons for our joy that the Carlingford series ends here is, indeed, that, as Tozer would say, "our Phoebe is not to be beat." But there is another reason. Horace Northcote, the blazing young Liberationist of this story, marries Ursula May, clergyman's daughter, and retires from Carlingford:—

"'I'm one as is qualified to give what you may call a casting-vote,' said Tozer, 'being the oldest deacon in Salem, and one as has seen generations coming and going. And as for church and chapel, I've served 'em both, and seen the colour of their money, and there's them as has their obligations to me, though we needn't name no names. But this I will say, as I'm cured of clever men and them as is thought superior. They ain't to be calculated upon. If any more o' them young intellectuals turns up at Carlingford, I'll tell him right out, 'You ain't the man for my money.' I'll say to him as bold as brass, 'I've been young, and now I'm old, and it's my conviction as clever young men ain't the sort for Salem. We want them as is steady-going, and them as is consistent; good strong opinions, and none o' your charity, that's what we wants here.'"

"Now Tozer had loved clever young men in his day more well than wisely, as everybody knew, and this deliverance carried all the more weight in consequence, and was echoed loudly by one general hum of content and applause.

"Northcote took this very quietly, but he retired, after he married Ursula, from the office of pastor, for which he was not fitted, and from the Liberation Society, and various other societies, coming to see that Disestablishment was not a panacea for national evils any more than other things. He was in the habit of quoting his brother-in-law, Reginald May, as the best man he knew; but this did not make him a Churchman; for naturally he could not say the same of other members of the same class and family. He was shaken out of his strong opinions; but it is doubtful how far this was good for him, for he was a man of warlike disposition, and not to have something which he could think the devil's own stronghold to assail, was a drawback to him, and cramped his mental development."

As far as "society" is concerned, the long feud between Church and Dissent is thus "made up" at the end of the Carlingford story. But, all the way through, the treatment of these topics from the society point of view has not been any more satisfactory to deeply serious readers than Northcote's secession from the post of fighting-man was to him. There has been something wanting all along; and though we cannot wish the Carlingford series unwritten,—while it would have been idle to wish the books different,—we cannot help feeling that in no portion of that series has Mrs. Oliphant done full justice to her own deepest sense of that truth which we must all live and die by. We are not partisans; we represent neither Church nor Dissent; but it is plain that the political question between them is not solved by showing how Churchmen and Dissenters can be made to like each other in society, or by showing a fiery young Liberationist in the act of learning that Church has advantages, and Dissent disadvantages. In real life the fiery young Liberationist would not have talked to Reginald May, the Church-sinecurist, as Mrs. Oliphant makes him talk. He would have said, "The inconveniences you allege in *our* economy are the incidents of human infirmity; but the wrong things we allege in *yours* are the inevitable result of your institutions."

CRIPPS THE CARRIER.*

MR. BLACKMORE has a place of his own among novelists, and he is certainly not likely to lose it. You do not go to the author of "*Lorna Doone*" and "*Cradock Nowell*" for anything bearing the least resemblance to what you expect elsewhere in the way of fiction. The story that you read may be called a novel—or, at least, it may rank for a time with the books of the season; but you will put the book up on the shelves in choice company when you have gone through it, and you will carry away some unfading figures for the picture gallery of your mind. Nobody who reads the present story will ever forget Zachary Cripps the carrier, and his brother Tickuss, or Leviticus. Mr. Blackmore's rustics are wonderfully done. There is no reason why Cripps should almost fill the canvas; the part he plays in the narrative was quite consistent with his occupying a very subordinate place; but, in spite of the fact that he neither does nor suffers anything in particular, Cripps not only justifies the name of the story—he makes us feel that he is the medium through which we have to lay hold of it. The narrative itself is romantic enough—probably Mr. Blackmore will not be hurt if we say it is a tissue of improbabilities. In other hands it might be very pathetic; but though the strong plot-interest carries us on to the end, we are not much moved by the sufferings of the old squire, who for a time loses his daughter. In the kind of pathos that belongs to such a situation, a simpler touch than Mr. Blackmore's is required. The author's manner is not so involved as that of Mr. George Meredith; but still it is involved. It would be wrong to say that the thought sometimes looks far-fetched—but Mr. Blackmore makes you bide his time. There is a certain reserve about his humour; a "crust" or shell to his thought, and it sometimes looks as if he took a sly pleasure in suddenly snapping a thread. You come upon an exquisite bit of natural beauty or something which promises a long stretch of humorous suggestion; but the author is off and away to something else long before you are satisfied.

"Cripps the Carrier" is none of your easy-going modern stories, in which the incidents reel themselves out, like parlour conversation. The plot opens upon you at the very first, and is wrought out by hundreds of minute touches. Mr. Blackmore belongs to the old school of novelists—if you are to get much pleasure out of him, you must give him the reins entirely—he is your master for the time being, and will let nothing happen but as he pleases. His tastes and culture look backward rather than forward. He would much rather quote Sophocles than write about a "dynamic smile." Far away from those quaintly idyllic pages are the half-slipshod, half-pretentious mysteries of the modern dialect. You must really attend to Mr. Blackmore before you have hold of his best and choicest. There never were books that would less bear "sampling" than his, but we are tempted to extract a fragment or two of dialogue between Zachary Cripps the carrier, and his half-honest brother Leviticus:—

"'What be the reason, then,' Zachary went on, still keeping his eyes on the face of Tickuss, 'that thou hast been keeping thyself and thy pigs out o' market, and even thy waife and children to home, same as if 'em had gotten the plague? And what be the reason, Leviticus Cripps, that thou fearest to go to a wholesome public-house, and have thy pint of ale, and see thy neighbours, as behooveth a God-fearing man? To my mind, either thou art gone daft, and the woman should take the lead o' thee, or else thou art screwed out of honest ways.'

"The Carrier now looked at his brother, with more pity than suspicion. . . . Leviticus saw his chance, and seized it.

* Cripps the Carrier: A Woodland Tale. By Richard Doddridge Blackmore, Author of "*Lorna Doone*," "*Alice Lorraine*," &c. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

"'Consarnin' of goin' to public-house, I would never be too particular. A man may do it, or a man may not, according to manner of his things at home, or his own little brew, or the temper of his wife. I would not blame him, nor yet praise him, for things as he knoweth best about. To make light of a man for not going to public, is the same as to blame him for stopping from church. A man as careth for good opinion goeth to both, but a' cannot always do it. And I ain't a been in church now for more nor a week of Sundays.'

"The force of this reasoning came home to Cripps. If a man was unable to go to church, there was good room for arguing that his duty towards the public-house must not be too rigidly exacted."

It is no common humourist who writes like this, and "Cripps the Carrier" is no common book. We are glad to see it reproduced in one handsome volume.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.*

WE do not know what has prompted this new edition of the poems of the "Corn Law Rhymer;" but it is beyond dispute that the poems ought to have been accompanied by something in the shape of a biography, however short. There is plenty of material—in print—and Ebenezer Elliott was a most picturesque and suggestive figure. Unless our memory fails us much, some poems are suppressed in this collection—perhaps because of their bitter personality; but the poet's sincerity of purpose, to say nothing of his simplicity, could have borne any burden that attached itself to his somewhat boyish heats of political passion. Some would say hatred, but we do not believe in the man's hatreds. He was something like Landor in that respect; or at least like Dickens' copy of him, Boythorn in "Bleak House." He was never wholly free from a poet's compunctions. If he "hated" Wellington, it was as a symbol; as "bread-tax winning Famineton," and not otherwise. In spite of his recorded "indignation" when some one spoke of corn-law landlords as "amiable men," he would have been the first to find them "amiable" in private intercourse.

We have spoken of Ebenezer Elliott's simplicity and of his heats as boyish, and in truth he was simple and boyish all his life. All his notions of himself are juvenile in tone, the writing of one who never stopped to think twice: who had a quick but not greedy eye to his own interests; with whom it would be a word and a blow; and forgiveness as quick as the anger. In Elliott's writings there is one striking mark of the boyish, crude enthusiast—he is for ever writing fresh native rhymes to heroes who strike his fancy. Now it is Brougham; now it is Bowring; now it is Jeremy Bentham; now it is Charles Hindley; now it is one of the great unknown. Yet we may easily be very sure that Elliott's opinion of Brougham or Bentham was not worth the paper on which it was written, and that it was liable to bitter reversal the next week. The man is all apostrophe. It is "Hail!" and "Oh thou!"—note of admiration after note of admiration; blessing and ban in rapid succession; and not too much to show for it after all.

It does not follow that Elliott was not a man of genius, and a good man too—he was both. But he was, boy and lad, of the genus dunce; was in maturity a tradesman and politician more than a poet; and he never conquered for himself a literary manner entirely his own. We have to read him carefully in order to get a firm hold of his best. If we read him harshly we are apt to say, "This is like Burns; and that is like Crabbe; here is Byron; and there is Landor: this is poetic rhetoric, and this

* The Poetical Works of Ebenezer Elliott. Edited by his Son, Edwin Elliott, Rector of St. John's, Antigua. A New and Revised Edition. Two Volumes. London: Henry S. King & Co.

is poetic epigram—but where is the simplicity of poetry?” Opening at random, we alight upon the closing lines of the “Village Patriarch:”—

“The Patriarch died! and they shall be no more.
Yes, and the sailless worlds which navigate
Th’ unutterable deep that hath no shore,
Will lose their starry splendour, soon or late,
Like tapers, quenched by Him whose will is fate!
Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
Ere long, O Earth, will look in vain for thee,
And start, and stop in his unerring flight,
And, with his wings of sorrow and affright,
Veil his impassion’d brow, and heav’nly tears!”

Is this poetry? Hardly. True, it is as good as much of Campbell, and better. But, after all, it is rather the sort of thing that purveyors of “Elegant Extracts” and “Readings for Elocutionists” delight in, than what the lovers of poetry remember without an effort, and dwell upon when the tired soul seeks a resting-place.

But still there is force and fire enough in such writing as this to make a reader fresh to Elliott’s work turn the page again; and the following is in a much better vein:—

“Ask not the unreplying tomb,
‘Where are the dead?’
But ask the hawthorn-bloom,
Returning still
To vale and hill;
The verdure, spread
Wide as the seas;
The flowers, the trees,
The river’s song;
The gain that laughs, the loss that weeps,
The strong deed of the strong,
That ever works, and never sleeps
Or ask the ever-taking, ever-giving,
Deep ocean, and blue sky;
And they will tell thee, that the dead are living
And cannot die.”

And so is the following wail:—

“Child, is thy father dead?
Father is gone!
Why did they tax his bread?
God’s will be done!
Mother has sold her bed;
Better to die than wed!
Where shall she lay her head?
Home we have none!
“Father clamm’d thrice a week,
God’s will be done!
Long for work did he seek,
Work he found none.
Tears on his hollow cheek
Told what no tongue could speak;
Why did his master break?
God’s will be done!”

This is pathetic; but it is well-nigh grotesque—there is a total want of the fluidity of good poetry, and there is not in the sixteen lines one that will bear isolation. There is even some obscurity in the construction. We may be sure that “Better to die than wed” means “To die is better for such poor people as we are than to get married as your father and I did”—but the bare words do not express that meaning. “Clammed” is a north-country word which means fasted, and nobody dreams of wishing it altered; but the line—

“Why did his master break?”

issuing after such utter commonplace as

“Tears on his hollow cheek
Told what no tongue could speak,”

is in bad plight.

The following is a fair specimen of Elliott's manner in description:—

“When daisies blush, and wild-flowers, wet with dew;
When shady lanes with hyacinths are blue;
When the elm blossoms o'er the brooding bird,
And, wild and wide, the plover's wail is heard;
Where melts the mist on mountains far away,
Till morn is kindled into brightest day;
No more the shouting youngsters shall convene,
To play at leap-frog on the village-green,
While lasses, ripening into love, admire,
And youth's first raptures cheer the gazing sire.
The Green is gone! and barren splendours gleam,
Where hiss'd the gander at the passing team,
And the gay traveller from the city praised
The poor man's cow, and, weary, stopp'd and gazed.”

This has not an intensely original ring; but it is good; and perhaps a third of these poems—not more—is up to the mark of our quotations.

SPINOZA : 1677 AND 1877.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT AT THE HAGUE
ON 21ST FEBRUARY.

ON this day two hundred years, in the afternoon, and at about this same hour, there lay dying at the age of forty-three, on the quiet quay of the Pavilioengragt a few paces hence, a poor man, whose life had been so profoundly silent that his last sigh was scarcely heard. He had occupied a retired room in the house of a worthy pair, who, without understanding him, felt for him an instinctive veneration. On the morning of his last day he had gone down as usual to join his hosts; there had been religious services that morning; the gentle philosopher conversed with the good folk about what the minister had said, much approved it, and advised them to conform themselves thereto. The host and hostess (let us name them, their honest sincerity entitles them to a place in this beautiful Idyl of the Hague related by Colerus), the Van der Spycks, husband and wife, went back to their devotions. On their return home, their peaceful lodger was dead. The funeral on the 25th of February was conducted like that of a Christian believer in the new church on the Spuy. All the inhabitants of the district greatly regretted the disappearance of the sage who had lived amongst them as one of themselves. His hosts preserved his memory like a religion, and none who had approached him ever spoke of him without calling him, according to custom, "the blessed Spinoza."

About the same time, however, any one able to track the current of opinion setting in among the professedly enlightened circles of the Pharisaism of that day, would have seen, in singular contrast, the much-loved philosopher of the simple and single-hearted become the bugbear of the narrow orthodoxy which pretended to a monopoly of the truth. A wretch, a pestilence, an imp of

hell, the most wicked atheist that ever lived, a man steeped in crime—this was what the solitary of the Pavilioengragt grew to be in the opinion of right-thinking theologians and philosophers!

Portraits were spread abroad exhibiting him as “bearing on his face the signs of reprobation.” A distinguished philosopher, bold as he, but less consistent and less completely sincere, called him “a wretch.” But justice was to have her day. The human mind, attaining, in Germany especially, towards the end of the eighteenth century to a more enlightened theology and a wider philosophy, recognized in Spinoza the precursor of a new gospel. Jacobi took the public into his confidence as to a conversation he had held with Lessing. He had gone to Lessing in hopes of enlisting his aid against Spinoza. What was his astonishment on finding in Lessing an avowed Spinozist! *Ἐν καὶ πάν*, said Lessing to him—this is the whole of philosophy. Him whom a whole century had declared an atheist, Novalis pronounced a “God-intoxicated man.” His forgotten works were published, and eagerly sought after. Schleiermacher, Goethe, Hegel, Schelling, all with one voice proclaim Spinoza the father of modern thought. Perhaps there may have been some exaggeration in this first outburst of tardy reparation; but time, which sets everything in its place, has substantially ratified Lessing’s judgment, and in the present day there is no enlightened mind that does not acknowledge Spinoza as the man who possessed the highest God-consciousness of his day. It is this conviction that has made you decree that his pure and lowly tomb should have its anniversary. It is the common assertion of a free faith in the Infinite, that on this day gathers together, in the spot that witnessed so much virtue, the most select assembly that a man of genius could group round him after his death. A sovereign, as distinguished by intellectual as by moral gifts, is among us in spirit. A prince who can justly appreciate merit of every kind, by distinguishing this solemnity with his presence, desires to testify that of the glories of Holland not one is alien to him, and that no lofty thinking escapes his enlightened judgment, and his philosophic admiration.

I.

The illustrious Baruch de Spinoza was born at Amsterdam at the time when your Republic was attaining its highest degree of glory and power. He belonged to that great race, which by the influence it has exerted and the services it has rendered, occupies so exceptional a place in the history of civilization. Miraculous in its own way, the development of the Jewish people ranks side by side with that other miracle, the development of the Greek mind;

for if Greece, from the first, realized the ideal of poetry, of science, of philosophy, of art, of profane life, if I may so speak, the Jewish people has made the religion of humanity. Its prophets inaugurated in the world the idea of righteousness, the revindication of the rights of the weak—a revindication so much the more violent that, all idea of future recompense being unknown to them, they dreamed of the realization of the ideal upon this earth and at no distant period. It was a Jew, Isaiah, who, seven hundred and fifty years before Jesus Christ, dared affirm that sacrifices are of little importance, and that one thing only is needful, purity of heart and hands. Then, when earthly events seemed irremediably to contradict such bright Utopias, Israel can change front in a way unparalleled.

Transporting into the domain of pure idealism that kingdom of God with which earth proves incompatible, one moiety of its children founds Christianity, the other carries on, through the tortures of the middle ages, that imperturbable protest: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one; holy is his name." This potent tradition of idealism and hope against all hope—this religion, able to obtain from its adherents the most heroic sacrifices, though it be not of its essence to promise them any certainty beyond this life—this was the healthy and bracing medium in which Spinoza developed himself. His education was at first entirely Hebraic; the great literature of Israel was his earliest, and, in point of fact, his perpetual instructress—was the meditation of all his life.

As generally happens, Hebrew literature, in assuming the character of a sacred book, had become the subject of a conventional exegesis, much less intent upon explaining the old texts according to the meaning in their authors' minds than on finding in them aliment for the moral and religious wants of the day. The penetrating mind of the young Spinoza soon discerned all the defects of the exegesis of the Synagogue; the Bible, as taught him, was disfigured by the accumulated perversions of more than two thousand years. He determined to pierce beyond these. He was, indeed, essentially at one with the true fathers of Judaism, and especially with that great Maimonides who found a way of introducing into Judaism the most daring speculations of philosophy. He foresaw with wondrous sagacity the great results of the critical exegesis destined a hundred and twenty-five years later to afford the true meaning of the noblest productions of Hebrew genius. Was this to destroy the Bible? Has that admirable literature lost by being understood in its real aspect rather than relegated outside of the common laws of humanity? Certainly not. The truths revealed by science invariably surpass the dreams that science dispels. The world of Laplace exceeds in beauty I

imagine, that of a Cosmas Indicopleustes, who pictured the universe to himself as a casket on the lid of which the stars glide along in grooves at a few leagues from us. In the same way the Bible is more beautiful when we have learnt to see therein—ranged in order on a canvas of a thousand years—each aspiration, each sigh, each prayer of the most exalted religious consciousness that ever existed, than when we force ourselves to view it as a book unlike any other, composed, preserved, interpreted in direct opposition to all the ordinary rules of the human intellect.

But the persecutions of the middle ages had produced on Judaism the usual effect of all persecution; they had rendered minds narrow and timid. A few years previously, at Amsterdam, the unfortunate Uriel Acosta had cruelly expiated certain doubts that fanaticism finds as culpable as avowed incredulity. The boldness of the young Spinoza was still worse received; he was anathematized, and had to submit to an excommunication that he had not courted. A very old history this! Religious communions, beneficent cradles of so much earnestness and so much virtue, do not allow of any refusal to be shut up exclusively within their embrace; they claim to imprison for ever the life that had its beginnings within them; they brand as apostasy the lawful emancipation of the mind that seeks to take its flight alone. It is as though the egg should reproach, as ungrateful, the bird that had escaped therefrom: the egg was necessary in its time,—when it became a bondage it had to be broken. A great marvel truly that Erasmus of Rotterdam should feel himself cramped in his cell, that Luther should not prefer his monkish vows to that far holier vow which man by the very fact of his being contracts with truth. Had Erasmus persisted in his monastic routine, or Luther gone on distributing indulgences, they would have been apostates indeed. Spinoza was the greatest of modern Jews, and Judaism exiled him: nothing more simple; it must have been so, it must be so ever. Finite symbols, prisons of the infinite spirit, will eternally protest against the effort of Idealism to enlarge them. The spirit on its side struggles eternally for more air and more light. Eighteen hundred and fifty years ago the Synagogue denounced as a seducer the one who was to raise the maxims of the Synagogue to unequalled glory. And the Christian Church, how often has she not driven from her breast those who should have been her chiefest honour! In cases like these our duty is fulfilled if we retain a pious memory of the education our childhood received. Let the old Churches be free to brand with criminality those who qu
ing from us
are able to
they shall not succeed in obtain-
, since, after all, the harm they
ward to the good they have

II.

Here then we have the excommunicated of the synagogue of Amsterdam forced to create for himself a spiritual abode outside of the home which rejected him. He had great sympathy with Christianity, but he dreaded all chains,—he did not embrace it. Descartes had just renewed philosophy by his firm and sober rationalism. Descartes was his master; Spinoza took up the problems where they had been left by that great mind, but saw that through fear of the Sorbonne his theology had always remained somewhat arid. Oldenburg asking him one day what fault he could find with the philosophy of Descartes and of Bacon, Spinoza replied that their chief fault lay in not sufficiently occupying themselves with the First Cause. Perhaps his reminiscences of Jewish theology, that ancient wisdom of the Hebrews before which he often bows, suggested to him higher views, and more sublime aspirations in this matter. Not only the ideas held by the vulgar, but those even of thinkers on Divinity, appeared to him inadequate. He saw plainly that there is no assigning a limited part to the Infinite, that Divinity is all, or is nothing; that if the Divine be a reality it must pervade all. For twenty years he meditated on these problems without for a moment averting his thoughts. Our distaste nowadays for system and abstract formula no longer permits us to accept absolutely the propositions within which he had thought to confine the secrets of the Infinite. For Spinoza, as for Descartes, the universe was only extension and thought; chemistry and physiology were lacking to that great school, which was too exclusively geometrical and mechanical. A stranger to the idea of life, and those notions as to the constitution of bodies that chemistry was destined to reveal—too much attached still to the scholastic expressions of substance and attribute—Spinoza did not attain to that living and fertile Infinite shown us by the science of nature and of history as presiding in space unbounded, over a development more and more intense; but, making allowance for a certain dryness in expression, what grandeur there is in that inflexible geometrical deduction leading up to the supreme proposition: “It is of the nature of the Substance to develop itself necessarily by an infinity of infinite attributes infinitely modified!” God is thus absolute thought, universal consciousness. The ideal exists, nay, it is the true existence; all else is mere appearance and frivolity. Bodies and souls are mere modes of which God is the substance; it is only the modes that fall within duration, the substance is all in eternity. Thus, God does not prove himself, his existence results from his sole idea; everything supposes and contains him. God is the condition of all existence, all thought. If God did not

exist, thought would be able to conceive more than nature could furnish, which is a contradiction.

Spinoza did not clearly discern universal progress; the world, as he conceives it, seems as it were crystallized in a matter which is incorruptible extension, in a soul that is immutable thought; the sentiment of God deprives him of the sentiment of man; for ever face to face with the Infinite, he did not sufficiently perceive what of the Divine conceals itself in relative manifestations; but he, better than any other, saw the eternal identity which constitutes the basis of all transitory evolutions. Whatever is limited seems to him frivolous and unworthy to occupy a philosopher. Bold in flight, he soared straight to the lofty snow-covered summits, without casting a glance on the rich display of life springing up on the mountain's side. At an altitude where every breast but his own pants hard, he lives, he enjoys, he flourishes there as men in general do in mild and temperate regions. What he for his part needs is the glacier air, keen and penetrating. He does not ask to be followed; he is like Moses, to whom secrets unknown to the crowd reveal themselves on the heights; but be sure of this—he was the seer of his age, he was in his own day the one who saw deepest into God.

III.

It might have been supposed that, all alone on those snowy peaks, he would turn out in human affairs wrong-headed, utopian, or scornfully sceptical. Nothing of the kind. He was incessantly occupied with the application of his principles to human society. The pessimism of Hobbes and the dreams of Thomas More were equally repugnant to him. One-half at least of the "Theologico-Political Treatise" which appeared in 1670, might be reprinted to-day without losing any of its appropriateness. Listen to its admirable title:—"Tractatus Theologico-Politicus, continens dissertationes aliquot, quibus ostenditur, libertatem philosophandi non tantum salva pietate et reipublicæ pace posse concedi, sed eandem nisi cum pace reipublicæ ipsaque pietate tolli non posse." For centuries past it had been supposed that society rested on metaphysical dogmas. Spinoza discerns profoundly that these dogmas, assumed to be necessary to humanity, yet cannot escape discussion; that revelation itself, if there be one, traversing, in order to reach us, the faculties of the human mind, is no less than all else amenable to criticism. I wish I could quote in its entirety that admirable Chapter XX., in which our great publicist establishes with masterly skill that dogma—new then, and still contested in our own day—which styles itself liberty of conscience.

"The final end of the State," he says, "consists not in dominating over

men, restraining them by fears, subjecting them to the will of others, but, on the contrary, in permitting each one to live in all possible security; that is to say, in preserving intact the natural right of each to live without injury to himself or others. No, I say, the State has not for its end the transformation of men from reasonable beings into animals or automata; it has for end so to act that its citizens should in security develop soul and body, and make free use of their reason. Hence the true end of the State is liberty. Whosoever means to respect the rights of a sovereign should never act in opposition to his decrees; but each has the right to think what he will, and to say what he thinks, provided he content himself with speaking and teaching in the name of pure reason, and do not attempt on his private authority to introduce innovations into the State. For example, a citizen who demonstrates that a certain law is repugnant to sound reason, and holds that for that cause it ought to be abrogated—if he submit his opinions to the judgment of the sovereign, to whom alone it belongs to establish and to abolish laws, and if meanwhile he acts in no wise contrary to law—that man certainly deserves well of the State as the best of citizens. . . .

“Even if we admit the possibility of so stifling men’s liberty, and laying such a yoke upon them that they dare not even whisper without the approbation of the sovereign, never most surely can they be prevented from thinking as they will. What then must ensue? That men will think one way and speak another; that consequently good faith—a virtue most necessary to the State—will become corrupted; that adulation—a detestable thing—and perfidy will be had in repute, entailing the decadence of all good and healthy morality. What can be more disastrous to a State than to exile honest citizens as evil-doers because they do not share the opinions of the crowd and are ignorant of the art of feigning? What more fatal than to treat as enemies and doom to death men whose only crime is that of thinking independently? The scaffold, which should be the terror of the wicked, is thus turned into the glorious theatre where virtue and toleration shine out in all their lustre, and publicly cover the sovereign majesty with opprobrium. Beyond question there is only one thing to be learnt from such a spectacle—to imitate those noble martyrs; or if one fears death, to become the cowardly flatterers of power. Nothing, then, is so full of peril as to refer and submit to divine rights matters of pure speculation, and to impose laws on opinions which are, or may be, subjects of discussion among men. If the authority of the State limited itself to the repression of actions while allowing impunity to words, controversies would less often turn into seditions.”

More sagacious than many so-called practical men, our speculator sees perfectly well that the only durable Governments are the reasonable, and that the only reasonable Governments are the constitutional. Far from absorbing the individual in the State, he gives him solid guarantees against the State’s omnipotence. He is no revolutionary, but a moderate; he transforms, explains, but does not destroy. His God is not indeed one who takes pleasure in ceremonies, sacrifices, odour of incense, yet Spinoza has no design whatever to overthrow religion; he entertains a profound veneration for Christianity, a tender and a sincere respect. The supernatural, however, has no meaning in his doctrine. According to his principles anything out of nature would be out of being and therefore inconceivable. Prophets, revealers, have been men like others :—

"It is not thinking but dreaming," he says, "to hold that prophets have had a human body and not a human soul, and that consequently their knowledge and their sensations have been of a different nature from ours." "The prophetic faculty has not been the dowry of one people only, the Jewish people. The quality of Son of God has not been the privilege of one man only. . . . To state my views openly, I tell you that it is not absolutely necessary to know Christ after the flesh; but it is otherwise when we speak of that Son of God, that is to say, that eternal Wisdom of God, which has manifested itself in all things, and more fully in the human soul, and above all in Jesus Christ. Without this wisdom no one can attain the state of beatitude, since it alone teaches us what is true and what is false, what is right and what is wrong. . . . As to what certain Churches have added, . . . I have expressly warned you that I do not know what they mean, and to speak frankly I may confess that they seem to me to be using the same sort of language as if they spoke of a circle assuming the nature of a square."

Was not this exactly what Schleiermacher said? and as to Spinoza, the fellow-founder with Richard Simon of Biblical exegesis, was not he the precursor of those liberal theologians who have in our own day shown that Christianity can retain all its glory without supernaturalism? His letters to Oldenburg on the resurrection of Jesus Christ and of the manner in which St. Paul understood it, are masterpieces which a hundred years later would have served as the manifesto of a whole school of critical theology.

In the eyes of Spinoza it signifies little whether mysteries be understood this way or that, provided they be understood in a pious sense. Religion has one aim only, piety; and we are to appeal to it not for metaphysics but for practical guidance. At bottom there is but one single thing in Scripture as in all revelation: "Love your neighbour." The fruit of religion is blessedness; each one participating in it according to his capacity and his efforts. The souls that are governed by reason—the philosophic souls that have even in this world their life in God—are safe from death; what death takes from them is of no value; but weak or passionate souls perish almost entirely, and death, instead of being for them a simple accident, involves the foundation of their being. . . . The ignorant man who lets himself be swayed by blind passions is agitated in a thousand different directions by external causes, and never enjoys true peace of soul; for him ceasing to suffer means ceasing to be. The soul of the wise man, on the other hand, can scarcely be troubled. Possessing by a kind of eternal necessity the consciousness of itself and of God and of things, he never ceases to be, and ever preserves the soul's true peace.

Spinoza could not endure his system to be considered irreligious or subversive. The timid Oldenburg did not conceal from him that some of his opinions seemed to certain readers to tend to the overthrow of piety. "Whatever accords with reason," replied

Spinoza, "is in my belief most favourable to the practice of virtue." The pretended superiority of coarsely positive conceptions as to religion and a future life found him intractable. "Is it, I ask, to cast off religion," he was wont to say, "to acknowledge God as the Supreme Good, and thence to conclude that he must be loved with a free soul? To maintain that all our felicity and most perfect freedom consists in that love—that the reward of virtue is virtue, and that a blind and impotent soul finds its punishment in its blindness—is this a denial of all religion?" At the root of all such attacks he traced meanness of soul. According to him any one who felt irritated by a disinterested religion involuntarily confessed reason and virtue to have no charm in his eyes, and that his pleasure would lie in living to indulge his passions if he were not restrained by fear. "Thus then," he would add, "such a one only abstains from evil and obeys the Divine commandment regretfully as a slave, and in return for this slavery expects from God rewards which have infinitely more value in his eyes than the Divine law. The more aversion and estrangement from good he may have felt, the more he hopes to be recompensed, and imagines that they who are not restrained by the same fear as himself do what he would do in their case—that is to say, live lawlessly." Spinoza held with reason that this manner of seeking heaven was contrary to reason, and that there is an absurdity in pretending to gain God's favour by owing to him that, did one not dread him, one would not love.

IV.

He was, however, well aware of the danger of interfering with beliefs in which few admit these subtle distinctions. *Cauté* was his motto, and, his friends having made him aware of the explosion that the "*Ethica*" would infallibly produce, he kept it unpublished till his death. He had no literary vanity, nor did he seek celebrity—possibly, indeed, because he was sure to obtain it without seeking. He was perfectly happy; he has told us so—let us take him at his word. He has done still better; he has bequeathed us his secret. Let all men listen to the recipe of the "Prince of Atheists" for the discovery of happiness—it is the love of God. To love God is to live in God. Life in God is the best and most perfect because it is the reasonablest, happiest, fullest—in a word, because it gives us more *being* than any other life, and satisfies most completely the fundamental desire that constitutes our essence.

Spinoza's whole practical life was regulated according to these maxims. That life was a masterpiece of good sense and judgment. It was led with the profound skill of the wise man who desires one thing only, and invariably ends by obtaining it. Never did policy so well combine means and end. Had he been less

reticent, he would perhaps have met the same fate as the unfortunate Acosta. Loving truth for its own sake, he was indifferent to the abuse that his constancy in speaking it entailed, and answered never a word to the attacks made on him. For his part he attacked no one. "It is foreign to my habits," he said, "to look out for the errors into which authors have fallen." Had he desired to be an official personage, his life would no doubt have been traversed by persecution, or at least by disgrace. He was nothing and desired to be nothing. *Ama nesciri* was his desire as well as that of the author of the *De Imitatione*. He sacrificed everything to peace of mind, and in so doing there was no selfishness, for his mind was of importance to the world. He frequently refused wealth on its way to him, and desired only what was absolutely necessary. The King of France offered him a pension; he declined. The Elector Palatine offered him a chair at Heidelberg: "Your freedom shall be complete," he was told, "for the prince is convinced that you will not abuse it to disturb the established religion." "I do not very well understand," he replied, "within what limits it would be necessary to confine that philosophical freedom granted me on condition of not disturbing the established religion; and then again, the instruction I bestowed on youth would hinder my own advance in philosophy. I have only succeeded in procuring for myself a tranquil life by the renunciation of all kinds of public teaching." He felt that his duty was to think; he thought in fact for humanity, whose ideas he forestalled by more than two centuries.

The same instinctive sagacity was carried by him into all the relations of life; he felt that public opinion never permits a man to be daring in two directions at once; being a free-thinker, he looked upon himself as bound to live like a saint. But I am wrong in saying this; was not this pure and gentle life rather the direct expression of his peaceful and loveable consciousness? At that period the atheist was pictured as a villain armed with daggers. Spinoza was throughout his whole lifetime humble, meek, pious. His enemies were ingenuous enough to object to this: they would have liked him to live conformably to the conventional type, and after the career of a demon incarnate to die in despair. Spinoza smiled at this singular pretension, and refused to oblige his enemies by changing his way of life. He had warm friends, he showed himself courageous at need, he protested against popular indignation wherever he thought it unjust. Many disappointments failed to shake his fidelity to the republican party; the liberality of his opinions was never at the mercy of events. What perhaps does him more honour still, he possessed the esteem and sincere affection of the simple beings among whom he lived. Nothing is equal in value to the esteem of the lowly;

their judgment is almost always that of God. To the worthy Van der Spycks, he was evidently the very ideal of a perfect lodger. "No one ever gave less trouble," was their testimony given some years after his death to Colerus. "While in the house he inconvenienced nobody; he spent the best part of his time quietly in his own room. If he chanced to tire himself by too protracted meditation, he would come downstairs and speak to the family about any subject of common talk, even about trifles." In fact, there could never have been a more affable inmate. He would often hold conversations with his hostess, especially at the time of her confinements, as well as with the rest of the household when any sorrow or sickness befell them. He would tell the children to go to divine service, and, when they returned from the sermon, ask them how much they remembered of it. He almost always strongly seconded what the preacher had said. One of the persons he most esteemed was the Pastor Cordes, an excellent man and good expounder of the Scriptures; sometimes, indeed, he went to hear him, and he advised his host never to miss the preaching of so able a man. One day his hostess asked him if he thought she could be saved in the religion she professed: "Your religion is a good one," he replied, "you should not seek any other, nor doubt that yours will procure salvation if in attaching yourself to piety you lead at the same time a peaceful and tranquil life."

His temperance and good management were admirable. His daily wants were provided for by a handicraft in which he became very skilful—the polishing of lenses. The Van der Spycks made over to Colerus scraps of paper, on which Spinoza had noted down his expenses; these averaged about fourpence halfpenny a day. He was very careful to settle his accounts every quarter, so as neither to spend more nor less than his income. He dressed simply if not poorly, but his aspect radiated serenity. It was evident that he had found out a doctrine which gave him perfect content.

He was never elated, and never depressed; the equability of his moods seems wonderful. Perhaps, indeed, he may have felt some sadness when the daughter of his Professor, Van den Ende, preferred Kerkering to him; but I suspect that he soon consoled himself. "Reason is my enjoyment," he would say, "and the aim I have in this life is joy and serenity." He objected to any praise of sadness:—

"It is superstition," he maintained, "that sets up sadness as good, and all that tends to joy as evil. God would show himself envious if he took pleasure in my impotence and in the ills I suffer. Rather in proportion to the greatness of our joy do we attain to a greater perfection, and participate more fully in the divine nature. . . . Joy, therefore, can never be evil so long as it be regulated by the law of our true utility. A virtuous life is not a sad and sombre one, a life of privations and austerity.

How should the Divinity take pleasure in the spectacle of my weakness, or impute to me, as meritorious, tears, sobs, terrors—signs all of an impotent soul? Yes," he added, emphatically, "it is the part of a wise man to use the things of this life, and enjoy them as much as possible; to recruit himself by a temperate and appetizing diet; to charm his senses with the perfume and the brilliant verdure of plants; to adorn his very attire, to enjoy music, games, spectacles, and every diversion that any one can bestow on himself, without detriment to character." "We are, incessantly, spoken to of repentance, humility, death; but repentance is not a virtue, but the consequence of a weakness. Nor is humility one, since it springs in man from the idea of his inferiority. As to the thought of death, it is the daughter of fear, and it is in feeble souls that it sets up its home." "The thing of all others," he would say, "about which a free man thinks least is death. Wisdom lies in the contemplation not of death but of life."

V.

Since the days of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, no life had been witnessed so profoundly penetrated by the sentiment of the Divine. In the twelfth, thirteenth, sixteenth century, rationalistic philosophy had numbered very great men in its ranks, but it had had no saints. Occasionally a very repulsive and hard element had entered into the finest characters amongst Italian free-thinkers. Religion had been utterly absent from those lives not less in revolt against human than divine laws, of which the last example was that of poor Vanini. Here, on the contrary, we have religion producing free-thought as a part of piety. Religion in a system such as this is not a portion of life, it is life itself. That which is seen to matter here is not the being in possession of some metaphysical phrases more or less correct, it is the giving to one's life a sure pole, a supreme direction—the ideal.

It is by so doing that your illustrious countryman has lifted up a banner which still avails to shelter beneath it all who think and feel nobly. Yes, religion is eternal; it answers to the first need of primitive, as well as of civilized man; it will only perish with humanity itself, or, rather, its disappearance would be the proof that degenerate humanity was about to re-enter the mere animalism out of which it had emerged. And yet no dogma, no worship, no formula, can in these days of ours exhaust the religious sentiment. We must confront with each other these seemingly contradictory assertions. Woe to him who pretends that the era of religions is past! Woe to him who imagines it possible to restore to the old symbols the force they had when they leant upon the imperturbable dogmatism of other days! With that dogmatism we, for our part, must needs dispense; we must dispense with those fixed creeds, sources of so many struggles and divisions, but sources no less of such fervent convictions; we must give up believing that it is our part to hold down others in a faith we no longer share. Spinoza was right in his horror of hypocrisy—hypocrisy is cowardly and dishonest, but, above all, hypocrisy is useless. Who is it,

indeed, that is deceived here? The persistency of the higher classes in unqualifiedly patronizing, in sight of the uncultivated classes, the religious reforms of other days will have but one effect—that of impairing their own authority at those times of crisis when it is important that the people should still believe in the reason and the virtue of a few.

Honour then to Spinoza who has dared to say: Reason before all; reason can never be contrary to the well-understood interests of humanity. But we would remind those who are carried away by unreflecting impatience that Spinoza never conceived of religious revolution as being aught else than a transformation of formulas. According to him what was fundamental went on subsisting under other terms. If he on one hand energetically repudiated the theocratic power of the clergy, as distinguished from civil society, or the tendency of the State to occupy itself with metaphysics, on the other hand he never denied either the State or religion—he wished the State tolerant and religion free. We wish for nothing more. One cannot impose on others beliefs one does not possess. That the believers of other days made themselves persecutors proved them tyrannical, but at least consistent; as for us, if we were to act as they did we should be simply absurd. Our religion is a sentiment capable of clothing itself in numerous forms. These forms are free from being equally good; but not one of them has strength or authority to expel all others. Freedom—this is the last word of Spinoza's religious policy. Let it be the last word of ours! It is the most honest course; it may perhaps also be the most efficacious and certain for the progress of civilization.

Humanity, indeed, advances on the way of progress by prodigiously unequal steps. The rude and violent Esau is out of patience with the slow pace of Jacob's flock. Let us give time to all. We may not, indeed, permit simplicity and ignorance to hinder the free movements of the intellect, but let us not either interfere with the slow evolution of less active intelligences. The liberty of absurdity in these is the condition of the liberty of reason in those. Services rendered to the human mind by violence are not services after all. That such as lay no stress on truth should exercise constraint in order to obtain outward submission,—what can be more natural? But we, who believe that truth is something real, and deserving of supreme respect, how can we dream of obtaining by force an adherence which is valueless except as the fruit of free conviction? We no longer admit sacramental formulas, operating by their own virtue, independently of the mind of him to whom they are applied. In our eyes a belief has no worth if it be not gained by the reflection of the individual, if he have not understood and assimilated it. A

mental conviction brought about by superior order is as absolute nonsense as love obtained by force or sympathy by command. Let us promise to ourselves not only to defend our own liberty against all who seek to attack it, but if need be to defend the liberty of those who have not always respected ours, and who it is probable, if they were the masters, would not respect it.

It is Holland that had the glory, more than two hundred years ago, to demonstrate the possibility of these theories by realizing them.

"Must we prove," said Spinoza, "that this freedom of thought gives rise to no serious inconvenience, and that it is competent to keep men, openly diverse in their opinions, reciprocally respectful of each other's rights? Examples abound, nor need we go far to seek them; let us instance the town of Amsterdam, whose considerable growth—an object of admiration to other nations—is simply the fruit of this freedom. In the midst of this flourishing Republic, this eminent city, men of all nations and all sects live together in most perfect concord; . . . and there is no sect, however odious, whose adepts, provided they do not offend against the rights of any, may not meet with public aid and protection before the magistrates."

Descartes was of the same opinion when he came to ask from this country the calm essential to his thinking. Later, thanks to that noble privilege of a free land so gloriously maintained by your fathers against all opponents, your Holland became the asylum where the human intellect, sheltered from the tyrannies that overspread Europe, found air to breathe, a public to comprehend it, organs to multiply its voice then gagged elsewhere.

Deep assuredly are the wounds of our age, and cruel are its perplexities. It can never be with impunity that so many problems present themselves all at once before the elements for solving them are in our possession. It is not we who have shattered that paradise of crystal, with its silver and azure gleams, by which so many eyes have been ravished and consoled. But there it is in fragments, what is shattered is shattered, and never will an earnest spirit undertake the puerile task of bringing back ignorance destroyed, or restoring illusions dispelled. The populations of great towns have almost everywhere lost faith in the supernatural; were we to sacrifice our convictions and our sincerity in an attempt to give it them back, we should not succeed. But the supernatural as formerly understood is not the ideal.

The cause of the supernatural is compromised, the cause of the ideal is untouched, it ever will be. The ideal remains the soul of the world, the permanent God, the primordial, efficient, and Final Cause of this universe. This is the basis of eternal religion. We, no more than Spinoza, need, in order to adore God, miracles or self-interested prayers. So long as there be in the human

heart one fibre to vibrate at the sound of what is true, just, and honest, so long as the instinctively pure prefer purity to life, so long as there be found friends of truth ready to sacrifice their repose to science, friends of goodness to devote themselves to useful and holy works of mercy; woman-hearts to love whatever is worthy, beautiful, and pure; artists to render it by sound, and colour, and inspired accents—so long will God live in us. It could only be when egoism, meanness of soul, narrowness of mind, indifference to knowledge, contempt for human rights, oblivion of what is great and noble, invaded the world—it could only be then that God would cease to be in humanity. But far from us thoughts like these!

Our aspirations, our sufferings, our very faults and rashness, are the proof that the ideal lives in us. Yes, human life is still something divine! Our apparent negations are often merely the scruples of timid minds that fear to overpass the limits of their knowledge. They are a worthier homage to the Divinity than the hypocritical adoration of a spirit of routine. God is still in us, believe it. God is in us! *Est Deus in vobis.*

Let us all unite in bending before the great and illustrious thinker, who two hundred years ago proved better than any other, both by the examples of his life and by the power—still fresh and young—of his works—how much there is of spiritual joy and holy unction in thoughts like these. Let us with Schleiermacher pay the homage of the best we can do to the ashes of the holy and misunderstood Spinoza.

“The sublime spirit of the world penetrated him, the infinite was his beginning and his end; the universal his only and eternal love; living in holy innocence and profound humility, he contemplated himself in the eternal world and saw that he too was for that world a mirror worthy of love; he was full of religion and full of the holy spirit; and therefore he appears to us solitary and unequalled: master in his art, but lifted above the profane, without disciples and without right of citizenship anywhere.”

That right of citizenship you are now about to confer on him. Your monument will be the link between his genius and the earth. His spirit will brood like a guardian angel over the spot where his rapid journey among men came to its end. Woe to him who, in passing by, should dare to level an insult at that gentle and pensive figure! He would be punished as all vulgar hearts are punished—by his very vulgarity, and his impotence to comprehend the divine. Spinoza meanwhile from his granite pedestal shall teach to all the way of happiness he himself had found, and for ages to come the cultivated man who passes along the Pavilioengracht will inwardly say, “It is from hence perhaps that God has been seen most near!”

ERNEST RENAN.

ONE PER CENT.

ONE per cent. has now reigned supreme in the market for discount for the space of a whole year. The Bank of England indeed has thought it to be inconsistent with its dignity or its policy to accept so mean a return for its favours in lending, and has consequently laid down two per cent. as its minimum rate for discounting. By such a proclamation, it virtually announced its intention of withdrawing from the ordinary banking market, and the competition it involves with private banks, so long as the present condition of the financial world continues : and it has probably found compensation in applying its funds to investments of a more permanent character. In the regular money market one per cent. has been only an average for the twelve months. For a considerable time the rate for lending sank to one-half per cent. : and even on such infinitesimal terms the bankers have at times found it hard to reap any profit from their deposits.

Every one remembers the agitations associated with seven per cent.,—the trepidation of merchants, the apprehension of losses in business through oppressive charges for interest, the anxieties for what the future might still have in store, the general uneasiness through the commercial and banking communities. If only a moderate rate could be reckoned on as steady, how happy would every one have been ! what visions of good and stable profits would have gladdened the mind of every trader ! how deep would have been the conviction that the country was eminently prospering ! The thought of a continuous one per cent. would have been felt too presumptuous to be indulged ; the contrast with the feelings under seven was too violent.

Yet what are the facts and feelings of to-day ? Is every

merchant, every manufacturer, rejoicing in the pleasant terms on which he obtains the accommodation so necessary for his business? Are the reports from every great centre of industry and trade full of exultation over the bright days and cheerful sensations which gladden commercial life? Are our harbours thronged with ships waiting to relieve the loaded warehouses of their stores, and our railways distributing swollen dividends, gathered from endless trains distributing the countless products which an energetic and thriving industry is everywhere creating? Are labourers asked for on every side, and every employer eager for some services which will raise him to fortune? And is the Chancellor of the Exchequer panting to enjoy the enviable pleasure of developing a brilliant Budget to a delighted House of Commons? Alas! no such sounds or sights meet our ears and eyes on any side. The fond thoughts associated with an easy money market are found to be coupled with realities of a very different order under the supremacy of one per cent. In what quarter is there rejoicing? What commercial town or manufacturing centre speaks of abundant orders, satisfactory prices, busy workmen, and large profits? What bank is multiplying its clerks to wait on the wants of thronging borrowers? Commercial depression is the universal cry, a depression probably unprecedented in duration in the annals of trade, except under the disturbing action of prolonged war. The associations of a low rate of interest are contradicted by the stern, real facts of the actual world.

This is a subject of which it is difficult to exaggerate the importance. The diminution of trade, the slackness of production, the low range of prices, the consequent loss and suffering, are facts only too certain: it becomes of the highest moment to investigate their causes, and to discover a remedy if attainable. In any case, lessons of the highest value may be learnt by studying the path by which the commercial world has reached this state: errors may be discovered, very fatal in their effects, but yet admitting, when distinctly known and understood, of being largely, if not wholly avoided. To suffer without reflecting, only to relapse into the same courses under similar temptations, cannot be described as wisdom. Discount at one per cent., continuous for a long period, of itself invites the sharpest notice. The money market is the focus of many powerful influences which tell heavily on the course which production and consumption follow. If merchants and manufacturers can miscalculate under the eagerness of speculative desires, so also may bankers and their borrowers: both groups are capable of inflicting much disorder on the country. It is most desirable to ascertain the true character of the actual situation.

In 1873 a commercial depression set in which has been growing in extent and intensity ever since. It has attacked both quantities

and prices. The export and the import trade have both suffered severely. Nor is it by any means clear that the evil has reached its lowest limit. If we take the trade and navigation returns for last February, as analyzed in the *City* article of the *Times*, we shall meet with figures, most of which must be characterized as melancholy. There is a decrease in the value of exports of about twelve per cent., in that of imports of eight, as against February of 1876. Trade is thus contracting still—the long downward course is not yet arrested. Less wheat, to the extent of 2,500,000 cwts., was imported; the price of wheat, however, has not risen, and the inference may be accepted so far that England is becoming worse off for food. In the export figures, the writer still fails to see any cheering signs of the long-looked-for revival of trade. Both quantities and values continue to shrink in all save a few cases. Coal and coke, iron and steel, copper, cotton goods, linen goods, wool and woollen goods, all indicate that the bottom prices have not as yet been reached. "This fact, coupled with the still more important decline in quantities, compels the conclusion that the dragging trade of the last two years and a half has not as yet become more animated." This decline shows that buyers abroad of English goods are fewer and weaker. This is a fact of supreme significance for a nation whose population, and wealth, and commercial strength are absolutely dependent, to an unexampled extent, on the exchange of her manufactured products for food, necessities, and enjoyments of every kind. If England were cut off from all foreign trade, a large portion of her people must surely perish, as surely as did more than a million of Irish when the potato disease left them foodless on the land. This unwelcome symptom calls for notice, wherever it tends to appear, however faintly, most of all if the suspicion occurs that foreign competitors are endeavouring to overcome us in, and to exclude us from, what are called third markets. England must sell abroad, and on a large scale too, if she is to continue to be what she is now.

Ample evidence abounds on all sides, besides the returns of the Board of Trade, to show the extent and severity of the commercial depression in England. In the foremost place stands the iron trade, one of the great staples of the nation. After a period of overflowing prosperity, adversity has stepped in with unprecedented severity. Prices were run up to extravagant heights; coals were easily sold at rates unheard of before; new coal mines were opened; so also were iron mines; immense industrial activity spread over large populations; labourers were eagerly sought after; unions found a splendid field for their action; strikes urged on masters,—already panting to hire workmen, so abundant were the orders coming in,—to concede unwarrantable

wages; profit still held on successfully; and it was hard to say how wide would be the conquests of British iron. But where has the iron trade been during the past three years? Let Cleveland answer, with her shut up mines, her unemployed population, her depressed wages, her in many cases extinguished profits. Finished iron, steamers, rails, and other departments of iron production are all faint with slackness. In Wales, some of the greatest iron works of the kingdom were brought to a standstill. The export of British iron to America has become so slack as to seem on the point of extinction altogether. The heart of business men has become sick with disappointment over announced, but never realized revivals.

Both the prosperity and the depression of the coal and iron trades have a very significant bearing on the cause and on the remedy, if any, of depressions such as that which now weighs down upon England; the one needs as much attention as the other, as will presently be shown.

Throughout the whole kingdom the blow has fallen heavily on wages. In vain have unions combined with extreme combativeness to resist the fall; natural forces were too mighty for them. Wages which were not earned by the value of the products created could not last without the ruin of the employers. The products had ceased to be demanded in the same quantities; to submit to half-time or lengthened hours, which would cheapen the goods manufactured, was inevitable under the alternative of a total cessation of work. None knew better the strength and range of the depression than the wage-receiving workmen in British factories. Even Members of Parliament, selected to protect the wages of the working classes, have come forward to press on their constituents and sympathizers the stern necessity of submitting to laws which could not be extinguished by vehement clamour and artificial doctrines.

But now let us widen our horizon, and direct our eyes to foreign lands. In these latter days the steam-boat, the railway, and the electric telegraph have created an intercommunion of nations, a binding of them up together into one commercial whole, which very intimately connects their financial fortunes with one another. What occurs in one of these organically associated States—for they are nothing less—produces direct and very extensive effects in every other. If one member suffers or rejoices, the others are generally, though not always absolutely, affected in the same manner. Trade knows of no nationalities, if only governments will suffer it to pursue its own course undisturbed. Have other countries bowed their heads in suffering under the commercial depression? Let America be the first to speak. In 1873 she experienced a crisis of a most formidable kind; she has not recovered from the shock

at this very hour. Her people have been out of work in large numbers; immigrants have left her borders to return to the old countries. Her commercial centres, her banks, and her financiers, have poured forth loud lamentations over the bankruptcies which have assailed them and the losses they have engendered. Business has dwindled down in districts once alive with energy and hope. Collieries have been reduced to short time; so have iron works, and some have been stopped altogether. Her railways, and still more those of Canada, speak of diminished traffic and curtailed earnings; in not a few, dividends have been swept away altogether from their shareholders. If railway earnings have slain their thousands in England they have slain ten thousands in America. Her imports from foreign lands have fallen away wonderfully, without creating more employment for her protected people; there was less ability to buy any commodities of foreign origin because they bought more largely of those manufactured in their own country.

This fact, that the Americans were not diminishing their purchases of English goods merely because they bought more largely of those manufactured within their own country, bears decisive testimony that they were under the depression, that the pressure of the commercial atmosphere which weighed on England embraced America also within its sweep. It will give material help in discovering the causes of the disorder which had attacked both countries. We still find America acting mischievously on England, as England did on America; they were two provinces of one single commercial country.

Let us now return back to Europe across the ocean and visit Germany—Germany the conqueror in a great war, and the exacter of an unheard-of indemnity. What do we find in that country? Worse commercial weather at this hour than in any other. Nowhere are louder complaints uttered of the stagnation of trade. Her manufacturing industry is spoken of as paralyzed. The sharpness as well as the unexpectedness of the suffering have been humorously described in the German press under the guise of the astonishing discovery made of the commercial effects of the great indemnity. It is the gold which Germany received in such profusion which has ruined her trade and made her poor. France paid the millions, and moves with lighter step than any other nation in Europe. Let us have another war, cries the jealous writer; let us be beaten and be sentenced to pay an enormous indemnity; every finger will then point to Germany as the prosperous people. France, with her store of gold, will be in commercial despair. For a long time past Germany's impoverished traders have been raising schemes in her Parliament for the improvement of their condition. The agitation is said to have made even the Imperial Chancellor uneasy; if this is so, it would be impossible

to have a stronger sign of how violent has been and continues to be the shock to German industry. The commotion must indeed be great when we hear that the feeling for Protection is advancing with rapid strides. There are clear thinkers in Germany within and without the Governments who know perfectly what Protection means; yet in spite of their intelligence and their efforts the tide of Protection is on the rise in public feeling. Yet what is it that they seek to accomplish? Nothing less than to raise a charity-tax on the whole German people for the benefit of those employed in a few particular trades. Protection, under the plausible disguises of not throwing poor people out of work, and not allowing them to be trampled upon by foreign rivals, sends round a begging-cap to all buyers of goods to make charitable contributions to particular individuals. Free-traders are called hard-hearted, but what sort of a feeling is it which inflicts impositions by force of law on every consumer for the advantage of some of their neighbours? However, even in intelligent Germany, in the presence of the sufferings undergone by distressed manufacturers, the sense of justice and of the public good is giving way, and the movements of the iron-workers are troubling the Government and the Legislature. What can paint more forcibly the severity of the commercial depression?

Austria and Hungary repeat the cry, but in a somewhat lower tone; and so we come round to France, the people whose well-being has been visited with the most violent assaults, and which has met them with the greatest of economical virtues. Her losses and sufferings have surpassed those endured by any other nation, yet the deep, heavy pressure of the commercial paralysis has weighed upon her the least oppressively of all. War has desolated her broad fields and overthrown her industries over great areas of her territory. Her taxation has been suddenly raised by the gigantic sum of thirty millions of English pounds a year—a burden ever recurring, ever oppressing her resources and devouring the fruits of her painful and persevering toil. Her share of the commercial trial has been the severest and largest of all; yet at this hour she exhibits, not the melancholy languor of business men in other countries, but the active movements of quickened recovery, heavily clogged though they be by the failure of the silkworm and the beet-root. She will point for us presently an economical moral of the very highest value. Her recent commercial history repels the objection that the wave of financial suffering broke with less violence on her shore: the facts of her commercial situation were only too plain and too cruel. But they will enable her to teach to all nations the priceless lesson how to contend against and to overcome the calamities which reckless folly or moral visitations inflict on populations. The greatness of her disasters, and the

vigour and even joyousness of her recovery, will furnish instruction incomparably more vivid and more easily gathered than the technical phrases of economical writers. In one of its most important departments France may be justly called the heroine of Political Economy.

The range of the depression receives a remarkable illustration from the report of Mr. Giffen, the head of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, on emigration in the year 1876. In no preceding year have fewer emigrants from England, or so many immigrants into England, been registered. The balance of emigration from the United Kingdom was only 46,575 against 225,000 in 1872. To the United States the surplus of emigrants reached only 3,473,—12,060 having returned from that country back to the United Kingdom. A similar decline is shown in the emigration to Canada; whilst only 30,612 emigrated to Australia compared with 33,417. The significance of these figures consists in the large numbers who come back from the new lands, as affording them no better prospects than the old ones. Evidence abounds to show how little and how unremunerative employment could be found in regions which were wont to open their arms to the dense populations of Europe, and to reward them with prospects of comfort and prosperity. A situation radically changed had come over the Old World.

Such a depression, spread over so many countries, inflicting such continuous distress, and lasting for so long a period of time, the history of trade has probably never before exhibited. It is not the desolation of wide regions under the ravages of savage invaders, nor the disappearance of populations and of wealth under the long-continued and destructive violence of a Thirty Years' War. It is, with the exception of the Franco-German War, a purely economical phenomenon, the result of conduct whose nature and consequences it is the office of Political Economy to study and explain. The causes of the suffering are forces which are ever at work on the wealth of nations; the warnings and the remedy, if any, must be derived from the same source. One feature of the situation, in this very relation to economical action, comes forth with transparent prominence. Its severity, its losses, the injury it inflicts on the material welfare and happiness of mankind, are incomparably sharper and more disastrous than any ever inflicted by any so-called crisis in the money market of any country. All the world knows what are the agonies of a Black Friday in the City. The picture has been often painted with its black and heart-rending colours. The terror of the banks, the sickening fear of immediate ruin convulsing the great firms, the wild alarm of a frightened imagination converting the possibility of insolvency into certainty, the impassioned cry for help poured out upon the

deaf ears of callous bankers by companies gazing on the abyss yawning before them, the agitation of well-nigh every trader in the nation—then the stoppages, the bankruptcies, the impoverishment of unexpecting multitudes—have indelibly impressed themselves on the memory of every man of business. Struck by the powers of such terrible events, the public press for years afterwards refers all uncomfortable features of trade to the agency of the monetary crisis. Its effects are traced down a long period of subsequent time. Such agonies are actual realities, and fearful indeed are the pangs they create; nevertheless this description, so far as it seeks to set forth the true nature of what is happening, is substantially untrue. A crisis, however intense, in the City, is the agony of a day of settlement. Who is to lose? is the thought which fills every commercial mind with terror. Is the great house to be brought to suspension, which, with real but for the moment unrealizable assets, fails to receive the accommodation it always reckoned on? Or is the mighty bank, with its hosts of depositors, to break, because they are rushing in mad fright to claim the return of their balances in gold, or because it has unwarily trusted speculative companies, which cannot repay the advances they received? No one knows how far he is safe, how far the foundation on which his business has all along proceeded may not now be giving way. But there are two most essential points to grasp in the understanding of these sufferings. These events are effects of causes which have preceded them, and in those causes, and not in those effects, lies their significance for the national wealth; and secondly, they are occurrences in the region of ownership and financial machinery, and not in the region of the wealth itself. They are settlements of losses, determinations of future commercial positions, discoveries of what firms are to disappear, and what other mercantile houses are to succeed them in the future. But the real question for the country is, what has happened or is happening to its wealth, its industry, its power of producing? It is easy to conceive in imagination commotions as agitating as those of a Black Friday, and yet which would have little effect on the prosperity of the country. A multitude of landowners might gamble with their estates as stakes with a machinery which would not disclose their position till a deferred period. On the day of settlement the agony might be intense, the terror of many great, boundless ruin overwhelming others, and winners established in colossal fortunes; yet the national wealth would be undisturbed; owners of property would be changed, and that would be all. Quite other would be the result if the gambling had led to selling the seed corn abroad, to buying costly wines, or to the exporting of the cart-horses for luxuries, or to the neglect to repair tools necessary for winning the next harvest, or to other

similar acts. In such cases the wealth of the country, and the well-being of its inhabitants, would be attacked at the core; the public loss would be most real, and its reparation long deferred.

Of the latter character is the commercial depression of which we write. A so-called monetary crisis, of itself alone, tells us nothing as to the range of its disorders, and their action on the national prosperity. If they are the consequences of pure gambling, what one man or firm loses another wins. In other respects there is no change. But it is true that these crises do presuppose some destruction of wealth: and so far they are of national importance: but it is this destruction, and not the City disturbances, which is the power at work. And here it is that the present depression indicates an amount of disaster, paralysis, and injury to the public wealth with which no City convulsion can compare. If three banks out of four in the City, or as many mercantile houses, were to fail, the injury would be slight by the side of the effects of these years of suffering, so far as these failures were not the direct consequences of wealth distinctly destroyed and unreproduced. The urgent need, the extreme importance, of investigating to the bottom the character and causes of the disorder from which so many nations have been now suffering for so long a period, becomes abundantly clear.

We are thus brought to the root of the question. What then is that cause? Why is it that, for some three years or more, so many countries are suffering under stagnation of trade, are complaining of reduction in business, are buying less and selling less, have only diminished profits to reckon up, are abounding with labourers out of employment, have steadily distributed ever scantier wages to their people, are reducing their comforts and enjoyments, are sending back emigrant labourers to their old homes from lack of employment, even amidst new lands and fertile, uncultivated fields? The explanation will certainly not be found in gold or in its movements from one vault to another, nor in pieces of paper, by whatever name they may be called, nor in any form of currency whatever. One per cent. has nothing to do with gold, nor has any one said anything so ridiculous. Nations are not made poor, nor their business stagnant, nor their mines and their factories shut up, nor their people thrown out of employment, because the tools of buying and selling are in one place rather than in another. Such bright ideas may crowd in upon the minds of a frightened City when seven per cent. threatens to become ten; but all talk about the reserve, and the circulation, and bank notes, has sunk under one. Such a rate throws them at once upon the realities of commercial life, upon the state of industry, upon the substances to be bought and sold, not upon the machinery of exchanging. The cause lies elsewhere, it is not to be found in exceptional

circumstances of an uncommon kind. No series of bad harvests has destroyed the population. No innovations in legislation, no change in our laws or in tariffs, had disturbed the habits and the confidence of traders. No Napoleon had poured forth Berlin Decrees, or pounced on the goods of a great commercial people wherever he could find them, or cut off from large populations their supplies of articles of the highest importance, or isolated mankind into untrading groups. The cause is simpler and deeper than any of these.

That cause is one, and one only: over-spending, over-consuming, destroying more wealth than is reproduced, and its necessary consequence, poverty. This is the real *fons mali*, the root of all the disorder and the suffering, the creator of the inevitable sequence of cause and effect. Men have acted as a man who farmed his own land, and had consumed not only the portion of the crops which were his true income, and were a surplus remaining over after he had fully provided for all the agricultural operations of the next year, but had, himself and his dependents, devoured a portion of the seed corn and of the breeding stock, had exchanged a portion of the produce which was required for wages in the coming year for foreign luxuries, or had consumed these necessary reserves on an excess of drainage, however valuable in itself and ultimately enriching. Every one perceives the necessary consequences of such conduct in individual life; but when the general condition of a whole people is spoken of, the complications are so many and so great, the simple, universal process is so sunk under a multitude of intricacies, that few retain their hold on the ultimate elements which underlie all conduct, whether of a single individual or of a complex population. But a nation is only an aggregate of individuals. Whether cloth is made by a weaver or by the agency of a machinery which fills large factories, and employs the most diverse and the most numerous agents, the methods always remain the same in principle.

If we bear this governing truth in mind, that analysis will always resolve the action of the single man, and the combined co-operation of a host of workmen under employers, managers, clerks, foremen, merchants, and others, into the same constituent parts, we shall be able to arrive at a clear understanding of one per cent. The first offender against the law that to consume more than one makes must land man or nation in difficulties and impoverishment, was America. She constructed an enormous length of railways, which she carried out into the wilderness. In no country, ever before or since, has such a rush into railway-making been ever witnessed. Nor did the passion fall on railways only; docks and canals, elevators and warehouses, wharves and gigantic stores, were impelled forward by the same whirlwind. Under these impulses she consumed a vast quantity of food and clothing for labourers.

She destroyed coals and machinery in making iron. She fed and rewarded with the contents of her shops and stores a large army of promoters, engineers, managers, bookkeepers, brokers, bankers, and other functionaries of every kind. What had she at the end of the operation? Long lines of iron carried over a vast extent of country, holes made in the ground and called tunnels, embankments, and buildings. What all these labourers and functionaries had eaten, drunken, worn, or used up as materials was gone for ever: the rails that replaced this consumption could bring no means of living till after they were in operation for a long period. The nation was plunged into poverty to the extent of what the railways had devoured in constructing. In the wilderness there was no traffic: and even if the lines had been made in a populous district many years must have elapsed before the shops, warehouses, and factories could contain the same identical wealth as the rails had destroyed.

But railroads enrich: quite true, but so does drainage. If a man spent all his income in draining, what would become of him and his family? They must starve, unless supported by the loans or charity of others. So with the railways. If what had been consumed in constructing them had been applied to restore the food, clothing, and other things used up by their makers, no one would have been poorer, no one would have had to betake himself to short commons. America acted as the landlord who spent more than he could afford in draining; there was a far smaller quantity of other wealth in the country to support life and to carry on business; there were long lines of rails, and poverty.

But railways are constantly made without inflicting any injury on trade or on the public wealth: where then is the limit where their construction becomes mischievous, and brings down suffering on a people? This is the very kernel of the question. The explanation is very simple and very obvious; but it is most difficult to be remembered as a practical truth to govern conduct. Up to the extent of the savings of the nation, expenditure on railways can do no economical or financial harm; and these invaluable developers of wealth may on such a basis be rationally acquired for the public good. Any outlay made out of savings, be it what it may, is innocent of mischief; it may do no good, but it does not impoverish. But what are savings? The surplus of wealth made over wealth consumed. If it is turned into capital and applied to increased production, the nation becomes richer; if it is expended on any luxury or any folly, the nation is where it was. But if the outlay, however wise and ultimately profitable, once passes the limits of saving, harm instantly begins. There arises a loss of wealth which is taken from capital; the means of producing are diminished; fewer goods are made. There is less for mer-

chants, with their ships and their railway-waggons, to exchange; there is less to divide amongst the people, poverty has actually set in, and it may easily advance to stagnation and distress. A rich man with £50,000 a year may spend £10,000 on foxhounds, or gamekeepers, or racehorses, or on servants, without lessening the national wealth; but, if he applies £100,000 to the improvement of his estate with the certainty of great benefit to the whole neighbourhood later, if he cannot borrow, he inevitably falls into trouble and real poverty. What such a man might do, America has done with railway-making; and she has not recovered from the consequent prostration to this hour. The departing emigrants, the depressed wages, the lowered profits, the smaller trains, all proclaim that there is less wealth in the country, less to divide amongst its inhabitants.

That particular kind of over-consumption of wealth which consists in excessive investments in fixed capital generates effects which greatly aggravate the commercial disorder and the subsequent distress. The construction of railways or docks beyond what the savings of the country can afford creates consequences of an infinitely wider range and deeper mischief than would result from a loan to a foreign country of the same amount as the cost of these works. A nation living beyond its means, even when a useful end, and not mere enjoyment, is the object, exhibits many of the qualities of a spendthrift. It bubbles up with excitement. The large number of orders given for coals and iron raises prices, sends up wages, and enlarges profits. Imaginative estimates are spread of the expanding prosperity of these trades, as well as of the many others which are associated with them. Iron mines are opened at heavier expense than what the actual demand for coal and iron justifies, thus increasing the destruction of capital. The retail, the shipping, and other trades feel the stimulus; buildings are raised, steamers and shops constructed, costly establishments formed, each in its turn setting other businesses in motion. Every one prospers; and every one makes arrangements, at further expense of capital, for still greater prosperity. Thus new railways, costing ten millions, generate an excitement which may easily raise the outlay to twenty. So stimulating are high prices and high profits, so creative of more factories and workshops to swell them further. The collapse becomes all the severer—with the special disaster that this increase of outlay is a pure waste, a child of wild hopes.

Nor does the mischief stop even here. Along with these cheery feelings and high prices personal consumption rapidly expands. Employers and workmen alike indulge in more expensive living; and this impulse, acting on numbers, swells the waste to a still more formidable amount.

What occurred in America, occurred elsewhere. We now pass on to Germany. Here we find the circumstances different, but the substance of the facts the same. Germany became engaged in a gigantic war with France. In these modern days the cost of armies and of their armaments is enormous, far exceeding that of preceding ages. Immense numbers of troops took the field, and their maintenance alone created a vast consumption of wealth, without any return for it in the shape of fresh wealth. Men were carried from their labour in the fields and factories in huge hosts, paralyzing domestic industry and devouring the existing stock of the national wealth. No more rapidly impoverishing process can be conceived than such a war. That commercial distress should follow such destruction can create no surprise. Suffering and impoverishment are the natural offspring of war. But did not the indemnity make all right for Germany? Two hundred and twenty millions of English pounds might seem enough to lift any people to the summit of prosperity. But it is not sums of money which enrich and bestow welfare and happiness, but what is done with them. A large portion of this money was applied to the making of fortifications and to other military works. No improvement of their condition, no relief to their distress, was got out of that by the nation. On the contrary, such an application of the French gold made matters distinctly worse for Germany. German labour, and German food and clothing, were taken away from that production of wealth which would have brought better times, and were applied to the piling up of military stores in a very unproductive way. But gold is riches, and riches supply every kind of necessities and of comforts. Gold, we answer, is not riches till it is made use of by being parted with; that is all the good which can be obtained from it, unless it is applied in the arts to gold ornaments. Gold exchanges commodities—enables a manufacturer to procure coals in return for his cloth. But the gold itself and by itself confers no other benefit whatever than its services as a tool. Germany would have been most truly and permanently the richer for the French gold had she given it away to foreign countries in the purchase of their wealth; it would have brought what its people wanted into the country. But Germany could get no gain by obtaining gold solely to move German things about.

Then it is believed that a considerable portion of this French gold has been hoarded as a reserve against future war. That gold does nothing to clear away the commercial depression: it sets no mills to work, gives employment to no labourers, imports no supplies of corn, meat, coffee, and clothing for the people, or raw materials for their industry; it is idle, and absolutely no better than if it were non-existent.

But there is another portion of this French gold, of which there

is yet worse to tell. Its action is full of instruction, especially for the City, if the City were only willing to gather it up. (The German Governments were embarrassed with the excess of this metallic stock, and lent much of it to traders and speculators. To what better purpose could they have applied it? it will be asked. To none, but upon one condition—that it should be sent out of Germany. Its export would have placed in Germany useful things, in the place of useless tools for exchanging, of which there were already enough. But by being retained in Germany and lent to borrowers it not only was unproductive of all good, but was really engendering mischief peculiarly its own. The borrowers took to buying German goods; prices rose in the shops and warehouses all over the country; profits were realized, and wages gained advances; and then the evil consequences soon appeared upon the scene. An increase of spending broke out all round; there was money in hand; it was applied to buying things pleasant and enjoyable. A higher style of living was adopted: in other words, a larger and more rapid consumption of wealth prevailed. And what was obtained in exchange? The gold, which did not restore the wealth consumed, but only transferred existing things from one set of hands to another. Did not the humourist stand on the ground of solid sense when he exclaimed, "Let us have another war, and let the Germans have to pay the indemnity?" Had he not the acuteness to perceive that if much harm is to be averted, the sooner an excess of gold is sent out of the country the better? Let those who bewail exports of gold, and record its imports with delight, ponder over his words and the facts that elicited them.)

If now we turn our eyes to France, how different and how startling is the picture which presents itself to our gaze! Here we were bound to expect the sight of acute suffering, financial depression, stagnation of trade, poverty, and misery. The war had been infinitely more oppressive to France than to Germany, for it had been waged within her territory. She had lost two valuable provinces and their resources at its termination. A fine of unheard-of magnitude had been imposed and paid. Thirty additional millions of taxation had been added to a budget already severe. Much of the fixed capital of the nation, of its factories and machinery, had been destroyed or injured by the war. Where could ruin and depression be more naturally looked for? Yet what a spectacle does France offer to the observer! The piled-up load of taxation is borne with ease. Her industry is in full play. No sense of poverty weighs down the people. Her army is undergoing a thorough and successful transformation; guns and military stores—what they cost in these days is known to all—are swiftly being accumulated. Great has been the astonishment at Berlin. Eighteen months ago a violent scare sprang up in that town; the conqueror

fell into vehement fear of the conquered. Germany awoke from her dream of security. The great military chiefs loudly called for a second war to break up an enemy whom neither defeat nor chastisement could crush. To what was this most unlooked-for and most astounding sight due? To the practice of one of the very greatest of economical virtues. She had saved. Her eight millions of peasant-proprietors had lifted their country out of the depths of adversity by invigorated energy and reduced consumption. If more had to be paid to the taxgatherer, the peasant gave up meat or other indulgences rather than diminish his means of maintaining his farm or his vineyard at its former level of efficiency. No doubt France obtained very valuable aid from the inveterate hoarding of her people. Then it was that stores of gold could do vital service. They had lain buried in hidden stockings, useless and unproductive; but the German asked for gold, and here was gold ready to be given to him without any injury to the paying nation. The peasant lent his gold to his Government, who passed it on to Germany; he was compensated with an annuity derived from an augmented national debt; and that interest, that annuity, he helped his country to pay by the sacrifice of more time and labour on his work, and the giving up of many of his small comforts. These are the realities of political economy, and what fruit do they not bear?

If now we cross over to England we still find that the same general causes have been at work, producing similar results, but their mode of action has been somewhat different. England has not, in the period we speak of, broken out into an excessive construction of railways, nor has she experienced a war, much less had to pay a great indemnity. The depression she now suffers succeeded a period of exceptional and excited prosperity. The Americans had bought largely her iron for their railways; the Franco-German war stopped much of the manufacturing trade of both countries; England filled up the gap, and supplied materials which previously had drawn many of their resources from the now warring States. Business flourished with unprecedented success, prices rose to a great height, large profits were earned; and then the time for mischief set in. New works were constructed, new coal mines opened, factories reared their heads on every side; Cleveland was busy in sinking shafts—in other words, an undue quantity of wealth was consumed in carrying on works which were to repay their cost in a distant future. Savings were exceeded; impoverishment was the inevitable result. The high profits and the raised wages led to more expensive living; unproductive competition was enlarged; men thought that a new era had dawned for a vast increase of the coal and iron industries of the nation, and all rejoiced

together in augmented consumption of the stock of wealth. Presently the exceptional causes of the excitement ceased; the action of peace drew back the unusual orders for English goods; prices fell, and the half-finished works only attested the waste they had created. The point to grasp is not that England had had a good time of selling, whilst competitors were idle, and other nations were spending, not their income or savings, but their capital, in the purchase of her goods; and then the irregular prosperity had ceased. The commercial depression, so long, so monotonous, so heavy, and so dull, came from the excessive consumption of English capital in unwarranted constructions beyond savings, and unwarranted expenditure in living by all classes, which destroyed wealth without repairing it with new productions. English saving, unlike the French, has not yet replaced the loss. The whole of the capital of a nation might easily be eaten up and consumed in pleasant things even in three years: how long would be the depression that would follow? If a farmer spent the whole of his crops in buying fresh horses and agricultural machines, in raising new barns and putting in fresh drains, where would he and his people be in the succeeding year? A mere return to ordinary prices and profits from the cessation of exceptional activity would not generate a depression of any importance; it is what is done during the prosperity that breeds the evil to come and to last.

The influx of unusual orders for the products of English industry developed a cause of impoverishment which grew to formidable proportions. Ideas founded on a profound ignorance of the nature of all trade and industry had long fermented in the minds of large numbers of the working classes, and they took advantage of the unwonted and urgent demand for labour to enforce demands which have ultimately led to very heavy disaster. That when trade is abnormally brisk, and much work is going on at highly remunerative prices, the labourers should ask for and obtain an important increase of wages, is not only reasonable and fitting, but, by raising their condition, is a real gain for the whole community; and if even they stand out for and secure more than their fair share of the products of labour, the harm is of small moment; they are sellers in an open market, and the turn went in their favour. But the situation becomes radically changed when, on the return to ordinary sales and prices, the labourers refuse to adapt themselves to altered circumstances, and insist, by most mischievous methods, that the exceptional wages shall be permanent. They then shut their eyes to the fact that their real position is that of sellers of a commodity in a market, and that if its value is substantially and permanently altered, the law of supply and demand will assert its supremacy ultimately, whatever

be their efforts to repel its rule. If they persevere to the bitter end, production must cease, and their labour with its reward must disappear. Meanwhile the process of resistance entails sufferings on the whole people which may be incalculable. Our point here is, not the harm which perverse and ignorant action may bring on the labourers themselves—we speak from the point of view of the wealth and the welfare of the whole nation. Strikes convert the workmen into wasteful consumers of wealth: the food and clothing they destroy becomes a dead loss, without compensation; the closed works deteriorate in condition; it may take months and an immense outlay to restore them to an efficient state—again an unmitigated destruction of wealth. The calamity spreads on to auxiliary trades, to the makers of machinery and materials—again consumption without production, a clear diminution of the public wealth. Thus the impoverishing process does its fatal work: it eats up capital, it lessens the power of making and of employing makers; the means of buying dwindle down, for to buy is only to exchange wealth for wealth, and with less wealth there must be less buying, less business, stagnation and depression in every direction; and if the strikes are wanton, against permanently lower prices, as experience has amply demonstrated for many months past, are we not in presence of one cause of the commercial depression?

But there is worse yet to tell. Strikes are instruments of war: and the battle over, the loss may be soon effaced by the energies of peace. But the novel principles on which trades unions construct the regulation of labour are a very different matter indeed. They generate conduct which inflicts injury of the widest range, and, still more, creates influences whose misleading power is very enduring. The unions lay down rules which attack the quantity and the quality of the article they have to sell. They thus attack the efficiency of labour, the worth of wages, to the injury of every man in the country. To limit, by arbitrary regulations which take no heed of the position of trade and industry, the quantity of labour sold for a given wage, to undermine its quality by demanding the same reward for the man who works badly as for the man who works well, to give no play to the differences of physical and mental ability with which nature has endowed human beings, to suppress the energy of character and of hope by the abolition of piece-work and of the strongest motives for exertion, to demand of a purchaser a fixed and elevated price without the slightest regard for the quality of the article sold, to encourage laziness, unmanliness, the absence of the respect for the man's self as well as for his employer, and to place the relation of seller and purchaser on the basis of inherent and abiding hostility, is to violate the laws of human nature, as it finds itself in this world, and to trample under foot the funda-

mental principle of every form of industry, that work should be as productive as possible, and the wealth thereby produced should reach the highest range of abundance and cheapness. It is not to know the vital truth that the labourers and the capitalists receive their satisfactions out of one common fund, the wealth created, and that what renders it needlessly and artificially smaller is to injure both the parties who contribute to its creation, and along with them the whole people.

The unions have failed in their vehement resistance against the law of supply and demand which governs every market, that of labour as well as any other. They had to choose between refusing to give the article—that is between no wages or a lower price for labour; but great was the harm they did to the public wealth during the struggle. Prices were kept up for a long time above their true level, fewer goods were produced and fewer sold. Foreign countries, especially after their excessive creation of machinery for producing had ceased, had become extremely bad customers of England. Still worse—they undersold the dear goods of England in distant markets. In many instances they actually invaded England herself: Belgian and American goods were freely sold in the heart of the very workshop of the whole world. England was doing less business and becoming poorer.

There is one fact more, of great significance, which must not be omitted in this review of our late commercial history. Men of the mood of mind of the unionist workmen are emphatically not savers. When wages are large, they do not, like the French peasant, turn a portion of them into saving, and thereby increase capital, and the production of wealth in the country. What they extort from employers they consume unproductively—they destroy it in indulgences, and only too often in drink. This engenders a very marked distinction between exceptional wages and exceptional profits. The marked tendency of employers is to make themselves rich, to build up fortunes: but, really, fortune means a machine for the constant production of wealth. That is its very essence. To buy an estate—the common ambition of the prosperous English trader—is to acquire a rent-yielding instrument: and rent is the result of the cultivation of the land. A heavy holding in railway stocks is the ownership of an instrument which enriches not the shareholder only but the whole country, which calls into being a vast power of employing and rewarding labour. The mighty towns of England, the countless factories of her manufacturing regions, are all savings out of profits: how feeble are the productive instruments to which wages can point as the fruit of the labourers' thrift! It cannot be doubted that an enormous amount of waste of wealth, of unproductive consumption, often of the worst kind, has been the result of the augmented wages of the

working classes. High wages, if justified by the value of the work given for them, are what every man in the country should rejoice over, and wages so earned are an excellent basis to establish a tendency to apply a portion of them to capital and saving. But high wages, exacted by strife, and accompanied by little and inferior work, evoke a spirit most hostile not only to saving, but also to a rise of the labourers in civilization, in an improved moral and social condition. They gravitate to gross, wasteful, impoverishing consumption.

There remains, lastly, to notice one more powerful begetter of impoverishment—loans granted to foreign countries. For a period now extending beyond ten years they have been given away with a profusion truly astonishing. The terrible disasters of the crisis of 1825, and the lessons which it taught, had been forgotten. The desire to lend to the multitudinous States of South America had revived, and had swollen almost into a passion. Peru and Venezuela, Honduras and Guatemala, Turkey and Egypt, had swallowed up many millions' worth of English wealth; and what has been the return? The generous operation has been constantly repeated to the British Colonies, to Australia and New Zealand; but with this difference, however, in comparison with the self-civilized countries just enumerated. The proceeds of these loans were invested by the colonists in railways, in developing the emigration of labourers, in the providing of clothing and other necessaries for their maintenance—in a word in the production of wealth or capital. England lost, for the time, what she lent; but she gained additional fields, more numerous flocks, greatly enlarged supplies of wool, all as directly enriching her as if the Colonies had been so many additional English counties. Thus she obtains not only the interest on these loans, which is always duly remitted, but also a mass of goods which she requires for her factories, or her food. Trade is generated as if between two English provinces; exchanges of wealth proceed expansively. The mills of England are more active, and her warehouses more full, precisely because her loans are capital at work to produce wealth for her service. The difference between such loans, and iron-clads and palace-money lent to Turkey, is vast indeed.

Nevertheless the depressing force for the time, if the loans have ranged beyond the amount of England's saving, produces its inevitable effects. The same tale has ever to be repeated; it is the squire of £50,000 a year spending £100,000 in draining. The creation of fixed capital, the construction of machinery for producing wealth, which repay their cost only after long years, is as sure a creator of poverty for the time, if not made out of savings, as if they had been raised up for amusement and then thrown into the sea. And it is very desirable, in this connection, to

understand the process of granting loans. They are levied in the City apparently in money; they are described in pounds; they are never spoken of but as money; yet money is wholly absent from them. Loans are not, and cannot be, lent in money by England—for the very simple but very decisive reason, that she does not grow gold and silver in her fields or factories. If some trifling portion of such grants crosses the water in coin or ingots, those ingots have been purchased with English goods. And it is those goods which eventually are the only things which England can send away. And in actual fact most loans are directly and at once remitted in goods. The Australian colonist who commands the credit granted in London by the loan he has obtained, at once purchases supplies of clothing, machinery, iron, and other products of an old country, and transports them across the ocean. It is absolutely certain, in ultimate analysis, that no country can lend anything else but what she has. Australia and California can lend gold; it is the natural produce of their lands, as iron ore is of England's; but the City would be under an entire delusion if it imagined that the gigantic receipts which swell the account at the bank of the lucky borrowers were money about to cross the water in ingots. The City possesses machinery of exchange—notes, cheques, clearing-houses, bills, paper of all kinds; but the realities are not in them, they are to be found only in the goods which the machinery moves.

A full understanding of this fact will enable us to perceive clearly how loans directly attack English wealth, English goods, and diminish them. When they take their departure there is less left at home to use and enjoy, less merchandise to do business in, lighter weights for railways to carry, and—which is the important matter—less wealth to buy with, less to give to the shops and warehouses to procure the articles which they contain.

We now reach the question, What has the rate of discount in the City to do with this state of affairs in the nation? what is the connection between one per cent. and the commercial depression?

The impoverishment we have described would seem at the first blush to lead us to expect a high and not a low rate of interest on loans. A diminution of the capital of a country, by consumption carried out beyond income and savings, would naturally, one would think, create a loud demand for capital. Capital has been destroyed, and capital is the one vital instrument for the production, in this case for the recovery, of wealth. A rush for the loan of capital might have been looked for. The bankers and merchants of the City are fond of speaking of loanable capital, as being actually in their hands: how comes it to pass that their doors are not thronged with applicants for advances? Why do they find it so difficult to employ the means at their disposal with

a profit to themselves? In the colonies and other new countries, the very opposite phenomenon presents itself to the eye. There capital is scarce, and so are labourers; and there is pressing demand for them: and the rate of interest is very high, and workmen earn immense wages; and the cry is ever for the loan of more capital, to be paid for handsomely, and with perfect ease to the borrowers. Why is it not so in England at this hour, when so many of the circumstances seem to be the same? Because, in a colony, the capital and the labourers are applied to the uncultivated fields, and raise new crops of corn and multiplied fleeces of wool, which yield brilliant profits and wages, from the largeness of the return compared with the expenses of the tillage. The machinery for producing is deficient: if it is supplied, the land forthwith raises up wealth, which enriches all. The depression of trade, on the contrary, in England, means not a deficiency but an excess of the machinery of production: and that constitutes the essential difference between the two states. The vocation of English industry is to produce articles needed over the whole globe: she manufactures them in order to be exchanged for the products of other countries; she makes them in order to be sold. But buyers have fallen off in number and ability to purchase. Her goods are in feebler demand, but her producing power, her fixed capital, her machinery, remain unchanged. Here is the very pinch of the matter. She is compelled to shut up many of her factories, to dismiss or put on half-time immense numbers of her working people, because there are fewer buyers of the articles they manufacture. Americans, Germans, the Colonies, Turkey, Egypt, South Americans, have reduced means for buying: their orders are scarcer in the English markets: stocks of iron and other goods accumulate: but there are no buyers. "There is therefore nothing for it," we read from Middlesborough as we write, "but to reduce the make of iron." In a colony the desire is to make more corn and more wool—hence capital is in demand, additional capital to be imported from another country. Applied to the fields, it produces wealth which is needed, and the rate of interest accordingly is seven per cent. or more. In Cleveland less iron is demanded, and the furnaces are in excess: some must go out of blast. Thus there is seven per cent. in New Zealand and one per cent. in London. No bills upon iron sold are crowding up for discount to the City; no merchants are seeking advances upon steamers laden with rails for America, Russia, and Australia.

A second important distinction must be drawn between the borrowing of capital by a colony and by application for discount to the banking community of England. It merits attention, as revealing the nature of banking deposits. What a colony seeks and obtains is an actual importation of positive wealth and

substances into its territory. Its loans, as has been already explained, are taken out in goods. There is a clear accession of additional wealth to the colony. Not so in the money market of England. No new capital is obtained for the nation by discounting at a bank. Loanable capital does not exist in any bank, or in any money market: it is not to be found there. It may be reached through the agency of a bank; but the bank has not got it in its own possession. The resources of banks are debts due to them by holders of property: nothing else. To discount a bill is virtually to order a debt to be paid: and the effect of that order is to transfer property—capital—from the hands of the previous debtor to the hands of a new one. That is the real nature, the true fact, of discount. No additional help of capital is given to England by banks: it is only placed in different hands. The question then, under the present commercial distress, becomes, Are there traders who desire to tempt a banker, by the offer of a higher rate of interest, to withdraw capital from his debtors and to transfer it over to them? The answer now is, That there are few or no such traders. Businesses are not competing for the capital possessed by banking debtors: and one per cent. is all that the poor banker can obtain.

And now the question will assuredly be asked, How much longer is one per cent. to last? Probably for some time longer. At this present moment there is a flutter upwards, but it seems to arise from an accidental and temporary cause. The Government is a borrower, and so large a customer has a certain effect for a time. But this is not a permanent force: as the revenue flows in, the borrowing will cease, and the substantial rate of the nation will assert its supremacy. Poverty is mended only by saving; and saving, except under very exceptional circumstances, is a slow process. A nation like England, whose customers cover the whole world, is bound up with the fortunes of countries of the most diverse commercial conditions. That the construction of railways will be revived, and will be pushed on with the wonted vigour, is indubitable: it is a necessity of civilization; but when will the work recommence? That, no one is scarcely able to predict. And if the United States renews her railway labours, will she buy her iron of herself or of England? That is a question which experience alone will be able to answer. So also of other commodities, and of other countries. Will they draw their supplies from England or from elsewhere? For our part, we believe in England, in her manly intelligence, her indomitable industry, her resolution and courage under difficulties, her long experience, her vast resources of capital, and, not least, in her perfect faith in Free Trade. But she and her customers have lived beyond their means: and they must submit to the discomforts of convalescence.

BONAMY PRICE.

BALDER THE BEAUTIFUL.

A SONG OF DIVINE DEATH.

III.

BALDER AND DEATH.

I.

SO walk'd he by the Ocean, till that gleam
Far out upon the crimson waters died ;
Till night grew deeper and all sounds were still.

And all that night his human heart was turn'd
Against the gods his kin, against the god
His Father; for he thought, "He made this Thing,
He sent it hither to the happy Earth;
And when it slays they gladden in the halls
Of Asgard, and no pity fills their hearts
For gentle stricken men." Long hours he paced
The white sands of the still black Sea; and where
His foot fell moonlight gleam'd, and live sea-snails
Crept glimmering with pink horns; and close to shore
He saw the legions of the herring flash,
Swift, phosphorescent, on the surface shining
Like bright sheet-lightning as they came and went.
At intervals, from the great dark beyond,
Came the deep roar of whales.

Betimes he stood

Silent, alone, upon a promontory,
And now about him like white rain there fell
The splendour of the moonlight. All around
The calm Sea roll'd upon the rocks, or drew

Thro' hollow caves dark surges, issuing thence
Troubled and churn'd to boiling pools of foam.
Erect he stood, outreaching his white hands;
For round him on the slippery weed-hung reefs,
Outcreeping from the blackness of the deep,
In legions came the flocks of gentle seals,
And gray sea lions with their lionesses.
Across the rocks they clomb till all the place
Was blacken'd; and the rest upon the Sea,
Their liquid eye-balls in the moonlight burning,
Swam round and round with necks outstretch'd to gaze;
And those beneath him touch'd his shining feet,
And when he raised his hand and blest them all,
Uplifted heads like mighty flocks of sheep
Bleating their joy!

Ev'n then he heard a voice
Cry, "Balder!" thrice, and turning he beheld,
Standing above him on the promontory,
A Spirit he remember'd, for her hair
Swept downward like the silvern willow's leaves,
And on her mystic raiment blue as heaven
There glimmer'd dewy drops like heavenly stars.
And as he turn'd unto her he perceived
Her deathlike pallor, and he straightway knew
He look'd on Ydun, who had given to him
Those mystic apples which immortal forms
For ever feed on evermore renew'd.

And Ydun cried, "O Balder, I could hear
Thy lone cry yonder in the silent fields
Where, gathering starry asphodels in meads
Of starlight under the dark Tree, I strayed;
And all my heart was troubled for thy sake,
My brother, and I came across the worlds
To seek thee, bringing in my veiled breast
More fruits to heal thee and to make thee strong
Despite the gods who love thee not, thy kin;
For I who bring them love thee, knowing well
There stands no shape in the celestial halls
So beautiful as thou!"

And as she spake
She drew the apples forth and proffer'd them
To Balder's lips; but on those lips there lay
An ashen tinge as of mortality.
And taking not the gift he answer'd low,
"O Ydun, let me give thy gift to Men,
That *they* may eat and live!"

But Ydun said,
 And on his cheek he felt her breath come cold
 As frosty moonlight : " Name them not, but eat—
 Eat *thou*, and live. O Balder, men were born
 To gather earthly fruit a little space,
 And then, grown old with dreary lapse of years,
 To wither up and die ; and fruits like these
 Could never light on any human lip
 The flame-like breath of immortality.
 Flesh are they, and must fall ; spirits are we,
 And fed with life diviner, we endure."

Then Balder said, " Dost thou not weep for them ?
 Poor mortals with their shadows on the ground,
 Yet kin to thee and me ! He made them fair
 As we are, yet they sicken and are slain ;
 Yea, by a god accurst that haunts the world
 Their hearts are set asunder, and their teeth
 Devour each other. Lo ! the beautiful Earth
 Is desolate of children, strewn with dead,
 Sick with a ceaseless moan of stricken things
 For ever coming and for ever going,—
 Like waves for ever driven on a sea
 Eternally distress'd."

Coldly replied
 The goddess, " Take no heed for things of clay,—
 For 'twere as well to weep for stricken birds,
 Or flowers that in their season fade and fall,
 Or beasts that mortals slay for food or cast
 Upon thy Father's shrines for sacrifice,
 As mourn for that dark dust beneath thy feet
 Which thou call'st Men. O Balder, take no heed—
 Be wise—such pity ill beseems a god ! "

But Balder wrung his hands and wail'd aloud
 In a sad human voice, " Not pity *those* ?
 Hath a bird fallen in my sight, and fail'd
 To win some meed of tears ? Doth a beast die,
 I would not wind in my immortal arms,
 And kiss into a new and lovelier life ?
 And on the dead leaves shed i' the weary woods
 Would I not strew my tears divine as dew ?
 O Ydun, listen, for thou know'st me not.
 The taint of clay is on me, and I lack
 The large cold marble heart befitting gods.
 I drank strange mercy from the dark Earth's breast
 When she my foster-mother suckled me
 Close to her leafy heart ; I am not wise,
 Ay me, I am not wise, if not to love

The happy forms below me, and the faces
 That love my voice and gladden in my smile,
 Be wisdom. I am of them ; I have learn'd
 The pathos of the setting sun, the awe
 Of moonlight and of starlight ; nay, I dream
 That Shape which sets its icy hand on all
 Will find me in my season like the rest.
 They are my brethren, wanderers in the world,
 Yet fatherless and outcast like myself,
 And exiled from their home ! ”

But Ydun said,
 “ That Shape which sets its icy hand on all
 Need never trouble thee, if thou wilt eat,
 Eat as I bid, and live ;—nay, Death himself,
 Tame as a hound some little child may lead,
 Hath fed from out my hand, and from my fruits
 Drank immortality ; and lo, he walks
 Immortal among mortals, on Earth's ways
 Shedding the sad leaves of Humanity.
 For this is written, they must die ; and those
 Who die in battle or with bloody hands
 The gods redeem and snatch to deathless days
 Of terror in Valhalla ; but the rest,
 Weak maiden-hearted men, and women pale,
 And children, dying bloodless, find below
 A nameless and an everlasting sleep.”

“ O Ydun,” Balder cried, “ I have search'd the Earth,
 And have not found him, tho' my spirit pants
 To look into his face and question him,
 That Death of whom you speak, that Fantasy,
 Immortal, and a god ; but evermore
 His form eludes me in the light and dark,
 And evermore beneath my feet I find
 Only some gentle thing that he hath slain.”

Then Ydun smiled as pallid starlight smiles
 On marble, and she answer'd, “ Eat then, eat !
 And by the gods of Asgard I will swear
 To lead thee to him, and to read a rune
 Which whisper'd in his ear shall make him meek
 And weak as any lamb to do thy will.”
 And as she spake she held the apples forth
 And proffer'd them again to Balder's lips.

Then hungry for her promise Balder ate,
 And in his mouth the mingled red and white
 Melted as snow, and suddenly he seem'd
 Grown into perfect glory like the Moon
 Springing all silvern from a summer cloud.

THE ALTAR OF SACRIFICE.

"Look!" Ydun said; and pointed.

Far in the night

She had led Balder, o'er the darken'd dales,
And by the slumber of black mountain tarns,
And thro' the silence of primeval woods,
Till she had come unto an open plain
Cover'd with ragged heath and strewn with stones
As with the broken fragments of some world
Upheaven, rent by earthquake. And the waste
All round was lonely and illimitable,
A waste of stone and heath without a tree,
Save where against the blood-red northern sky
A mountain like the snow-white hand of Earth
Pointed at highest heaven.

Far out, beyond

The shadow of the ice-capt mountain, rose
Columns gigantic of red granite rock
Scarr'd with fierce storm and hung with hoary moss,
And looming in the cold and spectral light
Like living shapes of gods; and some by storm
Were cast upon the ground and lay full length
Like giants slain, but most stood poised on end,
Not tottering, with their long wild shadows cast
Southward along the sward. High in the midst
Stones fashion'd as an Altar were upraised,
And on the Altar was a coffin'd space
Wherein a form full-grown might lie its length,
And with its piteous eyes upon the stars
Make ready for the sacrificial knife.

"Look!" Ydun said; and Balder look'd . . . and saw
Crouching upon the Altar one that lay
Like to a human shape. And Ydun said,
"That is thy Father's Altar, and thereon
Blood-offering brighter than the life of lambs
Is offered by his Priests; at sunset here
A virgin died, and all the desert air
Is sweeter for her breath; and those black birds
That hover o'er the Altar moaning low
Are hungry to behold? feed,—
But he who not still'd
His own 's broods
Still"

Then Balder felt
 His godhead shrink within him like a flame
 A cold wind bloweth ; and for pity's sake
 His eyes divine were dim. For creeping close,
 Within the shadow of a shatter'd column,
 He gazed and gazed. And lo, the sight he saw
 Was full of wonder only eyes divine
 Could see and bear. Upon the altar-stone
 Outstretch'd naked and most marble white
 Lay that dead virgin, with the slayer's mark
 Across her throat, her red mouth open wide,
 And two great rayless orbs upraised to heaven.
 And he who clung unto her, like a hawk
 With wings outstretch'd, and dim dilated eyes
 Feeding upon the sorrow of her face,
 Was he whom Balder o'er the world had sought
 And had not found. Ne'er yet, by sea and shore,
 Not ev'n within the wonder of the wood
 When first his eyes beheld him long ago,
 Had Balder to that Spirit terrible
 E'er crept so nigh or seen his shape so well.
 Shadow he seem'd, and yet corporeal,
 But thro' the spectral substance of his frame
 The blood-red light of midnight penetrated ;
 And dreadfully with dreadful loveliness
 His features changed their shining lineaments,
 Now lamb-like, wolf-like now, now like a maid's
 Scarce blossom'd, now deep-wrinkled like a man's,
 Now terrible and awful like a god's,—
 But never true to each similitude
 Longer than one quick heart-beat.

Thus he hung,
 So fascinated by the form he watch'd
 He saw not, heard not, stirr'd not, though the birds
 Shriek'd angry overhead. Ev'n as one cast
 Into a trance mesmeric, he prolong'd
 The famine of his gaze, until his face
 Was fix'd as a star. Then Ydun crept
 Close unto Balder, whispering, "Remember
 That rune I read thee ! touch him in his trance,
 And name him by his mystic human name ;
 And as I live his lips shall answer thee
 In human speech !" So speaking Ydun smiled
 And vanish'd, leaving Balder all alone
 To look and watch and wait. . . .

. . . Upon his soul,
 Beholding that great trance of Death, there came

Most fatal fascination. For a space
 He could not stir. Across the sacred grove
 Lay darkness ; only on the altar stone
 The naked victim glimmer'd beautiful,
 And terrible above her linger'd Death ;—
 When suddenly, beyond the snow-white peak,
 Rose round and luminous and yellow as gold
 The young new moon ; bright foot by foot its beams
 Stole down the shrouded mountains, till they fell
 Prone on the altar, turning all things there
 To brightness : so that Death himself was changed
 From purple into silvern ;—that dead maid
 To silvern too from marble ;—the great grove,
 With all the columns looming black therein,
 New-lit with lunar morning. As the light
 Touch'd and illumed him, for a moment Death
 Stirr'd, ev'n as one that stirreth in a sleep,
 And trembled, looking upward ; and behold !
 His face grew beautiful thro' golden hair,
 His eyes dim heavenly blue, and all his looks
 Strange and divinely young ! . . .

. . . Then, ere that trance
 Was wholly shaken from him, Balder stirr'd,
 And crept, and reach'd the Altar with no sound ;
 And ere the Shape could stir or utter cry,
 He clutch'd him with one quick and eager hand.
 And tho' his hand was frozen as it touch'd,
 Ere Death could fly he gazed into his eyes,
 And named him by his mystic human name.
 Then Death gazed back with looks so terrible,
 They would have wither'd any living man ;
 But Balder only smiled and wove his rune,—
 And in a little space pale Death was charm'd,
 And look'd and listen'd, crouching low in fear.

III.

BALDER AND DEATH.

“O DEATH, pale Death, thro' many a lonely land
 My feet have follow'd thee ;
 Sisters and brothers stricken by thy hand
 Oft have I stoop'd to see :

To kiss the little children on their biers,
 So innocent and sweet,
 To bless the old men wearied-out with years
 Wrapt in thy winding-sheet.

"To look into thine eyes, to drink thy breath,
I have cried with a weary cry :
Prayers I have said to the great gods, O Death,
While thou hast darken'd by.

"Thy mark is on the flower and on the tree,
And on the beast and the bird,
Thy shade is on the mountains, and the sea
By thy sad foot is stirr'd.

"Slayer thou art of all my soul deems fair,
Thou darkenest the sun,—
Of all things on the Earth and in the air,
O Death, thou sparest none.

"And therefore have I sought with prayers and sighs
To speak with thee a space!"
Bright Balder in the hollow rayless eyes
Look'd with a fearless face.

The Phantom darken'd 'neath the dark'ning moon
And seem'd to shrink in woe,
But Balder named his name and wove the rune,
And would not let him go.

"O Death! pale Death! thou hast a lovelier name,
Who gave that name to thee?
By the high gods, by that from which they came,
Thy mouth must answer me!"

Death answer'd not, but mystically bright
His faint fair features grew,
And on his brow the chilly lamps of night
Sprinkled their glistening dew.

And Balder wonder'd, for those lights above
Seem'd shining down on him,
And Death's pale face grew as the face of Love,
Yet more divinely dim.

"O Death! pale Death!
Who gave thee that sweet name,
Yet sent thee down to slay poor things of breath,
And turn men's hearts to flame?"

"Who gave thee life and cast thy lot below
With those sad slaying eyes?"
Death pointed with a hand as white as snow
Up to the frosty skies.

"Who sent thee here where men and beasts have birth?"
Death trembled and was still.

"What drew thee down on my beloved Earth,
To wither up and kill?"

Death answer'd not, but pointed once again
 Up thro' the starry shine;
 And Balder question'd with a quick new pain,
 "My kin? the gods divine?"

Death answer'd not, but gazed on Balder now
 With strange and questioning gleam—
 His eyes were soft in sorrow, and his brow
 Was wonderful with dream.

"Speak to me, brother, if thou art not dumb;
 Speak to my soul, O Death!"
 The thin lips flutter, but no answer hath come,
 No sigh, no sound, no breath.

Yet on the brow of Death there lives a light
 Like starlight shed on snow,
 The fatal face grows beautiful and bright
 With some divine deep woe.

And from the shadowy hood there softly swim
 Thin threads of silken hair,
 And Balder sees the form world-worn and dim
 Hath once been young and fair.

And as they sit together in the night
 Hand in hand, mingling breath,
 The fingers white of the cold starry light
 Smooth the sad hair of Death.

IV.

"O DEATH, PALE DEATH."

"O DEATH! pale Death!
 Thy hair is gold, not gray—
 In the dark mirrors of thine eyes, O
 Death,
 Lie glimmering dreams of day.

"O gentle Death
 Speak, that mine ears may hear."
 Then like a fountain rose the voice
 of Death,
 Low, sweet, and clear!

V.

DEATH SINGS.

"O gentle Death!
 Thy hand is warm, not chill,—
 Thy touch is soft and living, and thy
 breath
 Sweet, with no power to kill.

"I know not whence my feet have
 come,
 Nor whither they must go—
 Lonely I wander, dark and dumb,
 In summer and in snow.

"I love thee, Death, for
 heavenly brow
 Still dar'
 And lo! a!
 To h

"For on mine eyes there falls a
 gleam,
 That keeps them dim and blind,
 eternities of dream
 and behind;

"And ever, ever, as I pace
Along my lonely track,
The light retires before my face,
Advancing at my back ;

"But ever, ever, if I turn
And would my steps retrace,
Close to my back that light doth
burn,
But flies before my face.

"I close mine eyes, I fain would
sleep,
I rest with folded wing,
Or on my weary way I weep
Like any human thing.

"Yet day by day, from land to land,
From gentle fold to fold,
I pass, and lo, my cruel hand
Leaves all things calm and cold.

"Man marketh with his bitterest
moan
My shadow sad and dim ;
Of all things hateful, I alone
Am hatefulest to him !

"Ay me, a brand is on my brow,
A fire is in my breast,—
Ever my bitter breath doth bow
Those flowers I love the best.

"I crouch beside the cradled child,
I look into its eyes,
I love to drink its gentle breath,
As quietly it lies.

"I dare not touch it with my hand,
Or creep too close to see,
Yet for a little space I stand
And watch it, silently.

"Ah, little dream poor human things,
Who sleep beneath the skies,
How, as they sleep, with hovering
wings

I shade their cheeks and eyes !

"The maiden with her merry laugh,
The babe with its faint cry,
The old man leaning on his staff,
Are mine, and these must die.

"I touch them softly with my hand,
They turn as still as stone,
Then looking in their eyes I stand,
Until their light hath flown.

"I set faint gleams around their lips,
I smooth their brows and hair,
I place within their clay-cold grips
The lilies of despair.

"And verily when they bear them
forth

I follow with the rest ;
But when their bones are in the
Earth
My gentle task is best.

"For there I sit with head bent low
For many a dreamy day,
And watch the grass and flowers
grow
Out of the changing clay.

"O think of this and blame not me,
Thou with the eyes divine—
A Shadow creeps from sea to sea,
Stranger than thine or mine.

"Who made the white bear and the
seal ?
The eagle and the lamb ?
As these am I—I live and feel—
ONE made me, and I am."

VI.

Now Balder lifted up his voice and cried,
Placing his fingers on Death's heavenly hair,
"Lo, I absolve thee !" and the Spirit crouch'd
In silence, looking up with wondering gaze
At that immortal brightness blessing him
With holy imposition of white hands.

For beautiful beyond all dream, and bright
Beyond all splendour of the summer Earth,
Divine, with aureole around his head,
God-like, yet fairer far than any god,
Stood Balder, like a thing that could not die.
And on his face the countless eyes of heaven
Gazed, with their own exceeding rapture dim ;
And moonlight hung around him like a veil
Through which his glory trembled paramount ;
And dim sheen showering from a thousand worlds,
Mingling with moisture of the nether-air,
Touch'd his soft body with baptismal dew.

Then far away in the remotest North,
Cloud-like and dim and scarce distinguishable,
The clustering faces of the gods look'd down.
And Balder cried, " Lo, I have ranged the Earth,
And found it good ; yea, hills and vales and streams,
Forests and seas, all good and beautiful ;
And I have gazed in eyes of birds and beasts,
And in the gentle orbs of mortal men,
And seen in all the light of that dim dream
Which grew within my soul when I was born.
Only this thing is bitter, O ye gods,
Most dark and bitter : that eternal Death
Sits by his sad and silent sea of graves,
Singing a song that slays the hopes of men.
Yet lo, I gaze into the eyes of Death,
And *they* are troubled with that selfsame dream.

" O gods, on you I cry not, but I cry
On him, the Father, who has fashion'd Death
To be the sorrow of created things,
And set this ceaseless hunger in his heart
To wither up and kill. Oh, I have wept
Till all my heart is empty, and no voice
Makes answer. By thy creature Death, O God,
By him whom I have sought and found in pain,
Listen !—Uplift this Shadow from the Earth,
And gladly will I die as sacrifice,
And all the gentle things I love shall live."

Then far away in the remotest North
A white Face in the darkness of a cloud
Gleam'd. Thither, crouching low at Balder's feet,
Death pointed with his skeleton finger fixed,
Silent. Then, even as a snow-white lamb
That on the altar cometh with no fear,
But looks around with eager innocent eyes,

God Balder on the stone of sacrifice
Leapt, reaching arms up heavenward !

. . . And he pray'd.

VII.

THE LAST PRAYER.

“ FATHER in heaven, my dream is over,
Father in heaven, my day is dark. . . .
I sat in the sun and I sang like a lover
Who sings sweet songs for a maid to mark ;
And the light was golden upon my hair,
And the Heavens were blue and the Earth was fair,
And I knew no touch of a human care,
And I bless'd thy name, my Father !
I sang and the clarion winds blew clear,
And the lilies rose like lamps on the mere,
And all the night in the balmy light
I lifted up my hands snow-white,
And the stars began to gather !
“ Father, Father, which art in heaven,
Lord of men and Master of Earth.
The rune was woven of colours seven,
And out of thy being I had birth ;
As a snowdrop wakes on the naked ground,
And opens its eye without a sound,
While the winds are murmuring around,
I woke on the green Earth's bosom ;
And I heard a cry as the storks went by
Sailing northward under the sky,
And a cry from the mountains answer'd loud,
And the cataract leapt like a corpse from its shroud,
And the sward began to blossom.
“ White clouds pass'd over with low sweet thunder,
Shaking downward the silvern dew,
The soft sods trembled and fell asunder,
And the emerald flame of the grass gleam'd thro',
And the fire of the young boughs overhead
Ran green and amber, golden and red,
And the flashing lamps of the leaves were fed
At the torch of the flaming Sunshine :
Beautiful, wrapt in a blissful dream,
Lay mere and mountain, meadow and stream ;
And beautiful, when the light was low,
Creeping white through the after-glow,
The Starshine and the Moonshine !
“ Father, Father, hearken unto me,
Then work thy will on the world and me—

I walk'd the world, and the glad world knew me,
 And my feet were kiss'd by thy slave the Sea.
 And ever with every happy hour,
 My love grew deeper for tree and flower,
 For the beast in the brake, for the bird in the bower,
 And the deer on the white high places.
 But ere my golden dream was done,
 I saw thy Shadow across the sun,
 I saw thy Shadow that all men see,
 On beast and bird, on flower and tree,
 And the flower-sweet human faces!

"The flower-sweet faces of mortal races
 Blossoming sadly under the sky!
 I saw my dream on those fading faces,
 I heard my voice in their failing cry.
 Out of the soil and into the sun
 Their souls were stirring as mine had done,
 Their runes were written, their threads were spun,
 By the hands of dark Immortals;
 They rose in a dream and they lookt around,
 They saw their shadows upon the ground,
 And whenever they went beneath the blue
 The darker Shadow thy Spirit threw
 From the great Sun's shining portals.

"Thou hadst taken clay and hadst made it human,
 Blown in its nostrils and lent it breath,
 Thou hadst kindled the beauty of man and woman
 To hunt them down with thy bloodhound, Death.
 They did not crave to be born or be,
 Yet thou gavest them eyes that their souls might see,
 And thou hatest them as thou hatest me
 And the Earth thy godhead bearing.
 They shrink and tremble before thy hand,
 They ask and they do not understand,
 They bid thee pity who pitiest none,
 And they name thy Name, as I, thy Son,
 Now name it, still despairing.

"Father, Father, which art in heaven,
 Why hast thou fashion'd my brethren so?
 Form'd of fire, with the dust for leaven,
 As thou hast made them, they come and go.
 Yet ever thy hand is on their hair
 To seize and to slay them unaware,
 And ever their faces are pale with prayer,
 As round thy fanes they gather. . . .
 Thou askest but give thee life
 Wife; wife;

Thou seekest praise and they give thee pain,
And their altars smoke with the blood-red rain
Thou lovest, O my Father !

“ Father, Father, ’tis sad to falter
Out of the light and into the dark,
Like a wreath of smoke from a crimson altar
To fade and vanish where none may mark.
But, O my Father, ’tis blest to be
A part of the joy of the Earth and Sea,
To upleap like a lamb, to be glad and free
As the stream of a running river.
Could’st thou not spare them a longer space
With sweeter meed of a surer grace ?
Could’st thou not love the light that lies
On happy fields and in human eyes,
And let it shine for ever ?

“ I hear thy voice from the void of heaven,
It thunders back and it answers ‘ Nay ’—
The rune was woven of colours seven
For me, thy Son, and for things of clay.
Then mark me now as I rise and swear
By the beasts in the brake, by the birds in the air,
By Earth, by all those forces fair
Which mingled in my making,
By men and women who stand supreme
Proud and pale with mine own soul’s dream,
I will drink the cup their lips partake !
I will share their lot, while their sad hearts break
As mine, thy Son’s, is breaking !

“ Father in heaven, my heart is human,
I cast a shade like a human thing,
Grant me the doom of man and woman ;
From the Earth I came, to the Earth I cling.
Behold who standeth at my side !
Even Death, thy servant heavenly-eyed—
I will die as the children of Men have died,
To the sound of his sad singing.
Behold, I look in the face of Death,
I look in his eyes and I drink his breath ;
The chill light brightens upon his brow,
He creepeth close and he smileth now,
His cold arms round me flinging.

“ Father, Father, bend down and hearken,
And place thy hand upon my hair ;
Ere yet I wither, ere yet I darken,
Hear me murmur a last low prayer.

As the blood of a sacrifice is shed,
 Let me die in my Brethren's stead—
 Let me die; but when I am dead,
 Call back thy curse to heaven!
 Ay me, my Father, if this may be,
 I will go with a prayer for him and thee,
 I will pass away without a cry,
 Blessing and praising thee under the sky,
 Forgiving and forgiven.

“ . . . Father, Father, my dream is over—
 He folds me close, and I cannot see;
 Yet I shall sleep like a quiet lover
 If my boon is granted and this may be.
 O sweet it is if I may rest
 Asleep on my foster-mother's breast,
 If over my grave the flowers blow best,
 And happy mortals gather.
 Yet, Father, when darkness shrouds my face,
 Remember me for a little space,
 Remember, remember, and forgive
 Thy Son who dies that men may live. . . .
 Accept me, O my Father!”

VIII.

THE FIRST SNOWFLAKE—FALLING OF THE SNOW.

He ceased; no Voice replied; but round his frame
 Cold arms were woven, and his golden head
 Droop'd like a lily on the breast of Death. . . .
 Then suddenly a darkness like a veil
 Was drawn across the pallid void of Heaven,
 Starlight and moonlight faded mystically,
 And save for Balder's face, that as a star
 Still flash'd in pallor on the face of Death,
 There was no light at all. . . .

Then Balder cried,

“ Lo, he hath answer'd; I am thine, O Death;
 Now let me look into thine heavenly eyes,
 And ere I rest sing low to me again.”
 Shivering he spake, and sank upon the ground;
 But Death stoop'd down above him as he lay,
 And took the shining head into his lap,
 And smooth'd with fingers cold the silken hair,
 And murmur'd Balder's name with singing lips.
 Soft as the whisper of a wind in June.
 “ O Death, white Death, all is so cold and dark,
 I cannot see the shining of thy face!”
 Then touching Balder's lips, Death answer'd low,

"Thy day is ended—thou wilt see no more—
Sleep, sleep!" . . .

. . . But what is this that wavers slow
Out of that purple blackness overhead?
Is it a blossom from the dim white boughs
O'ershadowing the azure pools of heaven?
Or feather from the plume of some still star
That ever moveth magically on
From mansion unto mansion of the sky?
Soft as a blossom from the hawthorn spray
It wavers earthward thro' the starless dark,
Unseen, unheard, —until it gains the light
Which Balder breathes around him as he lies.
There, as a white moth hovers in the moon,
It floats and gleams, then sinking softly down,
Falls as a seal on Balder's shining brow
And melts away.

" . . . O Death, upon mine eyes,
And on my brow, I feel a touch like dew,
Like cold dew shaken from a summer cloud.
Look heavenward—seest thou aught of the great gods,
Or God my Father?" But the Form replied,
"On heaven and on the Earth 'tis night, deep night;
No shape is seen, no star, nor any light.
Sleep, Balder, sleep!"

Then bending low he kiss'd
The lips of Balder, yea with kisses calm
He drew sweet Balder's breath, and lo! he shone
Brighter and brighter with the life he drank.
But Balder darken'd ever and grew cold.
"O Death, I feel thee shining in a dream,
Serene and still and very beautiful—
But ah, thy lips are chill!" And Death moan'd low,
Winding his thin arms tight round Balder's frame,
"Sleep, sleep!"

. . . O what are these that swim so slowly
Out of the brooding blackness overhead?
Soft as that first white blossom blown from heaven,
Wavering downward thro' the rayless dark,
They come, they gather, falling flake on flake,
With silvern lapse and silent interchange,
Hovering in soft descent as if they lived.
Upon the hooded head of Death they fall
Like lightly shaken leaves, and looking up
He sees the black air troubled into life
Of multitudinous waifs that wander down.

There is no sound—only the solemn hush
Of mystic motions and invisible wings;
There is no lamp, no star; but lo! the air
Is glimmering dimly with the mystic light
Shed from the blossoms as they melt and fade.

“ Under green boughs, under green boughs, O Death,
Thou hast borne me, and I see not, but I hear
The tremors of the soft trees overhead,
A sound like fountains flowing, and a touch
Like cool leaves shaken on mine eyes and hair!”

And Balder stirr'd his gentle head and smiled—
Then drew one last long breath, and sank to sleep.

’Tis over now—the gods may gaze in peace—
Balder is dead!

Ay me, the light hath pass’d
From that once shining head: still as a stone
It lies, not stirring, in the lap of Death;
The hair is white, the eyes are closed and dim,
There is no red upon the loving lips,
And in its cage the singing heart lies cold.
Ah, Death, white Death, thy kisses come in vain.
Close thou his lids, and by his side stretch down
The cold white marble arms, and at his head
Watch like a mourner, for a little space.

Death sits and gazes on; but lo, his looks
Are pale as Balder’s. . . . All the light he wore
Hath faded, and his orbs are rayless now.
Lifeless he looms in vigil while his eyes
Turn upward, and his thin cold hand still lies
As heavy as a stone on Balder’s heart.
Thicker and thicker from the folds of heaven
The frozen blooms are shaken; lo, the waste
Is with a glittering whiteness carpeted,—
While still o’erhead in ever-gathering clouds,
Drifting from out the vapours of the dark,
The white flakes fall.

O wonder of the snow!
The world’s round ball is wrapt in crystal now,
And out of heaven there comes a freezing breath;
And nothing stirs or lives; and in his shroud
Woven by Frost’s swift fingers, Balder lies,
And that fair face which made creation glad
Is fix’d as a rayless mask of ice.
Crouch at his head, O Death! and hour by hour
Watch the still flakes of heaven wavering down,
Till thou, and that which lieth at thy feet,
And all the world, are clad in wondrous white!

IV.

THE COMING OF THE OTHER.

I.

SNOWDRIFT.

How long he lay in that strange trance of night
Might Balder never know ;
Silently fell the flakes of stainless white,
And deeper grew the snow.

While out of heaven the falling waifs were shed,
The dark hours grew to days ;
And round and round a red Moon overhead
Went circling without rays.

There were no stars, only that cheerless thing
Treading the slow sad round ;
There was no light, save snow-flowers glimmering
Without a sound.

Darkness of doom is shed on Balder's eyes,
Chill darkness shrouds the wold ;
And still at Balder's head the Phantom lies
Silent and calm and cold.

And cold is Balder as some naked man
Made marble by the frost :
His veins are ice ; upon his bosom wan
His two thin hands are crost.

But, as within some clammy wall of stone
The death-watch keeps its chime,
The cold heart in that crouching Skeleton
Ticks out the time.

All round, a world of snow, and snows that fall,
Flake upon flake, so white ;
An empty heaven fluttering like a pall,
Lit by that one red light.

All round, the solemn slumber of the snow,
All round, no stir, no breath,—
But in the midst, scarce audible, slow, low,
The throbbing pulse of Death. . . .

The hours creep on, the dreary hours are shed,
Measured by that slow beat ;
And all the while god Balder lieth dead,
Wrapt in his winding-sheet.

II.

THE LIGHT ON THE SNOW.

O WHEREFORE press thy hand so lean and bare
Hard on thy beating heart?

O wherefore raise thy head and scent the air,
With nostrils cold apart?

Why waken from thy trance, O Death, and rise,
And hearken with thine ears? . . .

O see! Death like a snake with glistening eyes
His luminous head uprears. . . .

He stirs—he listens. Far across the night,
And down the drifts of snow,
He sees a light that stirs, a blood-red light
That moveth to and fro.

Small as a drop of dew, most dim to sight,
It glimmereth afar. . . .

O Death, it cometh hither,—growing bright
And luminous as a star.

O Death, pale Death,
What do thine eyes behold?
What lonely star flasheth afar
Across the wintry wold?

The world is folded in its shroud of white;
The skies are smother'd deep;
There is no lamp at all in heaven, to light
Sad Balder's sleep.

There is no lamp at Balder's head, no star
Outlooking from the cloud;
White is the snow-drift woven near and far,
And white is Balder's shroud.

O Death, pale Death, across the lone white land
No gentle lights are shed,—
Yet still thou gazest, clutching Balder's hand,
At yonder gleam blood-red. . . .

It creepeth as a snail along the ground,
Still far and faint to see. . . .

O Death, it creepeth surely, with no sound,
Across the night, to thee.

O gentle Death,
Why dost thou crouch so low?
A star it seems, a star that travelleth
From snow to snow.

Nearer it cometh, and across the night
 Its beams fall dusky red,
 The drifts beneath it glimmer and grow bright
 Like cheeks lamp-lit but dead.

O gentle Death,
 Hither it crawleth slow ;—
 A Shadow creepeth with the same, O Death,
 From snow to snow.

III.

THE FACE AND THE VOICE.

NEARER and nearer, o'er the waste of white,
 It steals, and doth not fade :
 A light, and in the shadow of the light,
 A Form that casts a shade.

Nearer and nearer, till Death's eyes behold
 A semblance strange and gray,
 A silent Shape that stoopeth and doth hold
 The lamp to light its way.

Bent is he as a snow-clad wintry bough,
 Gaunt as a leafless tree ;
 But glamour of moonlight lives upon his brow
 Most strange to see.

Look !—in one hand a heavy lanthorn swings
 Fill'd with a crimson light ;
 And round the frame wind-blown and shivering clings
 A robe of starry white. . . .

O Death, pale Death,
 Well may thy cold heart beat !
 The Form that comes hath pierc'd hands, O Death,
 And bloody pierc'd feet.

Slowly he crawleth under the cold skies,
 His limbs trail heavy as lead,
 Pale fix'd blue his eyes are, like the eyes
 Of one that sleeps stone-dead.

Ay me, for never thro' so white a wold
 Walk'd one so sadly fair—
 The white snows drift, the wind blows shrill and cold,
 And those soft feet are bare. . . .

O who is this that walks the wintry night,
 With naked hands and feet !
 O who is this that bears a blood-red light,
 And wears a winding-sheet !

The night is still, no living thing makes moan ;
 Silent the cold skies loom ;—
 But hark ! what voice is this, so faintly blown
 Across the gloom ?

“ Balder ! Balder ! ”
 Hush ! that cry !
 The Form stands white i’ the chilly night,
 Holding its lamp on high.

“ Balder ! Balder !
 Where art thou ? ”
 The snow smooths still with fingers chill
 Dead Balder’s brow.

O gentle Death,
 Whose is this homeless cry ?
 What sad Shape stands with lifted hands
 Alone under the sky ?

“ Balder ! O Balder !
 Answer me ! ”
 He stands and softly cries,
 And vacant are his eyes,
 As if they cannot see !

Yet in the weary gloom full soft they glow,
 And fix themselves at last—
 He sees dead Balder sleeping in the snow,
 And hither he fleeteth fast.

He comes now swifter than a bark
 Which bitter tempests blow ;
 Dreadful he flashes down the dark,
 With black prints on the snow.

“ Wake, Balder ! wake ! ”
 His voice calls now—
 The shrill cry circles like a snake
 Round Balder’s brow !

Oh, who is this that haunts the wintry night
 With naked hands and feet ?
 O who is this that bears a blood-red light
 And wears a winding-sheet ?

There is a gleam his brow and hair
 Ev’n as ands,
 Swiftly he c side, and there,

And Death crawls moaning from his snowy seat
 To grasp his raiment hem,
 And toucheth with his mouth the pierc'd feet,
 Yea, softly kisseth them !

O Death ! pale Death !
 He gazeth down on thee—
 His smile is like no smile of thing of breath,
 Yet is it sweet to see.

He lifts the lamp—and lo ! its red rays glance
 On Balder's sleeping eyes—
 " Balder ! O Balder ! from thy trance
 Arise ! "

Strange flash'd the wondrous ray
 Aslant the silent snows ;
 Death wail'd—and slowly, gaunt and gray,
 Dead Balder rose !

IV.

" WAKE, BALDER ! WAKE ! "
 SILENT rose Balder, ev'n as one
 Who wakens from a swoon,
 Turning his head from side to side
 In the red wintry moon.
 Wrapt in his winding-sheet of snow
 He loom'd in the dim light,
 And marble-pale his chill cheeks
 gleam'd
 Under his locks of white.
 " Wake, Balder ! wake ! " the strange
 voice cried ;
 Dead Balder woke and heard,
 And turn'd his face to his who came,
 Shiv'ring, but spake no word.
 " Wake, Balder ! wake ! " the strange
 voice cried ;
 And Balder woke and knew,—
 And lo ! upon his lips and hair
 A golden glimmer grew !
 " O who art thou with blessed voice,
 Who biddest my heart beat ?
 And wherefore hast thou waken'd me
 From sleep so heavenly sweet ? "

Then answer'd back that wondrous
 Form,
 In a clear voice and low,
 Stretching his arms and brightening,
 White-robed, and pale as snow.
 " I am thine elder Brother
 Come from beyond the sea ;
 For many a weary night and day
 I have been seeking thee ! "
 Oh, Balder's eyes are burning
 bright,
 And smiles are on his face—
 " I dream'd ; and saw one with a lamp
 Passing from place to place.
 " And ever, as he wander'd on,
 Softly he cried on me—
 Art thou mine elder Brother ?
 Then shall my lips kiss thee ! "
 " I am thine elder Brother,
 Come from beyond the sea ;
 Balder, my brother Balder,
 Kiss thou me ! "
 Death moans, and crouching on the
 snow,
 Uplooketh with eyes dim,
 For Balder on his Brother's breast
 Hath fallen, kissing him.

"Thou art mine elder Brother,"
 The risen Balder cries ;
 "I know thee by thy gentle voice
 And by thy tearful eyes.
 "Thou art mine elder Brother,
 Most blest and sad and sweet,
 Yet wherefore hast thou pierc'd
 hands
 And naked pierc'd feet ?
 "O wherefore are thy cheeks so chill,
 Thy lips so cold and blue,
 And wherefore com'st thou in thy
 shroud,
 As if arisen too ? "
 The white Christ smiled in Balder's
 face,
 But softly his tears ran—
 "Like thee I lived, like thee I loved,
 And died, like thee, for Man."

v.

THE BIRTH AND DEATH.

THE white Christ cried, and on the
 air
 His voice like music rang,
 And Balder listen'd silently,
 As if an angel sang.
 "Out of the dark Earth was I born,
 Under the shining blue,
 And to a human height I rose,
 And drank the light, and grew.
 "The land was beauteous where I
 dwelt,
 A still and silent land,
 Where little pools of heaven fall
 And gleam 'mid wastes of sand.
 "I loved the bright beasts of the
 earth,
 And birds both great and small ;
 I loved all God made beautiful,
 But mortals most of all.
 "For on their fac
 And in their

I saw the shadow of the dream
 Which nightly sadden'd mine.
 "But when I knew their days were
 dark,
 And all their spirits sore,
 Because of this same silent Death
 Creeping from door to door,
 "I raised my hands to heaven and
 cried
 On him that fashioned me,
 My Father dear who dwells in
 heaven,
 And suffers Death to be.
 "And sweet and low this answer
 came
 Out of the quiet sky—
 'All that is beautiful shall abide,
 All that is base shall die !'
 "Take thou thy Cross and bear it
 well,
 And seek my servant Death :
 Thou too shalt wither like a flower
 Before his bitterest breath.
 "Yea, thou shalt slumber in his arms
 Three nights and days, and then,
 With that cold kiss upon thy lips,
 Awaken once again !
 "And when thou wakenest at last
 Thy work is yet undone,
 For thou shalt roam the Earth, and
 seek
 Thy Brethren one by one !
 "Yea, one by one unto thy heart
 Thy kin shall gather'd be,
 Each pallid from the kiss of Death,
 And beautiful like thee !'
 "O Balder, when my dark day came,
 And in despair I died,
 The same white Death sang low to
 me,
 & croucheth at thy side !
 my living breath was gone
 A long nights and days,

And by my side the Phantom knelt
Like one that waits and prays.

"But when my Father's voice again
Came faint and low to me,
I rose out of my grave, and saw
Earth sleeping silently.

"He who had hush'd me in his arms
Was busy other-where. . . .
I stood and watch'd my Father's
eyes
Shine down thro' azure air.

"Then softly, with a happy smile,
Along the land I crept,
And found the men that I had
loved,
Who waited, lived, and wept.

"And lo, I bless'd them one and all,
And cried with human cry,
'All that is beautiful shall abide,
All that is base shall die.'

"And when that loving task was
done,
My soul took better cheer,
And wandering thro' the world un-
seen,
I sought my Brethren dear.

"All in my snowy robe of white
From realm to realm I trod,
To seek my Brethren who had died,
The golden Sons of God!"

VI.

THE PARACLETES.

"I WANDER'D east, to shining realms
Of bright and brazen day,
And there, by a great river's side,
I saw a Brother pray.

"For past his feet the corpses drave
Along the yellow tide,
Chased by the gleaming water-snakes
And vultures crimson-ayed.

"And from the banks there rose a
wail

Of women for their dead;
They wept and tore their linen robes,
And plunged 'neath wheels of
dread.

"Upon his brow he wore a crown,
But his black feet were bare,
And in his bright and brooding eyes
There dwelt a piteous care.

"From his red lips there came a
sound
Like music of a psalm,
And they that listened ceased their
tears
And grew divinely calm.

"On his own grave he sat and
smiled,
A spirit dark and sweet,
And there were flowers upon his
head,
And fruits around his feet. . . .

"I wander'd west where eagles soar
Far o'er the realms of rains,
And there, among pale mountain
peaks,
One hung in iron chains.

"His head was hoary as the snow
Of that serene cold clime,
Yet like a child he smiled, and sang
The cradle song of Time.

"And as he sang upon his cross,
And in no human tones,
The cruel gods who placed him there
Were shaken on their thrones.

"I kiss'd him softly on the lips,
And smiling set him free—
He wanders now in the green wold,
Divine, like thee and me. . . .

"Then faring on with foot of fire
I cross'd the mighty main,
And to a continent I came
Wash'd green with dew and rain.

"There swift as lightning in the sun.
Ran beauteous flocks and herds,
And there were forests flashing
bright,
And mani-colour'd birds.

"And there the red-skin'd hunters
chased
The deer and wild black kine,—
And lo! another gentle god
Was sitting in a shrine!

"His skin enwrought as if he lived,
With mystic signs, sat he;
Shaven his forehead, and his face
Was painted terribly.

"Yet was he gentle as the dew,
And gracious as the rain:
With healing gifts he made men
strong
Upon that mighty plain. . . .

"I wander'd south, where rivers roll'd,
Yellow with slime and sand,
And, black against a blood-red sky,
I saw another stand.

"Two cymbals held he as he stood,
And clash'd them with shrill wail:
The clash was as the thunder's voice,
Heard 'mid the drifting gale.

"Black was his skin as blackest
night,
Naked as night each limb,
Yet in his eyeballs, on his cheeks,
The heavenly dew did swim. . . .

"O Balder, these thy Brethren were
Surely as they were mine.
I wander north, and thee I find
The best and most divine!

"Yea, each of these was offered up
As thou hast been, and I;
Their blood was drifted ev'n as
smoke
Up to the silent sky.

"All these loved Man
Earth
As thou hast done

And each of these by stronger gods
Was smitten down to die.

"Yet ever when I came, and spake
The word and made the sign,
Their souls grew strong in gentle-
ness,
And rose again with mine!

"Yea, for the love of living men
They rose renew'd in breath,
And smote the strong gods from
their thrones
With looks made strong thro'
Death.

"With faces fair they rose and
wrought
Against the gods with me,
To make the green Earth beautiful
From shining sea to sea.

"Yea, Balder, these thy Brethren
were,
Surely as they were mine;
My Father's blessing on thy lips,
For thou, too, art divine!"

VII.

BENEATH his feet the pale Death
crouch'd,
Ev'n as a lean white bear,
Watching with dim and dreamful
eyes
That face so strangely fair.

But paler, sadder, wearier,
Stood Balder in his shroud,
While overhead a star's still hand
Parted the drifting cloud.

And from the lattices of heaven
The star looked down on him;
But Balder smiled not, and his eyes
With tearful dews were dim.

"O Brother, on my sense still lies
The burthen of my sleep,
A weight is on me like the weight
Of winter on the Deep.

"For I remember as I wake
 Mine old glad life of dream—
 The vision of the bridal Earth,
 The glory and the gleam.

"Oh, beautiful was the bright Earth,
 And round her purple bed
 The torches of great rivers burnt
 Amber and gold and red!

"And beautiful were living men
 Wandering to and fro,
 With sun and moon and stars for
 lights,
 And lamps of leaves below!

"But evermore this phantom Death
 Was darkening the Sun,
 Seeking the sweetest to destroy
 And surely sparing none.

"And lo, I live, and at my feet
 Death cold and silent lies,—
 While in thine own dear Father's
 name
 Thou biddest me arise.

"O wherefore should I rise at all
 Since all is black above,
 And trampled 'neath the feet of gods
 Lie all the shapes I love?

"Ay me, the dead are strewn with
 snows,
 They sleep and cannot see,
 With no soft voice to waken *them*,
 As thine has waken'd me.

"And wherefore should my soul for-
 get
 What cruel kin were mine,
 Tho' in another Father's name
 Thou greetest me divine?"

The white Christ gazed in Balder's
 face,
 And held his hand, and cried,
 "Divine thou art and beautiful,
 And therefore *must* abide!

"And in mine own dear Father's
 name
 I greet and bid thee rise,

And we shall stand before his throne
 And look into his eyes."

But Balder moaned, "Who made the
 Earth,
 And all things foul or fair?
 Who made the white bear on the
 berg,
 The eagle in the air?"

"Who made the Lightning's forked
 flame,
 Who Thunder's blacken'd brand?
 Who fashion'd Death, with fatal eyes,
 Chill breath, and clammy hand?"

Death moan'd and clung to Balder's
 feet,
 And utter'd forth a cry—
 A hundred starry hands drew back
 The curtains of the sky;

And countless eyes look'd calmly
 down
 Thro' azure clear and cold,
 And lo! the round red Moon became
 A shining lily of gold!

Then on the wilderness of snow
 A sudden sheen was shed,
 And splendour as of starlight grew
 Around the white Christ's head.

And Christ cried, smiling down on
 Death,
 Making a mystic sign,
 "Now blessings on my servant
 Death,
 For *he* too is divine.

"O Balder, he who fashion'd us,
 And bade *us* live and move,
 Shall weave for Death's sad heavenly
 hair
 Immortal flowers of love.

"Ah! never fail'd my servant Death,
 Whene'er I named his name,—
 But at my bidding he hath flown
 As swift as frost or flame.

"Yea, as a sleuth-hound tracks a man,
 And finds his form, and springs,

So hath he hunted down the gods
As well as human things!

"Yet only thro' the strength of
Death

A god shall fall or rise—
A thousand lie on the cold Earth,
Stone still, with marble eyes.

"But whosoe'er shall conquer Death,
Tho' mortal man be he,
Shall in his season rise again,
And live, with thee, and me!

"And whosoe'er loves mortals most
Shall conquer Death the best,
Yea, whosoe'er grows beautiful
Shall grow divinely blest."

The white Christ raised his shining
face

To that still bright'ning sky.
"Only the beautiful shall abide,
Only the base shall die!"

VIII.

BUT Balder moan'd, "O beauteous
Earth,
Now lying cold and dead,
Bright flash'd the lamps of flowers
and stars

Around thy golden head!

"And beautiful were beast and bird,
And lamb and speckled snake,
And beautiful were human things
Who gladden'd for my sake!

"But lo! on one and all of those
Blew the cold blighting breath,
Until I died that they might live,
And bought their life with death.

"Behold! I live, and all is dark,
And wasted is my pain,
For glimmering at my feet I see
The fatal eyes again.

"Why stays he here upon the Earth?
Why lingers he below

The empty Heavens?
'Tis en

Death look'd up with a loving face,
And smiled from the white
ground;—

The stars that sat upon their
thrones
Seem'd singing with low sound.

The white Christ cried, "The green
Earth lives;

She sleeps, but hath not died—
She and all fair things thou hast
named
Shall quicken and abide.

"O Balder, those great gods to whom
Thy radiant life was given,
Were far too weak to keep their
plight
And summon Death to heaven.

"There is no god of all thy kin
Dare name that name aloud:
When his cold hand was on thy
heart,
Each crouch'd within his cloud.

"Thou couldst not buy the boon of
those,
They were too weak and poor;
Fain would they buy a boon of thee,
Now thy strange sleep is o'er!

"Yet now for evermore fulfilled
Is thine ancestral rune,
For thou indeed hast conquer'd
Death,
And won thy gentle boon.

"Yea, thou hast died as fair things
die
In earth, and air, and deep,
Yet thou hast risen thrice beautiful
Out of thy solemn sleep.

"For life thrice sealed and sancti-
fied
Is on thy lips and eyes;
And whatsoe'er grows fair like thee
By Love shall also rise.

"For out of beauty cast away
Another beauty grows:

What Death reaps in the fields of
life

In fairer fields he sows.

"And thro' a thousand gates of
gloom,

With tracts of life between,
The creatures that the Maker made
Creep on, now hid, now seen ;

"And duly out of every doom
A sweeter issue flows,
As out of dreary dooms of gods
At last thy glory rose.

"And fairer yet, and ever fair,
Thy soul divine shall gleam,
A spirit springing from a tomb,
And rainbow'd into dream !

"O kiss me, Brother, on the mouth,
Yea, kiss me thrice again ;
For when I feel thy kiss, I feel
The sun, and the wind, and the
rain !

"The dead Earth wakens 'neath thy
feet,
Flame kindles thro' the sod. . . .
O kiss me with thy human lips,
Thou brightest born of God !"

IX.

"BALDER ! Balder !"

And Balder said,
Turning round his gentle head,
"I hear !"

"And thou, my servant Death,
Kneeling low with hushed breath,
While my hand is on thy hair !"

Death made answer, kneeling there,
"I hear !"

"At last the cold snows cease,
The white world is hush'd in peace,
The sky is clear, the storm has gone ;
Stars are rising to light us on—
In the north the moon grows gray,—
Take my hand and come away !"

"Whither, O whither ?"

"Where the City lies within
Dwell the mighty gods thy kin ;—
O Balder, lead me thither !"

"Across the darkness and the day,
Long and dreary is the way—
O'er chill wastes of misery,
Past the silent Frozen Sea,
Where the white bears lean and old
Run and shiver in the cold—
Where the great ice-mountains rise
Violet-blue against the skies,
Then across the wondrous Bow

Only gods and ghosts may tread,—
Beyond the sea, above the snow,
Where the sunfire shineth red ;
There the night lies and no day—
Long and weary is the way—
O Brother, fare not thither !"

"Broken is the great long night,
Rising yonder is the light ;
Half our task is yet to do—
Come ! and thou, Death, follow too—
O Balder, lead me thither !"

Far away across the gloom,
Rose-red like a rose in bloom,
Flashing, changing, ray by ray,
Glorious as the ghost of day,
Gleam'd in one vast aureole
Shifting splendours of the Pole.
All across the vault of blue
Shooting lights and colours flew,
And the Milky Way shone there
Like a bosom white and bare,
Stirring, throbbing, as if moved
By some heart that lived and loved.
Night was broken, and grew bright.
See the countless lamps of light
Swinging, flashing, near and far,
Cast their glancing gleams below,—
And the steadfast polar star
Throbb'd close down upon the
snow. . . .

"Take my hand, and let us go !"

End of Part II.

(The Third and concluding Part will appear next month.)

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

METAPHYSICAL STUDY.

BY "Metaphysical Study," or "Metaphysics," I mean—what seems intended by the designation in its current employment at present—the circle of the mental or subjective sciences. The central department of the field is **PSYCHOLOGY**, and the adjunct to psychology is **LOGIC**, which has its foundations partly in psychology, but still more in the sciences altogether, whose procedure it gathers up and formulates. The outlying and dependent branches are:—the narrow metaphysics or ontology, ethics, sociology, together with art or æsthetics. There are other applied sciences of the department, as education and philology.

The branches most usually looked upon as the cognate or allied studies of the subjective department of human knowledge are, psychology, logic, ontology, ethics. The debates in a society like the present* will generally be found to revolve in the orbit thus chalked out. It is the sphere of the most animated controversies, and the widest discordance of view. The branch most nearly connected with the group is sociology, which under that name, and under the older title, the philosophy of history, has opened up a new series of problems, of the kind to divide opinions and provoke debate. A quieter interest attaches to æsthetics, although a not unfruitful application and test of psychological laws.

My remarks will embrace, first, the aims, real and factitious, in the study of this group of sciences; and next, the polemic conduct

* This paper was delivered in the form of an Address to the Edinburgh University Philosophical Society, on the 28th of March.

of such study, or the utility and management of debating societies, instituted in connection therewith.

The two sciences—psychology and logic—I consider the fundamental and knowledge-giving departments. The others are the applications of these to the more stirring questions of human life. Now, the successful cultivation of the field requires you to give at least as much attention to the root sciences as you give to the branch sciences. That is to say, psychology, in its pure and proper character, and logic, in its systematic array, should be kept before the view, concurrently with ontology, ethics, and sociology. Essays and debates tending to clear up and expound systematic psychology and systematic logic should form an equal half of the society's work.

Does any one feel a doubt upon the point, as so stated? If so, it will lie upon him to show that psychology, in its methodical pursuit, is a needless and superfluous employment of strength; that the problems of ethics, ontology, &c., can be solved without it—a somewhat difficult assertion so long as they are unsolved in any way. I have no space for indulging in a dissertation on the value of methodical study and arrangement in the extension of our knowledge, as opposed to the promiscuous mingling of different kinds of facts, a thing often required in practice, but repugnant to the increase of knowledge. If you want to improve your acquaintance with the sense of touch, you accumulate and methodize all the experiences relating to touch; you compare them, see whether they are consistent or inconsistent, select the good, reject the bad, improve the statement of one by light borrowed from the others; you mark desiderata, experiments to be tried, or observations to be sought. All that time you refrain from wandering into other spheres of mental phenomena. You make use of comparison with the rest of the senses, it may be, but you keep strictly to the points of analogy, where mutual lights are to be had. This is the culture of knowledge as such, and is the best, the essential preparation for practical questions involving the particular subject along with others.

To take an example from the question of the will. I do not object to the detaching and isolating of the problem of free-will, as a matter for discussion and debate; but I think that it can be handled to equal, if not greater advantage, in the systematic psychology of voluntary power. Those that have never tried it in this last form have not attained the best vantage-ground for overcoming the inevitable subtleties that invest it.

The great problem of external perception has a psychological place, where its difficulties are very much attenuated, to say the least of it; and, however convenient it may be to treat it as a detached problem, we should carry with us into the discussion all

the lights that we obtain while regarding it as it stands among the intellectual powers.

It is in systematic psychology that we are most free to attend to the defining of terms (without which a professed science is mere moonshine), to the formulating of axioms and generalities, to the concatenating and taking stock of all the existing knowledge, and to the appraising of that at its real value. If these things are neglected, there is nothing that I see to constitute a psychology at all.

As to the other fundamental science, logic, the same remarks may be repeated. Of debated questions, a certain number pertain properly to logic; yet most of these relate to logic at its points of contact with psychology. Since we have got out of the narrow round of the Aristotelian syllogism, we have agreed to call logic *ars artium*, or, better still, *scientia scientiarum*, the science that deals with the sciences altogether—both object sciences and subject sciences. Now this I take to be a study quite apart from psychology in particular, although, as I have said, touching it at several points. It reviews all science and all knowledge, as to its structure, method, arrangement, classification, probation, enlargement. It deals in generalities the most general of any. By taking up what belongs to all knowledge, it seems to rise above the matter of knowledge to the region of pure form; it demands, therefore, a peculiar subtlety of handling, and may easily land us, as we are all aware, in knotty questions and quagmires.

Now what I have to repeat in this connection is that you should, in your debates, overhaul portions or chapters of systematic logic, with a view to present the difficulties in their natural position in the subject. You might, for example, take up the question as to the province of logic, with its divisions, parts, and order, all which admit of many various views, and bring forward the vexed controversies under lights favourable to their resolution. Regarding logic as an aid to the faculties in tackling with the abstruse, you should endeavour to cultivate and enhance its powers in this particular, by detailed exposition and criticism of all its canons and prescriptions. The department of classification is a good instance; a region full of delicate subtleties and "bread-and-butter" applications.

It is in this last view of logic that we can canvass systems upon the ground of their method or procedure alone. Looking at the absence, in any given system, of the arts and precautions that are indispensable to the establishment of truth in the circumstances, we may pronounce against it, *à priori*; we know that such a system can be true only by accident, or else by miracle. We may reasonably demand of a system-builder,—Is he in the narrow way

that leadeth to truth, or in the broad way that leadeth somewhere else?

I have said that I consider the connection between logic and psychology to be but slender, although not unimportant. The amount and nature of this connection would reward a careful consideration. There would be considerable difficulty in seeing any connection at all between the Aristotelian syllogism and psychology, but for the high-sounding designations appended to the notion and the proposition—simple apprehension and judgment—of which I fail to discover the propriety or relevance. I know that Grote gave a very profound turn to the employment of the term “judgment” by Aristotle, as being a recognition of the relativity of knowledge to the affirming mind. I am not to say, absolutely, “Ice is cold;” I am to say that, to the best of my judgment or belief, or in so far as I am concerned, ice is cold. This, however, has little to do with the logic of the syllogism, and not much with any logic. So, when we speak of a “notion,” we must understand it as apprehended by some mind; but for nearly all purposes, this is assumed tacitly; it need not appear in a formal designation, which, not being wanted, is calculated to mislead.

With these remarks on the two fundamental sciences of our group, I now turn to the applied or derivative sciences, in which the great controversies stand out most conspicuous, which, in fact, exist for the purposes of contention—ontology and ethics. These branches were in request long before the mother-sciences—psychology and logic—came into being at all. They had occupied their chief positions without consulting the others, partly because these were not there to consult, and partly because they were not inclined to consult any extraneous authority. By ontology we may designate the standing controversies of the intellectual powers—perception, innate ideas, nominalism *versus* realism, and noumenon *versus* phenomenon. I am not going to pronounce upon these questions; I have already recommended the alternative mode of approaching them under systematic psychology and logic; and I will now regard them as constituents of the fourfold enumeration of the metaphysical sciences.

The Germans may be credited for teaching us, or trying to teach us, to distinguish “bread and butter” from what passes beyond, transcends bread and butter. With them the distinction is thoroughly ingrained, and comes to hand at a moment’s notice. If I am to review in detail what may be considered the practical or applied departments of logic and psychology, I am in danger of trenching on their “bread and butter” region. Before descending, therefore, into the larder, let us first spend a few seconds in considering psychology as the pursuit of *truth* in all

that relates to our mental constitution. If difficulty be a stimulus to the human exertions, it may be found here. To ascertain, fix, and embody the precise truth in regard to the facts of the mind, is about as hard an undertaking as could be prescribed to a man. But this is another way of saying that psychology is not a very advanced science; is not well stored with clear and certain doctrines; and is unable, therefore, to confer any very great precision in its dependent branches, whether purely speculative or practical. In a word, the greatest modesty or humility is the becoming deportment of all that engage in this field of labour, even when doing their best; while the same virtues in even greater measure are due from those engaging in it without doing their best.

It must be admitted, however, that the highest evidence and safeguard of truth is application. In every other science, the utility test is final. The great parent sciences—mathematics, physics, chemistry, physiology—have each a host of filial dependents, in close contact with the supply of human wants; and the success of the applications is the testimony to the truth of the sciences applied. Thus, although we may not narrow the sphere of truth to bread and butter, yet we have no surer test of the truth itself. Our trade requires navigation, and navigation verifies astronomy; and but for navigation we may be pretty confident that astronomy would now have very little accuracy to boast of.

To come then to the practical bearings or outgoings of psychology, assisted by logic. My contention is that the parent sciences and the filial sciences should be carried on together; that theses should be extracted by turns from all; that the lights thus obtained would be mutual. I will support the position by a review of the subjects thus drawn into the metaphysical field.

Foremost among these applied sciences I would place EDUCATION, the subject of the day. The priority of mention is due not so much to its special or pre-eminent importance, as to its being the most feasible and hopeful of the practical applications of conjoined psychology and logic. I say this, however, with a more express eye to intellectual education. I deem it quite possible to frame a practical science applicable to the training of the intellect that shall be precise and definite in a very considerable measure. The elements that make up our intellectual furniture can be stated with clearness; the laws of intellectual growth or acquisition are almost the best ascertained generalities of the human mind; even the most complicated studies can be analyzed into their components, partly by psychology and partly by the higher logic. In a word, if we cannot make a science of education, as far as intellect is concerned, we may abandon metaphysical study altogether.

I do not speak with the same confidence as to moral education. There has long been in existence a respectable rule-of-thumb practice in this region, the result of a sufficiently wide experience. There are certain psychological laws, especially those relating to the formation of moral habits, that have a considerable value; but to frame a theory of moral education, on a level in point of definiteness with the possible theory of intellectual education, is a task that I should not like to be imposed upon me. In point of fact, two problems are joined in one, to the confusion of both. There is first the vast question of moral control, which stretches far and wide over many fields, and would have to be tracked with immense labour; it belongs to the arts of government; it comes under moral suasion, as exercised by the preacher and orator; it even implicates the tact of diplomacy. I do not regard this as a properly educational question (although it refers to an art that every teacher must try to master); that is to say, its solution is not connected with education processes strictly so called. The second problem of moral education is the one really within the scope of the subject—the problem of fixing moral bents or habits, when the right conduct is once initiated. On this head, some scientific insight is attainable; and suggestions of solid value may in time accrue, although there never can be the precision attainable in the intellectual region.

I will next advert to the applied science of Art, or *ÆSTHETICS*, long a barren ground, so far as scientific handling was concerned, but now a land of promise. The old thesis, "What is Beauty?" a good debating society topic, is, I hope, past contending about. The numerous influences that concur in works of art, or in natural beauty, present a fine opening for delicate analysis; at the same time, they implicate the vaguest and least advanced portion of psychology—the emotions. The German philosophers have usually ranked *æsthetics* as one of the subjective sciences; but it is only of late that the department has taken shape in their country. Lessing gave a great impulse to literary art, and originated a number of pregnant suggestions; and the German love of music has necessarily led to theories as well as to compositions. We are now in the way to that consummation of *æsthetics* which may be described as containing a reference to psychology as the mother-science, a classification, comparison, and contrast of the fine arts themselves, and an induction of the principles of art composition from the best examples. Anything like a thorough sifting of fine-art questions would strain psychology at every point—senses, emotions, intellect; and if criticism is to go deep, it must ground upon psychological reasons. Now the mere artist can never be a psychologist; the art critic may, but seldom will; hence, as they

won't come over to us, some of us must go over to them. The art discussion of the greatest fountains of human feeling—love and anger—would react with advantage upon the very difficult psychology of these emotions, so long the sport of superficiality.

But I hold that æsthetics is but a corner of a larger field that is seldom even named among the sciences of mind; I mean human happiness as a whole, "eudæmonics," or "hedonics," or whatever you please to call it. That the subject is neglected, I do not affirm; but it is not cultivated in the proper place, or in the proper light-giving connection—that is to say, under the psychology of the human feelings. It should have at once a close reference to psychology, and an independent construction: while either in comprehending æsthetics, or in lying side by side with that, it would give and receive illumination. The researches now making into the laws and limits of human sensibility, if they have any value, ought to lead to the economy of pleasure and the abatement of pain. The analysis of sensation and of emotion points to this end. Whoever raises any question as to human happiness should refer it, in the first instance, to psychology, in the next to some general scheme that would answer for a science of happiness, and thirdly to an induction of the facts of human experience; the three distinct appeals correcting one another. If psychology can as yet contribute nothing to the point, it confesses to a desideratum for future inquirers.

I am not at all satisfied with the coupling of happiness with ethics, as usually done. Ethics is the sphere of duty; happiness is mentioned only to be repressed and discouraged. This is not the situation for unfolding all the blossoms of human delight, nor for studying to allay every rising uneasiness. He would be a rare ethical philosopher that would permit full scope to such an operation within his grounds; neither Epicurus nor Bentham could come up to this mark. But even if the thing were permitted, the lights are not there; it is only between the parent psychology and the æsthetic derivative that the work can be done. It is neither disrespect nor disadvantage to duty that it is not mentioned in the department until the very end. To cultivate happiness is not selfishness or vice, unless you confine it to self; and the mere act of inquiring does not so confine it. If you are in other respects a selfish man, you will apply your knowledge for your own sole behoof; if you are not selfish, you will apply it for the good of others also, which is another name for virtue.

But the obstacles to a science of happiness are not solely due to the gaps and deficiencies in our psychological knowledge; they are equally owing to the prevailing terrorism in favour of self-denial at all hands. Many of the maxims as to happiness would not stand examination if people felt themselves free to discuss

them. You must work yourselves into a fervour of revolt and defiance before you call in question Paley's declaration that "happiness is equally distributed among all orders of the community." I do not know whether I should wonder most at the cheerful temperament or the complacent optimism of Adam Smith, when he asks, "What can be added to the happiness of the man who is in health, who is out of debt, and has a clear conscience?" When the greatest philosophers talk thus, what is to be expected from the unphilosophic mob? The dependence of happiness on activity is always kept very loose, it may be for the convenience of shutting our mouth against complaints of being overworked. To render this dependence precise is a matter of pure psychology.

Before coming to Ethics, I must, as a preparation, view another derivative branch of psychology, the old subject of politics and society, under its new name, SOCIOLOGY. It is obvious that all terms used in describing social facts and their generalities are terms of mind; command and obedience, law and right, order and progress, are notions made up of human feelings, purposes, and thoughts.

Sociology is usually studied in its own special field, and nowhere else; that is to say, the sociologist employs himself in observing and comparing the operations of societies under all variety of circumstances, and in all historic ages. The field is essentially human nature, and the laws arrived at are laws of human nature. A consummate sociologist is not often to be found; the really great theorists on society could be counted on one's fingers. Some of them have been psychologists as well; I need mention only Aristotle, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, the Mills. Others, as Vico, Montesquieu, Millar, Condorcet, Auguste Comte, De Tocqueville, have not independently studied the mind on the broad psychological basis. Now the bearings on sociology of a pure psychological preparation can be convincingly shown. The laws of society, if not the merest empiricisms, are derivative laws of the mind; and a theorist cannot be trusted with the handling of a derivative law, unless he knows, as well as can be known, the simple or constituent laws. All the elements of human character crop up in men's social relations; in the foreground are their self-interest or sense of self-preservation, together with their social and anti-social promptings; a little farther back are their active energy, their intelligence, their artistic feelings, and their religious susceptibilities. Now all these should be broadly examined as elements of the mind, without an immediate reference to the political machine. Of course, the social feelings need a social situation, and cannot be studied without that; but there are many social

situations that give scope for examining them, besides what is contemplated in political society ; and the psychologist proper ought to avail himself of all the opportunities of rendering the statement of these various elements precise. For this purpose his chief arm is the ultimate analysis of the various faculties and feelings. This analysis nobody but himself cares to institute; and yet a knowledge of the ultimate constitution of an emotional tendency is one of the best aids in appreciating its mode of working. Without a good preliminary analysis of the social and anti-social emotions, for example, you are almost sure to be counting the same thing twice over, or else confounding two different facts under one designation. On the one hand the precise relationship of the states named as love, sympathy, disinterestedness, and on the other hand the common basis of domination, resentment, pride, egotism, should be distinctly cleared up, as is possible only in psychological study strictly so called. The workings of the religious sentiment cannot be shown sociologically, without a previous analysis of the constituent emotions.

An allusion so very slender to so vast a subject as sociology would be a waste of words, but for the conviction that through sociology is the way to that great field of ethics. This is to reverse the traditional arrangement—ethics, politics, legislation—followed even by Bentham. The lights of ethics are, in the first instance, psychological; its discussions presuppose a number of definitions and distinctions that are pure psychology. But before these have to be adduced, the subject has to be set forth as a problem of sociology. “How is the King’s government to be carried on?” “How is society to be held together?” is the first consideration; and the sociologist, as constitution-builder, administrator, judge, is the one to grapple with the problem. It is with him that law, obligation, right, command, obedience, sanction, have their origin and their explanation. Ethics is an important supplement to social or political law, but it is still a department of law. In any other view it is a maze, a mystery, a hopeless embroilment.

That ethics is involved in society is of course admitted; what is not admitted is that ethical terms should be settled under the social science in the first place. I may refer to the leading term “law,” whose meaning in sociology is remarkably clear; in ethics remarkably the reverse. The confusion deepens when the moral faculty is brought forward. In the eye of the sociologist nothing could be simpler than the conception of that part of our nature that is appealed to for securing obedience. He assumes a certain effort of the intelligence for understanding the significance of a command or a law; and for the motive part he counts upon nothing but volition in most ordinary form—the avoidance of a pain. Intelligence and will, in their usual and recognized

workings, are all that are required for social obedience; law is conceived and framed exactly to suit the every-day and every-hour manifestations of these powers. The lawgiver does not speak of an obedience-faculty, nor even of a social-faculty. If there were in the mind a power unique and apart, having nothing in common with our usual intelligence, and nothing in common with our usual will or volition, that power ought to be expressed in terms that exclude the smallest participation of both knowledge and will; it ought to have a form special to itself, and not the form—"Do this, and ye shall be made to suffer."

I am quite aware that there are elements in ethics not included in the problem of social obedience; what I contend for is that the ground should be cleared by marking out the two provinces, as is actually done by a very small number of theorists, of whom John Austin is about the best example.

The ethical philosopher, from not building on a foregone sociology, is obliged to extemporize in a paragraph the social system; just as if the physical philosopher had no regularly constructed mathematics to fall back upon, but stopped every now and then to enounce a mathematical theorem.

The question of the ethical end should first appear as the question of the sociological end. For what purpose or purposes is society maintained? All the ethical difficulties are here met by anticipation, and in a form much better adapted to their solution. It is from the point of view of the social ruler that you learn reserve, moderation, and sobriety in your aims; you learn to think that something much less than the Utopias—universal happiness and universal virtue—should be propounded; you find that a definite and limited province can be assigned, separating what the social power is able to do, must do, and can advantageously do, from what it is unable to do, need not do, and cannot advantageously do; and this or a similar demarcation is reproducible in ethics.

The precepts of ethics are mainly the precepts of social authority; at all events the social precepts and their sanctions have the priority in scientific method. Some of the highest virtues are sociological; patriotic self-sacrifice is one of the conditions of social preservation. The inculcation of this and of many other virtues would not appear in ethics at all, or only in a supplementary treatment, if social science took its proper sphere, and fully occupied that sphere.

Once more. The great problem of moral control, which I should remove entirely from a science of education, would be first dealt with in Sociology. It there appears in the form of the choice and gradation of punishments, in prison discipline, and in the reformation of criminals, all which have been made the subject

of enlightened, not to say scientific treatment. In the best experience in those subjects, I would begin to seek for lights on the comprehensive question. I would next go to diplomacy for the arts of delicate address in reconciling opposing interests; after which I would look to the management of parties and conflicting interests in the State. I would farther inquire how armies are disciplined, and subordination combined with the enthusiasm that leads to noble deeds.

There is an abundant field for the application of pure psychology to ethics, when it takes its own proper ground. The exact psychological character of disinterested impulse needs to be assigned; and, if that impulse can be fully referred to the sympathetic or social instincts and habits, the supposed moral faculty is finally eviscerated of its contents for all ethical purposes.

So far I have exemplified what seem to me real or genuine aims and applications of metaphysical study. I now proceed to the objects that are more or less factitious. We are here on delicate ground, and run the risk of discrediting our pursuit as regards the very things that in the eyes of many people make its value.

First, then, as psychology comprises all our sensibilities, pleasures, affections, aspirations, capacities, it is thought on that ground to have a special nobility and greatness, and a special power of evoking in the student the feelings themselves. The mathematician, dealing with conic sections, spirals, and differential equations, is in danger of being ultimately resolved into a function or a co-efficient; the metaphysician, by investigating conscience, must become conscientious; driving fat oxen is the way to grow fat.

But to pass to a far graver application. It has usually been supposed that metaphysical theory is more especially akin to the speculation that mounts to the supernatural and the transcendental world. "Man's relations to the Infinite" is a frequent phrase in the mouth of the metaphysician. Metaphysics is supposed to be "philosophy" by way of eminence; and philosophy in the large sense has not merely to satisfy the curiosity of the human mind, it has to provide scope for its emotions and aspirations; in fact, to play the part of theology. In times when the prevailing orthodox beliefs are shaken, some scheme of philosophy is brought forward to take their place. If I understand aright the drift of the German metaphysical systems for a century back, they all more or less propose to themselves to supply the same spiritual wants as religion supplies. In our own country, such of us as are not under German influence put the matter differently; but we still

consider that we have something to say on the "highest questions." We are apt to believe that on us more than on any other class of thinkers, does it depend whether the prevailing theology shall be upheld, impugned, or transformed. The chief weapons of the defenders of the faith are forged in the schools of metaphysics. Locke and Butler, Reid, Stewart, and Brown are authorities in the halls of theology. And when theology is attacked, its metaphysical buttresses have to be assailed the very first thing. If these are declared unsound, either it must fall, or it must change its front. It is natural theology, more particularly, that is thus allied to metaphysics; yet, not exclusively; for the defence of revelation by miracles involves at the outset a point of logic.

Now I do not mean to say, that this is a purely factitious and ill-grounded employment of the metaphysical sciences. I fully admit that some of the defences of theology, as well as the attacks, have been furnished from psychology, logic, ethics, and ontology. The earliest beliefs in religion, the greatest and strongest convictions, had little to do with any of these departments of speculation. But when simple uninquiring faith gave place to the questionings of the reason, the basis of religion was transferred to the reason-built sciences; and metaphysics came in for a large share in the decision.

What I now maintain is, that there is something factitious in the degree of prominence given to metaphysics in this great enterprise; that its pretensions are excessive, its importance overstated; and when most employed for such a purpose, it is least to be trusted. Theological polemic is only in part conducted through science; and physical science comes in equally with moral. The most serious shocks to the traditional orthodoxy have come from the physical sciences. The argument from design has no doubt a metaphysical or logical element, the estimate of the degree of analogy between the universe and a piece of human workmanship; but the argument itself needs a scientific survey of the entire phenomena of nature, both matter and mind. Our *Bridgewater Treatises* proceeded upon this view; they embraced the consideration of the whole cycle of the sciences, as bearing on the theological argument. The scheme was so far just and to the purpose; the obvious drawback to the value of the *Treatises* lay in their being special pleadings, backed by a fee of a thousand pounds to each writer for maintaining one side. If a similar fee had been given to nine equally able writers to present the other side, the argument from design would have been far more satisfactorily sifted than by the purely metaphysical criticism of Kant.

When theology is supported exclusively by such doctrines as an independent and immaterial soul, a special moral faculty, and what is called free-will,—the metaphysician is a person of importance

in the contest; he is powerful either to uphold or to subvert the fabric. But, if these were ever to constitute the chief stronghold of the faith, its tenure would not be very secure. It is only a metaphysician, however, that believes or disbelieves on metaphysical grounds alone; such a man as Cousin, no doubt, rests his whole spiritual philosophy on this foundation. But the great mass will either adhere to religion in spite of metaphysical difficulties, or abandon it notwithstanding its metaphysical evidences. An eminent man, a citizen of Edinburgh now departed, said in my hearing that he was a believer in Christianity until he became acquainted with geology, when, finding the first chapter of Genesis at variance with geological doctrines, he applied to the Bible the rule *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, and thenceforth abandoned his old belief. I never knew of any one that was so worked upon by a purely metaphysical argument.

The aspect of theological doctrine that has come most to the front of late is the question of the Divine goodness, as shown in the plan of the universe. Speculators are divided between optimism and pessimism. How shall we decide between these extremes, or, if repudiating both, how shall we fix the mean? Is a metaphysician more especially qualified to find out the truth? I hardly think so. I believe he could contribute with others to such a solution as may be possible. He has, we shall suppose, surveyed closely the compass of the human sensibilities, and is able to assign, with more than common precision, what things operate on them favourably or unfavourably. So far good. Then as a logician he is more expert at detecting bad inferences in regard to the form of reasoning; but whether certain allegations of fact are well or ill founded, he may not be able to say, at least out of his own department. If a mixed commission of ten were nominated to adjudicate upon this vast problem, metaphysics might claim to be represented by two.

Least of all do I understand the claims made in behalf of our department to supply the spiritual void in case the old theology is no longer accredited. When one looks closely at the stream and tendency of thought, one sees a growing alliance and kindred between religion and poetry or art. There is, as we know, a dogmatic, precise, severe, logical side of theology, by which creeds are constructed, religious tests imposed, and belief made a matter of legal interpretation. There is also a sentimental, ideal, imaginative side that resists definition, that refuses dogmatic prescription, and seeks only to satisfy spiritual needs and emotions. Metaphysics may no doubt take a part in the dogmatic or doctrinal treatment, but it must qualify itself by Biblical study, and become altogether theology. In the other aspect, metaphysics, as I conceive it, is unavailing; the poet is the proper medium for keeping

up the emotional side, under all transformations of doctrinal belief. But as conceived by others, metaphysics is philosophy and poetry in one; to which I can never agree. The combination of the two, as hitherto exhibited, has been made at the expense of both. The leading terms of philosophy—reason, spirit, soul, the ideal, the infinite, the absolute, the phenomenal, truth, being, consciousness—are lubricated with emotion, and thrown together in ways that defy understanding. The unintelligible, which ought to be the shame of philosophy, is made its glory.

These remarks prepare for the conclusion that I come to as to the scope of metaphysics with reference to the higher questions. That it has bearings upon these questions I allow; and those bearings are legitimately within the range of metaphysical debates. But I make a wide distinction between metaphysical discussion and theological discussion; and do not consider that they can be combined to advantage. In the great latitude of free inquiry in the present day, theology is freely canvassed, and societies might be properly devoted to that express object; but I cannot see any benefit that would arise by a philosophical society undertaking, in addition to its own province, to raise the questions belonging to theology. I am well aware that there is one society of very distinguished persons in the metropolis, calling itself metaphysical, that freely ventures upon the perilous seas of theological debate. Doubtless good comes from any exercise of the liberty of discussion, so long restrained in this region; yet, I can hardly suppose that purely metaphysical studies can thrive in such a connection. Many of the members must think far more of the theological issues than of the cultivation of mental and logical science; and a purely metaphysical debate can seldom be pursued with profit under these conditions.

I conclude with some reflections as to the polemical handling of the metaphysical subjects. We owe to the Greeks the study of philosophy through methodized debate; and the state of scientific knowledge in the age of the early Athenian schools was favourable to that mode of treatment. The conversations of Socrates, the "Dialogues" of Plato, and the "Topica" of Aristotle, are the monuments of Greek contentiousness, turned to account as a great refinement in social intercourse, as a stimulus to individual thought, and a means of advancing at least the speculative departments of knowledge. Grote, in his *Plato*, and in his *Aristotle*, while copiously illustrating all these consequences, has laid extraordinary stress on still another aspect of the polemic of Socrates and Plato, the aspect of free-thought, as against venerated tradition and the received commonplaces of society. The assertion of the right of private judgment in matters of doctrine

and belief was, according to Grote, the greatest of all the fruits of the systematized negation begun by Zeno, and carried out in the "Search Dialogues" of Plato. In the "Exposition Dialogues" it is wanting; and in the "Topica," where Dialectic is reduced to method and system by one of Aristotle's greatest logical achievements, the freethinker's wings are very much clipped; the execution of Socrates probably had to answer for that. It is to the Platonic dialogues that we look for the full grandeur of Grecian debate in all its phases. The Plato of Grote is the apotheosis of negation; it is not a philosophy so much as an epic; the theme—the Noble Wrath of the Greek Dissenter.

At all times, there is much that has to be achieved by solitary thinking. Some definite shape must be given to our thoughts before we can submit them to the operation of other minds; the greater the originality, the longer must be the process of solitary elaboration. The "*Principia*" was composed from first to last by recluse meditation; probably the attempt to discuss or debate any part of it would have only fretted and paralyzed the author's invention. Indeed, after an enormous strain of the constructive intellect, a man may be in no humour to have his work carped at, even to improve it. In the region of fact, in observation and experiment, there must be a mass of individual and unassisted exertion. The use of allies in this region is to check and confirm the accuracy of the first observer.

Again, an inquirer, by dint of prolonged familiarity with a subject, may be his own best critic; he may be better able to detect flaws than any one he could call in. This is another way of stating the superiority of the individual over all others in the same walk. Such a monarchical position as removes a man alike from the rivalry and from the sympathy of his fellows, is the exception; mutual criticism and mutual encouragement are the rule. The social stimulants are of avail in knowledge and truth as well as everything else.

A comparison of the state of speculation in the golden age of debate with the state of the sciences in the present day, both metaphysical and physical, shows us clearly enough, what are the fields where polemic is most profitable. I set aside the struggles of politics and theology, and look to the scientific form of knowledge, which is after all the type of our highest certainty everywhere. Now, undoubtedly, it is in classifying, generalizing, defining, in induction, and deduction—the so-called logical processes—that a man can be least left to himself. Until many men have gone over the same field of facts, a classification, a definition, or an induction, cannot be held as safe and sound. In modern science, there are numerous matters that have passed through the fiery furnace of iterated criticism, seven times purified; but there

are, attaching to every science, a number of things still in the furnace. Most of all does this apply to the metaphysical or subject sciences, where, according to the popular belief, nothing has yet passed finally out of the fiery trial. In psychology, in logic, in eudæmonics, in sociology, in ethics, the facts are nearly all beneath our feet; the question is how to classify, define, generalize, express them. This was the situation of Zeno, Socrates, and Plato, for which they invoked the militant ardour of the mind. Man is a fighting being; if fighting will do a thing, he will do it well.

In conformity with this view, the foremost class of debates, and certainly not the least profitable, are those that discuss the meaning of important terms. The genius of Socrates saw that this was the beginning of all valid knowledge, and in seeing this he laid the foundation of reasoned truth. I need not repeat the leading terms of metaphysical philosophy, but you can at once understand the form of proceeding by such an instance as "consciousness" debated to bring out the question whether, as Hamilton supposed, it is necessarily grounded on knowledge.

Next to the leading terms are the broader and more fundamental generalities: for example, the law of relativity; the laws that relate memory to its conditions, such as the intensity of the present consciousness; Hamilton's inverse relationship of sensation and perception. These are a few psychological instances. The value of a debate on any of these questions depends entirely upon its resolving itself into an inductive survey of the facts, and such surveys are never without fruit.

A debating society that includes logic in its sphere should cultivate the methods of debate; setting an example to other societies and to mankind in general. The "Topica" of Aristotle shows an immensity of power expended on this object, doubtless without corresponding results. Nevertheless the attempt, if resumed at the present day with our clearer and wider views of logical method, would not be barren. This is too little thought of by us; and one may say that polemic as an art is still in its infancy. The best examples of procedure are to be found in the Law Courts, some of whose methods might be borrowed in other debates. For one thing, I think that each of the two leaders should provide the members beforehand with a synopsis of the leading arguments or positions to be set forth in the debate. This, I believe, should be insisted on everywhere, not excepting even the debates of Parliament.

It is the custom of debating societies to alternate the debate and the Essay; a very important distinction, as it seems to me: and I will endeavour to indicate how it should be maintained. Frequently there is no substantial distinction observed; an essay

is simply the opening of a debate, and a debate the criticism of an essay. I should like to see the two carried out each on its own principle, which I understand thus:—The debate is the fight for mastery as between two sides. The combatants strain their powers to say everything that can be said to shake the case of their opponents. The debate is a field-day, a challenge to a trial of strength. Now, while I admit that the intellectual powers may be quickened to unusual perspicacity under the sound of the trumpet and the shock of arms, I also see in the operation many perils and shortcomings, when the subject of contest is truth. In a heated controversy, only the more glaring and prominent facts, considerations, doctrines, distinctions, can obtain a footing. Now truth is the still small voice; it subsists often upon delicate differences, unobtrusive instances, fine calculations. Whether or not man is a wholly selfish being, may be submitted to a contentious debate, because the facts and appearances on both sides are broad and palpable; but whether all our actions are, in the last resort or final analysis, self-regarding, is almost too delicate for debate. Chalmers upholds as a thesis the intrinsic misery of the vicious affections: there could not be a finer topic of pure debate.

Now, my conception of the Essay is that it should represent amicable co-operation, with an eye to the truth. By it you should rise from the lower or competitive to the higher or communistic attitude. There may be a loss of energy, but there is a gain in the manner of applying it. The essayist should set himself to ascertain the truth upon a subject; he should not be anxious to make a case. The listeners, in the same spirit, should welcome all his suggestions, help him out where he is in difficulties, be indulgent to his failings, endeavour to see good in everything. If there be a real occasion for debate, it should be purposely forbore and reserved. In propounding subjects, the respective fitness for the debate and for the Essay might be taken into account.

When questions have been often debated without coming nearer to a conclusion, it should be regarded as a sign that they are too delicate and subtle for debate. A trial should then be made of the amicable or co-operative treatment represented by the Essay. The "freedom of the will" might, I think, be adjusted by friendly accommodation, but never by force of contention. "External perception" is far out of the province of debate. It is fair and legitimate to try all problems by debate, in the first instance, because the excitement quickens the intelligence, and leads to new suggestions; but if the question involves minute differences and an adjustment of various considerations, the contending sides will be contentious still.

A society that really aims at the furtherance of knowledge, might test its operations by now and then preparing a Report of progress; setting forth what problems had been debated, what themes elucidated, and with what results. It would be very refreshing to see a candid avowal that after several attempts—both debate and essay—some leading topic of the department remained exactly where it stood at the outset. After such a confession, the Society might well resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to consider its ways, and indeed its entire position, with a view to a new start on some other tack.

My closing remark is as to avoiding debates that are in their very nature interminable. It is easy to fix upon a few salient features that make all the difference between a hopeful and a hopeless controversy. For one thing, there is a certain intensity of emotion, interest, bias, or prejudice if you will, that can neither reason nor be reasoned with. On the purely intellectual side, the disqualifying circumstances are complexity and vagueness. If a topic necessarily hauls in numerous other topics of difficulty, the essay may do something for it, but not the debate. Worst of all is the presence of several large, ill-defined, and unsettled terms, of which there are still plenty in our department. A not unfrequent case is a combination of the several defects each perhaps in a small degree. A tinge of predilection or party, a double or triple complication of doctrines, and one or two hazy terms, will make a debate that is pretty sure to end as it began. Thus it is that a question, plausible to appearance, may contain within it capacities of misunderstanding, cross-purposes, and pointless issues, sufficient to occupy the long night of Pandemonium, or beguile the journey to the nearest fixed star.

ALEXANDER BAIN.

THE COMING CONCLAVE.

IT is agreed on all hands that the Conclave on the death of the now aged Pope will be one of the most important in history. It is not a day too soon to inquire what are the greater questions which must then emerge.

I. In order to arrive at these we may pass with comparatively little notice some minor changes in the costume and surroundings of the Conclave—changes which obviously result from the loss of the Temporal Power. Yet these will in some respects be striking and suggestive. From the moment when the Cardinal Cammerlengo, tapping with gilt mallet at the door of the death-chamber, and calling upon the Pope by name, receives no answer and proclaims that the Holy Father is departed, there is a long series of observances, many of which must now be changed either externally or in their ancient significance. Formerly the great bell of the Capitol announced to the Romans that their sovereign was dead. Now, its peal from the towers of the King of Italy will only announce the demise of the head of the Latin Church. Formerly its tolling signified that the whole machinery of government was suspended, and the gates of the prisons were thrown open for the departure of all prisoners, or, at least, of all light offenders. Now the Italian Government will receive, with all respect, the news of the demise of the Chief Pontiff to whom the laws secure “sovereign honours,” and even “the pre-eminence of honour accorded to him by Catholic sovereigns.” But there will be no cancelling of the title and no suspension of the functions of civil authorities; and the strange scenes of riot which in ancient days filled the streets of Rome will find no room there, though

they will no longer be patrolled by an improvised "Lieutenant of Holy Church." One change will be the return of the Conclave, on the present occasion, to its own ancient and famous locality. Ever since Pope Pius VII. died, in 1823, its meetings have been held in the Quirinal. But the Vatican was from 1303 down to this century the ordinary home of the Conclave, and as in strictness it ought always to be held where the Pope dies, and his Roman residences are now the Vatican and the Lateran, there can be little doubt that it will next be held in the Pontifical palace where the Œcumenical Council sat in 1870. Probably the whole of the first floor of the Vatican will again be shut off for the accommodation of the Cardinals and the small population of attendants who share their imprisonment till an election is made. It cannot be supposed, however, that any of these arrangements can be made without the sanction and intervention of the civil power. Yet, subject to the possible emergence of the greater questions afterwards to be considered, the civil power may be said already to have made provision for the Conclave and its arrangements in the famous statute known as the Guarantees Law of 13th May, 1871.

As the clauses of this law which refer to the Conclave will be of some importance in our subsequent discussion, it may be well to give here the exact words :

ARTICLE VI.*

"During the vacancy of the Pontifical Chair no judicial or administrative authority shall be entitled, on whatever ground, to impose any hindrance or limitation upon the personal liberty of the Cardinals.

"The Government provides that the meetings of the Conclave, and of Œcumenical Councils, shall not be disturbed by any external violence."

ARTICLE VII.†

"No official of the public authority, or agent of the public force, shall be entitled, in order to exercise acts of his office, to introduce himself into the palaces, or places of habitual residence or temporary abode, of the Chief Pontiff, or where a Conclave or an Œcumenical Council is assembled, unless authorized by the Chief Pontiff, the Conclave, or the Council."

* ART. VI.

Durante la vacanza della sede Pontificia, nessuna autorità giudiziaria o politica potrà, per qualsiasi causa, porre impedimento o limitazione alla libertà personale dei Cardinali.

Il Governo provvede a che le adunanze del Conclave e dei Concili ecumenici non siano turbate da alcuna esterna violenza.

† ART. VII.

Nessun ufficiale della pubblica autorità od agente della forza pubblica può, per esercitare atti del proprio ufficio, introdursi nei palazzi e luoghi di abituale residenza o temporaria dimora del Sommo Pontefice, o nei quali si trovi radunato un Conclave o un Concilio ecumenico, se non autorizzato dal Sommo Pontefice, dal Conclave o dal Concilio.

ARTICLE IV.,*

after providing an annual dotation of 3,225,000 lire for the Chief Pontiff and the various ecclesiastical necessities of the Holy See, adds:—

“The dotation shall be inscribed in the Great Book of the public debt, in the form of a perpetual and inalienable revenue in the name of the Holy See; and during the vacancy of the seat it shall continue to be paid to supply all the proper occasions of the Roman Church during that interval.”

One of these occasions is certainly the holding of the meeting which is to terminate the vacancy. Three things therefore may be held to be guaranteed by the law of 1871—the expenses of the Conclave, so far as the dotation may be applied to it; the personal freedom of all Cardinals while it lasts; and their freedom from intrusion when met for electoral purposes. More than this the statute does not secure; and although this part of it has the general rubric “Prerogatives of the Chief Pontiff and of the Holy See,” those conceded to the Pontiff are much more distinct than any (not already mentioned) which may exist during an inter-regnum. Thus, by Article III., the Pope has the power of retaining guards for his person and the keeping of his palaces, and by Article IV. he may maintain them out of the already-mentioned dotation. But there is no power given to the Conclave, or to the Church in the absence of its head, either to have their own guards or to support them from the Church dotation. So far as the law of 1871 is concerned, it is open to the kingdom of Italy to take the whole charge of the external safety of the Conclave upon itself, and indeed the latter part of Article VI. already quoted rather implies that it is to claim this function as properly its own. Whether it will go farther, and, for example, supersede the Cardinal Cammerlengo† in his ancient duty of inventorying and sealing up everything in the Apostolical police on the death of the Pope, will depend no doubt rather on the terms of courtesy which happen to subsist between the Papacy and the civil government at the time than on any restrictions which the law imposes. It rather seems that no privileges are granted to the Conclave and

* ART. IV.

La dotazione . . . provveduto al trattamento del Sommo Pontefice e ai vari bisogni ecclesiastici della Santa Sede . . . sarà iscritta nel Gran Libro del debito pubblico, in forma di rendita perpetua ed inalienabile nel nome della Santa Sede; e durante la vacanza della Sede si continuerà a pagarla per supplire a tutte le occorrenze proprie della Chiesa Romana in questo intervallo.

† A telegram of 17th January, 1877, announced that Cardinal Simeoni has been appointed Cardinal Cammerlengo, and the same announcement speculates on his chief duty as being the management and care of the “Peter’s Pence,” the voluntary offerings from the Catholic world, which, no doubt, may properly fall to purely ecclesiastical care—even when the palaces in which it is contained are guarded by the State, whose property they are, though it concedes the use.

its members except those which are properly spiritual or ecclesiastical. Thus it does not appear that the rights which this statute gives to the correspondence and telegrams between the Pope and foreign bishops, of being sent in separate and closed bags sacred from examination, will belong to the Conclave or its members. These seem, however, individually to share in the benefit of the Tenth Article, which declares that

"The ecclesiastics who officially take part in Rome in the publication (*emanazione*) of the acts of the spiritual ministry of the Holy See, shall not be subject on account of their doing so to any molestation, investigation, or calling to account, on the part of public authority."*

II. But the provisions for the expenses of the Conclave and the external liberty of its members yield in interest to the properly *constitutional* questions which may arise—questions, for example, as to the power of an existing Pope over the assembly which is to elect his successor. Some of these are not new, and one of them was laid before the English public some years ago with great clearness by Mr. Cartwright, in his most instructive book "On the Constitution of Papal Conclaves." It arose then in the case of Cardinal Andrea, but it is a point of such general interest as most appropriately to introduce the higher problems of the future. The Western Church has always shown the greatest jealousy of allowing any Pope to influence directly or indirectly the election of the next. Yet it is obvious that if the existing holder of the Papal chair has the unlimited power of appointing, and also of deposing, the electors, the election is virtually left in his hands. Accordingly Roman lawyers have hitherto held, that there is at least one limit to the plenary power of the Pope—he cannot prevent any one who has been made a Cardinal from giving his vote. He may censure, suspend, interdict—in a sense degrade—he may even excommunicate him; but he cannot prevent him from coming to vote for his successor. This became the acknowledged law of the Church by the Bull of Clement V. in the year A.D. 1310, which, no doubt instigated by the scandalous sentences of Boniface VIII., thirteen years before, against the two Cardinals of the house of Colonna, provides that for the future "no Cardinal may be expelled from the said elections on the ground of any excommunication, suspension, or interdict whatever." The law laid down so many centuries ago has been confirmed since then by Pius IV. and Gregory XV., and has never been violated, though Leo X. attempted to do so in two cases which never came to an issue. Its great confirmation was in the case of Cardinal Coscia, the corrupt favourite of Benedict XIII., who on that Pope's death,

* "Gli ecclesiastici che per ragione d'ufficio partecipano in Roma all' emanazione degli atti del ministero spirituale della Santa Sede, non sono soggetti, per cagione di essi, a nessuna molestia, investigazione, o sindacato dell' Autorità pubblica."

being convicted of a course of the worst malversation and speculation, was sentenced by Pope Clement VII. to ten years' imprisonment, and to degradation from the rank and privileges of the Cardinalate. The sentence went on to provide that every election in which the degraded Cardinal interfered, should be, *ipso jure*, null and void, "every power and faculty being taken away of calling the said Cardinal Coscia to give his vote in such election on the ground of any claim or motive specified in canon law, or in virtue of any constitution whatsoever of Pius IV., Gregory XV., and other our predecessors." But this very distinct attempt to dispense, by plenary authority, with the existing law, was withdrawn a few years after by Pope Clement himself, in a chirograph which states that he had reflected on the bad consequences that might follow on such annulations and invalidations:—

"Wherefore we declare that it has never been our wish or intention to prejudice the canonical election of our successor, or the supreme dignity and authority of the Church, which, after our demise, shall be lawfully vested in the person of him who has been chosen with the accustomed forms, it being neither according to reason nor equity that the transmission to his person of a penalty attaching to the delinquent be assumed capable of occurrence, and that injury should befall the freedom and union of the Apostolical College in its so needful mystic body."*

Accordingly the previous sentence was abrogated, so far as regarded the Cardinal's vote (though not as to his right to be voted for), and Coscia, in 1740, upon his own demand, actually took his share in the Conclave electing the next Pope; and the President de Brosses narrates how he met him "in the shut carriage of Cardinal Acquaviva, who had been to fetch him from prison in the Castle of St. Angelo," to join the rest of the Sacred College. In modern revolutionary days there was one ex-Cardinal who, on the death of Pius VII., claimed his seat in the Conclave, and was rejected; but he (Cardinal Antici) had not only been deposed, but had previously renounced his Cardinalate, in letters addressed to the two consuls of Rome as well as to the Pope. The solemn adherence to the ancient constitutional rule, therefore, even in an extreme instance like that of the scandalous Coscia, gave the greatest interest to the attempt of the present Pope to override it, in the case of the well-remembered Liberal ecclesiastic, Cardinal Andrea. Into the many grounds of quarrel between this eminent member of the Apostolic College and the Jesuit advisers of Pius IX. we cannot enter. Latterly the Cardinal insisted on living in his native city, Naples, on the allegation that his health required it; and the Pope in consequence not only deprived him of his Bishopric of Sabina, but issued a brief pronouncing his degrada-

* I quote from Mr. Cartwright's translation, p. 138.

tion from the Cardinalate unless within three months he presented himself at Rome. Andrea did so, within the three months; and this concession, together with his death soon after, prevented the question arising in the form in which it would otherwise have done in the coming Conclave. For the brief, issued on the 12th of October, 1857, suspends him from all rights of the Cardinalate,

"and specially from voice active and passive in the election of a Chief Pontiff, so that he neither ought nor can be either called or admitted to the Conclave, which calling and admission we absolutely forbid to the Cardinals and their College, all capacity of any kind in him for the suffrage and for the giving his vote in the said election, and all faculty of calling him to the Conclave, being hereby taken away."

Ten years ago it was held by observers in Rome that this strong sentence marked "an epoch in the discipline of the Roman system and in the development of Papal autocracy," and it rather seems that the brief itself encourages that idea, for it goes on to say that though the right of sitting and voting may be alleged to stand upon the "*ratio in corpore juris clausa*," and upon "the constitutions of Pius IV., Gregory XV., and others our predecessors," "yet from all these, the tenor of which we hold to be here expressed and contained, we *derogate*, and hold them as so far repealed, and that by our plenary authority."

The assertion of the plenary authority of the Pope to change the constitution of the Conclave in one direction—by excluding men whose rights that constitution ordinarily guarantees—of course involves in principle the right to do so in the opposite and in other directions. We may pass by the faculty (which the present Pope is said to have already exercised) of appointing Cardinals in *petto*—that is, appointing Cardinals whose names are not yet revealed to any but himself, or which at best are only communicated to the Sacred College. Hitherto it has been held that such an appointment gives no right to vote in Conclave, and indeed gives no right at all unless the succeeding Pope choose to carry into effect the intentions of his predecessor. But the whole question of how far a dispensing power can be exercised, and by whom, is by no means an easy one. It was in 1059 that Nicholas II. (under the guidance of Hildebrand, not yet himself seated on the Papal chair) first vested the election of the Pope in the body of Cardinal Bishops and Cardinal Clerks. On his election Alexander III., remembering the recent bitter struggle between three anti-Popes, convoked a Council in the Lateran, and promulgated a decree that a Papal election should thenceforth require a majority of not less than two-thirds of the Cardinals. And lastly, in 1272, a third great Pope, Gregory X., convoked a Council at Lyons, which issued a constitution that the Cardinals should at each vacancy be immured in Conclave, separated and shut up by

elaborate regulations from all outside influences, until, ten days having elapsed, they could all be supposed to be present, and, by the already fixed majority of two-thirds, should agree upon their vote. And for many centuries these three ancient constitutions have given the law to the election to the Papal chair. Each of them, it is obvious, was a great innovation upon the state of matters which preceded it; but since the end of the thirteenth century no farther regulative change has been made. Yet since that date they have all been suspended and broken, sometimes by the Pope, and sometimes by a Council, in both cases with the approval of ecclesiastical historians. The interferences by the Pope have generally been for the purpose of dispensing with the ten days' delay which the constitution of Gregory X. requires in order to give time for Cardinals at a distance to reach Rome and take part in the proceedings. A hundred years after its date, when the Papal See was in what the Italians held to be the captivity of Avignon, Gregory XI., "at one stroke of his pen, *suspended* every existing regulation on the subject of Papal elections, set the Cardinals free from the observance of any obligations they might have sworn to in accordance to prescription, and specially empowered them, not merely to meet for election on his decease *whenever* it might seem convenient, but to nominate by simple majority." And this *coup d'état*, as Mr. Cartwright calls it, has never been condemned. It was, however, seemingly a suspension to take effect at that election only, with a view of restoring Italian influence to the Gallicized Church. Time passed on, and in 1797 the bark of Peter tossed on the waves of revolution. Shortly before the imprisonment of Pius VI., he issued a bull with reference to the election, not only of his own successor, but of all in time to come, authorizing the Cardinals, in the event of the Church being threatened with grave peril, either to proceed to an instantaneous vote without waiting the prescribed ten days, or, on the other hand, to put it off indefinitely or to any time they might appoint, and to do all this by a mere majority. In the following year, the Pope being now an exile and prisoner, a similar bull was executed, dispensing, among other things, with the necessity of immuring the Cardinals, and derogating to these effects from all the previous constitutions, not only for the immediately following election, but for all others in similarly adverse circumstances. Mr. Cartwright mentions having received private information that Gregory XVI. executed, and always kept in his drawer, a document empowering the Cardinals on his demise to proceed to immediate election if they saw danger to the free action of the Conclave. More than ten years ago it was believed that Pius IX. had executed a similar instrument, and within the last twelvemonth it was rumoured that it had attained a certain publicity among those who more imme-

diately surround the Papal chair. It is plain that there have been precedents for such suspension of the rules by the Pontiffs, and the more recent precedents have been intended by their authors to be authorities for that suspension whenever a necessity or high expediency should demand it. But it is not Popes alone who have overruled the Conclave law. The Church itself has interfered to do so, and that to a much larger extent; and not only without, but against the authority of the occupants of the Papal chair. The most famous instance of this is the election of Pope Martin V. by the Council of Constance—not by the ordinary Conclave of Cardinals. Two existing Popes claimed the chair as having been elected by the Sacred College in the usual way, John XXIII. and Gregory XII., and the Christian world was miserably distracted between them. The Council compelled them both to abdicate, and though for four hundred years the exclusive right of the body of Cardinals had been respected, the Church now appealed to a higher law, and acted upon it in a way that has never since been challenged. The Council named, in addition to the College of Cardinals, thirty divines selected from its own members, five from each nation of Christendom; and this new electoral body chose a Pope whom the Church at once received, and who has ever since been held in honour. The step was, no doubt, declared extraordinary and one not to be usually followed, and it was taken at a crisis of trouble and distraction in the Church. But it is precisely this which makes it so suggestive as a precedent for the Conclave about to emerge. It, too, will have a distinction to the end of time; for it will be the first after the loss of the Temporal Power, and after the twofold claim of absolutism and infallibility has been made and has been protested against by the civil power in Germany and by public opinion elsewhere.

III. Accordingly, the greater questions which may converge upon this Conclave will not be mere internal ones, and they must go to the root of its powers and those of the Church. They will not be confined to Italy, but must move the whole framework of European politics, and involve nations which are not in any sense Roman Catholic. No doubt the Catholic Society for the Revindication of the Rights of the Christian People (in electing pastors of whatever rank), which excited a good deal of interest in England last August, is a purely Italian association, and the Papal fulminations directed against it were circulated only throughout Italy. But the great question of the validity of the next election, or rather of the extent to which it can be recognized as valid by the civil powers of Europe, has been first raised by Germany; and Germany has characteristically gone farther than mere refusal to recognize. Geffcken, in his two excellent volumes just published on “Church and State,” refers historically to a circular of

Prince Bismarck to several European Governments, dated the 14th May, 1872. It proceeded on the suggestion that the Papal power, so largely increased by the dogma of infallibility, renders it advisable for the State to examine whether the *election*, and the *person* of the elected Pontiff, offered the necessary guarantees. And it went on to claim for the European States not only the *veto*, of which we shall have something to say, but control over the legitimacy of the election, to the extent of deciding whether the elected Pope should be admitted to exercise his rights—seemingly even his purely ecclesiastical rights. The Governments addressed in 1872 gave, it is said, a negative reply. But the same question was raised again in 1875 outside the narrower world of diplomacy. It then resulted from a newspaper controversy between the publicists of Prussia and Italy, which was carried on with the greatest ability on both sides, and which, after passing through a range remote from the mere matter of Papal election, subsided at last in a postponement by both parties of the questions between them till the crisis of a vacancy in the See. It commenced by a despatch from Berlin to the *Opinione*, in which it was said that the German Government intended to ask that of Italy whether the Papal Guarantees Law deprived it of all means of influencing the Roman Curia. It is not certain that such a question was ever actually put, and in its alleged form it of course relates as much to the guarded and inviolable position of the existing Pope in the midst of his spiritual court as to any questions which might arise *sede vacante*. Accordingly the Italian press, influenced probably by the policy of the Minghetti Ministry then in power, made a vigorous defence of the legislation of 1873. The Prussian argument was that the Papacy is an institution surrounded, and as it were defended, by the territory of the kingdom of Italy, so that there is no mode of action or reprisal for States which may consider themselves offended by its acts. What would you have? rejoined the Italians. Would you have us restore the temporal power, that you may have something to tilt against? "We cannot imagine any mode of influencing the Papacy in the way the German papers allude to, without supposing in the Papacy, besides the spiritual institution which it retains, another temporal institution against which to act."* Besides, what attack is feared from the Papacy, now a purely spiritual institution? It utters many fulminations against Italy, but they are left to find their effect with those who believe them; and the other policy in Germany has not been so successful as to make Italians grow weary of their plan of separation of the two powers. The *National Zeitung* responded from Berlin that it was a matter

* *La Perseveranza*, Milan, 26th March, 1875.

of indifference to Germany that Italy had "accustomed itself to regard Papal declarations as blunt weapons." Prussia was not disposed to do so, at least when these declarations took the form of stirring up sedition. If the Roman conspiracy, now as of old, went the length of releasing subjects from their obedience, was there to be no defence or reprisal in such a case? But if the Pope's person is inviolable, if even his palaces are not to be entered, what defence can there be? In truth

"the position of the Pope has been changed not so much by the Guarantees Law, as by the incorporation of the States of the Church in the kingdom of Italy. The responsibility of a sovereign is certainly, so far as the individual is concerned, only a moral responsibility; but that is so, only because there is behind the individual the real guarantee of the actual State. In the absence of that guarantee an offended State or person would be without remedy against a sovereign who was only morally responsible. But no State will suffer such a shadowy figure to be substituted for the tangible guarantees of the law of nations which has heretofore prevailed and been recognized."

These arguments, vigorous in themselves and backed by an unmistakable undertone of menace, were partly met and partly avoided by the equally able writers in the South. On the domestic question,—the comparison of the Italian system of full internal freedom left to both the State and the Church, with the German system of the former making itself responsible for the latter,—they spoke out eloquently and boldly :—

"Is the problem of the relations between State and Church so difficult that there is no means of solving it, except by allowing the Church to rule the State, or the State to rule the Church? We have faith in liberty. The separation of State and Church has also its inconveniences. But what system has not more?"

But when they came to the particular provisions of the Guarantees Law, they failed to show that its provisions did not go past the usual rules of mere freedom :—

"If the Pope were in the United States instead of being in Italy—if he had preferred to the sumptuous palace of the Vatican the modest episcopal residence of New York—would his condition have been changed? He would have had his liberty without any need of a Guarantees Law."

True, he would have had his liberty, but not his inviolability; and for any crime or civil wrong to either native or foreigner (any injury not done in the honest exercise of Church function) he would have to answer to the law, as an English archbishop must do, and as Scotch Free Churchmen have always contended that ecclesiastics ought on principle to do. In Italy there is no doubt that the Pope, no longer above the law so as to dominate it, is yet personally without the law so as not to be responsible to it. But the final answer of the *Opinione* drew an important distinction :—

"The Guarantees Law is a domestic, an Italian law, to which we could not require the other powers to give their assent. In passing it Italy had not, and could not have had, any intention of defining the position of the Pope with respect to the other Powers. To do so would have been to transgress the limits of domestic legislation, and to do what she had no jurisdiction to do."

The concession was readily seized by the German press, and made the basis of an argument for an international revision or expansion of that law—a task, however, which it was admitted must probably be postponed till the vacancy in the seat.

"The initiative will be left to the Italian Government, which will produce either during the life, or after the death, of the present Pope a definite plan, fixing the future international relations of the Pope with the foreign Powers, and placing the Pope, as regards his international duties, under the guarantee of all the Powers which shall take part in the treaty."

This crude and rather coarse draft is German in idea,* but Italy, as we shall see, may now tolerate it more than at its date. There will be great difficulties in carrying it out. It is very hard to conceive that England, for example, would favour the idea of giving back the Pope an international position—a real temporal power, but this time independent of Italy—in order to have the privilege of his constant guardianship. Nor is it likely that Italy, whose opposite policy has hitherto been so successful, will take the initiative in erecting a new throne within itself, to be the alternate object of foreign support and foreign attack. This is not the direction in which the age is moving. Yet on the other hand the age may find itself forced to move in self-defence whither it would not. And without going so far as this German proposal, it is certain, for the reasons now to be stated, that the vacancy and the Conclave will constitute a legitimate crisis in the anti-Papal conflict as it is viewed both by Germany on the one hand and Italy on the other.

The primary question, and one in which the civil power in all

* The idea which underlies it is dominant in Germany, even with those who are no longer identified with Prince Bismarck. M. de Laveleye, in a recent number of the *Revue de Belgique*, narrates a very interesting statement to him by Count Arnim, on our question:—

"Cavour's formula, *La Chiesa Libera nello Stato Libero*, is a dangerous chimera. It comes in fact to this—*La Chiesa armata nello Stato disarmato*. The Free Church means the sovereign Church: that is to say, a theocratic despotism." But in curious contrast to these views, his next words were—"To subjugate the Church to the will of the State, as they are now trying in Germany, is an attempt which will not succeed. The Church will weary out the State, which cannot employ the same great means as formerly." Then comes Count Arnim's own resource as between these discordant views. "What is necessary is to have a modern Pope, and for that the right of intervening in his election must be restored to the civil State."

M. de Laveleye's answer was, that in principle (which principle?) Count Arnim might be right; but that Catholics would probably not accept a Pope elected by the delegates of sovereigns, for the most part heretics, schismatics, or excommunicate. At the utmost an anti-Pope would be thus created.

Bluntschli, a great name in international law, has a brochure in favour of an international treaty to regulate the Pope's position and po-

countries must have an interest, will be the question of *recognition*—recognition of the new Pope. It has been nearly impossible for Germany, however well disposed to do so, to raise this question effectively hitherto. The Pope may have, in the Vatican Council, assumed powers and functions which he either did not possess or was never acknowledged even by the Catholic powers to possess; and these pretensions have been abundantly denied and disavowed by the German empire. But it was hard for it to deny that he was still Pope, or to question his previous position as chief of the Church, though with some powers illegally assumed. It has never formally done so. Yet disavowal of the tyrant—*déchéance*—is the proper response to tyranny, and has been held in modern times to be equally so whether the *coup d'état* has established absolutism on the ruins of a republic, or on the fragments of a previously limited and constitutional monarchy. And in very many cases those whom personal ties or the pressure of circumstances have prevented from at once rebelling against the usurper himself have drawn the line at his successor, and have made that the opportunity for refusing to recognize a dynasty founded upon wrong. Now the whole course of the German protest against Vaticanism points to this as probable in the future, if not indeed already anticipated. Through the series of the laws of 1873, commonly known in this country as the Falck laws, one idea runs—the Roman Catholic Church in Germany is to be purely German. The first sentence of the first of these laws* provides that “a spiritual office in one of the Christian Churches,” *i.e.*, either in the Lutheran (*Evangelisch*) or the Roman Catholic, which in Germany monopolize that name, “can be exercised only by a German.” The later laws, down to those of 1875, provide for the German education of those who are to be the pastors and bishops of the Church, and stipulate that those only can hold office who have been freely and legitimately elected by German congregations. And one of the last provides that while the whole property of the Church in Germany shall be vested in the locally resident members of each parish, they are to grant the use of the edifices in cases of schism, equally or preferably to the Old Catholic congregation, *i.e.*, to the one which has shaken off allegiance to the Italian supremacy. A very broad foundation is here laid for action in the case of the election of a Pope. The German Church is recognized—is even protected and partly endowed—but it is recognized as German and national. It does not follow by any means that it is to have no relations with the Roman see and its occupant. But it follows that the State must take cognizance of these relations, and may

* “Ein geistliches Amt darf in einer der Christlichen Kirchen nur einem Deutschen übertragen werden.”

either interfere in the proceedings of the Conclave or may refuse to recognize the result of these proceedings. How may the question arise?

In the first place there is what Count Arnim calls the former right of intervention on the part of sovereign powers, but which is really an existing right, never hitherto denied. For centuries the Roman Court has recognized a power in the crowns of France, Austria, and Spain to *veto* the election to the Holy See of a particular candidate. The *veto* is lodged in the hands of some member of the Conclave trusted by the Power which exercises it, or in those of the Cardinal Dean; and it has been exercised very recently. In 1831 Cardinal Giustiniani was excluded by the *veto* of the King of Spain, to whose Court he had at one time been accredited as Nuncio—excluded too at the moment when he had almost received the requisite number of votes for election. And on the last occasion, when Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti became Pius Nono, it happened only by an accidental postponement of the Austrian *veto*. The Emperor's exclusion of the present Pope was known to be on its way. The Conclave came to a vote with great rapidity, and Pope Pius was proclaimed on the 16th of June, 1846. Next morning the Archbishop of Milan arrived too late, with the Imperial *veto* in his pocket. Now Germany does not ignore the existence of a German Catholic Church, as the law of England does. Its policy has been to admit it and assert it, and to claim to be its guardian. Is it likely to allow the claim of a few of the Catholic powers to control the election of a Pope (for the *veto*, being generally reserved to be exercised against candidates most likely to be elected, is a very effectual control), while the German nation and the German Church have no share in it? It is too much to suppose. If the "Holy Roman Empire," that magnificent counterpart of the universal Church, exists at present at all, the wearer of its crown is above all men entitled to be present at the choice of every Pope, and to represent in the election the rights of the Divinely commissioned civil power. We are therefore quite likely to see some such claim made by the German Empire, at the head of which now sits the German Cæsar—not the successor of the old, yet bearing that mighty and venerable name which, apportioned by the disintegrations of history between Austria, France, and Spain, gave each of these nations no slight claim to a potential voice in the Papal elections of the past. But can it be supposed that the new Ultramontane *régime* will admit such a claim as this—a claim which would have been audacious at any time since the Reformation, and since the recent struggle must be far more so? The new policy of the Roman Court, as matured in the Congregation of Cardinals in February of this year, is much more likely to include an attempt to abolish

the existing, and hitherto acknowledged *veto*s. Austria, France, and Spain, have all in recent years broken off the Concordats with Rome, and whether at the date of the next election these States are republics or royalties, and whether their chiefs shall then be members of the Catholic Church or not, the temptation will be very great to declare that henceforth they, like the German Kaiser, shall have not even a negative voice in giving to the Church its Head. The temptation is obvious and strong: indeed, upon principle, it should have been long since proclaimed and acted upon. But will Europe stand by and see this done? If the law of the Church for centuries is to be suddenly changed by the irresponsible and posthumous will of one man, may not other changes be proposed by Powers so deeply interested? Or if the change is represented as a return to original principle, and to the early rule of the Church, may not Austria or France or Germany inquire whether in other matters also the ancient rule of election should not be restored? The question of the *veto*, whether raised by Germany on this side of the Alps, or by the Congregation of Cardinals on the other, will be a European complication.

But there is another side to this grave matter. What position is Italy to have among these European Powers? Why should the King of Rome be the only Catholic sovereign without a voice in the election of the Bishop of Rome? Austria, and Spain, and France, are to negative the election of the chief Italian pastor; but Italy and the King of united Italy are to have no representative in the Conclave! The anomaly is very great; and it becomes more striking when the Cisalpine powers of Europe trace their right to interfere to their descent from the Holy Roman Empire. For before the days of Charlemagne the appointment of Pope or Patriarch on the Tiber always awaited confirmation from the Emperor of New Rome on the Bosphorus. It was the bishop and people of Rome who transferred this power to Pepin and to Charles the Great; it was as "Roman patrician" and consul that these monarchs first exercised it; and it was "in the sandal and the chlamys of a Roman noble" that Charles received from the Roman people, by the hands of their bishop, the crown of the world. His great German successor, Henry III., who deposed three Popes and received by solemn decree the right of nominating their successors, affected in all these functions to be hereditary patrician of the city, "and wore constantly the green mantle and circlet of gold, which were the badges of that office." It was the city of Rome that, formally at least, gave to the empire its rights. Now since the last Conclave there has for the first time been a united Italy and an Italian king—a Roman Imperium once more resident in Rome. Upon what principle can the sovereign of Italy (assuming that the special quarrel at present subsisting between him

and the Papacy were healed) be excluded from the right which more distant Catholic sovereigns have claimed? It is very plain that if the question is raised from without—raised even by Protestant sovereigns like the Emperor of Germany—it will be impossible to keep in abeyance the claims of Italy. To that country will belong the majority of the candidates, and from it the vast majority of Popes have for centuries been elected. The Guarantees Law, as we have seen, binds the Italian Government to respect the personal liberty of members of the Conclave, and not to intrude into the building while it is in session. But they do not forbid its insisting that the Conclave shall be free from one-sided secular influence, and from enforcing this demand by refusal to recognize any election which such partial counsel has procured. In fact, this is the attitude which, till very recently, Italian legislation and administration has assumed to all objectionable ecclesiastical proceedings—it does not repress or persecute them, but it refuses to give them civil effect, and deals with the rights of parties as though these proceedings did not exist. We cannot conceal our own view, that the claim of Italy to be represented in the Conclave is far stronger than that of any of the three Powers formerly acknowledged—stronger in many respects than that of Germany would be were Germany a wholly Catholic State.

But a right to one negative vote in the Conclave is the smallest of the claims of Italy. The question is one as to the election of the Bishop of Rome and the chief pastor of the Italian Church, though he now claims also to be the head and ruler of Christendom. And he is elected by a Sacred College nominally composed of the chief bishops and priests of Rome and the neighbourhood. There was a time, doubtless, when the priests of the fifty churches which now give titles to Cardinals throughout the world were elected by the faithful of Rome itself, as there certainly was a time when the people of that city also had a voice in the election of their bishops. All has now been changed. The Pope elects the Cardinals, giving them a merely nominal connection with the city; and the body of Cardinals elect the Pope; and in the whole matter the Christian laity are ignored. The present system was the work of the great Hildebrand, in so far at least as lodging the election in a select body of ecclesiastics is concerned. But the nineteenth century has put these ecclesiastics and the whole Church into the absolute hands of the one man whose successor is to be appointed. And the Italian people, culpably cold and indifferent to religious interests as they have been, do not seem to propose to acquiesce in such an inversion of their original rights. In August, last year, attention was directed to the proceedings of an ecclesiastical "Emancipation Society" in Italy. That society seemed also disposed to call itself the "National Church," and it certainly possessed

a "Vicar-General," for his communication to the Government then in power received a careful and respectful reply. It had demanded, among other things, "the restoration to the clergy and people of the right of electing their pastors of whatever rank in the hierarchy." This object of desire has already attracted notice in this country from men most competent to estimate its worth,* so far as regards the election of ordinary pastors by their local flocks. But on this occasion, for the first time, the same principle was applied to the election of the chief Italian bishop himself. And the most significant thing of all is the official answer which it received. For the Ministry then in power was that of Minghetti, who had attempted with very great ability to take up an intermediate position between the clerical and anti-clerical party, and to lay as much stress on the "free Church" as on the "free State." His Minister of Grace and Justice, Vigliani, had especially devoted himself to illustrating this theory, and to him it fell to answer the memorial of the Emancipation and National Church Society. In doing so we are told he expressed his sympathy with the views laid before him as above. He went farther, and recalled a proposition of his own to the same effect, put forward during the discussion upon the Bill of the Papal Guarantees. That proposition when made had not been acceded to by the Italian Parliament, nor did Vigliani believe that in 1876 a legislative decision would be given in a contrary sense. It was therefore, the Minister concluded, necessary for the society "to limit themselves in the meantime to maturing by indirect means that public opinion which must, sooner or later, produce its influence upon the deliberations of Parliament." Simultaneously with these announcements of the views of the Ministry in the *Liberta Cattolica*, there was an equally ominous manifesto from the other side. A telegram to the *Times* stated on the 9th of August, 1876, that

"the Major Excommunication had been pronounced against all persons who are either members, promoters, adherents, or favourers of the Italian Catholic Society for the Revindication of the Rights of the Christian People, especially of the Citizens of Rome, the aim of which is the election of the Supreme Pontiff by the popular vote of the clergy and people."

No such formal sentence had been issued, but in this, as in the Guibord case in Canada, a very significant and effectual means of publication had been resorted to. The Sacred Penitentiary was authorized to publish a reply to questions put by various confessors. They had asked whether persons presenting themselves for the sacraments of confession, and acknowledging connection, directly or indirectly, with that society, lie *ipso facto* under the

* "Italy and its Church;" by Mr. Gladstone, in the *Church Quarterly Review*, October, 1875.

higher condemnation? The answer given through the Sacred Penitentiary was that *they do*—with the addition that absolution in such a case was reserved to the Pope himself. Now this is about the deadliest weapon which the clerical party in its present condition can use, and the question is at once raised whether the emergency justifies their having recourse to it. We know nothing more of the Society for the Revindication of the Rights of the Christian People; but the very name strikes at the root of the Vatican pretensions, and the special yet comprehensive way in which its programme touches every Commune in Italy with the one hand, and the Holy Chair with the other, gives such a society great possibilities in the future. But it is the attitude of the Government, which we have described, rather than the attitude of the society, and the consequences of both to the question of the Conclave, which are really important. In some views the claim of Italy and that of other Powers, like Germany, might be held to be mutually conflicting. Germany and Austria represent German branches of the Catholic Church, and claim to have a share in a world-representing Conclave. Italy represents a native Church, jealous of its original rights, and claiming not to have a mere share, but a full election of the Bishop of Rome. But the rights of the Christian people are a common ground from which the usurpation of the Conclave, sanctioned though it be by the lapse of centuries, comes out as a historical crime—a ground from which that usurpation might be overthrown and may easily be repudiated.

It is a very curious question what would be the result if the principles even of the recent Italian administration—that of Minghetti and Vigliani—were applied to the case which the latter contemplates—a despotic and irresponsible Pope, elected not by the Christian people, but by foreign as well as native electors chosen by the present Pope, himself also irresponsible and despotic. Suppose the Government of Italy held the election not to be valid, what then? Would it depose, or attempt to depose the new Pope? Not in the least. It would leave him still the Pastor and Holy Father of all who in Italy or out of it chose voluntarily to submit to him their faith and practice. His personal and official freedom would be assured to him, not so much by the special provisions of the Guarantees Law, as by the universal principle of the ecclesiastical legislation. He would still receive without question the half-million, or so, of money which the liberality of the Western Church is said to pour annually into his coffers,* though he would probably lose the dotation guaranteed from the civil list which he

* His income derived from F valued by those who are acqu- (Gaffcken's Ch-

ations and bequests of the faithful, is 'ters at an average of 10,000,000 francs.

has hitherto refused to touch. But his person would henceforth be "sacred and inviolable" only in the sense in which the persons of Mr. Peabody and Dr. Manning have been inviolable and sacred under the laws of their respective countries. And he would no longer receive from the State "sovereign honours," though all would be free to render him even greater honours than those accorded to the English Cardinal or the American millionaire. He would certainly lose his right to the dotation accorded by Italy to the Popes in the future. And though he would, no doubt, be suffered to remain in the palatial splendours of the Vatican so long as the Christian people had not "revindicated" their right by electing for themselves another bishop; still, on the Mantuan precedents,* that other bishop, when appointed, would have a preferable right, and at all events the question would be decided by the Italian civil power as a purely civil matter, leaving untouched the spiritual and voluntary relation of the rival pastors to their flocks. This, and nothing worse than this, would be the result in Italy of mere non-recognition of a new Pope—a conclusion to which not a few men in that country, many in England, and the whole State in Germany, have learned to look forward. It is not persecution by the State. It is not subjugation; it is not even supremacy. It is the mere non-recognition which every independent Power must occasionally assert its right to exercise. But Germany, as we have seen, seems disposed to go farther than mere non-recognition, and to invoke European and international interference. And in Italy, too, the tension of the struggle is greater every month, and the Conclave-crisis looks more serious as it comes nearer.

We close with two facts which abundantly prove this. The Minghetti Ministry, as we have seen, favoured Old Catholicism to the extent of popular election even of a Pope. Yet the Minghetti Ministry was steadily denounced in the Chambers and elsewhere, as too clerical, until its chief was at last driven to appeal to the country, and the general elections, a few months ago, turned chiefly upon this burning question. The answer of the Italian hustings was unmistakable. It sent back a Parliament which instantly replaced the Ministry of Minghetti by that of Depretis—giving also to the new and anti-clerical Minister a huge working majority—a majority greater than any Italian Minister has for many years possessed. The first fruit of the change was the passing of a law punishing with imprisonment any attacks from the pulpit upon the State or the laws—a doubtful defensive measure, the necessity of which has been proved by the venomous Allocution since issued. But the change surely indicates also a rapid "maturing of opinion," to use *Vigliani's* phrase, on

* See *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, October, 1875, p. 824.

what we have described as the Questions of the Conclave. The whole rights of Italy, of the Italian laity, of foreign Catholic powers, and even of non-Catholic but friendly Germany, must henceforth be energetically cared for by the Italian nation and legislature. For, while we pen these concluding words, news comes, on the other hand, of the unfolding of a last long-prepared effort against the liberties of Italy. The Pope, it is said, has written autograph letters to several crowned heads, enforcing his demand that some temporal power be added to the sumptuous state and perfect freedom which he enjoys. And the uncoiling of this conspiracy will show that it has an important reference to the next election. On 1st February, 1877, it was announced to the British public that the Pope

"has again referred to a congregation of Cardinals the solution of the question whether, taking into consideration the circumstances of the times and the actual conditions in which the Church is placed with respect to the States of Europe, it may not be advisable to take some preliminary steps with the intention of securing the liberty of the future Conclave."

This significant and seemingly authoritative intimation is of itself a sufficient justification of our treating the subject in these pages. We have pretended to no special information on the matter, and have used no local colouring. We contemplate it only in the light of the general principles with which European publicists deal. Yet our readers have now some idea, however inadequate, of the internal or constitutional, and external or Italian and European, questions of the Conclave: the questions, probably, which the Sacred College has been anticipating, and to which the world looks forward. On 26th February it was announced, with a deeper reserve than in the message of the 1st, that all details for the future had been arranged. What are those details? Have they reference to the "circumstances of the times" generally, or to the special relations of the Church "to the States of Europe?" No doubt important changes have been made, for it is significantly added that the *principle* of the Conclave has been preserved. But what if Europe in the present—what if the Church in the future—should object most of all to that very principle?

Meantime, the crisis is rapidly advancing, though the hour has not yet struck.

ALEX. TAYLOR INNES.

LIEBIG'S SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS.

LIEBIG was one of those happy but exceptional individuals who feel their future course marked out for them by Nature from their earliest days. When at the gymnasium at Darmstadt, he had so decided a predilection that, when asked by his professor how he employed himself out of school-hours and what he meant to be, he at once answered, "A chemist." Soon afterwards, at the age of eighteen, we find him first at Bonn, and then at Erlangen, where he graduated, and in 1822 he published his first chemical work.

It is interesting to observe a mind like Liebig's in its scientific swaddling clothes. In Büchner's "Repertorium für die Pharmazie," vol. xii., may be found "Some Remarks on the Preparation and Composition of Brugnatelli's and Howard's Fulminating Silver," by Mr. Liebig, chemical student at Darmstadt. Professor Kastner adds, "These first proofs of the experimental diligence of a young chemist are commended to the reader's indulgence," &c. Anything written by Liebig no longer needs introduction nor indulgence, and he wrote even then as he wrote at last, and as a man must write if he wants to state facts without flourishes. He says, "I have prepared large quantities of fulminating silver according to this prescription during two years, and it has never once failed." Then follows a concise and telling criticism of the older methods, and a description of his own, in which the acute observation, the clearness and simplicity, by which Liebig was afterwards distinguished, are conspicuous, and compare favourably with the appendix by which Kastner thought to add weight to the treatise.

A year later we find Liebig at Paris, first in the laboratory of Thenard, then with Gay-Lussac. While at Erlangen he saw

that he must complete his studies at Paris, and received a travelling stipend from the Grand Duke of Darmstadt for the purpose.

Thenard, a Frenchman, was the author of the best text- and hand-book of theoretical and practical chemistry at that time. The most interesting and important researches were then being carried on in France by him and Gay-Lussac, especially in organic chemistry, in which direction young Liebig's tastes lay. Gay-Lussac had the spirit of a pioneer, and was equally familiar with chemistry and physics. It was he who first discovered the nature of prussic acid, recognized cyanogen as a radical composed of carbon and nitrogen, but which, in combination, plays the same part as the simple elements chlorine, bromine, or iodine; he had discovered that all gases unite chemically in simple proportions, 1 to 2, 1 to 1, or 2 to 3, and so forth, and that the specific gravity of compound chemical combinations in a state of vapour supplies a check in analysis which became of the greatest importance to organic chemistry. Gay-Lussac had also invented the moist silver test, so called, which is now used in all mints as the only legal one. He had also materially improved and completed the elementary analysis of organic bodies begun by Lavoisier, and performed many other services to science.

Liebig would probably have preferred to become the pupil of Gay-Lussac at once, but he did not at that time take any young men into his laboratory. Liebig, however, succeeded in gaining entrance to Thenard's, at the Ecole Polytechnique, where he worked on at fulminating silver, a preparation which played a part in his destiny, for an unpleasant explosion in the house of his principal, an apothecary at Heppenheim, speedily diverted him from the pharmaceutical career on which he entered on leaving the gymnasium. The same preparation was the means of introducing him to the sitting of the French Academy of Sciences of 28th of July, 1823, which proved to be of the greatest importance to him. He gave a lecture on the analysis of Howard's fulminating silver and quicksilver combinations. When the sitting was over, while packing up his preparations, one of the Members of the Academy accosted him, and most kindly inquired about his studies and plans. The stranger invited him to dine with him in the Palais Royal, but, either from shyness or inexperience, Liebig omitted to ask who he was. There, however, he made himself known; it was Alexander von Humboldt, who had just returned to Paris after a long absence in Italy. He introduced his young countryman, to whom he at once took a great liking, to his friend Gay-Lussac, for he had from experience the benefit of working with him. In 1824 he published memoirs in connection with the analysis of air, and had afterwards

worked with him on the proportions in which gases combine chemically.

The time spent with Gay-Lussac was the bright spot during Liebig's student years. How these two gifted men must have enjoyed each other's society may be imagined. The one was about forty-five, in the very prime of his powers, and had attained the highest position, a tree laden with precious fruit; the other was scarcely twenty, in the bloom of youth, a sapling full of promise, whose future might be even then anticipated, and was anticipated, by himself. Liebig once related of Gay-Lussac, that when they had made an interesting discovery, or completed a difficult analysis successfully, he had often taken hold of him and danced round the table with him in the laboratory.

The kind of reports that Gay-Lussac must have given to his friend Humboldt of the young Darmstadt chemist, may be imagined, and we shall not therefore be surprised that on Liebig's leaving Paris in 1824, Humboldt recommended him so highly to the Grand Duke Louis I. that in the same year, without taking the vote of the University, he appointed him professor extraordinary of chemistry at Giessen. Neither need we be surprised that he was regarded by his older colleagues as an upstart and *protégé*, and that he did not find much support in reforming the chemical school and faculty.

But Liebig overcame all difficulties. Two years later he was made ordinary professor of chemistry. He made the best arrangements that he could for himself and his pupils, to a great extent at his own expense. His reputation increased rapidly, but it was not till it became so great that young chemists came to him from all parts of Europe that the Government resolved to build a larger chemical laboratory on the Selterser Berg, outside the gates of Giessen.

To describe Liebig's scientific labours from 1824 to 1851 at Giessen, and from 1852 to 1873 at Munich, would be a task beyond our limits. All that can be done is to seize on some salient features to give an idea of his method of working.

His labours may be divided into two parts, both as to time and subject: the first from 1824 to 1839, when they were mainly devoted to pure chemistry; the second from 1840, when his attention began to be directed to the application of chemistry to agriculture and physiology; there was, however, much preparation for this in the first period, and researches in pure chemistry occur also in the second.

There was scarcely a branch of chemistry to which Liebig did not devote attention, and which was not enriched by him. Except Berzelius, I know of no chemist who pursued so many investigations. The "Annals of Chemistry and Pharmacy" edited by him and others contain more than two hundred treatises by Liebig on the

most various branches of pure and practical chemistry. Far be it from me to estimate a scientific man by the number of his writings, but considering the quality of Liebig's their number is the more remarkable.

Great as were his services in every department of chemistry, it is organic chemistry that is the most indebted to him, indeed he is often called the father of it. If the foundations had been to some extent laid before, it cannot be disputed that Liebig did more than any other chemist towards building up the structure.

Animal or vegetable substances, or organic matter, had often been the subjects of chemical researches when Liebig entered the arena of science, and it is known that all of them, unlimited as is their number, contain carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, in certain proportions; but as their origin in plants and animals was supposed to depend on other than chemical forces, their chemical relations to each other, and to inorganic mineral matter, were supposed to be different also. The vital forces under the influence of which all these organic matters originated were held to impress on them a peculiar and mysterious stamp.

The conviction arose very early in Liebig's mind,—it may almost be said to have been born with him,—that even if there were any generic difference between organic and inorganic matter, so far as the vital forces were subject to chemical laws, no chemical difference existed. He was convinced that there could be but one chemistry, and considered it to be his mission to bring organic and inorganic chemistry into scientific harmony. His experiments on fulminating oxide, which he and Gay-Lussac recognized as a combination of cyanogen and oxygen, led him to this path; he then discovered the corresponding sulphuric combination of the compound radical cyanogen to be sulphur cyanide, and traced the products of decomposition in melon, cyanic oxide, melam, and other bodies.

Graham had shown that among the mineral acids, there are some bases, phosphoric acid for instance, which are saturated by one, two, or three equivalent bases; Liebig proved that it was the same with the organic acids having several bases.

The nature of certain neutral organic matters, alcohol, ether, and many of the volatile oils, generally regarded as being of an almost mysterious character, was the most obscure, and differed most essentially from the mineral substances. Liebig sought to throw light on their nature by his experiments, particularly by trying the effect of simple reagents, such as bromine and chlorine, and the attention of his pupils. In this manner, many of the substances were discovered.

covered, which were afterwards turned to all sorts of practical uses, although they had been discovered with no other idea than their scientific value. Thus chloral was discovered by Liebig several decades before Liebreich found out the narcotic properties for which it is now manufactured wholesale. The names given to these products by Liebig showed the exclusively scientific aims he had in view. Thus by the word chloral he meant to indicate that it was produced by the action of chlorine gas on alcohol. He wished not only to think in chemical formulas, but when possible to express himself in them also.

These researches appeared at first to the multitude like useless chemical child's play, and to this his unusual nomenclature may have contributed. When, for instance, he had succeeded in producing what he considered a very important preparation, alcohol detached from hydrogen, he called it aldehyde, an abbreviation of alcohol *dehydrogenisatus*. This queer-sounding name called forth horror and ridicule among those who were accustomed to hear newly discovered minerals called after the places where they were discovered, the discoverers, or some celebrated personage, as Scheele's or Schweinfurt green, or Prussian blue. Had he called aldehyde Parisin, Gay-Lussacin, Giessenin, or Berzeliusin, nobody would have been scandalized.

For Liebig, the only distinction between inorganic and organic chemistry was that the former was concerned with simple radicals, the latter with compound. An investigation in this direction, which he conducted with his friend Wöhler, led the way for others. Wöhler had been a pupil of Gay-Lussac and Berzelius, and in these general scientific questions he was on an equality with Liebig. Liebig was doubly fortunate in having had a teacher like Gay-Lussac in his youth, and a friend like Wöhler for the whole of his life. They made experiments together on oil of bitter almonds and benzoic acid, and discovered the first radical consisting of three elements, the basis of a series of combinations to which they gave the name of benzoyl (basis of the benzoic series). It was demonstrated that a certain group of atoms of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen ($14\text{ C} + 5\text{ H} + 2\text{ O}$) contains benzoyl in a long series of combinations. Benzoic acid was benzoyloxyde; oil of bitter almonds hydrobenzoic acid; further, benzoyl chloride, benzoyl bromide, benzoyl iodide, benzoyl cyanide, benzoyl sulphide, &c., were exhibited, in which the simple radical benzoyl was found as unchanged as arsenic, or any other simple element in arsenic oxide, arsenic hydride, arsenic sulphide, &c., and can be eliminated from it.

Berzelius, who, even when treating of chemical achievements in his annual reports, was wont to express himself in measured and stately phrase, was betrayed into unusual warmth by this

discovery, and says in a letter (Vol. xxvi. of Poggendorff's *Annals*):—

"The facts demonstrated give rise to so many considerations that they may be called the dawn of a new day in vegetable chemistry. I therefore suggest that the first compound radical, consisting of more than two simple bodies in chemical combination, be called Proin, from $\pi\rho\omega\acute{\iota}$, dawn, daybreak, or Orthrin, from $\delta\rho\theta\rho\acute{o}s$, early twilight."

Berzelius had almost turned poet.

If the theory of organic radicals seems to be, to a great extent, superseded by her blooming daughters, the older type, and the modern structural chemistry, this does not invalidate Liebig's services to organic chemistry, for the period when the radical theory prevailed was one of great progress; it was in fact a mother, whose features are to a great extent reproduced in those of her daughters. Every theory which leads to discovery and research has its value; thus the Phlogiston theory of Stahl in the last century gave an impetus to progress, although, before its close, it was for ever exploded by Lavoisier. Even the present doctrine of the chemical structure of combinations and the arrangement of atoms is certainly not the last word in organic chemistry, and I doubt if it will prevail much longer than its predecessor the Type theory. I am not sufficiently versed in modern chemistry to form an opinion, but I should not be surprised if at last the various theories, which are all daughters of the radical theory, should, so to speak, return to their mother's bosom, somewhat altered perhaps, and rich in experience and achievements.

When we consider the numerous researches in organic chemistry which Liebig made alone or with others, we cannot be surprised that he was looked upon as pre-eminent in this department, and can only wonder that he found strength and time for the gigantic labours it involved.

The strength was the gift of nature, but the time was the result of his diligence and method. Liebig's understanding was as acute as his imagination was fertile, yet he was by no means visionary. Intellect and imagination were harmoniously blended in his character, and had perhaps the chief share in his success both in science and life. You should have seen Liebig examine a substance or watch a chemical process; he was sharp-sighted in every sense of the word. I was once present when a crystalline, colourless body was brought to him, which had just been found in pyroligneous acid, and the composition of which had not been ascertained. It smelt like creosote, and as the presence of that body in pyroligneous acid had not hitherto been detected, Liebig was interested in it. He laid it on a platina plate and held it over a flame; it melted, steamed, and when removed from the fire resumed a crystalline form. Liebig said at once, "I think it

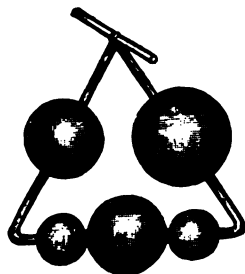
is pyrogallic acid, for that melts and crystallizes as this does." It was a bold conjecture, and one that an orthodox chemist would not have ventured on. For it was not known that pyrogallic acid occurred in pyroligneous acid, and it is without smell, or at any rate has not the least smell of creosote, while so many bodies melt and crystallize afterwards that more than ordinary acuteness is required to detect peculiarities which furnish hints for diagnosis. The substance was dissolved in water and tested with the reagents for pyrogallic acid. All the reactions occurred; there was no doubt that it was pyrogallic acid or something closely allied to it. All this occupied less than ten minutes, and further investigation confirmed Liebig's opinion, for though not pyrogallic acid, it was catechuic acid, which is closely allied to it.

It was only natural that one who so often found that he saw further than others should not readily give up anything that he had taken into his head, even if experiment did not at once confirm his views; no man is infallible, and Liebig was now and then mistaken. When he thought that a substance contained this or that, he often gave it to one of his trusted pupils to experiment upon. If he did not at once find what was expected, Liebig was apt to doubt his pupil's skill rather than his own conjectures. He would naïvely say, "But you must find it." If unable to do so, he sank still lower in his master's estimation, but rose again as quickly if he produced indisputable evidence against his opinion, or some other explanation. As was natural, the tenacity with which he held to his own opinion increased with years. Learned men in other departments, particularly men of book knowledge, had much ado to stand their ground against the ideas on their special subjects which Liebig would throw out in conversation. Though they might argue the point with faultless language and logic, he was seldom convinced. He would say, "The man is much more learned than I am," or, "He knows a great deal more than I do,"—but he still held to the opinions suggested by his own common sense.

In addition to his mental powers and quick perceptions, Liebig's methods greatly conduced to his rapid progress. He saved himself and others a vast deal of time by the invention of good methods in his experiments. Of those that he applied, perfected, or invented, the elementary analysis of organic bodies takes perhaps the first place, particularly the determination of carbon and hydrogen. Before the introduction of Liebig's methods, an organic elementary analysis was one of the most difficult tasks of the analytic art, and was only attempted by the greatest masters. Liebig had seen the process in the laboratories of Thenard and Gay-Lussac, and had followed their plans. He of course mastered the difficulties under their guidance, but he must have found them

very troublesome, and still more so the time they consumed. When he began his ardent labours at Giessen, and would fain have made experiments on the carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen in all organic bodies, he must have been much impeded by the time and apparatus required. He saw that he must make it a quick and easy process if progress was to be made in organic chemistry. This purely technical task occupied him for years, and he succeeded to a surprising extent. The apparatus was made by degrees so simple and unfailing, that dexterity in mineral analysis was far surpassed. Any chemist was now enabled, especially after the equally expeditious method of determining nitrogen had been introduced by Will and Varrentrapp, to make several combustions in a day.

The simplification of elementary analysis has been of no less importance to organic chemistry than modern methods of transit to commerce. Questions as to the percentage of the component parts of organic bodies could now be readily answered, and were no longer a tedious hindrance to the experimentalist. The five-ball apparatus which Liebig, who was himself an expert glass-



blower, learnt to make out of a few glass tubes, in which the carbon in organic matters was absorbed and weighed as carbonic acid, became the sign and symbol of the Giessen school; the students wore it on breast pins and buttons, and it figured under likenesses of Liebig. It has contributed no less to researches into the composition of organic bodies than good telescopes to viewing the heavens, or good microscopes to the investigation of the minutest atoms.

Liebig's career as a teacher does not come within the sphere of his scientific achievements, but his school is inseparable from his works and from the development of organic chemistry. He had felt the need of higher education, the shortcomings of the schools of his day. He found what he wanted at Paris, and he made accessible to all in Germany what he had to thank his good fortune for through meeting with Alexander von Humboldt. The establishment of the chemistry at Giessen must be con-

sidered an "epoch-making" fact of modern times. Liebig thereby led chemistry by the shortest route from the professor's chair into the sciences and practical life. How great the activity which prevailed in those chemical halls on the Selterser Berg, how unceasing the labour going on there! The most important objects were pursued together with the most commonplace, the future practical chemist and the future professor worked side by side, and now and then some chemical bungler among them. All the dialects of Germany, all the tongues of Europe, were mingled together, that of England in one of the halls predominating; yet there was no confusion, every one felt that he had lofty ends in view, he was serving science, he was a pupil of Liebig's.

And how stimulating was this concourse of aspiring youths under such a master! For every one in a scientific or experimental difficulty—in chemical distress—he had some good advice, some happy suggestion, to help him on his way and float his craft again. No one who had witnessed these labours, as earnest as they were cheerful, in this chemical beehive on the Lahn, could wonder, that at one time every one who aspired to higher education in chemistry, thought it necessary to make a pilgrimage to Giessen, and the reputation of Liebig's school became so high that it was a recommendation merely to have been there.

Liebig also deserves admiration for having persisted in his methods of teaching. Like every one who is in advance of his age, he at first met with opposition. Some few professors of chemistry had seen before, that the chemical students of the universities should practise in the laboratory, but they were not supported by public opinion, and not strong enough to overcome it. I well remember what my old teacher, Johann Nepomuk von Fuchs, used to tell me of the days when he was professor of chemistry at Landshut, about 1820. He tried to keep up a small practical school on the most modest scale, but his colleagues considered it useless waste of materials, and wear and tear of the apparatus, and the few students who attended it were laughed at by their comrades for supposing that the professors would show them the right methods, and so turn them into professors too. Goethe makes Mephistopheles say to Faust, "You must not give the fellows the best of what you know." Liebig reversed the dictum, saying in effect, "All that I myself can do, the fellows too must learn."

When the Giessen school was at the height of its fame, many of the university professors were of opinion that Liebig was making a mistake, and lowering the dignity of science. One distinguished chemist and professor seriously thought that he was simply ruining the prospects of some dozen young men every year, by putting it into their heads to become chemists, for what was the use of so

many of them? They would never be able to find anything to do, and would take to evil courses. But Liebig was not to be turned aside from his own path, and before long, numerous as were his pupils, he was unable to supply the demand for chemists from his school, and it became necessary to establish similar nursery-grounds, or forcing-houses, as they were called, elsewhere.

Liebig from the first acted on the principle of making his pupils chemists in a general sense, without regard to special application,—of putting them in possession of knowledge which they could apply themselves. But neither was this in accord with the ideas of the time. Just then technical schools were being established for teaching such departments of natural science as were applicable to particular trades. In a school of practical chemistry, the future potter should make clay his study, the brewer malt and hops, the tanner skins and bark, the dyer dyes, the agriculturist soils and manures, and so forth, but should not be troubled with things that he did not expect to turn to any practical use. Liebig was strongly opposed to this thoughtless utilitarianism. Only to learn just that of science which you expect to turn to account is as absurd as if you should learn just those words of a language which you expect to use.

People engaged in technical undertakings on a large scale soon found out that Liebig was right. Many applications were made to him not only for teachers of chemistry, but for technical chemists—not merely for chemical works, alkali works, &c., but for paper mills, dyeing works, breweries, &c. One of the largest firms of English brewers wished to engage a chemist for special researches into the process of brewing and fermentation. Liebig thought it right to state that he had not just then any pupil who had paid the least special attention to those subjects. The house wrote back that that was of no moment; if the young man was acquainted with chemistry in general, he could learn about brewing and fermentation best with them; and the young man, who had gone through a course of chemical study, but whose knowledge of brewing was probably confined to drinking beer at the cellar near the Giessen laboratory, became an eminent brewer.

Liebig always regarded his career as an instructor with great satisfaction, and could truly say, a few years before the close of his life:—

“I entered the realm of science at the time when organic chemistry was being developed, and had for thirty years the rare good fortune to see around me a large number of clever and aspiring young chemists, many of whom are the ornaments of the chairs of chemistry in nearly every country of Europe. With their help, and, I must add, together with my friend Wöhler, we succeeded in carrying on numerous researches, and in

ascertaining a multitude of facts which must be considered the groundwork of the organic chemistry of the present."

Liebig's literary labours do not come directly within my province, any more than his career as a teacher; yet my sketch would be incomplete without mention of the "Annals of Chemistry and Pharmacy," and his "Letters on Chemistry."

When Liebig appeared there was no paper in Germany specially devoted to chemistry. It was then for the most part an adjunct of pharmacy, in which the results of chemical science were of immediate use. The apothecary used often to play an important part, not only in little bourgeois epics, like "Hermann and Dorothea," but in chemistry and natural science in general; and Liebig's first writings appeared mostly in the "Magazine for Pharmacy." In 1832, Liebig and Geiger established the "Annals of Pharmacy," which became Liebig's organ. In 1840 it took the title of "Annals of Chemistry and Pharmacy," in order, as Liebig said, to make it more in accord with the contents, and Wöhler became one of the editors. For forty-one years Liebig was the main support of these Annals, which were mostly called, and are still, "Liebig's Annals," and they form an inexhaustible and indispensable repertory of information for any one who wishes to make researches in any department of chemistry.

The "Letters on Chemistry" originated in a series of articles in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*. They need but to be mentioned to recall to the mind of every educated man a matchless example of the art of popularizing pure science for the widest circle of readers. They are also indispensable to the expert, for the author constantly used them, as he himself stated, to illustrate his views on chemistry, agriculture, and physiology. He expended great pains upon them. Not long before his death, he wrote to one of his pupils who had published a small popular work:—

"The style of your book is excellent; it is really a masterpiece of simplicity and clearness. To most readers it may appear off-hand, as many have said of my chemical letters, but I am sure that you have expended much care and attention on the composition, as I did on mine; there is an art in simplicity and freshness of style which, however, must be kept out of sight."

Liebig thus gave the highest praise that he could bestow on a popular work.

It was the comprehensive view which Liebig took of chemistry which naturally turned his attention to agriculture and animal physiology. Having devoted more attention than any other chemist to the materials of organic nature, he wanted to observe them in the laboratories in which they were produced, to study the part they played in the economy of nature. It is well known that he became a pioneer in these departments and gave a great

impetus to the study of them. I will confine myself to the mention of a few of the chief points.

What is called Liebig's agricultural chemistry may be divided into two periods. The first from 1840 to 1846 at Giessen, the second from 1856 to 1862 at Munich. His researches in vegetable and animal physiology were first made known in a work which appeared in 1840, called, "Chemistry as applied to Agriculture and Physiology." This step involved so many consequences that I must enter a little further upon the subject.

In 1837, at the Meeting of the British Association held at Liverpool, Liebig was requested to draw up a report on the existing state of knowledge of organic chemistry. He consented, but proposed that the French chemist, Dumas, should join him in the work. Dumas, however, does not seem to have agreed, and in 1840 Liebig's book appeared. It met with unusual success; six editions were called for in six years, and it excited great attention, so great that in 1841 Dumas felt constrained to put forth something similar in French, and formally endorsed Liebig's main principles, although some of them were much disputed. He said, "*Elles appartiennent à notre école, dont l'esprit est venu s'exercer sur ce terrain nouveau.*"

But the success of the book in another respect was not so great—in its effect at first upon agriculture and physiology and their representatives. They almost all regarded Liebig, with his notions and theories, as an interloper, who must be driven back into his own territory; and a contest began. Even some distinguished chemists did not approve of Liebig's having, like an ambitious ruler, thus extended his domain. Berzelius from the first was doubtful, and a few years later was quite at enmity with Liebig about these theories of probability, as he called the application of chemistry to things of this sort. In his annual report of 1841, Berzelius said of Liebig's book, that it was written with all the ability to be expected from so distinguished an author, but made no secret of his opinion that Liebig had erected a structure that was already tottering to its fall.

The more critical, and even hostile was the attitude of the agriculturists, physiologists, and chemists, the louder was the applause of the public at large; but whether it was entirely satisfactory to Liebig I cannot say, for no one of the applauding multitude could bring Berzelius to another mind, invalidate the experiments of Braconnot, or the objections of Boussingault, could convince the sceptical farmers, or put the polemical physiologists to silence. It appears to me that Liebig must have felt rather isolated at this period, for even his best friends saw that in the lofty flights to which his imagination had led him, he had often asserted more than he had proved, and that the prosaic task of

proof had yet to be entered upon. He had thus raised up a host of opponents who were by no means to be despised, and was left to his own resources in dealing with them. The way in which he succeeded, in course of time, is worthy of all admiration.

At the time when Liebig was called upon to undertake the work which caused so much excitement, his powers were in their prime. When such a man as he was takes a general survey of things, his field of vision may be expected to extend beyond the usual range. What was the main thing that Liebig discovered?

He never claimed to be the first to make chemical experiments in agriculture. On the contrary, in the dedication of his book to Alexander von Humboldt he says:—

“There is one part of the little book which I take the liberty of dedicating to you, of which I scarcely know whether it is really mine. When I read your Introduction to Ingenhouss’s work on the ‘Nourishment of Plants’ of forty-two years ago, it always appears to me as if I had but carried out and tried to prove the views, therein expressed, of the most eminent naturalist of this century.”

What was it then which occasioned all this commotion?

In my opinion, it was not the facts adduced, which were mostly known before, but the idea by which Liebig’s mind was so possessed, that of all life upon earth, vegetable life alone has any affinity with lifeless inorganic nature; that vegetable life, by the aid of inorganic mineral matters, forms new and complex forms of organic nature; that animal life derives its life solely from vegetable life, and the animal, under the influence of the oxygen which it inhales, again resolves these combinations into the simple inorganic mineral matters, carbonic acid, hydrogen, ammonia, &c., out of which vegetable life combined them by the separation of oxygen in the air. It was this simple rotation of matter in animated nature which excited Liebig and others, and it soon found favourite popular illustration in the little aquariums which were called “Liebig’s World in a Glass Case.”

Liebig embraced this idea enthusiastically, and it raised him to a height from which prospects opened out before him as yet concealed from others, and it induced him to publish many things, which, having been seen only afar off, wore a different aspect when viewed more closely. He began to bear down all obstacles in his path at the risk of being considered a ruthless destroyer.

The method pursued by Liebig in his agricultural chemistry was slow and laborious; it would have taken any one else three times as long. The first great task was the examination of as great a variety of plants as possible from various places, their component parts, and those of their ashes. He did not place much value on analysis of soils, which had been considered so important, especially how much humus a soil contained; what he wanted to

know was the effect of every plant on the soil on which it grew. It was soon found that the ashes of all plants yield qualitatively the same mineral constituents, but that every species yields its own peculiar ashes, for different species growing side by side on the same soil absorb its mineral elements in very different proportions.

Liebig sent out letters asking for analyses of ashes in all directions, and in order to facilitate the task, his assistants, Will and Fresenius, worked out and published an excellent method of obtaining them. In a comparatively short time thousands of results were obtained.

Liebig now put into practice the results of the discovery that every species of plant takes from the soil a certain quantity of mineral matter, in certain combinations, which is found in their ashes; and his opinion that plants derive the rest of the material required for their growth from the atmosphere, in the form of carbonic acid, hydrogen, and ammonia, by the aid of their leaves and roots. He asserted that in order to make a cornfield perpetually productive you have only to restore to it the mineral matters withdrawn from it by the harvest; the atmosphere and the conformation of the soil, regulated by the mechanical part of farming, will take care of the rest.

A soda manufacturer at Liverpool was commissioned by Liebig to make arrangements for supplying the farmers with mineral manures for wheat, rye, oats, clover, potatoes, &c. They were prepared according to a method invented by Liebig, the essential feature being, that the nourishing salts, too readily soluble in water, were made less soluble by being mixed with carbonate of lime, that they might not be carried off by the rain out of reach of the sprouting seeds.

Liebig was thoroughly convinced of the correctness of his mineral theory, and as thoroughly of the efficacy of his mineral manures. It did not, however, turn out as he expected. His genius was to be sharply put to the test.

The English farmers found no result from the artificial manures, left off buying the useless stuff, returned to their old manures, and the works at Liverpool were given up. Indeed, Liebig was compelled to admit, from his own farming experiments at Giessen, that his mineral manures did not render a sterile soil essentially more fertile. One ray of hope appeared after years of non-success; the crops obviously increased, a little, after they had been manured. But this was only another

Meanwhile the opponents began to busy themselves, only to demonstrate the uselessness of mineral manures, but to the mineral theory, and to the work in order to obtain practical results, you must work in order to obtain

different way. First and foremost was an English landowner, Mr. Lawes, who, together with a chemist of the name of Gilbert, made experiments with various manures which they manufactured. It was shown that the more soluble a manure is, the greater the effect produced, that the produce of a field often increases enormously if only common salt be put upon it, especially superphosphate; but that above all, in order to obtain large crops, ammonia or ammoniacal salts, or, as at length it was briefly called, nitrogen, must be applied, and for a time the value of a manure was tested solely by the amount of nitrogen it contained, while, according to Liebig's theory, the atmosphere was the all-sufficient source of ammonia. His opponents rallied under the banner of this party, who were called nitrogenists, and they thought that they had driven Liebig for ever out of the field.

But in spite of all, Liebig remained strong in faith in his theory, and would not yield to want of practical success. Now and again, he entered into vehement polemics, especially against the validity of Lawes's experiments as opposed to his theories, but without success. Pusey, the President of the English Agricultural Society, took the part of the practical man, Lawes, all the more decidedly.

The readers of "Chemistry as applied to Agriculture and Physiology" became fewer and fewer, and after 1846, no new edition appeared.

But it must not therefore be supposed that Liebig's doctrines were refuted, for by means of his numerous pupils they had made their way into almost all agricultural schools, partly even into practical farming. Many experiments were made at the agricultural chemical stations, the first of which was in Saxony, and they proved more and more the correctness of the scientific principles which led to the artificial manures, even though they had not proved useful, and Liebig's mineral theory would have held its ground, even if he had given up his researches in this direction or had departed this life. But it was reserved for him, with his own hand, to put the keystone to the structure he had raised, and it was at Munich that it was to be done.

After 1845, Liebig had occupied himself more and more at Giessen with the second part of the task he had set himself, the application of chemistry to animal physiology, and at the close of 1851, when I was sent by King Maximilian II. to negotiate with Liebig about coming to Munich, he was in the midst of these labours. He had declined so many invitations that but little hope was entertained of gaining him for Munich. We succeeded, however, and to his honour be it said, he did not embarrass the negotiation by exorbitant demands, but only stipulated that he should not have the conduct of so large a laboratory as at Giessen,

that he might have more leisure for his own pursuits. He removed to Munich in 1852, at the age of forty-nine.

After a time he resumed his agricultural experiments, and directed them to discovering why his mineral manures did not produce the desired effect. At length he succeeded. He proved to demonstration that all cropping is robbery of the soil; that if every particle of mineral matter is not restored to it by some sort of manure after every crop, it is only a question of time when a field will cease to be productive.

At length it became clear to him that the clods crushed by the farmer, the particles of soil, play a much larger part in the nourishment of plants than had been supposed. The idea had been that besides the nourishment in the form of air, that only which was dissolved in the moisture contained in the soil, even if dissolved with difficulty, contributed to the nutrition of the fruits of the earth. The good effect of allowing land to lie fallow was supposed to consist in the gradual decay and solution of certain constituents, and it was thought that it was only to open the soil, as it was said, to make its elements soluble, so that they might be sucked up by the roots of plants. The growth of land plants was supposed not to differ from that of water plants. Liebig discovered that with field crops, and land plants in general, it was just the reverse; that they live upon matters which were once dissolved in water, but again absorbed from the water by the soil and rendered insoluble. He ascertained the absorbent power, the point of saturation, of various soils for the mineral food of plants dissolved in water, and found the greatest differences, not only between various soils, but in the same soils for various substances. He discovered, for instance, that a certain quantity of ammonia, dissolved in water, penetrated to a depth of ten centimetres in passing through loam, an equal quantity of potash to eleven, and an equal weight of phosphate of lime, dissolved in water containing carbonic acid, penetrated to a depth of twenty-three centimetres, and a half, and saturated the soil.

The part played by water in the soil is therefore twofold. It has not only to furnish plants with their normal quantity of water, and to restore the loss by exhalation, but also to convey the nourishment to the soil from which it is abstracted by their roots. Just as the roots are able to extract the insoluble mineral matters from the soil, they also extract from it moisture hygroscopically combined with it, which is then, to a certain extent, restored by the atmosphere, even without rain.

The absorbent quality of the soil for matters of this kind dissolved in water was not discovered by Liebig; Thomson and Way had long before observed this property of the soil and other porous bodies; but neither they nor Liebig had hitherto turned it

to account in agriculture; it must have been deemed injurious rather than beneficial, because it had been held that what was wanted was to make the nourishment in the soil, not insoluble but soluble. It was to Liebig that the principle first occurred that the soil, like water, only just in the reverse way, could be saturated with matters to a certain extent without chemically combining with them; that as, for instance, common salt in water becomes fluid, and mixes with it without altering its nature, or chemically combining with it, so the nourishing mineral matters dissolved in water again become solid in contact with earth, and go into the earth without change in their chemical composition. Liebig perceived now that land plants extract the matters by means of their roots from the soil which the soil has abstracted from water and rendered insoluble.

He now saturated unfruitful peat earth with mineral matters containing nourishment for plants. Water filtered through such earth abstracted nothing from it whatever, but grain, peas, beans, &c., flourished luxuriantly and bore over one hundred fold. Their delicate roots could abstract what water could not.

Liebig knew now why his mineral manures produced little or no effect. With great chemical shrewdness he had rendered certain substances, particularly potash and the phosphates, almost insoluble in water, and prevented them from passing into the absorbent soil. When he perceived his mistake it was as if scales had fallen from his eyes, he saw clearly before him the end at which he had so long been aiming.

In 1862, his great work, in two volumes, appeared: "*The Chemical Process of the Nourishment of Plants and the Natural Laws of Agriculture.*" By this Liebig completed and crowned his science of agriculture; his doctrines are now everywhere acknowledged, and no thoughtful farmer supposes that he has only to lay on super-phosphate, nitrogen, or guano to make his fields fruitful for ever. The object is now to apply Liebig's theories by the best methods. The German landowners gratefully acknowledged this a few years ago by founding the Liebig Institute.

How deep was the impression made upon Liebig's mind by these discoveries is clearly shown by his own words. He says in his introduction to his work of 1862:—

"It was a real and perpetual grief to me that I could not discover why the effect of my manures was so tardy; I saw everywhere, in thousands of cases, that every one of their component parts produced its effect alone, yet when combined, as in my manures, they produced none.

"At last, three years ago, after submitting all the facts, step by step, to fresh and careful experiment, I discovered the reason. I had sinned against the wisdom of the Creator and suffered just punishment. I thought to improve upon His work, and fancied, in my blindness, that in the wondrous

chain of laws by which life is ever maintained and renewed on the surface of the earth, one link was wanting which I, a weak and helpless worm, was to supply. It had, however, been provided for; but in so wonderful a manner that the existence of such a law had hitherto been unsuspected by man's intelligence, numerous as were the facts that indicated it; but facts, though they speak truth, are dumb, or one hears not what they say, when error drowns their voice. So it was with me. The alkalies, I thought to myself, must be made insoluble, or the rain will carry them off! I did not then know that the soil holds them fast, so soon as solutions of them come into contact with it, for the law to which my experiments in agriculture have led, is as follows:—Organic life is developed on the crust of the earth under the influence of the sun, and the great Architect gave to the ruins of this crust the property of attracting and holding fast all those elements which serve for the nourishment of plants, and thereby of animals also, as the magnet attracts and holds fast iron filings, so that no particle is lost. The Creator included in this another law, whereby the earth, bearing plants, is a vast cleansing apparatus for water, from which by this property it removes all those matters which would be injurious to man and beast, the products of the decay of generations of plants and animals."

In glancing at Liebig's influence on animal physiology I shall be more concise, as his method of procedure did not differ from that with agricultural chemistry. In this department also his studies were based upon exact organic chemistry. What first attracted him was the reception of organic nourishment and the reversed metamorphosis of matter under the influence of oxygen from the highly complex to the simple, to the inorganic, from albumen and fat to uric acid and urea, carbonic acid, water, ammonia and ashes, just as he had pursued the reverse method with plants. The researches into the changes in uric acid under the influence of oxydation may be regarded as thoroughly typical of his work; like the researches into benzoïn, it was undertaken in conjunction with his friend Wöhler, who ten years before had succeeded in making a synthesis of urea from its elements, the first instance of an artificial exhibition of an organic body out of inorganic elements. The work on uric acid is a classic model to this day.

Liebig's labours in animal physiology may be divided into two parts: first, the discovery by chemical analysis of the component parts of various organs, and excreta; second, the endeavour to explain the chemistry of physiological processes. To the first part much has been contributed by others besides Liebig and his school. Much as these researches have extended our knowledge, they would never have received the attention accorded to the second part; this Liebig reserved to himself, namely, to explain his ideas of the significance of all matters in the living body.

Physiology falls mainly into two parts: the physical and the organic-chemical division. The physical part is scarcely troubled by himself at all, and is purely as a chemist, but he is very how

to observe chemical processes in the organism, without ever having made a physiological experiment. This was at once a strong and a weak point with him. No physiologist will deny, that in spite of this weakness he exercised an influence on the progress of physiological science. The case was much the same as with agricultural chemistry; he constructed a theory from a purely chemical standpoint, and then appealed to practice; but his essays in the physiological sphere were much more audacious, for he had not command of the weapons—physiological experiment; at least I am not aware that he ever himself made an experiment on a living being.

The progress of every science depends upon the discovery of facts, which may be called scientific practice, and upon the conclusions deduced from them—that is, on theory and practice. They may be compared to the army and diplomacy in statecraft. Diplomacy wages no actual warfare, but is not seldom the cause of it, and the soldiers have to make experiment after experiment, to marshal facts against facts, until it appears which side is the stronger.

In the realm of pure chemistry Liebig was both soldier and diplomatist, indeed one of the greatest generals. In the physiological sphere he was only a diplomatist, but he was the cause of many movements and conflicts, which have cleared up various points in physiology, although, when peace was concluded, some things were not settled in accordance with the original demands. The decision of Liebig's character induced him at once to state what he thought to be the case without troubling himself about other claims. Thus, for instance, it had been stated by Lavoisier that animal heat was derived from processes of oxydation, from a sort of combustion of the substances in the body containing carbon and hydrogen. Dulong and Despretz proved by experiment that this was nine-tenths true, that is, capable of demonstration. Liebig tried to prove by purely theoretical methods that all animal heat was derived from chemical processes, and did not, like many others, infer from the experiments of Dulong and Despretz, that the other tenth was otherwise produced, for example, by nervous influences; did not even take the trouble to investigate the remaining tenth at all, but simply gave in his evidence to the opposite party, that the heat of an animal kept in a box surrounded with ice during experiment did not become diminished by one-tenth. And proof to the contrary has never yet been offered.

As is well known, Liebig interested himself no less in the nutrition of animals than in that of plants. Notwithstanding that the food of different animals and man is so various, they are chemically alike in their corporeal substance. There is no essential difference between the flesh of birds, oxen, or man;

cow's milk can be substituted for mother's milk; and, physiologically speaking, there is nothing impossible in the myth that the founders of Rome were suckled by a wolf. The transmutation of matter in a herbivorous animal when fasting, differs in no respect from that of a carnivorous animal, for so long as he does not eat he must consume his own flesh. What is then the common principle in the thousand kinds of food, this unity in multiplicity? The mind of man has occupied itself with these questions for ages. Just before Liebig's time, the experiments made by Magendie and others on the subject of nutrition had produced results which only seemed to render the question more obscure; but six years ago Voit said:—

"This obscurity was to be brilliantly illuminated by one who is still amongst us. No one will accuse me of flattery if I mention the services of one living and present, for they are so universally acknowledged that they belong to history."

It was Liebig who first expressed the decided opinion that the animal must be provided by his food with the chief elements in the blood, and therewith of the body built up and nourished by it, and that its original and essential constituents are to be found only in vegetation, for the existence of the carnivora implies that of the herbivora, and the herbivora that of vegetation. Liebig said:—

"The nutriment of men and animals consists of two substances, differing entirely in their composition. The one class, consisting of nitrogenous, albuminous matter, serves to make blood, and to form the solid structure of the body—these are called plastic elements of nutriment. The others, which are non-nitrogenous, fats and hydrocarbons, are like ordinary fuel, and serve only for the production of heat—they are called breathing material. Sugar, starch, and gums may be regarded as fibres of wood transformed, and can be produced from wood. Fat stands next to coal in the quantity of carbon it contains. We heat our bodies as well as our stoves with fuel containing the same elements as wood and coal, but essentially distinguished from them by their solubility into the juices of the body."

It is upon this that Liebig's division of all nutritive elements into blood-making or plastic, and combustible or respiratory, material, is based, and from its simplicity and clearness it has been retained almost without exception to the present day, although the definition more recently given by Voit, from a physiological rather than a chemical standpoint, is also very simple. Voit classifies articles of diet not according to their possible effects, but according to their material nature for the body, and states the question thus:— "Do they contain to prevent the diminution of albumen and oxygen in the transmutation of matter, or not?" and asks— "What is the value of the above-named

materials, and consume them in the intervals between meals and when fasting. In order that food may be really convertible by and acceptable to the organism, it must, as Voit justly observes, contain also articles of luxury, that is, materials which work upon certain nerves and affect the activity of the digestive apparatus. This definition embraces not only the solid, but also the fluid and air-forming constituents of food; it is more complete and precise than Liebig's, but not so intelligible to every layman, so that Liebig's will long maintain the field with the public at large. It has, however, been proved by experiment, that even under the greatest exertion, no more blood-forming or strength-producing elements are consumed than during absolute rest, while a great deal more of the other class, the heat-producing elements, are consumed, though the heat of a healthy body is rather diminished than increased.

Another great service of Liebig's, on the subject of nutrition, is that he established the principle that it depends not only on partaking of blood-forming and heat-producing materials, but that they should be taken in certain proportions varying with circumstances. He also endeavoured to settle the equivalents of different articles, as, for instance, how much hydrocarbon would produce the same effect as a certain weight of fat. He did this in his usual fashion, from a purely chemical standpoint, without even, as it were, putting a question to the living body. When, therefore, experiments were tried in accordance with these theories, many things turned out otherwise than he expected, just as the fields did not yield the results he looked for, on his experiments with mineral manures; but in spite of all this, it is surprising how much has been confirmed, and no one will dispute the services rendered in this sphere by him as a pioneer.

Liebig was much engrossed at one time with the formation of fat in the body. I cannot state the subject better than Voit has done in his lecture on theories of nutrition:—"It had long been agreed that the albuminous and nitrogenous elements in the body are solely produced by albumen in the food; but great difference of opinion prevailed as to what produced fat, and yet it is very important to ascertain it. It was thought at first, and the view was entertained by two distinguished French chemists, Dumas and Boussingault, that fat was formed solely from the fat introduced into the body. But Liebig soon perceived that this could not be, and proved to a certainty that the fat in the food, especially in the case of the herbivora, could not produce all the fat in the body, and that the hydrocarbons had the greatest influence on the production of fat."

From these facts Liebig drew the conclusion that fat is formed chiefly from the non-nitrogenous elements in food, starch, sugar,

and the hydrocarbons generally. A lively controversy sprang up between Giessen and Paris, and there was much sharp-shooting on both sides. Liebig came off victorious, inasmuch as he was correct in maintaining that the fat in the food could not, in most cases, account for the amount of fat in the body, and that the hydrocarbons were certainly concerned in its production.

It was not until experiments were undertaken with the respiratory apparatus in the Physiological Institute at Munich that other views came to be entertained. This apparatus enabled us to ascertain the exact amount of receipts and expenditure in the body during twenty-four hours, in the form of gas, which had only been possible before with the fluids and solids; and when an exact balance had been struck, it appeared that, at any rate among the carnivora and man, fat is never produced by the hydrocarbons, not even when taken in the greatest quantity, but that it must be produced by the fat in the food and by being eliminated from albumen. Voit, by his experiments on a milch cow, has rendered the production of fat by hydrocarbons in the herbivora very doubtful; and we are thus compelled to conclude that all fat, not contained in the food, which is produced in the body, has its origin in the decomposition of albumen, and that the hydrocarbons, previously looked upon as fat-formers, only serve to prevent the fat originating in albumen from combining with oxygen, from further decomposition into carbonic acid and water, from so-called combustion. No single experiment since made has contradicted this theory; indeed, time has only confirmed it. Liebig never could reconcile himself to it, he even disputed it in his last work on fermentation and muscular force; but this does not detract from his great services on the question of alimentation, for even the modern view is but the result of the impetus which he gave to it.

Closely connected with food are Liebig's experiments on meat, which first gave us a precise idea of the chemical composition of muscle, by far the largest and most solid part of our bodily elements. One fruit of these studies is the Extract of Meat, which has been so much discussed, and as much overrated as underrated. Without granting that one ounce of the extract is equal to a pound of meat, or that you may turn bread into meat with it, it was a valuable gift to mankind; it has been found a welcome cordial to the traveller in the desert, the voyager to the North Pole, and our soldiers in war, and it finds a place more and more in the kitchens of the middle class. Among the luxuries which are necessary additions to our food, none is more grateful than soup, and we have the essential basis of it, only in another form, in Extract of Meat. Liebig occupied himself much with the physiological value of this *protégé* of his, which has become so large an article of trade.

On the whole, Liebig initiated and rendered possible a science of nutrition. It is a curious fact that his ideas have been much more tardy in making their way into the laboratories of animal and vegetable physiology, than into the experimental agricultural stations which he also instituted, and which have proved so useful. Though their chief aim is practical, they sometimes contribute to the advancement of science. Farmers now go deeply and successfully into the question of the best means of feeding and fattening various races of animals. It might be no less to the advantage of the human race if experiments were tried as to the best diet for the various classes of our population.

I am well aware that I have by no means exhausted the subject of Liebig's achievements in science, but have simply indicated them; what I have said suffices to show how great they were, even though all that he did, wrote, and said was not free from human error and weakness. We will not desecrate his memory by flattery or servile adulation—

“Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt.”

If in some things Liebig did not entirely succeed, if he did not finish everything that he undertook, he only shares the fate of the greatest men in history, and other benefactors of mankind, but he none the less influences the present and the future. Let us rejoice in the inheritance he has left us. It is distinguished from all earthly possessions by this peculiarity, that every one may take of it as much as he will without lessening the store for the rest; nay, the more every one makes it his own, the more will it increase and multiply.

It is an old and familiar metaphor, derived from the most ancient department of practical chemistry, the production of metals, advance in which divides one great epoch of civilization from another, that every man may be looked upon as an alloy of base and precious metals, that he must be tried and purified in the fires of life and of death, and that the more he has aspired after noble ends in life the more precious will be the residuum that he leaves. Every man who has honestly pursued noble ends, leaves behind, as the flame of life expires, a grain, smaller or larger of precious metal; few only are utterly consumed as dross in the fiery furnace of this life, but the weight of the residue greatly varies. Liebig now lies, as it were, before us on the burning, refining hearth of a ceaselessly active and noble life—a mighty deposit of silver which coming generations may yet gaze on with admiration.

MAX VON PETTENKOFER.

MODERN EXCAVATIONS.

THERE seems a wonderful agreement between the instincts of man and the action of nature in hiding what is decayed and past out of use beneath the surface of the earth. The griefs of sorrowing relatives are not smoothed away by time unless the ground has received into its hiding-place the body which has done its work; for though there be a certain luxury in sadness, oblivion is, after all, one of the great conditions of human happiness. So, too, a country covered with the material remains of extinct diligence looks neither peaceful nor prosperous till the gaunt ruin or the unsightly wall has either sunk into the soil or been made the support of those beautiful plants—the golden lichen, the clustering ivy, the scarlet creeper—which seem almost intended to reassert the beauty of nature against the unsightly hardness of human constructions. There are of course some ruins, like those of Greek temples and mediæval churches, where the design is not lost, and where we can still admire the genius of bygone ages; but when the pillar, and the carved window, and the strong tower have fallen in, the mere remains of human building are unsightly enough, and only affect us with a sense of desolation.

It conduces, therefore, not a little to the beauty of the world that ruined cities sink into the earth, and are buried by the mere continuance of human activity about their sites. The traveller who goes to see the Forum, where Cicero and Caesar walked, is astonished to find it deeper underground than the streets of Pompeii. The wear of human life has covered the one with a deeper crust than the floods of ashes which buried the other. It is the same with old Jerusalem, with Ephesus, with any inhabited

site which has been investigated.* The ruins of human habitations occupy far more room upon the surface of the earth than most people imagine. They do not settle down into solid and closely packed soil, and so each succeeding building stands upon a higher level. No clearer illustration can be found than the Church of San Clemente at Rome—a very old basilica, dating, I suppose, not later than the twelfth century. Yet the excavations under it have disclosed not only another Christian church, but under this again a building which may have been a heathen temple, and which seems buried in the very bowels of the earth. All this will be easily intelligible to any one who has seen the vast ruins of the Tuileries at Paris. The *débris*, being perhaps to some extent held together by the outside walls, form a mass, which if allowed to settle down and consolidate, would establish a level a long way above the street. In fact the surface of the ruins, when I saw them, looked about twenty feet above the former soil.

Historians have long been alive to the vast importance of this natural, but not obvious, state of things, which is one of the great agents in preserving for us the records of the past. They have been constantly reminded of it by the accidental discoveries of remains of human industry, far beneath the surface of our own day. No source of these fortunate chances has been more fruitful than the making of railroads all over Europe in the last generation. The conditions of steam traffic made it necessary to cut through hills upon a scale which could never have been attempted for any antiquarian purposes, and it is not too much to say that the researches into the age and condition of pre-historic man have received no aid from any side more important than the wholesale exposing of gravel pits, and old beds of rivers, which was done for the mere commercial purpose of making roads.

The inquiry into historical antiquities is of a different order, as the sites of interest are more clearly defined, and are for the most part not on railway thoroughfares. The importance of such inquiry is fully recognized ever since splendid results like those at Hadrian's Villa had shown that in the decay of the old world, and in the devastations of war and of earthquake, the most precious

* In the careful investigations of Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, he found four distinct layers of human industry, the lowest at a depth of more than 50 feet. The second lowest, which was far the most remarkable, and which he calls Homer's Troy, was evidently destroyed by fire, and was in every way superior to the layer immediately above it. The highest was evidently the remains of the historical Ilium known in later times. In the case of Jerusalem, I am informed that the cisterns or aqueducts, which are ascribed to King Hezekiah, are 120 feet below the present level, so that the work of excavating them is very expensive and dangerous. After sinking a shaft, it is necessary to cut passages under ground at this great depth, a work which can only proceed very slowly. Nor are the results, so far as I know, at all adequate to the expenditure. Except old glass and pottery, there has been very little found, and the Temple seems to have disappeared altogether.

jewels of earlier art are forgotten, and there are days when those that are on the housetop flee without remembering to go back into the house. In these days of decay and of despair an earthquake will shake down a building full of precious things, and there is not the enterprise to recover them, till their very existence is forgotten, or till strangers come to occupy a district whose history they care not to learn. Thus General di Cesnola, in the course of his remarkable researches in Cyprus, seems to have hit upon the treasure-house of a temple untouched; and the late discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ show that human cupidity may be powerless against human forgetfulness.

The present generation, however, has done more in the way of excavation for historical purposes than its predecessors—not more, I think, in proportion to its greater knowledge and resources, but more, owing to these causes, to the increased power of reaching the proper sites, and to the greater diffusion of an interest in the positive side of historical inquiry. The writing of ancient history was once an affair of the study, of comparing the statements of a certain number of authorities in dead languages, and drawing inferences from what they said. All this is now changed. We are constantly finding new materials in the shape of inscriptions, of coins, of trade marks, of various indications as to art and commerce, which must ultimately remodel our book knowledge. There is no more salient example than the history of Greece. Grote's great work may be said to have summed up all that could be known, or fairly inferred, from the extant texts of the ancients and the commentaries upon them. And yet that admirable book is now obsolete upon many important points.* If any one would compare the older attempts at writing the history of Egypt with the short work of Brugsch, a still greater contrast might be seen. The history of Mesopotamia may hardly be said to have existed till our own time, and is now only in process of being discovered. The changes likely to be made in our ancient histories are thus likely to be very considerable, and not only special and particular, but large and general. As a specimen of special lights, we may cite such researches as those of Gelzer into the history of Gyges of Lydia. This king was rapidly becoming a very doubtful figure on the confines of real history. Indeed, the latest work on the subject in England boldly relegated him to the region of legend, and spoke of him as a mythical character. He has been rescued by the chronicles of the Assyrian kings, which not only

* Even in Grote's day, he might have gained a great deal of vividness by making himself personally familiar with modern Greece, and so feeling geographical facts in a way quite different from what can be gained by the most accurate study of books. Quite apart from new materials, the history of Professor E. Curtius has this inestimable advantage. The author knows Greece thoroughly from long and intelligent study, as his excellent book on the Morea showed long ago.

mention him by name as a rebellious vassal, but enable us to change his date by at least a generation—a change which affects a good many other important dates in Greek history. The history of Hezekiah, King of Judah, has received the most extraordinary corroboration from the same source, for we now possess Sennacherib's account of the campaign against Jerusalem, with many particulars which supplement and explain the Hebrew history.

These are specimens of particular points on which we have gained new light. But there are other and far larger reflections suggested by the Egyptian accounts of great invasions from the sea, and by the gradually increasing proofs of Oriental influences through the Mediterranean. The former of these—I allude chiefly to the inscriptions of Merenephtah—give us a glimpse into the condition of the Eastern Mediterranean, when the Greeks had probably not yet settled in Greece. We seem to find a state of things not unlike the invasions of the Northmen on the coasts of England and Ireland in the ninth and tenth centuries A.D. The tombs found by Dr. Schliemann, and still more clearly that just discovered at Palestrina, and the remains in Irish tombs—all these prove a diffusion of Oriental art and manufacture through the Mediterranean which was not suspected by scholars of the last generation. It is indeed a matter of anxious expectation what deductions may be possible, when our premisses are increased by further inscriptions, or specimens of ancient manufacture.

The greater part of all these extraordinary results is due to excavations. The decipherers had but little material till it was furnished by the excavators; the historians of ancient art and industry had but few specimens to guide them, till our museums were enriched by treasures long buried in the earth. It is, moreover, remarkable that of all our modern advancements in knowledge, there is none which has so directly depended on individual enterprise and enthusiasm. The names of M. Mariette and of Mr. Layard are indissolubly connected with the history of Egypt and of Assyria, as we now study it, and of them, as of their fellow-discoverers, it may fairly be asserted, that without their personality, without their individual enthusiasm, no general tendencies would have extracted through some lesser agent what they discovered in spite of myriad obstacles. The same may be said in the highest sense of Dr. Schliemann, though we may not as yet be able to find a place in history for the remarkable antiquities which were indicated to him by old Greek legends.

Of late years, public bodies have begun to see the vast importance of these researches, and we have had a good many individual discoveries, either commissioned or partially supported by public funds, so that in speaking of modern excavations, we may fairly

divide them into those of purely private enterprise, and those sustained by national funds. The features of these respective classes have so many broad differences, that it may be worth while pointing them out. Public bodies require a good deal of stimulus before they will move; there must be solid evidence that something of importance is sure to be found; some enthusiastic digger must have done the pioneering, and perhaps appealed to the nation when he despairs of his own resources sufficing to carry out the work. The result is that these nationally supported excavations are all for definite purposes and are sure to bring in some return. Thus the Italian Government conduct and support the diggings at Pompeii, when it is certain that in every new house some piece of evidence on old life will turn up. They also support most of the researches into the topography of Rome, with which the name of Mr. Parker is now indissolubly associated. The missions of Mr. Newton to Halicarnassus, of Messrs. Smith and Porcher to Cyrene, of M. Conze to Samothrace, and of Mr. George Smith to Mesopotamia, were promoted with the same certainty of success, and placed under the direction of thoroughly competent men, who were sure to economize outlay to the best advantage.

The last successful English enterprise of this kind is that of Mr. Wood at Ephesus—an intermediate case indeed, for he was obliged to persuade the authorities of the British Museum, by some result obtained at his own expense, that their investment of money in his enterprise was a sound one, and so far his individual energy was the moving cause, but the main results were obtained by national funds applied for the special purpose of uncovering the site of the great temple of Artemis at Ephesus. The still progressing excavations of the Germans at Olympia are of a strictly public kind. It is certain that the site of the principal buildings can be made out, and that a host of inscriptions, and of works of art more or less perfect, will reward the explorers.

Thus the more enlightened Governments of Europe are awaking to the value of spending some of their vast resources on the hidden treasures of great historical sites, and we may expect that in a few years the combined results will be very great indeed. The French are contributing their share, perhaps with less *éclat*, but, if I mistake not, with their usual high intelligence and practical good sense. Not to speak of the missions of M. Renan to Phœnicia and of M. Waddington and M. G. Perrot to Asia Minor, which were not strictly missions for excavation, they have established what is called the *école d'Athènes*, on the model of the similar school at Rome—an institution in the capital of Greece, and therefore in the centre of a very important field of antiquities, where, under the guidance of a trained director, five or six thoroughly tested and promising young men are main-

tained at the national expense, and permitted to learn Greek history and antiquities by studying them on the spot.

The work done by this small and modest school seems to me to exceed so vastly what might have been expected from it, that it ought to be imitated without delay by the English nation, above all by the great English universities, which could do so without any appreciable sacrifice. The French have created a school of archaeology in Greece by means of their *école d'Athènes*, which even now rivals in results all that is done by nations like the English and Germans, who have a far greater knowledge of Greek, and who profess a far greater interest in Hellenic antiquities. The smart satires of M. About were, indeed, an unpromising firstfruit of the school, but since that time there are the admirable excavations on the Acropolis by M. Beulé, together with his book on Greek art; there are the excellent works of M. Jules Girard, of M. G. Perrot, of M. Foucart, of M. E. Bournouf, of M. Dumont, of a host of others, and lastly, of M. A. Lebègues, which speak more than volumes for the extraordinary fruits of this wise foundation. Most of these scholars have not been excavators; they have collected unknown inscriptions, and edited them with real skill and care; they have compared pottery, and drawn inferences from its quality and from trade marks; but they are always ready, whenever an opportunity offers, to conduct intelligent excavations. Thus the volume recently published by M. Albert Lebègues, and entitled "*Recherches sur Delos*," shows what admirable results can be obtained by a small expenditure, conducted by an expert in the subject, who is moreover a resident of some standing in the country, and accustomed to the language and habits of the neighbourhood. M. Lebègues, at a very trifling expense, determined and uncovered the site of the ancient oracle of Apollo at Delos, found the temenos, and the shrine made in imitation of a natural cave, found even the old sacred stone which may have been adored primitively as the god, and, fixed into it, the pedestal and feet of the later marble statue which represented him. His whole monograph upon the history and fortunes of Delos is a model of clearness and learning. Thus by keeping a staff of six students at Athens, at an outlay of about £2,000 per annum, and by requiring them to give yearly evidence of their diligence, the French Government have produced since 1846 results in classical learning greater than those produced by Oxford and Cambridge with perhaps £200,000 devoted to various branches of Greek and Latin antiquity. If some travelling fellowships were organized into a similar foundation, the study of Greek would become a new and a living thing in England. I do not know whether the French have done much by way of private enterprise of late years, if we except the researches carried on at Miletus since Mr. Newton's work, at

the cost of the Messrs. Rothschild, of which the results have added a new and important feature—that of architectural antiquities—to the museum at the Louvre.

But all the public excavations, carried out systematically by civil engineers and antiquarians for the purpose of solving distinct problems of history and of art, have, strange to say, paled in the present day beside the unexpected discoveries of private individuals working, I will not say at random, but on theories of disputed value, or in consequence of the accidents of a fortunate situation. Two of these are now in everybody's mouth. General di Cesnola took advantage of his official residence as American Consul at Cyprus to carry on excavations for several years, which resulted finally in his discovering the intact treasure-house of a temple, with offerings of countless value, and with material in the way of inscriptions more varied than has ever been found together before. There seem to be Assyrian, Lycian, Egyptian, Phœnician, and Greek works of art and industry all together in this collection. Through the wretched mismanagement of our authorities this precious mine of knowledge, which he would gladly have deposited in London, has gone to New York, so that I can only speak of it by hearsay from the evidence of a competent friend who saw it in London before its departure. But it appears that its value was rather underrated than exaggerated in the course of the negotiations. The gathering of these and other antiquities is said to have cost General di Cesnola not only years of labour, but £13,000 in outlay—a wonderful contrast to the few hundreds which are grudgingly granted by rich Governments for similar purposes.

But even these treasures, which were not equalled by the curious collection of prehistoric ornaments found by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik—probably the site of the ancient Troy—seem quite eclipsed by the extraordinary tombs lately found by him at Mycenæ. Dr. Schliemann does not work at the suggestion, or in the pay, of any government; he is an enthusiast who forms his own theories about prehistoric sites, and verifies them by spending his fortune in excavations. There was a long controversy, ever since classical days, about the site of legendary Troy, which modern critics seemed disposed to settle by denying altogether its real existence. Dr. Schliemann formed his own conclusions from historical and topographical evidences, and at all events has found a very ancient fortified site, apparently destroyed by fire, with its half-burned treasures left as they were since the day of its destruction. The opinion of the best judges seems unanimous that these remains are not neobarbaric, but really prehistoric and earlier than the development of classical art in Asia Minor.

But whether this site prove the existence of Troy, of Priam, and Helen, and Hector, and all the details of the Trojan war—

these are conclusions to which we will not accompany Dr. Schliemann. He has proved what no scholar, save a comparative mythologist, ought ever to have doubted, that the poet or poets of the Iliad, when composing their story, attached it to a known ancient site, which old wars and sieges had made celebrated, and which, therefore, was the proper geographical basis for the story. We might even show evidence for believing it likely that the legend may have been transferred from another site, whose associations had faded out, to this more suggestive *locus*. In the case of stories told about men, such transference is even now an every-day occurrence.

These few words of criticism will show the salient differences between the nature of the private excavations of Dr. Schliemann and those of Dr. Hirschfeld and Mr. Newton. I suppose if the English or German Governments had been asked to contribute to the search for the palace of Priam, or the tomb of Agamemnon, they would have stared at the request. And consequently, though the discoveries at Olympia or at Cnidus are not so startling, they are on strictly historical ground, and can at once be fitted into some historical frame. The splendid results of Dr. Schliemann's grand enthusiasm are far more surprising, but as yet are without any tangible historical result, for, though they show that Greek legends, like the legends of all other nations, attach themselves to some real starting point, they still leave us in a maze of doubt as to their real age and import. Dr. Schliemann, indeed, who based his enterprise upon a passage in Pausanias, describing the tombs of Agamemnon and his attendants at Mycenæ, is completely persuaded that he has found the very bones of the king of men.

If I venture a word of criticism on his letters, I hope he will not think that it is for want of appreciation of his high qualities as a scholar and a discoverer. It is hard to over-estimate the boldness and acuteness with which he interpreted this very passage of Pausanias, from which no other commentator would accept the existence of tombs within the acropolis of Mycenæ. Dr. Schliemann was the first to see that Pausanias was describing what was before his eyes, and that whether it was improbable, or even impossible, in the eyes of scholars, that there should be tombs in an acropolis, it must have been a fact, or Pausanias would not have stated it in his simple and positive way.* The tombs are now

* The first great difficulty which meets all explorers is the interpretation of the topographical notices of the ancients. If the description of Halicarnassus by Vitruvius is really graphic and accurate, and was a practical guide to Mr. Newton, we need only consult Mr. Wood's recent book on Ephesus to see how vague, nay even how positively inaccurate, were the passages which he had collected from ancient authors concerning the position of the great temple of Artemis. The result was that he was obliged to probe and guess for many months, and that in the end his discovery was not merely due to his iron perseverance, but in some measure to the chance of his hitting on one of the approaches to the temple, which he had prepared himself by accurate study to recognize.

found, but what is the evidence that they are those of Agamemnon and his party? Pausanias and his informants lived, as the reader knows, in the second century A.D., and must therefore be supported by some earlier evidence.

I do not know whether Dr. Schliemann has produced any such in his letters, one or two of which may have escaped me, but so far as I can find there is no early evidence which is not against the legend of a tomb of Agamemnon at Mycenæ. In none of the numerous passages of the *Odyssey* in which the death of Agamemnon is mentioned is it represented as taking place at his capital, Mycenæ. On the contrary, the consistent tradition in Homer is that Ægisthus, to whose house Clytemnestra had come, and who dwelt near the shore, kept a look-out for Agamemnon, intercepted him with an invitation to a feast, and slew him and Cassandra at the house of Thyestes, in which he lived, though he afterwards reigned seven years at much-golden Mycenæ. The ghost of Agamemnon, moreover, contrasts his own ignoble death with the splendour of the buried Achilles. Had he been indeed cased in gold, and laid in the heart of his own citadel, such a complaint would have been decidedly out of place.

I cannot remember any evidence on the matter in the literature between the *Odyssey* and Pindar, but the latter (*Pyth. xi.*) distinctly places the scene of the murder at Amyclæ near Sparta, and Æschylus, his contemporary, lays the scene of his *Agamemnon* and *Choephore* distinctly (I think) at Argos, while he never mentions Mycenæ. Sophocles and Euripides, though apparently distinguishing them clearly, do not make the scene of their *Electras* at Mycenæ, but at Argos. Their allusions are however so vague, that we can base no argument upon them. I suppose they felt the inconsistencies of the *Iliad* about the kingdom of Agamemnon and Diomedes, and the difficulties of assuming either city as the exclusive residence of the former. These facts show that the tradition of the opening fifth century, *when Mycenæ had not yet been destroyed*, was in conflict with the far later inventions of the age of Pausanias; nay, even Strabo, who says that not a trace of the city of Mycenæ remains, can hardly have heard them. It seems to me therefore that we have as yet found in these excavations no evidence either proving or disproving the historic genuineness of the Homeric poems, nor does Greek literature afford us sufficient proof that even consistent tradition placed the tomb of Agamemnon in the citadel of Mycenæ. Yet most certainly the old tombs there situated were known to be such, and

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temple of Jerusalem cannot as yet agree upon the in-
 of them thinks his own theory, which is contradicted
 the text of the old historian. Most
 reader of what he has seen; they will
 picture.

came in late days to be attributed to the old heroes of the Homeric epics—perhaps the only old and venerable names which the country people knew or could apply to monuments of unknown antiquity.

It will be asked, if these are not the tombs of the persons alleged, what account are we to give of them? To this, of course, the first reply is that negative criticism must precede positive theories, and that until the remains have been seen, at least in good copies, it is premature to speculate upon them. All that we who sit here at home can now do is to bring together as much evidence as possible, and lay it before the classical world to be sifted. From this point of view it seems worth while to suggest the following points:—

It was the consistent opinion of early Greek historians that gold had been very scarce in Greece before the Persian wars. Thucydides looks upon the far-famed Trojan war as a mere petty pirating expedition compared with later historical conflicts, and in this belief concerning the early poverty of Greece he is confirmed by Herodotus, Theopompus, and Phanias of Eresus. The evidence is brought together by Athenæus in his sixth book (capp. 15, seq.). I will only quote one striking passage. After stating that gold and silver offerings did not reach Delphi till the time of Gyges and his successors, and that before this time *ἀνάγκη* καὶ *ἀχρηστία* ἦν ὁ Πίθιος, he proceeds: "The Lacedæmonians, therefore, wishing to gild the statue of Apollo in Amyclæ, and not finding gold in Greece, sent to the oracle of the god and asked him from whom they could buy gold. But his response was that they should go to Cræsus the Lydian, and buy from him. And so they did." (Herodotus says that when they went and proposed to buy, he gave it to them a present.) "And Hiero of Syracuse, wishing to dedicate to the god the tripod and the Victory of pure gold, was for a long time at a loss for it, and sent men to look for it in Greece; and they at last, after careful searching, found it at Architeles the Corinthian's, who had bought it up for a long time in small quantities, and possessed no small treasures." It seems therefore strange that any earlier Greek kings should have possessed such quantities of gold as were lavished on the tombs now discovered at Mycenæ.

On the contrary the accredited traditions of the Greeks consistently affirmed that rich immigrants from the East, such as Pelops, came with Asiatic wealth and settled in this very part of Greece. These were the people who probably built both Tiryns and Mycenæ, and it is quite possible that when the clever, but as yet uncivilized Greek wrested the empire they had created from their hands, there followed dynasties of Greek rulers of Mycenæ, with only the shadow of the wealth and the culture of their foreign predecessors. It is therefore not impossible (I rate the conjecture

no higher) that Dr. Schliemann's tombs go back to the period when Mycenæ was indeed *much-golden*, but when the language of Homer was not the court language, and when the treasures of gold and of workmanship were the direct importation of foreign immigrants from the East.

The remains should therefore be examined without any assumption that they must be Greek, or of the Homeric epoch; and it may yet be found, that as the manner of burying the Spartan kings was even in historical times Asiatic, we may here have the very Asiatic kings whose funerals afforded a model preserved by Spartan conservatism. But in one point the imitation could not be accomplished—in the lavish expenditure of gold, which even in the Iliad, where the poet could dispense it as freely as he liked, is used very sparingly in the burials of Achilles and of Hector. A gold urn for the ashes of the one, and a gold chest for the other, seem a sort of faint echo of the splendid casing in gold which was once in fashion at Mycenæ. But, indeed, the notions of the value of gold in some parts of the Iliad are wild enough, as for example in the twenty-third book, where *two talents of pure gold** are proposed as the *fourth prize* in a chariot race. Probably they would have bought up all the other prizes at the games put together. There is yet another passage worth quoting. Glaucus the Lycian, after a long parley with Diomedes, King of Argos, is seized with a sudden fit of generosity—the gods, says the poet, with truly Greek shrewdness, took away his sense—and exchanges his arms of gold worth one hundred oxen, with those of Diomedes, which were of bronze, and only worth nine oxen. This indicates the poet's notion of the relative wealth of the kings of Asia Minor and of Greece.

The peculiar interest now felt in Dr. Schliemann's work has tempted me to digress at some length into the archaeological questions which it raises; and I trust he will not think that because I cannot as yet agree with all his conclusions, I do not fully appreciate the inestimable services he is performing for the cause of early Greek history. The qualities necessary for a successful excavator can be to a certain extent anticipated and commanded. It is necessary that he should have large experience in the history of art and of the products of various epochs, as Mr. Newton has. It is highly desirable, indeed in most cases indispensable, that he

* Dr. Schliemann infers from this that the talent of Homer was a small weight, and gives this name to several silver objects found at Hissarlik, which are about 6 oz. each (Troy weight). But this notion of a *talent* being a small weight is against all the historical values of a talent, which are very large, and will not suit the passage in the eighteenth book of the Iliad (v. 507), in which two talents of gold are the fine for manslaughter, and are represented as lying in the middle—a conspicuous object—in the assembled court of the elders on the shield of Achilles. But even 12 oz. of gold would have been a large fourth prize in later days, when the Spartans could not find enough in all Greece to gild the face of a statue.

should have that practical knowledge of architecture and of engineering which Mr. Wood and Major Murdoch Smith possess, and which tells them how and where to look for foundations, and how to understand the intention of any stray stone of old building which they meet. These are the intellectual qualities we require in excavators. There are moreover high moral qualities, without which perpetual delays and disappointments will certainly defeat them. They must possess a patient temper, and that peculiar power of organizing and stimulating work which is not always combined with lofty enthusiasm. But Dr. Schliemann possesses far more than this. He possesses that sort of divine instinct which Nelson possessed when he set out to look for the French fleet. Nelson always seemed to know exactly where to find them. So Dr. Schliemann, in the midst of doubtful texts and conflicting commentators, with an endless number of places equally likely to ordinary men, seems with the instinct of true genius to know so clearly where to look, that no sooner does he strike the earth, than it surrenders to him its hidden treasures of bygone culture.

It is certain that both Governments and individuals will be stimulated by these wonderful successes to turn their attention to excavations, but it is well that both should bear in mind how the conditions of doing such work have somewhat altered during the present century. In the first place, earlier researches have gathered most of what lay on the surface of the earth, and except in very remote and inaccessible countries we cannot expect to find many objects of antiquarian interest lying exposed, except inscribed stones, and even these, if not buried, must have their writing effaced by the action of air and moisture. The day has gone by when the artists sent out by the Dilettanti Society of London or Sir C. Fellows could find on the surface and describe endless monuments, till then unobserved, of the greatest beauty and interest. Yet even in our time the lion monument discovered by Mr. Newton was lying on the coast of Caria in this way, and amid the wooded wilds of both Greece and Asia Minor there must be other such antiquities still awaiting a more careful search. But in the last generation men did not care to sit down and excavate a single site, when so much lay unknown on the surface, or so close to the surface as to be easily accessible. Thus the recovery of the pediment sculptures at the great temple of Ægina, and the friezes of that at Phigaleia, was a work of little labour, as no later building had accumulated deep soil over the spot. And so Mr. Cockerell and his friends were able to obtain these treasures at little cost of labour, and without much need of surmise or divination. Similarly the lion at Chaeronea was almost on the surface, and was perceived and uncovered in a day. But now it will be necessary to approach ancient sites with previous

deliberation and care, and to submit to long and arduous labours before the search will be adequately rewarded.

Lastly, it should be remembered that the object of excavations is not merely the recovery of works of art wherewith to ornament our museums, but of evidences wherewith to enlarge our knowledge of ancient history. Mr. Parker complains very justly of the great damage done to old walls and other structures by the incessant hunting for statues, which was the only excavation thought of in older days by the Italians. Indeed, it was not till the other day that this reckless destruction of historical remains was arrested by the permanent State Commission to superintend and license digging, under the able direction of Signor Fiorelli. The really scientific excavator must despise nothing, must neglect nothing, and consider that no trace of ancient hands is to be destroyed without the most scrupulous examination of its possible uses to historical students.

As the foregoing pages were being written, news reaches us from Italy (in the *Times* of February 17th) that a tomb not inferior in splendour to those at Mycenæ has just been discovered at Palestrina, in the old Latin territory. Besides panoplies of arms, and various vessels of bronze, a great number of solid gold ornaments, silver cups and vases, and carvings in ivory had been laid in the tomb. A large gold plate, with rows of exquisitely modelled lions, horses, and sphinxes, seems to exceed in perfection any ornament of the kind ever yet found among ancient remains. Those who have examined these treasures have declared that they are unmistakably of Eastern or Egyptian origin, and it is even asserted that an inscription in old Phœnician characters is legible on one of the silver vessels. If this be indeed the case, it affords a strong confirmation of what has been above advanced concerning the importation of Eastern treasure with early settlers, before either Greek or Italic art had made its first rude beginnings. But, on the other hand, the distinctively Oriental features in the ornaments of the tomb at Palestrina seem to contrast with the original (if not Hellenic) character of the ornaments at Mycenæ, so far as we can judge from the drawings published in the *Graphic*. We may, however, assume that while the Asiatic "Pelops" made a permanent settlement in Greece, which admitted of an independent development of ornament, the riches of the more remote Italian tomb were direct importations of foreign manufacture.

It is to be hoped that fuller information will soon remove these things from the field of mere conjecture—a feature for which the present paper may be censured, but which will be condoned if it stimulates

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J. P. MAHAFFY.

THE GERM THEORY AND SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

PASTEUR—TYNDALL—BASTIAN.

ON almost all subjects it is pleasant to know that in spite of occasional fluctuations our acquaintance with Nature advances with a steady pace. Science makes good her ground as she marches forward from age to age. The controversies of one epoch become the certainties of the next. The errors of early investigators are slain never to revive. The doubts and mists of a tentative philosophy crystallize by degrees into true principles of science which evolve fresh doubts and mists destined to be transformed in their turn by the finer alchemy of a more instructed future. The most bigoted opponents of modern inquiry give at this day a ready assent to doctrines which were once denounced as diabolical heresies. Even the Pope would shrink from cursing the memory of Galileo, and is forced to yield a reluctant or unconscious homage to the triumphant career of scientific truth.

There is one seeming exception to this law of continuous advance—one controversy which has maintained itself in full vigour from the earliest dawn of thought to its latest development, and is at least as animated now as it has been at any stage of the world's history. Thousands of years ago men speculated with more or less agreement on the mystery of the origin of life, and though modern work has multiplied the materials for speculation, it seems to have left us as far as ever from agreement. No one indeed doubts now that all the higher types of life with which the earth teems have been developed by the patient process of evolution from lower organisms, and in logical consistency we are bound to trace back the series to the simplest forms of protoplasm which the microscope reveals to us as living units. But all

this is but the outcome of life from life, and leaves us without an approach to a solution of the mighty question of the origin of life. There was a time when the earth was a red-hot melted globe on which no life could exist. In course of ages its surface cooled, but, to quote the words of one of our greatest savans, "when it first became fit for life there was no living thing upon it." How then are we to conceive the origination of organized creatures? Did moulds and confervoid growths, or some yet simpler primordial germs, spring once for all into existence by a fiat of creative power to become the fruitful parents of all vegetal and animal life, or is the same law which brought out of the dust of the earth the earliest of its organic inhabitants still in operation, and are we to imagine that the lowest organisms, constantly being drafted into higher grades as the work of evolution goes on, have their ranks as constantly replenished by a fresh development of life from the so-called dead materials of the parent earth? These are questions to which *à priori* dreams can give no answer. According to his temperament a man may feel, he knows not why, impelled to prefer the one or the other hypothesis. To one mind it seems easier to fancy a single discontinuous effort of life-creating power while another rests more naturally in the faith that the law of continuity which dominates all other phases of nature will ultimately come to be accepted as indicating the unceasing operation of the same agency which once, at any rate, must have bridged over the gulf between living and non-living matter.

Thus scientific belief has come to be divided, and indeed has almost always been divided, between two hypotheses—one, let us call it the germ theory, which declares that no life has ever been evolved (except in the remotest periods of the earth's history), otherwise than from a living parent or a living germ—the other, familiarly though not very accurately styled the spontaneous generation theory, which declares that, now as of old, life does also spring *de novo* from molecular rearrangements of the atoms of dead organic materials.

The attitude of the one school has never been more truly pictured than in the eloquent words of Professor Huxley, when, many years ago, he laid before the British Association the tenets of what he called, not his belief, but his philosophic faith upon this matter:—"If it were given to me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions which it can no more see again than a man can recall his infancy, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from not-living matter." The attitude of the opposite school has often expressed itself in some such shape as this: "I have no warrant for supposing that the physical or chemical

conditions of the earth were more favourable to life-evolution in the past than in the present. I recoil from a gratuitous assumption of discontinuity in Nature, and if I were permitted to discern the movements of ultimate molecules, I should expect to behold primordial forms of life incessantly springing up from the same so-called dead but potentially living matter which, on any hypothesis, must at one time have developed them."

Analogical reasons, which are supposed to recommend these rival hypotheses have been accumulated by their partisans with wonderful assiduity. On the one side, it is urged that all the more developed beasts and birds, fishes and plants, are multiplied by offshoots from a living parent, and that it is a relief to the mind to thrust back into a remote antiquity a process which obliterates the exaltation of living creatures over dead material. On the other, it is observed that the constant conversion of dead food into living protoplasm, is the very condition of vital existence, that the earliest living products must have arisen by a similar process, without the stimulus afforded by contact with living cells, and that no reason can be assigned why the forces of Nature should be powerless now to do what unquestionably they did in the so-called infancy of the world. And arguments from analogy have unfortunately been re-enforced by arguments from authority, and this almost as freely by the one school as by the other. For fashion may be traced in the world of science no less than in the world of society, and fashion has more than once changed sides with singular caprice in her estimate of the vital controversy. One of the first modern propounders of the maxim *Omne vivum ex vivo*, was denounced as a wicked contravener of Scripture, which in his day was supposed to favour the theory of spontaneous generation. The later expositors of this once orthodox doctrine have been impartially condemned as materialistic enemies of natural religion. But all such carping passes by the truly scientific mind as idle wind. No authority, except the authority of experimental work, can weigh a feather in the balance. No *à priori* reasoning can give the victory to either creed. The deep mystery of the subject defies all shallow treatment; but not the less is it true, as Sir William Thomson has said with respect to this very question, that "science is bound by the everlasting law of honour to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to her," and we may add that she is bound to face this problem cased in the same panoply of candour and armed with the same weapons of inductive investigation with which she has conquered all the domain which she now holds. Nor is there anything in the enterprise to justify despair. Once be sure that you can isolate a portion of dead matter, and the

riddle is solved. If, after repeated and patiently varied trials, life uniformly fails to appear, the hypothesis of a single act, or at any rate a single epoch, of life-evolution, becomes almost irresistible. If, on the other hand, life shows itself in a sufficient number of instances to exclude the probability of accidental error, the theory of what is called spontaneous generation must be accepted as a scientific truth.

That the controversy resolved itself into this purely experimental question has been frankly recognized ever since the time when experience was acknowledged to be the only basis of natural science. For many generations an almost unbroken succession of inquirers have striven to perform the crucial experiment which we have indicated, and, though sometimes one and sometimes the other party has for a time claimed victory all along the line, the struggle still maintains itself as fiercely as ever. Redi's inferences, adverse upon the whole to spontaneous generation, stood their ground for a century, till they were displaced by Needham's experiments. Needham, in his turn, was discredited by Spallanzani; and in our own day the battle has been continued by Pasteur and Pouchet in France; by Bastian, Lister, Sanderson, and Tyndall, in England; by Huitzinga, Cohn, Klebs, and Billroth, in Holland, Austria, and Germany; by Mantegazza, Cantoni, and Oehl, in Italy; by Wyman in America; and by other inquirers, too numerous to mention, in all parts of the civilized world. The multitude of experiments which have been tried to elucidate this single point is almost countless, and as yet no generally accepted conclusion has been reached. It is such a simple matter to state the conditions of the requisite investigation that one is tempted at first sight to marvel at the persistency of the contest. There is absolutely nothing to be done but to take dead matter, isolate it from all contact with life, place it under favourable conditions for development, and watch the result; and yet this task has seemed to defy the efforts of as keen a body of inquirers as ever attacked any problem of nature. If we look a little closer into the matter, we shall perhaps cease to wonder at the discordant conclusions which rival *savans* have deduced. We are too apt to forget that an experiment may be as hard to perform as it is easy to enunciate. If we consider how much is involved in the direction to take dead matter, how much again in the requirement of absolute isolation, and how much more in the selection of conditions for life-evolution and the determination of the presence or absence of life at the close of the process, we shall begin to understand why so long a time and so much honest labour has been consumed without arriving at a final verdict. But everything points to a speedy conclusion. a long course of patient work, controlled by eager methods of procedure have been

gradually perfected and simplified, the opposing ranks have closed, as it would seem, for their decisive struggle, the champions on either side have pressed to the front, and we may reasonably hope before long to see the final upshot of a controversy as old as scientific thought. At such an epoch it may not be uninteresting to glance at the salient points of the accumulated evidence, perhaps even to hazard a cautious forecast of the impending result.

In order to comprehend the positions of contending forces, it is always essential thoroughly to familiarize ourselves with the battle-ground which they occupy: and a somewhat closer survey of what we have termed the crucial experiment will be found not less essential to any intelligent appreciation of the position of this controversy. And first, what do we mean by dead matter? How is it possible to predicate with certainty the absence of life from anything on the face of the earth? The microscope has taught us that life in some shape or other abounds in almost everything about us. Either in active mobile vitality, or in the suspended animation of germinal existence, life teems in the soil we tread upon, in the water we drink, and, as some say, with equal abundance in the air we breathe. What worlds may exist as far beyond the range of microscopic vision as this surpasses the sphere of ordinary eyesight, no one can do more than guess. How, then, is the first requirement of our experiment to be satisfied? How is the prescribed specimen of dead matter to be got? This is the primary difficulty which investigators of this subject have had to grapple with. Happily it is not insurmountable. It is as certain as any fact in the whole range of science, that all living things and all living germs may be destroyed by the agency of heat. How much heat is needed to effect the destruction of life is still in question, but no one doubts that matter may be made absolutely dead by subjecting it to the influence of a sufficiently high temperature. The next condition—perfect isolation from surrounding life, whether active or germinal—has given more trouble, but can now be readily satisfied. All are agreed that no living germ can pass through a sound plate of glass; and a certain—perhaps in practice the only quite certain—method of isolation is to enclose the heated dead matter within a glass vessel hermetically sealed. Other less perfect means have been tried with various degrees of success. Many experimenters have found that the simple expedient of stuffing the narrow neck of a glass vessel with a plug of cotton wool generally suffices to exclude the passage of living germs. Another method sometimes adopted is to use for the experiment a flask with a long neck, so arranged that a portion of it can be kept at a high temperature, so as to burn out from the passing air every particle of living matter

which it may contain. A third expedient, simpler than either of these, is to bend the open neck of the experimental flask alternately upwards and downwards, so as to form in each bend a receptacle into which the dust, dead or living, of the air will fall: and it has been said that this method may be relied on as surely protecting the interior of the flask from the approach of living germs, provided the subsidence is not interfered with by currents of air of too great vigour. Yet another method is to seal the open orifice of the flask by cementing over it a plate of earthenware, porous enough to admit air where that is desired, but of a texture so close as to bar the passage of the minutest germ.

All of these methods have been proved again and again to be more or less efficacious, but the only one the success of which can be predicated with absolute certainty is that which we first mentioned, though the last no doubt deserves to be trusted when practised with adequate care. When a glass vessel is hermetically closed we are able to say that its contents are isolated from everything outside which cannot pass through a film of glass. This barrier, it is known, suffices to stop the minute molecules of gas or vapour; and it is beyond doubt that it must exclude all grosser particles, including any living germs which may be supposed to be floating in the air. It was by adopting this process that Spallanzani in the last century turned the tide of opinion against Needham, whose results in support of spontaneous generation had been obtained by using a much clumsier method of excluding contamination; and it is not a little remarkable that after the superiority of this treatment had been so signally established any subsequent investigators should have abandoned it in favour of a less exact mode of experimentation.

No maintainer of the theory of spontaneous generation would deserve a hearing if he refused to subject his experiments to the conclusive test afforded by a method which, with ordinary care, is known to be infallible; and germ theorists would be fairly justified in rejecting all adverse experiments performed with no better safeguards than bent tubes or plugs of cotton wool. The strange thing is that the severe condition of hermetically sealing has been self-imposed by Bastian and most other supporters of the *de novo* origin of life, while Pasteur, the great champion of the germ theory, and many of his disciples (Tyndall among the rest), have generally been content to use less stringent methods. The consequences which have flowed from the extraordinary indulgence thus extended by these *savans* to their adversaries will be seen when we review a few of the most important series of experiments relied on upon either side. But for the present it is enough to note that neither of the first two fundamental conditions of the crucial experiment is beyond the resources of science. By apply-

ing sufficient heat dead matter may be obtained. By hermetically sealing the glass vessel which contains it the condition of perfect isolation may be secured.

The remaining steps in the investigation are comparatively free from difficulty. If the experiment is performed on suitable materials we know empirically under what conditions of temperature, concentration, and the like, life is most wont to appear, though absolute uniformity of result cannot always be predicted. Under some conditions it is found that life is invariably developed. Under other conditions it will frequently show itself. With yet other conditions its manifestation is extremely rare; while in others, again, its non-appearance may be almost certainly predicted. For the purpose of fully investigating the laws of life-evolution such limited knowledge as this would be far short of what is needed. But in order to solve the simpler question, whether life can, under any circumstances, arise without the presence of previously living germs it is amply sufficient. The last step of all in the inquiry was once supposed to present difficulties of the most serious kind. When one observer declared that he had found living things in a fluid which he had examined, it was quite a matter of course for his critics to suggest that what he had seen consisted of nothing but dead matter. It was not always easy to answer such objections, for the ordinary test of life is motion, and in the field of the microscope dead particles may simulate to some extent the movements of life. It is true that no observer of any experience could fail to discriminate between these Brownian movements, as they are called, and the active darting motions of lively bacteria or monads; but still the doubt was so easy for an outside caviller to suggest, and it was so hard for a solitary worker to prove that he had not misinterpreted what he saw, that a haze of uncertainty was apt to rest on experiments dependent on such observations. Fortunately this source of scepticism has been dried up. A much better test of life than motion is now almost always relied on—the power of multiplication. In all the experiments made with a view to try the truth of the rival theories we are considering, the particular form of life which is developed is that which accompanies ordinary putrefaction or fermentation, and it is now quite established that where putrefaction or fermentation is going on, life, in the shape of swarms of rapidly multiplying bacteria, *torulæ*, or analogous organisms, may be assumed to be present. The question, in fact, has passed out of the range of the microscope. If a translucent organic fluid is seen to gradually grow turbid and putrefy, there is no need of a microscope to prove that the opalescent or turbid cloud is composed of a teeming mass of microscopic organisms. In doubtful cases of scarcely perceptible turbidity the microscope

is often appealed to with success, and may always be used for confirmation. But in the great majority of cases the unassisted senses suffice to determine the presence or absence of life.

Enough has been said to demonstrate the feasibility of experiments decisive of the great issue raised in the cause of Spontaneous Generation *v.* Germ Theory. It remains to consider how the balance of evidence inclines at present. Within the compass allotted to an article in these pages it would be impossible to discuss or even refer to a tithe of the experiments which have been performed with a view to elucidate the subject under consideration. A rather severely restricted selection becomes a necessity, and it is very important that the selection should be governed by some fair and just principle. And the first consideration clearly ought to be given to the experiments which, from the conditions under which they were performed, are entitled to the greatest weight. The great bulk of scientific work is almost of necessity conducted in solitude or in the presence only of subordinate assistants, and the all-prevailing rule is to accept as facts the announcements—not necessarily the inferences—of a scientific inquirer until his conclusions have been displaced by other investigators who have repeated his experiments with scrupulous accuracy, and have arrived at discordant results. But though the work of an isolated individual must be *primâ facie* accepted as trustworthy it properly commands a far larger measure of confidence after it has been confirmed by others, and acquires the highest title to respect when it has been challenged and successfully repeated in the presence of an able opponent. In making our choice therefore of investigations to be specially described, we propose, whenever practicable, to put in the front rank those almost judicial experiments which have stood fire face to face with an adversary, and next in order to class those which have been successfully repeated by independent workers; resorting to what we may call solitary investigations in those cases only where no confirmed experiments exist, and paying but slight regard to mere general statement of results when the experimental details have not been furnished. Dealing in this way with the evidence on both sides, it may be practicable without exceeding due limits to present a fairly representative array of the most valuable materials for forming a rational estimate of the position of the controversy. It makes no great difference whether the work on one side or the other is brought first under review, but as the supporters of spontaneous generation maintain the assertion that, after complete destruction and exclusion of germs, life will sometimes display itself, while the case of the germ theorists amounts to a simple denial of this proposition, the more convenient arrangement seems to be, first to weigh the evidence in support of the positive view,

and then to set against it the negative testimony of its opponents. First then let us call Dr. Bastian into court, and, pursuing the course already indicated, the reader's attention shall be first directed to a remarkable series of experiments which he performed in concert with Dr. Burdon Sanderson, then a resolute opponent, and then and now one of the very ablest investigators of this branch of biology.

But before quoting the details of the Bastian-Sanderson series of experiments, which we shall do from Dr. Sanderson's narrative published in *Nature*, on the 8th of July, 1873, a few words are needed to explain the circumstances out of which this special investigation grew. Dr. Bastian had published an account of a vast amount of work which he had done upon this subject during a continuous investigation of several years. The general nature of his experiments, so far as they related to the possibility of the *de novo* origination of life, was this. He took a small glass retort-shaped flask, partly filled with some infusion of organic matter, and drew out the tube of it to an almost capillary orifice. He then boiled the infusion for five minutes or more with sufficient activity to spurt out some of the contents at intervals, so as to wash the whole interior surface of the flask with the boiling liquid. Then, while the ebullition was still going on, he sealed the tube hermetically in a blow-pipe flame. The vacuum in the tube was tested as a safeguard against errors of manipulation, the flask was kept in a warm temperature, and the appearance or non-appearance of putrefaction and bacterial life was noted. These experiments were multiplied with a great number of different substances and with results by no means uniform. Some few infusions were found, as a rule, to remain clear and sterile after a long period of incubation. With other materials putrefaction occurred only in a moderate percentage of the specimens. Another class of infusions would always give a very large proportion of fertile examples together with a few that remained permanently sterile, while there were some specially favourable substances which never, or scarcely ever, failed to develop bacterial putrefaction within at most a few days. Sometimes, of two flasks of the same infusion treated, so far as could be ascertained, in precisely the same manner one would putrefy while the other remained pure, but in the course of his long series of investigations Dr. Bastian succeeded in discovering many of the conditions most favourable to the development of life. Although all the infusions employed, when once inoculated with the smallest drop of fluid containing bacteria, or in general when exposed to ordinary air, were certain in a brief period to become turbid, from their rapid multiplication, they were by no means equally prone to putrefy when boiled and protected in the sealed retorts. Urine,

for example, though presumably as apt to engender life as any organic fluid that could be suggested, was for a long time thought by Bastian, as by his predecessors in the inquiry, to be absolutely proof against corruption if boiled and protected. Some meat infusions offered less resistance to vital transformation, but still gave varying and sometimes small percentages of positive results. Others again, such as hay and turnip infusions, yielded readily, though not invariably, to the putrefactive change even when kept in moderate incubating temperatures, while there was one preparation, viz., a strong infusion of turnip with a little cheese-dust added, which was almost certain to develop life.

Not only did different substances behave thus differently, but for some inscrutable reason the very same infusion would often give negative results if diluted, when it seldom failed, if concentrated, to undergo putrefactive change with its regular accompaniment of bacterial life. By degrees, too, Dr. Bastian found out that infusions which remained sterile at such low incubating temperatures as 70° or 80° Fahr. would often yield to the more genial influence of greater warmth, and that even the most intractable would in some instances succumb to a temperature from 115° to 122° . The importance of this last element in the process was not as fully ascertained as it is now till after Dr. Sanderson's investigation, but recent experiments have shown that specimens even of so resistant a fluid as urine, when not too decidedly acid, are sometimes capable of producing life if kept, after boiling and sealing, in a bath at a temperature of 122° . No general rule can yet be laid down by which the behaviour of any particular fluid may be certainly predicted from its constitution without actual trial, but Bastian's results agreed in the main with many older observations to the effect that neutral or very faintly alkaline fluids would putrefy after boiling and sealing more frequently and readily than acid infusions. Bastian has also made the further discovery that fertility might be prevented as much by excess of alkali as by excess of acid, and that some infusions were almost always sterile unless exact neutralization was secured. Notwithstanding this approach to a generalization, he obtained positive results in many instances from acid, from neutral, and from alkaline fluids. We may add that he found (as Spallanzani and other observers on both sides of the question had long before done) that with most fluids a great increase in the duration of the boiling was adverse to the subsequent evolution of life, sometimes retarding its appearance for many days and sometimes preventing it altogether; though at the same time he ascertained that the action of other infusions was less easily interfered with, and that some would putrefy notwithstanding exposure to a boiling heat for one or more hours. Increase of temperature, and, according

to some observers, even a small increase beyond the boiling point, has also been proved to check life-development, although instances are recorded of putrefaction after exposure to such considerable temperatures as 110°, 125°, and even 150° C.

The discussion of the inferences to be drawn from cases of excessive or prolonged heating will be better deferred until we come to consider the whole mass of evidence on the question of the amount of heat required to destroy life in bacteria or their germs, if germs they have. At this stage we shall confine ourselves to cases where the temperature was that obtained by boiling maintained for a few minutes only.

When these experiments were published in 1871 and 1872, the scientific world naturally hesitated to accept them finally without confirmation, the more especially as they were of a kind that called for very careful manipulation and pointed to a conclusion opposed to what was then the prevalent opinion on the subject. Among those who had expressed their doubts as to the accuracy of Bastian's work was Dr. Burdon Sanderson. To set the matter at rest a series of fifteen flasks were operated upon in his presence according to Bastian's method.

Of these one was rejected in consequence of having become cracked, and of the remaining fourteen, ten putrefied and produced bacteria and other forms of life, while four remained for several days, and perhaps, if not then broken for observation, would have remained permanently pure. Of the ten infusions which produced life, two were infusions of hay, one a strong infusion of turnip in its naturally acid state, two similar infusions of turnip neutralized with potash, two turnip with cheese, and three the same neutralized.

All the vigilance of an observer as acute and experienced as Dr. Sanderson failed to detect the slightest flaw in these experiments; and he frankly and publicly declared that he had been mistaken in his previous doubts, and that it was established to his satisfaction that infusions can be prepared which are not deprived, by an ebullition of from five to ten minutes, of the faculty of undergoing those chemical changes which are characterized by the presence of swarms of bacteria, and that the development of these organisms can proceed with the greatest activity in hermetically sealed glass vessels from which almost the whole of the air has been expelled by boiling.

While this important test was being applied to Bastian's work, Professors Huitzinga of the University of Groningen, and Cohn of Breslau, and other well-known *savans*, had been occupying themselves with similar investigations, and immediately after the publication of Dr. Sanderson's notice Huitzinga* repeated the

* See *Nature*, 20th March, 1878.

turnip and cheese experiments with the same result. After thus verifying Dr. Bastian's conclusion, Huitzinga made a fresh series of trials, in which the method was slightly varied. Instead of a turnip infusion, he used a mixture of grape-sugar and soluble salts, and at the same time he substituted for the insoluble cheese-dust a small quantity of soluble peptone. He also employed different means for excluding the possibility of atmospheric contamination, and closed his flasks by cementing on them small discs of earthenware, instead of sealing them by heat. These alterations in the process made no difference in the result. Bacteria regularly appeared when the ingredients were used in certain definite proportions, which Huitzinga specified. But he added the very important observation that he could, by altering the proportions of the solutions, keep his fluids sterile, although in other respects treated exactly as before, and he justly relied on this differential process as proving that by his method any previously existing germs in the liquid were destroyed and perfect isolation obtained; for the altered fluids were found as capable as ever of developing swarms of bacteria if once inoculated, though they remained barren when boiled and protected. More recently Professor Cohn of Breslau, whose name commands the highest confidence on this class of subjects not less in England than in his own country, has directed his attention minutely to this specific investigation, and he found* that hay infusions, when acid, became fertile after boiling from periods ranging from fifteen to ninety minutes, whilst some similar infusions in the neutral state were not rendered sterile by boiling for two hours, although he inclined to account for the result on the hypothesis that the death point had not been reached at the boiling temperature, a matter which will be discussed further on.

Such an accumulation of evidence as this would of course be overwhelming unless met by something like equivalent evidence on the other side; and before touching on any of the other facts or theories involved in the dispute it will be well to see what the germ theorists have to say on the single specific question whether it is possible, under any circumstances, for an organic infusion, with or without particles of solid matter in suspension, to putrefy after having been boiled and protected from contact with any germs or dust which may be contained in the air. They are not quite agreed as to the answer to be given. None of them deny, and most of them have expressly or implicitly admitted, that a turnip and cheese infusion will often produce bacteria under the specified conditions. Some of them still maintain that life never appears in any infusion so treated from which solid particles are excluded, while others limit their denial to acid infusions, and

* Beiträge zur Biologie der Pflanzen, 1876, p. 259.

acknowledge that some neutral or slightly alkaline fluids will putrefy, notwithstanding previous boiling and adequate protection. How these various conclusions are interpreted by the different sections of the germ theory school we shall consider further on. For the present we confine our attention to the simple question of fact. In marshalling the proofs on this side we must give the first place to Pasteur, not only as due to his distinguished position, but because in order of time he preceded almost all of the modern inquirers, not excepting Bastian.

Pasteur operated for the most part upon a rather limited selection of fluids. His favourite medium was yeast water sweetened in a certain definite way, which he used so frequently that it acquired the specific designation of "Pasteur's fluid." Nearly all his other experiments were made with milk, with urine, or with Pasteur's fluid, rendered neutral or faintly alkaline by the addition of carbonate of lime, the fluid in its original state being of an acid character. Urine, also, was of course acid, and milk somewhat alkaline. Pasteur's method of excluding contamination was, in general, by allowing the approach of air only through heated tubes, the more perfect plan of hermetically sealing having been rejected by him apparently from considerations of convenience. In some cases, also, he used plugs of cotton wool or bent tubes for the same purpose of excluding air-dust, and he seems to have placed a reliance on these methods to which, in other hands, they have scarcely shown themselves entitled. He boiled his fluids from two to five minutes only, and used an incubating temperature of from 25° to 30° C. (77° to 86° Fahr.). The details of his principal investigation are given in the "*Annales de Chimie*," 3rd series, volume 64, published in the year 1862.

The results obtained were that Pasteur's fluid and urine always remained sterile, while milk and the neutralized Pasteur's fluid always putrefied. He reversed these last results by superheating the alkaline fluids up to temperatures of from 100° to 110° C. (105° being the heat ordinarily employed) a circumstance which will deserve much consideration when we come to the discussion of the bacterial death-point. There exists no very definite account of any confirmation of these experiments, but to a certain extent they were verified by Bastian and others as regards the temperature of 100° C., and they derive great weight from the acknowledged experimental skill of M. Pasteur.

The only other experiments to which we need refer, on the point now under consideration, are the very elaborate series conducted by Professor Tyndall since the Bastian-Sanderson report. These like Pasteur's have not been precisely repeated, but Professor Tyndall's position is such as to render a careful discussion, even of his isolated work, extremely interesting. It is perhaps to

be inferred from the emphasis with which Professor Tyndall restricts his statements to purely liquid infusions, that he has gone over and confirmed Bastian's turnip and cheese experiments, but he did at one time (whatever he does now) maintain that no purely liquid infusion, whether acid or alkaline, could putrefy if boiled and protected from the contact of atmospheric dust. His experiments were conducted in two series, one described in a lecture at the Royal Institution early in 1876, published in a more mature form in the Transactions of the Royal Society for that year, and the other in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on the 19th January in the present year, a report of which appeared in the *British Medical Journal* of January 27th. The general method employed was to cement a large number of test-tubes through the bottom of a box with their lower ends protruding so as to admit of the application of heat. The box was closed and made air-tight, and a pipette provided for filling the tubes with such organic fluids as might be desired. The air within the box was, as the Professor considered, absolutely purified from germs by subsidence, the interior of the box being coated with glycerine, to imprison whatever dust might fall upon it, and the completion of this process was determined by the use of the electric beam. A connection with the outer air was established through bent tubes and plugs of cotton wool, which were thought to afford adequate protection against the intrusion of germinal matter. Why this roundabout and uncertain method of procedure was preferred to much simpler well-known means it is difficult to say; but in the first series of experiments it led to no catastrophe. Various infusions were inserted in the test-tubes by means of the pipette, which was carefully guarded against the passage of air otherwise than through wool. The tubes were heated for a few minutes by immersion in an oil bath, and left in the laboratory to evolve life if they could. The temperature of incubation was not taken, but Professor Tyndall stated afterwards that a temperature of 90° Fahr. was "generally attainable" in the laboratory, and that on mild days and in favourable positions the temperature to which the infusions were subjected reached over 100°. All of them remained barren, including any neutral solutions among them, which, according to Pasteur, ought to have putrefied. In the present year the same experiment was repeated at the Royal Institution, with the opposite result. Most of the infusions became putrid, in some instances more rapidly than what were intended to be precisely similar infusions exposed to the outside air. The experiment was repeated with an improved arrangement of the pipette, which had fallen under suspicion from the conduct of the infusions, but still with the same result. Then the incoming air was cleansed not only by

the wool filter, but by calcining it by means of red-hot platinum, but still with no change in the result. Another box was then experimented on at Kew, and this time the infusions remained pure with one exception, after having been kept for a time—not, we think, specified—in a temperature varying from 80° to a little over 90° , a degree of incubating heat not the most favourable, but which has very often been found sufficient to develop life. The conflicting results of these experiments were ingeniously accounted for by Professor Tyndall—the failure at Kew being ascribed to a pin-hole, and those at the Royal Institution to the insufficiency of bent tubes, cotton-plugs, and red-hot platinum to keep out or kill living germs at Albemarle Street, though they are still relied on as sufficient in a purer atmosphere, and were found so last year in the Royal Institution itself. The special theory resorted to to explain the contrast between the experiments at the Royal Institution in the two successive years, is that in 1877 that atmosphere was charged with bacterial germs in such excess as to be proof against subsidence, burning, and plugging, and that this excess was due to the fact that in one of the rooms of the institution some old hay was to be found. How far this deserves consideration as a working hypothesis is a question which admits of difference of opinion; but Professor Tyndall would scarcely ask us to accept it without proof as the real explanation. Why bacterial germs in excess should make their way through a sieve ordinarily close enough to exclude them, is not apparent. Neither is it quite obvious why the red-hot platinum, which would burn up all the germs in ordinary air, should fail to do so when the contamination was excessive. And we are not quite sure that the subsidence of small particles from the air is at all hindered by increasing their number; and if it were, it would not be a very serious matter to an observer furnished, as Professor Tyndall is, with an optical method of testing the purity of air so delicate as to determine the instant when the last particle of germinal or other matter has deposited itself. Even when these difficulties are got over, there is no warrant that we know of for assuming that old dry hay will fill the air with swarms of bacterium germs. On the contrary, everything at present rather points to the hypothesis that desiccation would be fatal to bacteria and their germs, if they have any. No doubt it is true, as the Professor pointed out, that hard dry seeds will stand an amount of heat which would utterly destroy them when they were once soaked through. Many persons would probably be able to confirm his experience, that a very dry pea may be boiled for hours before the moisture penetrates its hard coating; and it is common knowledge now that a considerable amount of dry heat will not destroy the power of germination in seeds, which would yield at once to a moist temperature much

below the boiling point. Boiling a pea, therefore, seems a scarcely conclusive proof that bacterial germs, if there are any, can survive desiccation and induration, that they are freely given off in this protected state from old hay, and that when they get into the air they have a special power, not possessed by their moister brethren, of resisting subsidence, penetrating cotton wool, and enduring the contact of air calcined by red-hot platinum. All this may be worked out some day, but it will need something more than boiled peas or dried seeds to establish it. The true inference to be drawn from the two series of experiments seems to be that the discrepancy has arisen from some cause which neither the public nor the Professor himself have as yet any trustworthy means of so much as guessing at. The wise course would be to abandon for the future the unsatisfactory and complicated machinery employed in Professor Tyndall's mode of experimentation, and to resort to simpler means of excluding atmospheric dust; and as to the conflicting experiments of 1876 to 1877, to let them drop quietly out of the argument until explained, the more especially as, in the case of neutral or slightly alkaline fluids, many of them contradict the orthodox germ theorist, Pasteur, quite as emphatically as they do such heretics as Bastian and Huitzinga, to say nothing of the mysterious Dr. Sanderson, whom we dare not class either among the orthodox or the unbelievers, but who, whatever his theories may be, has borne manly testimony to the facts which he has observed.

A very much more important statement is contained in the paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1876, into which Professor Tyndall expanded his lecture of that year. There it is distinctly though briefly alleged that Professor Tyndall has repeated the Bastian-Sanderson process, and that with purely liquid infusions he found in multiplied experiments that they remained uniformly barren. His own explanation last year was that Dr. Bastian had allowed the gravest errors to invade his experimental work, that the life to which Dr. Sanderson testified in the case of the purely liquid infusions arose from errors of manipulation, and this year he adds that even the celebrated Professor Cohn appears to have no adequate notion of the care necessary to be taken in experiments of this kind. To be consistent he ought to have attributed the same carelessness to Pasteur when he obtained life in boiled neutralized fluids, a feat which Professor Tyndall declares impossible when due precautions are used, and perhaps in some degree even to himself for overlooking the possible malignant influence of old hay. The worst of this kind of reasoning is not merely that it he resorted to on one side as well as on the other, but ds to restore the habit of thought for many centuries—the habit of

appealing to authority in place of facts. Professor Tyndall may or may not ultimately prove to be on the right side, but we crave some other reason for it than the mere assertion that his undoubtedly high authority as an experimentalist (backed by Pasteur as to part of his experiments and contradicted by him as to the rest) entitles him to treat with contempt the counter authority of Bastian, Sanderson, Huitzinga, and Cohn.

At present the case stands thus:—The same experiment has been performed by many competent and well-known men, and strangely enough with discordant results. Would not the natural solution to such a difficulty be for them to work, as Dr. Sanderson and Dr. Bastian did, together, and let the world know the result, rather than to hold aloof in barren self-assertion. This simple course would reveal at once the as yet undetected variations in manipulation which must lie at the root of discrepant results, and one necessary step would be taken towards the settlement of the greatest problem which now divides the scientific world.

The evidence on the point which has hitherto been examined may be thus summed up:—

1. It is established beyond dispute that a turnip infusion, with cheese-dust added, will produce life after having been boiled and protected from contact with the atmosphere or anything it may contain.
2. The like fact has been ascertained by Huitzinga when soluble peptone was substituted for cheese-dust, and no counter experiments on this point have ever been made public.
3. The like fact with reference to other purely liquid infusions has been alleged by Bastian, acknowledged after jealous scrutiny by Sanderson, confirmed by Huitzinga and Cohn, and (when the solution is not acid) by Pasteur, the chief of the germ theory school. But Bastian's conclusions and Pasteur's conclusions are equally denied by Professor Tyndall, mainly on the strength of his own unconfirmed experiments.

A theory was once started to the effect that the fertility of the turnip and cheese mixture might be due to the hypothetical fact that minute fragments of cheese-dust would protect any germs within them from attaining the temperature of boiling water during a period of five or ten minutes. To any one who ever boiled an egg this notion will seem too childish to need an answer; and, if there were anything in it, it would avail nothing for the germ theorists until they had displaced Huitzinga's conclusion that soluble peptone will serve the purpose as well as cheese.

On the balance of evidence as it now stands there seems little to justify a doubt that organic substances, after being raised

to 212° Fahr., will often produce life, though protected from all access of germs from without. But this proposition is very far from establishing the theory of spontaneous generation. To do so it is needful also to prove the further proposition that a moist temperature of 212° Fahr. is sufficient to destroy life, not only in bacteria but in any germs which they may throw off; and this is beyond question the most difficult part of the inquiry.

At the outset there is this puzzle. We know that bacteria ordinarily multiply by fission. We do not know whether they may not also multiply by germs. If they do, these germs are ultra-microscopic objects, though possibly discernible, *en masse*, by the aid of Tyndall's electric beam. It would seem to follow, therefore, that except from analogy we can know nothing about the qualities of such hypothetical germs, and are utterly unable to predicate what their powers of resisting heat may be. But science is not quite so helpless as this. When bacteria are clouding a fluid with their rapid increase it may not unwarrantably be supposed that there are present the parents and their germs in every stage. If, therefore, we can find the temperature which will destroy the reproductive power of such a fluid, we may reasonably infer that we have discovered the heat which will kill or (what is absolutely the same thing for the purposes of our investigation) render inert any germs which they may be capable of engendering. But when this difficulty is surmounted there is yet another: What test can we apply to determine whether such death has been produced? If we place them in a suitable nutritive fluid, and the bacterial colony is found to increase and multiply, how are we to know whether the population is the offspring of germs undestroyed by the heat applied or the *de novo* product of the matrix fluid itself? Once assume as a starting-point the germ theory, and the ascertainment of the death-point of bacterium germs is the simplest thing in the world. If life appears in the fluid inoculated with them, say at once that it is due to the germs, and that the heat was not enough to kill them. If, on the other hand, the fluid remains barren after the germs have been introduced, it follows that the heat was fatal. For the purpose of testing the validity of the germ theory, it is obvious that no such *petitio principii* can be for a moment admitted, and yet, oddly enough, it was only by this deliciously *naïve* reasoning that Pasteur supported his view of the vital resistance of bacterial germs. He found that one or two acid fluids with which he worked would not putrefy after being heated to the boiling point, and he inferred (so far legitimately enough) that no germ could (in such a fluid) sustain the temperature of 100° C. He also found that one or two neutral or faintly alkaline fluids would putrefy after boiling, though they failed to do so if heated

to 110°, or even 105°. He thereupon straightway assumed that putrefaction could not come without germs, and therefore declared that germs heated in these non-acid fluids could survive a temperature of 100°, though they succumbed to a slightly greater heat. Of course this inference was idle while the germ theory itself was in question, and some independent method of fixing the death-point remained to be discovered, if ever it was to be fixed at all.

If it were only possible to find a test-fluid which never engendered life unless previously inoculated with breeding bacteria, and never failed to do so when it was so inoculated, the problem would be solved. We should then possess a reagent by which to test the existence of bacterial life, germinal or otherwise, as readily as arsenic or oxalic acid can be detected by the appropriate chemical tests. Fortunately there is no difficulty in finding fluids of this quality. There are solutions of chemical salts in which a drop of putrefying fluid will produce rapid and visible multiplication of bacteria, although the test-fluid, if left to itself and protected from contamination, will never engender them. Similar test-fluids may be produced by suitable treatment of some organic infusions, among them rather weak solutions of turnip and hay. Here, then, the test is furnished, and nothing is simpler than to ascertain the temperature which will destroy bacterial life. Take a mass of putrefying liquid in which bacteria are rapidly multiplying. Inoculate the test-fluid with a drop of the mixture—bacteria, germs and all—heat it to the required temperature, and see whether multiplication follows. If it becomes cloudy in a day or two, you are sure that the inoculating drop contained living bacteria or their germs, and that the heat applied was short of the death-point in the particular fluid used. If the test-fluid remains clear, it is equally certain that the heat has sufficed to kill all life, or, at any rate, all reproductive life, within it. The investigation was pursued in this way by Dr. Bastian.* The results are very remarkable. They show that when the fluid employed, whether a saline solution, an acid turnip, or neutral hay infusion, was heated above 158° Fahr., the bacteria and germs within it absolutely lost the power of multiplication, while, if heated only to 130°, they always retained vitality. The precise heat which produced sterility in different fluids varied between these limits, but 158° was found to be the maximum temperature which a growing and multiplying swarm of bacteria, with their families and their germs, could in any of these cases survive.

These experiments have never, so far as we know, been repeated. They cannot, therefore, rank with confirmed investiga-

* *Evolution and the Origin of Life*, pp. 79—129.

tions; but of course no germ theorist who has not gone over the same ground with inconsistent results can be heard to dispute their accuracy. Outside inquirers may legitimately reserve their unqualified acceptance until the work has been repeated and the conclusions confirmed by independent investigators; but in the meantime it must be acknowledged, at least as a *prima facie* truth, that in certain turnip and hay infusions, no less than in solutions of mineral salts, a temperature of 54° short of the boiling-point is sufficient to destroy the life of bacteria and any germs of bacteria.

Coupling this conclusion with the results before discussed of the experiments on boiled and protected fluids, the spontaneous generation theory would follow as a mere matter of logic. If all reproductive life in a putrefying hay or turnip infusion is killed by a temperature of 158° , and yet another infusion of the same substances (differing only in strength and in some particulars of treatment) can produce life after being boiled and protected from contamination, that life must have come from something other than germs, or, in other words, must have arisen *de novo*. Still it is prudent to bear in mind that observations which have remained for a year or two unquestioned may be disputed and possibly displaced; and, however irresistible the *ad hominem* arguments may be against opponents who have not ventured to grapple with these death-point experiments, the final verdict of science will not be given, and ought not to be given, without further confirmation, or until full time has been allowed for some champion of the germ theory to enter the lists and combat experimental conclusions which, while they stand, are fatal to his creed.

As has been already indicated, some approach to such a struggle has been recently made. It has taken the form, not indeed of a direct impeachment of the specific results last referred to, but still of a definite issue which involves to a certain extent the same question. The challenger in this instance is Pasteur himself, the Achilles of his host. His opponent we need scarcely say is Bastian, the acknowledged chief of the opposing faction. And the precise dispute is this. It had long been recognized on both sides that heating, and especially prolonged heating, beyond the boiling point, had a strong tendency to check subsequent putrefaction; and the germ theorists very fairly made a great point of this. It was an obviously natural inference that if an infusion would vivify after exposure to a temperature of 100° , and failed to do so if the previous heating were carried up to 105° , 110° , 120° , or 150° , as was found to be the case in various fluids, the positive results obtained with the lower temperature were due to the survival of germs, while the negative results, often brought about by severer heating, showed that in those cases the death-point had been

reached. The explanation offered by the supporters of spontaneous generation was at first sight much less attractive. They said that the modifying effect of super-heating had nothing to do with the destruction of germs, which were dead long before the boiling-point was reached, and that it ought to be ascribed to disintegrating changes, set up by the high temperature, of such a character as to indispose the fluid for vital transformation. If Bastian's death-point experiments should be finally established, this last view must be accepted as the only doctrine which is compatible with them; but the germ theorists, though they have not yet attempted to displace the results of that investigation (as for the sake of settling a knotty scientific question it is to be hoped they will soon muster courage to do), have held firmly to their old notion, and Pasteur especially has reiterated of late the formula which he propounded in 1862, that germs are killed in acid fluids at 100° C., while neutral or faintly alkaline fluids exercise a protective influence during the heating which enables any germs within them to endure a temperature of a few degrees more. Even in these fluids he maintained, and still maintains, that all germs are certainly deprived of life or of fecundity—the only practicable test of life—by a temperature of 110° . An example of an undoubted fact pointing in this direction is afforded by the behaviour of urine, which is, in its normal state, an acid fluid. If boiled in its natural condition for a very few minutes and then protected, it seldom (until quite recently it was thought never) evolves bacterial life. If it has first been rendered neutral, or about neutral, by the addition of an alkali before boiling, it is now known often to prove fertile. Pasteur's theory would ascribe this to his assumed fact that germs can bear a higher temperature in neutral than in acid fluids.

All that was needed in this case to test the truth of Pasteur's doctrine about the protective power of neutral fluids, was to boil the urine in its acid state, which, according to Pasteur himself, would kill all previously existing germs, and then add the alkali afterwards, and see if it would not be equally efficacious in promoting the evolution of life. If it proved so, there would be an end of Pasteur's plausible theory on the point. Accordingly, Bastian devised a very pretty arrangement for testing the question. He placed in one of his retorts a measured quantity of urine of ascertained acidity; he then prepared a small tube, into which he poured a quantity of liquor potass, somewhat less than enough to neutralize the urine. The proportion which he found to give the best results was about three-fourths of the neutralizing dose. Having done this, he sealed the small tube in the blow-pipe, drawing out the end sufficiently to cause it to break readily with a smart tap. The potash tube thus prepared was heated for a

long time, varying from fifteen minutes to two hours, in water which was kept boiling with the object of destroying any life, if life there could be, in the liquor potass and the air within the tube. After this the tube was dropped with its thinned end downwards, gently into the retort, which was then boiled and hermetically sealed in the usual way. After cooling, the retort was briskly shaken, so as to break the point of the small tube and allow the contained fluid to mix with and neutralize the urine. A number of retorts thus prepared were placed in a bath kept at a high incubating temperature, about 122° , together with one (or sometimes more), in which the potash tube was left unbroken, as a control experiment. After a day or two, or even less, the contents of the retorts which had been neutralized almost invariably putrefied just as it was known they would have done if the alkali had been added before the boiling, while the still acid urine in the control flask remained permanently barren. It followed that the vivifying influence of the alkali was due to some chemical or other molecular action, and not to its supposed power of warding off heat, and the experiment, coupled with the universally accepted fact that all germs perish in urine boiled in its natural state, left apparently no alternative but to accept the conclusion that life had appeared *de novo* in the neutralized fluid. We may mention that the reduction above mentioned in the quantity of the liquor potass below the neutralizing proportion was at first adopted empirically, and it was supposed to be needed only to compensate for the loss of part of the contents of the retorts during the process of boiling. Another and probably more potent reason is, that the urine may undergo changes which reduce its acidity not only while exposed to boiling heat, but at a slower rate during the whole time that it remains in the more moderate temperature of the incubating bath. There seems, however, no present reason to doubt that exact neutralization is the state in which putrefaction most readily occurs, and, to ensure that, it is safer to keep the supply of liquor potass below than above the mark, because in the former case the acidity would gradually come down to the neutral point, while anything like an excess of alkali has been found as fatal as an excess of acid to the production of life.

This experiment was no sooner communicated to the French Academy than Pasteur, who had held aloof from the controversy for many years, rushed again into the fray. He repeated Bastian's experiment, and confirmed his observation. But he did not yet give up his theory. Instead of that, he tendered the only explanation open to him, and said that the life proceeded from germs left unkilld in the liquor potash, though kept at a boiling heat for a long time. He repeated the experiment with some alterations, the presence of solid potash in place

of liquor potass. This time he obtained no life, which Bastian attributed to an excessive dose of alkali. Ultimately, after a lively correspondence, the French *savant* challenged our countryman to repeat his experiment with this variation, that the potash tube should be heated either for twenty minutes to 110° C., or for five minutes to 130°. The next issue of the "Comptes Rendus" contained a letter from Bastian stating that he had done what Pasteur required in the way of heating and more, having kept his potash tubes at 110° C. for twenty hours instead of twenty minutes, and that he obtained just the same results as before. This brought from Pasteur a letter in English to the *Lancet*, vehemently asserting that such results were impossible; and by a strange oversight, for which the translator is, we hope, solely responsible, declaring that though Bastian can undoubtedly succeed in his experiment with a temperature of 100°, he has done nothing but repeat Pasteur's own old experiment, and confirm his theory, announced fifteen years ago, that the sterilization of organic fluids, when they are neutral or slightly alkaline, requires a temperature higher than 100° C. It is odd that the writer or the translator should not have appreciated the crucial distinction between neutralizing the fluid for protection of live germs before the boiling and neutralizing it afterwards, when on the common hypothesis the germs were already dead. But angry men sometimes are a little blind. In conclusion he announces that the Academy have at his request appointed a Commission composed of MM. Dumas, Milne-Edwards, and Boussingault, to investigate the matter, and condole with his opponent on his approaching condemnation.

With abundant chivalry our countryman instantly accepted the challenge, and offered to repeat his experiments in the presence of the Commission, provided that a satisfactory programme should be arranged beforehand to insure him a fair opportunity of presenting and proving his case. Those who remember the history of a former French Commission on the very same subject, on which two of the present Commissioners served, may be excused for doubting whether the guarantees for a fair and open investigation which were refused to MM. Pouchet, Joly, and Musset will be conceded to an Englishman who presumes to question the infallibility of Pasteur. The three French *savants* who then disputed Pasteur's views were placed under such restrictions by the course of procedure laid down for them by the Commissioners that they considered it due to their dignity to retire. The abortive Commission ended, as it is likely this will end, in an *ex parte* hearing. It is possible indeed that MM. Dumas and Milne-Edwards may think that more generosity is due to a foreigner who ventures to appear before a tribunal from which every one who inclines to his side of the controversy has been

eliminated. If they are disposed to allow of a fair preliminary programme, and to concede the guarantee of publicity, it is conceivable that an interesting investigation may result; but if it is really desired to obtain a verdict which will carry weight elsewhere than in Paris, it would be well to add to the distinguished *savans* already nominated some who are less committed to Pasteur's views and less dazzled by the glamour of his great reputation. We doubt much whether Pasteur would, even with the strongest guarantees, consent to appear before three English believers in spontaneous generation. It is much to be regretted that these vexed questions of fact have not long before this been submitted to an impartial English tribunal. There are competent men enough for the purpose on each side, and, what is still better, there are to be found able scientific men, versed in this kind of investigation, who have committed themselves to neither view, and have maintained an attitude of philosophical reserve. With such materials at hand, backed by our English love of fair play, it would be very hard if we could not produce at home a better and fairer tribunal than that which M. Pasteur has proposed. Is not the Comity of Science capable of bringing about some such arrangement?

INQUIRER.

FALKLAND AND THE PURITANS.

IN REPLY TO MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WE have the most unfeigned respect for the memory of Falkland. Carlyle's sneer at him has always seemed to us about the most painful thing in the writings of Carlyle. Our knowledge of his public life is meagre, and is derived mainly from a writer under whose personal influence he acted, who is specially responsible for the most questionable step that he took, and on whose veracity, with regard to this portion of the history, not much reliance can be placed. But we cannot doubt his title to our admiration and our love. Of his character as a friend, as a host, and as the centre of a literary circle, we have a picture almost peerless in social history. He seems to have presented in a very attractive form the combination—rare now, though not rare in that age, especially among the great Puritan chiefs—of practical activity and military valour with high culture and a serious interest in great questions. Of his fine feelings as a man of honour we have more than one proof. We have proof equally strong of his self-sacrificing devotion to his country; though in this he stood not alone: with his blood on the field of Newbury mingled that of many an English yeoman, whose cheeks were as wet when he left his Puritan home to die for the religion and the liberties of England as were those of Lord Falkland when he left the “lime-trees and violets” of Great Tew.

Of political moderation, if it means merely steering a middle course between two extremes, the praise is cheap, and would be shared by Falkland with many weak and with many dishonest men. It may, without disparagement, be remarked of him that his rank as a nobleman was almost sufficient in itself, without any special soundness of understanding or calmness of temperament,

to prevent him from throwing himself headlong either into an absolutist reaction which was identified with the ascendancy of upstart favourites, and contemners of the old nobility; or into a popular revolution which soon disclosed its tendency to come into collision with the privileged order, and which ended its parricidal career by leaving England, during the most glorious years of her history, destitute of a House of Lords. But as an adherent, and no doubt a deliberate adherent of Constitutional Monarchy, Falkland was in that which in the upshot proved to be the right line of English progress, though by no means the right line of progress for the whole world. The Commonwealth is the ideal of America, where it is practicable, and it alone. Constitutional Monarchy, as Falkland rightly judged, was the highest attainable ideal for England, at any rate in that day. Of attaining that ideal, of doing anything considerable towards its attainment, or towards its defence against the powers of absolutist reaction whose triumph would have rendered its attainment for ever impossible, he was no more capable than he was of performing the labours of Hercules.

In this he bears some resemblance to a man of incomparably greater intellect than his. The fame of Bacon as a philosopher has eclipsed his importance as a politician. But his ideal of an enlightened monarchy, invested with plenary power, but always using its power in conformity with law, and with a Verulam at its right hand, is not only grand and worthy of the majestic intelligence from which it sprang, but is entitled to a good deal of sympathy when we consider how wanting in enlightenment, how rough, how uncertain, how provoking to a trained and instructed statesman the action of Parliaments composed of country gentlemen and meeting at long intervals, at a time when there were no political newspapers or other general organs of political information, could not fail sometimes to be. But Bacon, hampered by enfeebling selfishness, as Falkland was by more generous defects, was incapable of taking a single step towards the realization of his august vision, and the result was a miserable fall from the ethereal height to the feet of a Somerset and a Buckingham.

As a theologian, Falkland appears to have been a Chillingworth on a very small scale. It does not seem to us that Principal Tulloch, in his interesting chapter on him, succeeds in putting him higher. But he shared, with Chillingworth and Hales, the spirit of liberality and toleration, for which both were nobly conspicuous, though Hales did not show himself a very uncompromising champion of his principles when he accepted preferment from the hands of their arch-enemy, Laud. The learned men and religious philosophers whom Falkland gathered round him at Tew, were

among the best and foremost thinkers of their age: the beauty of the group is marred, perhaps, only by the sinister intrusion of Sheldon.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the very graceful sketch of Falkland's life published by him in aid of the Falkland Memorial, has endowed his favourite character with gifts far rarer and more memorable than those of which we have spoken; with an extraordinary largeness and lucidity of mind, with almost divine superiority to party narrowness and bias, with conceptions anticipative of the most advanced philosophy of modern times. He quotes the Dean of Westminster as affirming that "Falkland is the founder, or nearly the founder, of the best and most enlightening tendencies of the Church of England"—a statement which breeds reflection as to the character of the Church of England during the previous century, in the course of which its creed and liturgy were formed. The evidence of these transactions lies wide; much of it is still in the British Museum; and it may be possible to produce something sufficient to sustain Falkland on the pinnacle on which Mr. Arnold and the Dean of Westminster have placed him. But we cannot help surmising that he has in some measure undergone the process which, in an age prolific in historic fancies as well as pre-eminent in historic research, has been undergone by almost every character in history—that of being transmuted by a loving biographer, and converted into a sort of ventriloquial apparatus through which the biographer preaches to the present from the pulpit of the past. The philosophy ascribed to Falkland is, we suspect, partly that of a teacher who was still in the womb of time. We should not be extreme to mark this, if the praise of Falkland had not been turned to the dispraise and even to the vilification of men who are at least as much entitled to reverent treatment at the hands of Englishmen as he is, and at the same time of a large body of English citizens at the present day, who are the objects, we venture to think, of a somewhat fanciful and somewhat unmeasured antipathy. Those who subscribe to the Falkland testimonial are collectively set down by Mr. Arnold as the "amiable"—those who do not subscribe as the "unamiable." Few, we trust, would be so careful of their money and so careless of their reputation for moral beauty as to refuse to pay a guinea for a certificate of amiability countersigned by Mr. Matthew Arnold. Yet even the amiable might hesitate to take part in erecting a monument to the honour of Falkland, if it was at the same time to be a monument to the dishonour of Luther, Gustavus, Walsingham, Sir John Eliot, Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, Vane, and Milton. As to the Nonconformists, their contributions are probably not desired: otherwise, accustomed to not very courteous treatment though they are, it would still be imprudent to warn them that

their own "hideousness" was to be carved in the same marble with the beauty of Lord Falkland.

On Luther, Hampden, and Cromwell, Mr. Arnold expressly bestows the name of "Philistine;" and if he bestows it on these he can hardly abstain from bestowing it on the rest of those we have named. Milton, at all events, has identified himself with Cromwell as thoroughly as one man ever identified himself with another; and whatever aspersion is cast on "Worcester's laureat wreath" must fall equally on the intermingling bays. We may say this without pretending to know what the exact meaning of "Philistine" now is. Originally, no doubt, it pointed to some specific defect on the part of those with regard to whom it was used, and possibly also on the part of those who used it. But with the fate which usually attends the cant phrase of a clique, it seems to be degenerating, by lavish application, into something which irritates without conveying any definite instruction. As Luther did not live under the same conditions as Heinrich Heine, perfect ethical identity was hardly to be expected. "Simpleton" and "savage" have the advantage of being intelligible to all, and when introduced into discussion with grace, perhaps they may be urbane.

It is useless to attempt, without authentic materials, to fill in the faint outline of an historic figure. But, judging from such indications as we have, we should be inclined to say that Falkland, instead of being a man of extraordinarily serene and well-balanced mind, was rather excitable and impulsive. His tones and gestures are vehement; where another man would be content to protest against what he thought an undeserved act of homage by simply keeping his hat on, Falkland rams his down upon his head with both his hands. He goes most ardently with the popular party through the early stages of the revolution; then he somewhat abruptly breaks away from it, disgusted with its defects, though they certainly did not exceed those of other parties under the same circumstances, and feeling in himself no power to control it and keep it in the right path. He is under the influence of others, first of Hampden and then of Hyde, to an extent hardly compatible with the possession of a mind of first-rate power. When he is taxed with inconsistency for going round upon the Bill for removing the bishops from Parliament, his plea is that at the time when he voted for the Bill "he had been persuaded by that worthy gentleman (Hampden) to believe many things which he had since found to be untrue, before he had changed his opinion in many particulars, things as persons." Hampden himself would not have been persuaded by anybody's persuasions on the great question, but he tells us that his friend, Falkland, had contracted such a

reverence to Parliaments that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom." We always regard with some suspicion Clarendon's artful touches; otherwise we should say that there is a pretty brusque change from this unbounded reverence for the Short Parliament to an appearance in arms against its successor, especially as the leader and soul of both Parliaments was Pym.

In the prosecution of Strafford, Falkland showed such ardour that, as Clarendon intimates, those who knew him not ascribed his behaviour to personal resentment. His lips formulated the very doctrine so fatal to the great accused, that a number of acts severally not amounting to high treason might cumulatively support the charge. "How many haïres' breadths makes a tall man and how many makes a little man, noe man can well say, yet we know a tall man when we see him from a low man; soe 'tis in this,—how many illegal acts makes a treason is not certainly well known, but we well know it when we see." Mr. Arnold says that "alone among his party Falkland raised his voice against pressing forward Strafford's impeachment with unfair or vindictive haste." That is to say, when Pym proposed to the House, sitting with closed doors, at once to carry up the impeachment to the Lords and demand the arrest of Strafford without delay, Falkland, moved by his great, and in all ordinary cases, laudable respect for regularity of proceeding, proposed first to have the charges formally drawn up by a committee. Falkland's proposal was almost fatuous; it proves that the grand difference between him and Pym was that Pym was a great man of action and that he was not. It would have been about as rational to suggest that the lighted match should not be taken out of the hand of Guy Fawkes till a committee had formally reported on the probable effects of gunpowder if ignited in large quantities beneath the chamber in which Parliament was sitting. Strafford would not have respected forms in the midst of what he must have well known was a revolution. He would probably have struck at the Commons if they had not struck at him; certainly he would have placed himself beyond their reach; and the promptness of Pym's decision saved the party and the country. No practical injustice was done by wresting the sword out of Strafford's hand and putting him in safe keeping till the charges could be drawn up in form, as they immediately were. Falkland himself in proposing a committee avowed his conviction that the grounds for the impeachment were perfectly sufficient. His name does not appear among the Straffordians; and had he opposed the Bill of Attainder it seems morally certain that Clarendon would have told us so. The strength of this presumption is not impaired by any vague words of Baxter coupling the name of Falkland with that of

Digby as a seceder from the party on the occasion of the Bill. Had Falkland voted with Digby, his name would have appeared in the same list. That he felt qualms and wavered at the last is very likely, but it is almost certain that he voted for the Bill. There is some reason for believing that he took the sterner, though probably more constitutional line, on the question of allowing the accused to be heard by counsel. But the evidence is meagre and doubtful; and the difficulty of reading it aright has been increased by the discovery that Pym and Hampden themselves were against proceeding by Bill and in favour of demanding judgment on the impeachment. It seems certain, however, that Falkland pleaded against extending the consequences of the Act of Attainder to Strafford's children, and in this he showed himself a true gentleman.

Again, in the case of Laud, Mr. Arnold wishes to draw a strong line between the conduct of his favourite and that of the savage "Puritans." He says that Falkland "refused to concur in Laud's impeachment." If he did we must say he acted very inconsistently, for in his speech in favour of the Bishops' Bill he violently denounced Laud as a participator in Strafford's treason:—

"We shall find of them to have both kindled and blown the common fire of both nations, to have both sent and maintained that book (of Canons) of which the author, no doubt, hath long since wished with Nero, *Utinam nescissem literas!* and of which more than one kingdom hath cause to wish that when he wrote that he had rather burned a library, though of the value of Ptolemy's. We shall find them to have been the first and principal cause of the breach, I will not say of but since the pacification of Berwick. We shall find them to have been the almost sole abettors of my Lord Strafford, whilst he was practising upon another kingdom that manner of government which he intended to settle in this; where he committed so many mighty and so manifest enormities and oppressions as the like have not been committed by any governor in any government since Verres left Sicily; and after they had called him over from being Deputy of Ireland to be in a manner Deputy of England (all things here being governed by a juncitillo and the juncitillo governed by him) to have assisted him in the giving such counsels and the pursuing of such courses, as it is a hard and measuring cost whether they were more unwise, more unjust, or more unfortunate, and which had infallibly been our destruction if by the grace of God their share had not been as small in the subtilty of serpents as in the innocency of doves."

We are not aware, however, of the existence of any positive proof that Falkland did "refuse to concur" in the impeachment of Laud. There is nothing, we believe, but the general statement of Clarendon that his friend regarded with horror the storm gathering against the archbishop, which the words of Falkland himself, just quoted, seem sufficient to disprove. Mr. Arnold tells us that "Falkland disliked Laud; he had a natural antipathy to his heat, fussiness, and arbitrary temper." He had an antipathy to

a good deal more in Laud than this, and expressed his dislike in language which showed that he was himself not deficient in heat when his religious feelings were aroused. He accused Laud and the ecclesiastics of his party of having "destroyed unity under pretence of uniformity;" of having "brought in Superstition and Scandal under the titles of Reverence and Decency;" of having "defiled the Church by adorning the churches;" of having "destroyed as much of the Gospel as they could without themselves being destroyed by the law." He compared them to the hen in *Æsop*, fed too fat to lay eggs, and to dogs in the manger, who would neither preach nor let others preach. He charged them with checking instruction in order to introduce that religion which accounts ignorance the mother of devotion. He endorsed the common belief that Laud himself was a Papist at heart, and that only regard for his salary prevented him from going over to Rome. All this uttered to a Parliament in such a mood would hardly be in favour of gentle dealing with the archbishop. But Pym and Hampden, as Clarendon himself admits, never intended to proceed to extremities against the old man; they were satisfied with having put him in safe keeping and removed him from the councils of the King. When they were gone, the Presbyterians, to whom the leadership of the Revolution then passed, took up the impeachment and brought Laud to the block.

The parts were distributed among the leaders. To Falkland was entrusted the prosecution of the Lord Keeper Finch; and this part he performed in a style which thoroughly identifies him with the other leaders, and with the general spirit of the movement at this stage of the Revolution. No man, so far as we can see, did more to set the stone rolling; it was not likely that, with his slender force, he would be able to stop it at once in mid career.

In contrasting Falkland's line of conduct with that of the "Puritans," on the question of the Bishops' Bill and of the impeachment of Laud, Mr. Arnold indicates his impression that all Puritans were on principle enemies, and as a matter of course fanatical enemies, of Episcopacy. But he will find that at this time many Puritans were Low Church Episcopalians, wishing only to moderate the pretensions and curb the authority of the bishops. Episcopacy is not one of the grievances protested against in the Millenary Petition. Sir John Eliot appears to have been as strong an Erastian as Mr. Arnold could desire.

It seems to us hardly possible to draw a sharp line of distinction in any respect, except that of practical ability, between Falkland and Hampden. Falkland failed to understand, while Hampden understood, the character of the King and the full peril of the situation; that was the real difference between the two men.

The political and ecclesiastical ideal of both in all probability was pretty much the same. Mr. Arnold chooses to describe Hampden as "seeking the Lord about militia or ship-money," and he undertakes to represent Jesus as "whispering to him with benign disdain." Sceptics, to disprove the objective reality of the Deity, allege that every man makes God in his own image. They might perhaps find an indirect confirmation of their remark in the numerous lives and portraiture of Christ which have appeared of late years, each entirely different from the rest, and each stamped clearly enough with the impress of an individual mind. But where has Hampden spoken of himself as "seeking the Lord about militia or ship-money?" He appears to have been a highly-educated man of the world. In one of his few remaining letters there are recommendations to a friend, who had consulted him about the education of his sons, which seem to blend regard for religion with enlightened liberality of view. If he prayed for support and guidance in his undertakings, surely he did no more than Mr. Arnold himself practically recommends people to do when he urges them to join the Established Church of England. Even should Mr. Arnold light upon an authentic instance of Scripture phraseology used by Hampden, or any other Puritan chief, in a way which would now be against good taste, his critical and historical sense will readily make allowance for the difference between the present time and the time when the Bible was a newly-recovered book, and when its language, on the believer's lips and to the believer's ears, was still fresh as the dew of morning.

It would be even more difficult to separate Falkland's general character from that of Pym, of whose existence Mr. Arnold has shown himself conscious by once mentioning his name. The political philosophy of Pym's speeches is most distinctly constitutional; and we do not see that in point of breadth or dignity they leave much to be desired, while they unquestionably express, in the fullest manner, the mind of a leader of the Puritan party.

Whoever contrasts Falkland with the Puritans will have to encounter the somewhat untoward fact that in his speech against the High Church bishops Falkland, if he does not actually call himself a Puritan, twice identifies the Puritan cause with his own. Among the bad objects which he accuses the clergy of advocating in their sermons is "the demolishing of Puritanism and propriety." Again he cries:—

"Alas! they whose ancestors in the darkest times excommunicated the breakers of Magna Charta do now by themselves, and their adherents, both write, preach, plot, and act against it, by encouraging Dr. Beale, by preferring Dr. Mainwaring, appearing forward for monopolies and ship-money, and, if any were slow and backward to comply, blasting both them

and their preferment with the utmost expression of their hatred, the title of Puritan."

These words may help to make Mr. Arnold aware, when he mows down the Puritan party with some trenchant epithet, how wide the sweep of his scythe is; and the same thing will be still more distinctly brought before him by a perusal (if he has not already perused it) of the chapter on the subject in Mr. Sandford's "*Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion*." It can hardly be necessary to remind him, or any one else, of the portrait of one who was a most undoubted Puritan, drawn by Lucy Hutchinson. If this portrait betrays the hand of a wife, Clarendon's portrait of Falkland betrays the hand of a friend; and even a beloved husband is not more likely to be the object of exaggerated, though sincere praise, than the social head and the habitual host of a circle of literary men. At all events Lucy Hutchinson is painting what she thought a perfect Puritan would be; and her picture presents to us, not a coarse, crop-eared, and snuffing fanatic, but a highly accomplished, refined, gallant, and most "amiable," though religious and seriously-minded gentleman. The Spenserian school of sentiment seems to Mr. Arnold very lovely compared with the men of the New Model Army and their ways. In the general of the New Model Army, Sir Thomas Fairfax, he has a distinct, and we venture to say, very worthy pupil of that school.

Over the most questionable as well as the most momentous passage in Falkland's public life, his admirer passes by a graceful literary movement. Falkland was sworn in as a Privy Councillor three days before, and as Secretary of State four days after, the attempt of the King to seize the Five Members. He was thus, in outward appearance at least, brought into calamitous connection with an act which, as Clarendon sees, was the signal for civil war. Clarendon vehemently disclaims for himself and his two friends any knowledge of the King's design. So far as the more violent part of the proceeding is concerned, we can easily believe him; a woman mad with vindictive arrogance inspired it, and nobody except a madman would have been privy to it; but it is not so easy to believe him with regard to the impeachment, which was in fact an attempt to take the lives of the King's enemies by arraigning them before a political tribunal, hostile to them and favourable to their accuser, instead of bringing them to a fair and legal trial before a jury. By accepting the Secretaryship, Falkland at all events assumed a certain measure of responsibility after the fact for a proceeding which, we repeat, rendered civil war inevitable, because it must have convinced the popular leaders that to put faith in Charles with such councillors as he had about him would be insanity; and that if they allowed

Parliament to rise and the King to resume the power of the sword, not only would all their work of reform be undone, but the fate of Sir John Eliot would be theirs. Clarendon owns that Hampden's carriage from that day was changed, implying that up to that day it had been temperate; and the insinuation that, beneath the cloak of apparent moderation, Hampden had been secretly breathing counsels of violence into the minds of others, deserves no attention, when it comes from a hostile source. Of the purity of Falkland's motives we entertain not the shadow of a doubt; but we venture to think that it is very questionable whether he did right, and this not only on grounds of technical constitutionalism, which in the present day would render imperative the retirement of a Minister whose advice had been so flagrantly disregarded, but on grounds of the most broadly practical kind. He forfeited for ever, not only any influence which he might have retained over the popular leaders, and any access which he might have had to them in their more pacific mood, but probably all real control over the King. Charles was the very last man whom you could afford to allow in the slightest degree to tamper with your honour. It is surely conceivable that the recollection of an unfortunate step, and the sense of a false position, may have mingled with the sorrow caused by the public calamities, in the melancholy which drove Falkland to cast away his life.

In the Civil War Falkland was always "*ingeminating Peace, Peace.*" Our hearts are with him, but it was of no use. It is an unhappy part of civil wars that there can be no real peace till one party has succumbed: compromise only leads to a renewal of the conflict. There is sense as well as dignity in the deliberate though mournful acceptance of necessity, and the determination to play out the part that could not be declined, which appears in the letter written at the outbreak of the conflict by the Parliamentarian, Sir William Waller, to a personal friend in the other camp:—

"My affections to you are so unchangeable that hostility itself cannot violate my friendship to your person; but I must be true to the cause wherein I serve. The great God, who is the searcher of my heart, knows with what reluctance I go upon this service, and with what perfect hatred I look upon a war without an enemy. The God of peace, in His good time, send us peace, and in the meantime fit us to receive it! We are both on the stage, and we must act the parts that are assigned us in this tragedy. Let us do it in a way of honour, and without personal animosities."

A man in this frame of mind, we submit, was likely to get to the end of a civil war more speedily than a man in the mood, amiable as it was, of Falkland.

Perhaps, after all, the
land's passion:

the inevitable failure, of Falk-
may have saved him from a

worse doom than death on the field even of civil war. In the case of the five members, the King had shown how little regard he had, at least how little regard the mistress of his councils had, for the honour of his advisers. The pair might have used Falkland to lure by the pledge of his high character the leaders of the Parliament into the acceptance of a treaty which the King, with his notions of divine right, and the Queen, with her passionate love of absolute power, would, there can be little doubt, have violated as soon as the army of the Parliament had been disbanded, and the power of the sword had returned into the King's hands. Falkland might even have seen the scaffold erected, through the prostitution of his own honour, for the men whose ardent associate he had been in the overthrow of government by prerogative, and in the impeachment of Strafford.

Flinging epithets at Cromwell is a very harmless indulgence of sentiment. His memory has passed unscathed even through the burning eloquence which, from the pulpit of the Restoration, denounced him as "wearing a bad hat, and that not paid for." Since research has placed him before us as he really was, the opinion has been gaining ground that he was about the greatest human force ever directed to a moral purpose; and in that sense, about the greatest man, take him all in all, that ever trod the scene of history. The type to which his character belonged, in common with the whole series of historic types, had in it something that was special and transitory, combined with much that, so far as we see, was universal and will endure for ever. It is in failing to note the special and transitory element, and the limitations which it imposed on the hero's greatness, that Carlyle's noble biography runs into poetry, and departs from historic truth. To supply this defect is the proper work of rational criticism; but the criticism which begins with "Philistine" is not likely to be very rational.

The objection urged by Bolingbroke against Cromwell's foreign policy, on the ground that to unite with France, which was gaining strength, against Spain, which was beginning to decline, was not the way to maintain the balance of power in Europe, is once more reproduced as though it had not been often brought forward and answered. Cromwell was not bound to trouble his head about such a figment of a special diplomacy as the balance of power any more than Shakespeare was bound to trouble his head about Voltaire's rules for the drama. He was the chief and the defender of Protestantism, and as such he was naturally led to ally himself with France which was comparatively liberal, against Spain which was the great organ of the Catholic reaction. An alliance with Spain was a thing impossible for a Puritan. Looking to the narrower interest of England, much more was to be gained by a

war with Spain than by a war with France, because by a war with Spain an entrance was forced for English enterprise through the barriers which Spanish monopoly had raised against commercial enterprise in America. The security of England appears, in Cromwell's judgment, to have depended on her intrinsic strength, which no one can doubt that under extraordinary disadvantages he immensely increased, rather than on the maintenance of a European equilibrium which, as the number of the powers increased, became palpably impracticable. It may be added, that the incipient decline of the double-headed house of Austria, if it is visible to our eyes, as we trace back the course of events, can hardly have been visible to any eye at that time; and, what is still more to the purpose, that the dangerous ascendancy of Louis XIV. resulted in great measure from the betrayal of England by Charles II., and would have been impossible had, we will not say a second Cromwell, but a Protestant or patriotic monarch, sat on the Protector's throne.

Bolingbroke suggests, and Mr. Arnold embraces the suggestion, that Charles I., by making war on France, showed himself more sagacious with regard to foreign policy than Cromwell. But Mr. Arnold, in recommending Bolingbroke's philosophy to a generation which he thinks has too much neglected it, has discreetly warned us to let his history alone. Charles I., or rather Buckingham, in whose hands Charles was a puppet, made war on Spain, though in the most incapable manner, and with a most ignominious result: he at one time lent the French Government English ships to be used against the Protestants of Rochelle, whose resistance, apart from the religious question, was the one great obstacle to the concentration of the French power; and though he subsequently quarrelled with France, few will believe—assuredly Clarendon did not believe—that among the motives for the change, policy of any kind predominated over the passions and the vanity of the favourite. That Cromwell would have lent a steady and effective support to the Protestants, and thus have prevented the concentration of the French power, is as certain as any unfulfilled contingency can be.

Mr. Arnold is evidently anxious to bring Bolingbroke into fashion. "Hear Bolingbroke upon the success of Puritanism." Hear Lovelace on Dr. Johnson; one critic would be about as edifying as the other. Bolingbroke, a sceptical writer and a scoffer at Anglican doctrine, to say nothing about his morals, allied himself for party purposes with the fanatical clergy of the Anglican Establishment, well represented by Sacheverel, and to gratify his allies, passed as Minister persecuting laws, about the last of the series, against Nonconformists. This, perhaps, is a proof in a certain way, of philosophic largeness of view. But if

Bolingbroke is to be commended to ingenuous youth as a guide superior to party narrowness or bias, it may be well to remember the passage of his letter to Sir William Wyndham, in which he very frankly describes his own aims and those of his confederates on their accession to office, admitting that "the principal spring of their actions was to have the government of the State in their hands, and that their principal views were the conservation of this power, great employments to themselves, and great opportunities of rewarding those who had helped to raise them, and of hurting those who stood in opposition to them;" though he has the grace to add that with these considerations of party and private interest were intermingled some which had for their object the public good. In another place he avows that he and his party designed "to fill the employments of the kingdom down to the meanest with Tories," by which they would have anticipated, and, indeed, by anticipation outdone, the vilest and most noxious proceeding of the coarsest demagogue who ever climbed to power on the shoulders of faction in the United States. It may be instructive to compare with this the principles upon which public employments were distributed by Cromwell.

It would be out of place to discuss the whole question of the Protector's administration by way of reply to a passing thrust of antipathy. But when judgment is pronounced on his external policy, his critics ought not to leave out of consideration the Union of Scotland and Ireland with England, successfully accomplished by him, repealed by the Restoration, and, like not a few of his other measures, revived and ratified by posterity, after a delay fraught with calamitous consequences in both cases, and which in the case of Ireland may perhaps even yet prove fatal.

We cannot help remarking, however, that the ecclesiastical policy of the Protectorate was one which it would be most inconsistent on the part of Mr. Arnold and those who hold the same view with him to decry. It was a national Church (to prevent the hasty abolition of which, seems to have been Cromwell's main reason for dissolving the Barebones Parliament) with the largest possible measure of comprehension. To us the weak points of such a policy appear manifest enough, but by Mr. Arnold and those of his way of thinking it ought, if we mistake not, to be respected as an anticipation of their own ideal.

Of one great and irretrievable error Cromwell was guilty—he died before his hour. That his government was taking root is clear from the bearing of Mazarin and Don Lewis de Haro, sufficiently cool judges, towards the Stuart Pretender. The Restoration was a reaction not against the Protectorate but against the military anarchy which ensued. Had Cromwell lived ten years longer, or had his marshals been true to his successor, to his cause, and to

their own fortunes, there would have been an end of the struggle against Stuart prerogative; the spirit of Laud would have been laid for ever; the temporal power of ecclesiastics would have troubled no more; the Union with Scotland and Ireland would have remained unbroken; and the genuine representation of the people embodied in the Instrument of Government would have continued to exist, in the place of rotten boroughs, the sources of oligarchy and corruption, of class government and class wars. Let us philosophize about general causes as much as we will, untoward accidents occur: the loss of Pym and Hampden in the early part of the Revolution, and that of Cromwell at its close, may be fairly reckoned as accidents, and they were untoward in the highest degree.

No doubt, while Falkland fits perfectly into the line of English progress and takes his place with obvious propriety among the Saints of Constitutionalism in the vestibule of the House of Commons, while even Hampden finds admission as the opponent of ship-money, the kind veil of oblivion being drawn over the part he played as a leader in the Revolution, Cromwell, though his hold over the hearts of the English people is growing all the time, remains in an uncovenanted condition. The problem of his statue is still, and, so far as England is concerned, seems likely long to be, unsolved. Put him high or low, in the line of kings or out of it, he is hopelessly incongruous, incommensurable, and out of place. He is in fact the man of the New World; his institutions in the main embody the organic principles of New World society: at Washington, not at Westminster, should be his statue.

What Puritanism did for England, and what credit is due to it as an element of English character, are questions which cannot be settled by mere assertion, on our side at least. In its highest development, and at the period of its greatest men, it was militant, and everything militant is sure to bear evil traces of the battle. For that reason Christianity has always been in favour of peace and goodwill; let the Regius Professor of Theology at Oxford, in his Christian philosophy of war, be as ingenious and as admirable as he may. But sometimes it is necessary to accept the arbitrament of the sword. It was necessary at Marathon, on the plain of Tours, on the waters which bore the Armada, at Lutzen, at Marston, at Leipsic, at Gettysburg. Darius, the Moors, Philip II., Wallenstein, Prince Rupert, Bonaparte, the Slave-owners, did not offer you the alternative which you would so gladly have embraced, of a tranquil and amicable discussion among lime-trees and violets. On each occasion the cause of human progress drew along with it plenty of mud and slime; nevertheless it was the cause of human progress. On each occasion the wrong side no doubt had its Falklands: nevertheless it was the wrong side.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Reformation was brought to the verge of destruction. When Wallenstein sat down before Stralsund everything was gone but England, Holland, Sweden, and some cantons of Switzerland. In England the stream of reaction was running strong; Holland could not have stood by herself; Sweden was nothing as a power, though it turned out that she had a man. Fortunately the Lambeth Popedom and the Royal Supremacy prevented the English division of the army of Reaction from getting into line with the other divisions, and compelled it to accept decisive battle on a separate field, against the most formidable soldiers of the Reformation. These soldiers saved Protestantism, which was their first object, and they saved English liberty into the bargain. We who have come after can stand by the battle-field, pouncet-box in hand, and sniff and sneer as much as we will.

Great Tew was an anticipation, for ever beautiful and memorable, of the time when all swords shall be sheathed, and the world shall have entered into final peace. But in its philosophy there were, as the world then was, two defects; it did not reach the people, and it was incapable of protecting its own existence. Laud himself did not care to crush it; he was an ecclesiastical despot rather than a theological bigot; he had a genuine respect for learned men; he preferred winning them by gracious words and preferment to coercing them with the pillory and the shears. But had Laud's system prevailed, there would soon have been an end of the philosophy of Tew. Mr. Arnold points to the freethought of Bacon. Nobody in those days scented mischief in the inductive philosophy, while in politics and religion Bacon was scrupulously orthodox. Cromwell's faith was a narrower and coarser thing by far than that of the inmates of the "college in a purer air;" but it brought religion and morality—not the most genial or rational morality, but still morality—into the cottage as well as into the manor-house, and it was able to protect its own existence. When it had mounted to power in the person of its chief, the opinions of Great Tew, and all opinions that would abstain from trying to overthrow the Government and restore the tyranny, enjoyed practically larger and more assured liberty than they had ever enjoyed in England before or were destined to enjoy for many a year to come. Falkland, says Mr. Arnold, was in the grasp of fatality, hence the transcendent interest that attaches to him. Cromwell, happily for his cause and for his country, was, or felt himself to be, not in the grasp of fatality but in the hand of God.

Might we not have done just as well without Puritanism? Might not some other way have been found of preserving the serious element in English character and saving English liberty from those who were conspiring for its destruction? Such questions

as these may be asked without end, and they may be answered by any one who is endowed with a knowledge of men who were never born, and of events that have never happened. Might not a way have been found of rescuing the great interests of humanity without Greek resistance to Persian invasion, or German resistance to the tyranny of Bonaparte? Suppose in place of the Puritan chiefs there had been raised up by miracle a set of men at once consummate soldiers and perfect philosophers, who would have fought and won the battle without being heated by the conflict. Suppose, to prevent the necessity of any conflict at all, Charles, Strafford, and Laud had voluntarily abandoned their designs. As it was, Puritanism did, and alone could do, the work. What the Renaissance would have been without Puritan morality we can pretty well guess from the experience of Italy. It would have probably been like the life of Lorenzo—vice, filthy vice, decorated with art and with elegant philosophy; an academy under the same roof with a brothel. There were ages before morality, and there have been ages between the moralities. There was, in England, an age between the decline of the Catholic morality and the rise of the Puritan, marked by a laxity of conduct, public and private, which was partly redeemed but not neutralized by Elizabethan genius and enterprise. No doubt when the revival came, there was a High Church as well as a Puritan morality, and that fact ought always to be borne in mind; but the High Church morality was inextricably bound up with sacerdotal superstition and with absolute government; it had no hold on the people; and it found itself suspiciously at home in the Court of James, in the households of Somerset and Buckingham, and in the tribunal which lent itself to the divorce of Essex.

That the Puritan Revolution was followed by a sacerdotal and sensualist reaction is too true: all revolutions are followed by reactions; it is one great reason for avoiding them. But let it be remembered, first, that the disbanded soldiers of the Commonwealth and the other relics of the Puritan party still remained the most moral and respectable element in the country; and secondly, that the period of lassitude which follows great efforts, whether of men or nations, is not altogether the condemnation of the effort, but partly the weakness of humanity. Nations as well as men, if they aim high, must sometimes overstrain themselves, and weariness must ensue. Nor did the Commonwealth of England come to nothing, though in a society not half emancipated from feudalism it was premature, and therefore, at the time, a failure. It opened a glimpse of a new order of things; it was the first example of a great national republic, the republics of antiquity having been at once city republics and republics of slave-owners: it not only heralded but, to some extent, prepared the American and even the

French Revolution. In its sublime death-song, chanted by the great Puritan poet, our ears catch the accents of a hope that did not die.

The Restoration was the end of the Puritan party, which thenceforth separated into two portions, the high political element taking the form of Whiggism, while the more religious element was represented in subsequent history by the Nonconformists. Under the Marian reaction Protestantism had been saved, and the errors which it had committed in its hour of ascendancy had been redeemed by the champions, drawn mostly from the humbler classes, who suffered for it at the stake. Under the Restoration it was again saved, and the errors which it had once more committed in the hour of political triumph were once more redeemed by martyrs of the same class whose sufferings in the noisome and pestilential prisons of that day were probably not much less severe than the pangs of those who died by fire. Both in the Marian and in the Restoration martyrs of Protestantism there was no doubt much that was irrational and unattractive; yet the record of their services to humanity remains, and will remain; let the free-thought of modern times, for which their self-devoting loyalty to such truth as they knew made way, be grateful or ungrateful to them as it will.

The relations of Nonconformity, with which we must couple Scotch Presbyterianism, its partner in its fundamental doctrines, its constant ally in the conflict, and fellow-sufferer in the hour of adversity, to English religion, morality, industry, education, philanthropy, science, and to English civilization in general, would be a most important and instructive chapter in English history; but we are hardly called upon to attempt to write it in refutation of jocose charges of "hideousness" and "immense ennui." A sufficient answer to such quips and cranks will be found, we believe, within the same covers with Mr. Arnold's "Falkland," in the shape of an article on the Pulpit, by Mr. Baldwin Brown, which in tone and culture appears to us a fit companion for any other paper in the journal.

That Nonconformity has been political is true. Fortunately for the liberties of England it has had to struggle for civil right in order to obtain religious freedom. No doubt in the course of the conflict it has contracted a certain gloominess of character, and shown an unamiable side. Treat men with persistent and insolent injustice, strip them of their rights as citizens, put on them a social brand, compel them to pay for the maintenance of the pulpits from which their religion is assailed, and you will run a very great risk of souring their tempers. But without rehearsing disagreeable details, we may say generally that whoever should undertake to prove that the Established Church had not been, from the hour of

her birth down to the last general election, at least as political as the Free Churches, and at least as responsible for the evils which political religion has brought upon the nation, would show considerable confidence in his powers of dealing with history. Could he find a parallel on the side of the Established Church to the magnanimous loyalty to national interests shown by Nonconformists, in rejecting the bribe offered them by James II., and supporting their persecutors against an illegal toleration? Could he find a parallel on the side of the Nonconformists to the conduct of the Established Church, in turning round, the moment the victory had been won by Nonconformist aid, and recommencing the persecution of the Nonconformists?

We fully agree with Mr. Arnold, however, in thinking that political Nonconformity is an evil. There are two known modes of getting rid of it—the Spanish Inquisition and religious equality. Mr. Arnold seems to think that there is yet a third—general submission, in matters theological and ecclesiastical, to the gentle sway of Beau Nash.

Religious equality in the United States may not be perfect unity, it may not be the height of culture or of grace, but at all events it is peace. Ultramontaniam there, as everywhere else, is aggressive, and a source of disturbance; and, on the other hand, in the struggle against slavery, political and religious elements were inevitably intermingled; but as a rule politics are kept perfectly clear of religion. Saving in the case of Roman Catholicism, we cannot call to mind a single instance of a serious appeal in an election to sectarian feeling. Much as we have heard of the two candidates for the Presidency, we could not at this moment tell to what Church either of them belongs. Where no Church is privileged, there can be no cause for jealousy. The Churches dwell side by side, without disturbing the State with any quarrels; they are all alike loyal to the Government; they unite in supporting a system of popular education which generally includes a certain element of unsectarian religion; they combine for social and philanthropic objects; they testify, by their common celebration of national thanksgivings and fasts, their unity at all events as portions of the same Christian nation. So far as we know, controversy between them is very rare; there is more of it within the several Churches between their own more orthodox and more liberal members. In none does it rage more violently than in the Episcopal Church, though, under religious equality, irreconcilable disagreement on religious questions leads to secession, not to mutual lawsuits and imprisonments.

Mr. Arnold says in praise of Falkland that "he was profoundly serious." We presume he means not only that Falkland treated great questions in a serious way, without unseasonable quizzing,

but that he was, in the words quoted from Clarendon in the next sentence, "a precise lover of truth, and superior to all possible temptations for its violation." The temptations, we presume, would have included those of taste or fancy, as well as those of the more obvious kind; and Falkland's paramount regard for truth would have extended to all his fellow-men as well as to himself and his own intellectual circle. He would never, we are confident, have advised any human being to separate religion from truth; he would never have suffered himself to intimate that truth was the property of a select circle, while "poetry" was good enough for the common people; he would never have encouraged thousands of clergymen, educated men with sensitive consciences, to go on preaching to their flocks from the pulpit, on grounds of social convenience, doctrines which they repudiated in the study, and derided in the company of cultivated men; he would never have exhorted people to enter from æsthetic considerations a spiritual society of which, in the same breath, he proclaimed the creeds to be figments, the priesthood to be an illusion, the sacred narratives to be myths, and the Triune God to be a caricature of Lord Shaftesbury, multiplied by three. If he had done so, and if his propagandism had been successful, we suspect he would soon have produced an anarchy, not only religious but social, compared with which the most chaotic periods of the Revolution would have been harmony and order. In the days of the Antonines, to which Gibbon looks back so wistfully, opinion had little influence; the organic forces of society were of a more primitive and a coarser kind. In modern times if a writer could succeed in separating truth from religion, he would shake the pillars of the moral and social as well as the intellectual world.

That religion is inseparable from truth is the strong and special tradition of the Nonconformists. Their history has been a long struggle for the rights of conscience against spurious authority, an authority which we believe Mr. Arnold holds to be spurious as well as they. This is not altogether a bad start in the pursuit of the truth for which the world now craves, and which, we cordially admit, lies beyond the existing creed of any particular Church. At all events, it would seem improvident to merge such an element of religious inquiry in that of which the tradition is submission to the spurious authority, whatever advantages the latter may have in social, literary, and æsthetic respects. Not a generation has yet passed since the admission of Nonconformists to the Universities; and more than a generation is needed in order to attain the highest culture. Give the Free Churches time, and let us see whether they have not something better to give us in return than "hideousness" and "immense ennui."

GOLDWIN SMITH.

ESSAYS AND NOTICES.

LITERARY WORK.

THERE is no sort of writing which sends such a cold shudder through the brains of working men of letters as that which professes to describe, and often describes truly, the habits and methods of editors, authors, and journalists. It is probable, or rather it is morally certain, that those wonderful things which we have all read about M. Buloz have cost many a *mauvais quart d'heure* to contributors, and perhaps a few to editors. We are told, for example, that he was a very aristocratic person, and would have this, that, and the other done with articles and stories, just according to his own prejudices; that many of the contributors submitted; that the success of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was owing to the method of M. Buloz—and so forth. One may easily conjecture how this would work with stupid editors. They would not stop to inquire how much of this was true in itself, still less how much of the success of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was owing to circumstances which cannot be repeated in the case of any other periodical; least of all, whether that Review has had a good or a bad effect on literature in France and elsewhere. If editors would not stay to ask such questions, much less would Bacon and Bungay; and how much indirect bullying Warrington and Pendennis have got lately, on the strength of the Buloz tradition, is known, perhaps, to Warrington and Pendennis and Captain Shandon.

The speed of work and the manner of work vary among literary men and women within such extreme limits, that the most sagacious outsider may well decline to draw general inferences. But outsiders of very little sagacity draw inferences without any hesitation whatever. Even such a brief and casual collection of instances as will arise in the course of the following remarks will show how great is the diversity of practice among good writers, and how difficult it is to associate given results and given methods in terms of effect and cause.

It does not matter where we begin—let us take the question of inspiration. A living writer in one of his early books gave literary men the old counsel not to wait for inspiration, but to sit down to the desk and get to work. It is good counsel, and it may safely be affirmed that very few writers of any consequence do, upon any large scale, and as a general thing, wait for inspiration: and the reasons are two:—First of all, people who can write well have almost always something to say—*within a given circle of topics*. That must be clearly understood. For instance, Mr. Mill would always have something to say about the quantification of the predicate or the association theory, but it does not follow that he would be able off-hand to sit down and analyze a poem or a novel. The second reason is, that very few of the persons whom it is necessary to advise not to wait for inspiration have time to do it. They work in a large degree because they must, and with a painful sense that half what they do would be better left undone. But, even when every allowance is made, upon that and other grounds, this writer may be quoted against himself, and in two ways. There are in his earlier books long tracts of writing which should never have been produced, and which are barely readable; and, besides, in some portions of them he has frankly ridiculed the idea of incessant productivity: “Let me see you write a *feuilleton* when your liver is inactive. Give me a touch of your quality when
toothache”—and so on.

The talk about inspiration and waiting for it is confined to producers of the first class, and producers of the lowest class. It will not be denied, one may presume, that Milton's vein was fullest and freshest at the "vernal and autumnal equinox," nor will very many more authentic stories of a similar quality be questioned. If writers who have had to write for bread, and have besides written work that will live, have also talked about times of inspiration, this has applied to their best work, the work that will live. But "the literary world," as it is called, is full of mere literary adventurers—clever fellows who have no literary vocation but that of cleverness, and no care for literature except as an arena for cleverness, in which a certain amount of money, with a good deal of admiration and some agreeable social excitement, is to be had. These men are of all grades, from the higher type, sketched in Harriet Martineau's Autobiography to types much lower; and they do undoubtedly talk much nonsense about inspiration and waiting for inspiration. There is much less of this sort of thing than there used to be. These are not the days (to quote roughly a brilliant *littérateur* now dead) in which Mr. Pitt would be spoken of as taking an emetic behind the Speaker's chair, before he could reply to Mr. Burke—they are days in which a glass of wine too much may spoil a week's work. Still, this type is to be found, all alive, in the circles of working literary men. It is not a very uncommon thing for writers of this stamp to "work in couples"—that is their phrase. They cannot get on till they have met and talked things over. Then they go to some favourite haunt of the Muses and the Whiskeys, and sharpen each other's wits, throwing off slips of copy at intervals. In this way, or in ways quite as ignoble, and amid the fumes of tobacco and strong drink—we do not speak of what is usually known as excess—in this way is produced a good deal of review and leading-article literature. But the thing—and the whole kind of thing—is much less common than it used to be in the days of Warrington and Pendennis. Work produced in the Warrington-Pendennis fashion may be "brilliant" and "effective,"—though even in that respect the standards have altered; but it cannot be trustworthy or really useful, nor can it live.

Waiting for inspiration, however, is one thing; the obstructions to literary work are another. Let us glance at some of these.

First, illness of different kinds. "Lines composed by the Emperor Hadrian, on his death-bed, *Animula vagula*, &c.; Verses written by Thomas Hood in the near prospect of death—'Farewell, life! my senses swim'—and a score of such commonplaces, including a hundred anecdotes of consumptive men and women of genius. These are very instructive to those who know how to read them, but when they come, corrupted by a string of penny-a-liners, to the ears of Bungay, they are misleading to him and bad indeed for his people. Off goes Bungay to Warrington, who has *migraine* and no worse. "Now, just look here," says Bungay, "if Hood could write this poem when he was dying, why can't you do my prospectus when you're only queer? You don't look a bit like dying."

"In the first place," says Warrington, "I don't know that Hood was near dying when he wrote those verses. In the second place, a man may be in much better condition an hour before death than after a hard day's work, and a bad night's sleep; and in the third place (*subauditur*) you're a fool, Bungay."

When the late C. H. Bennett was a mass of rheumatic cramps from his toes to his fingers' ends, we may presume that nobody expected him to draw for *Punch*—though perhaps Bungay or Bacon might, after all, have suggested his "doing it all with his mouth," like Miss Biffin. Nor would even Bungay or Bacon expect a poem or an essay from a man in an apoplectic fit. But any writing man who has had to do with Bungay and Bacon must have seen how very muddled their minds are in these matters. They have not the least idea that poor Heine, forced to lift his eyelid with one hand while he wrote with the other, or Leopardi, his fellow-sufferer, or Hoffmann in his last hours, free from pain and struggling to dictate to his wife, might be in a far better position for work than Warrington with only *migraine*, or Walter Scott after only five hours' rest. But these things are not only so; they are

perfectly natural and intelligible. It is on record that Sir Walter Scott could not work with his pen at all unless he had had eight hours' sleep. What would Bungay have said to this? He would have said to Warrington, "Don't tell *me*, sir. You were at the Back Kitchen, with Costigan, last night." And he would be excusable. A blister, or a pot of leeches, or a fit of ague, is something to show, but the grey matter of the brain is not visible during life; nor has any physiologist even ventured on a guess why four hours' sleep should be enough to renew the grey matter in the brain of Napoleon, while eight hours were absolutely necessary in the case of Sir Walter Scott. But we all know that Sir Walter broke down under the attempt to force his brain, sleep or no sleep.

Still less would Bungay understand—nor in truth is it easy to explain—the difference between some kinds of brain work and others in relation to illness or weakness. The present writer has had large experience of what is well known to be severe labour,—that of the reporter,—and has never found himself exhausted by working week after week for eighteen hours a day. The reason is, mainly, that in such work, as in that of ordinary business, the mind gets all the enormous help derivable from the laws of association. Link follows link, and the process goes upon an inclined plane to its goal. Nobody who reads the lives of literary workers can fail to be struck with the all but unanimous testimony that more than three hours a day at the work of literary production is destructive. These three hours apply strictly to the time for which the pen is in hand; they have nothing to do with reading or other preparation. The testimony on this point, from quarters the most decisive, is of the most curious unanimity. Some say two hours, some say four, a very few say five or six, *with breaks*; but the average is three; from Bulwer-Lytton to Channing, from journalist to poet; and, for even this much of production, the work must be pretty homogeneous and not against the grain. Harriet Martineau had to sit long at the desk, because she was *mechanically* slow with her pen. When we read that literary producers of any power have gone on working up to the last, even in the near approach of death, we usually find the work done has been of a not unwelcome kind, and often that it has formed part of a long-cherished design. But when the disease of which the sufferer is dying is consumption, or some disease which between paroxysms of pain leaves spaces of ease and rest, it is nothing wonderful that work should be done. Some of the best of Paley's works were produced under such conditions, and some of the best of Shelley's. Nor, indeed, is there anything in mere pain which necessarily prevents literary work. The late Mr. T. T. Lynch produced some of his most beautiful writing amid spasms of *angina pectoris*. This required high moral courage in the writer, but Mr. Lynch could not have written a line, or thought one, if he had suffered from the complaint which, we have lately read, so much limits the activity of the Queen. Everybody who understands the subject must have read with much sympathy the statement that hot places or nervous irritation bring on in her Majesty symptoms resembling those of sea-sickness. Who that has seen it, or known it, can write or pronounce the dreadful word *water-brash* without a shudder? Now persons may suffer from periodical *migraine*, or *water-brash*, and live till eighty, medicine being utterly powerless to help them—in other words, they may have every month an attack of "sea-sickness" lasting for days. Would anybody ask a sea-sick man for an essay or a poem? Not even Bungay. He would be glad to be away from the darkened room of the patient lying and groaning in abject misery.

It is a curious, though well-known fact, however, that times of illness, when the eyes swim and the hand shakes, are oftentimes rich in suggestion. If the mind is naturally fertile—if there is "stuff" in it—the hours of illness are by no means wasted. It is then that the "*dreaming power*" which counts for so much in literary work often asserts itself most fully.

In her Autobiograph-
different methods of li-
example, sh

artineau has a great deal to say about
her own personal experience of it. For
were always taxing her with overworking

herself, they were quite in the wrong, for her work was pleasure and health to her—she had never written anything that she did not feel impelled to write, and, fortunately for her, this suited the public just then, and paid both her and her publishers. She relates how she flinched, when the proposal came before her, from undertaking wider literary responsibilities, such as would “drive” her brain, as men have to drive theirs, and she records that all the physicians she had ever known had expressed the opinion that literary work, under the usual conditions, is the most exhausting of labour. If the worker has money,—or if, which is the same thing, he does not care how much he owes or whom he ruins,—the case is different. But upon one point, we are glad to see she set her foot down firmly. Some one advised her to avoid strong wines, but suggested that a glass of hock would do her good when she was pressed. She steadfastly, and very wisely, refused to touch wine *while at work*. It may safely be affirmed that no purely conscientious writing was ever produced under stimulation from alcohol. Harriet Martineau was one of those workers who could not write a paragraph without asking herself, “Is that wholly true? Is it a good thing to say it? Shall I lead any one astray by it? Had I better soften it down, or keep it back? Is it as well said as I can say it?” Writing like that of Wilson’s “Noctes,” or Hoffman’s snadder stories, may be produced under the influence of wine, but “stuff of the conscience,” not.

There is one form of brain-work which it is particularly easy to keep up for a length of time, pen in hand or not—we mean the brain-work of the mathematician or logician. This requires calm and steady application, but it is easy and unexhausting, for the same reason that ordinary business is so, or that work of the reporter to which (as an illustration) we have referred. One thing follows another, link by link, till the chain is completed and the work comes to a pause. Mere attention, even when very active and accompanied by ratiocination, may be kept up almost for ever without fatigue. The peculiarly fatiguing effect of literary work of certain kinds would seem to result largely from two causes. First, it is accompanied (in the cases we are considering) with more or less play of *feeling*; and, secondly, the writer, like the painter, has to be incessantly busy with his processes of grouping. Every sentence is written with an eye on every other sentence; and the middle and the end have to be kept in a certain relation to the beginning. It may be added that the complications of religious opinion which so much embarrass all public utterance in our day impose a heavy tax upon all serious and honest writers who are not at work within decidedly sectarian lines and for decidedly sectarian purposes. The pressure in this respect upon conscientious publicists has increased enormously within the last four or five years.

The practice of sitting down to the desk and beginning somehow—presuming, of course, that the brain will work at all and the hand hold a pen pretty steadily—is a good one, within limits. It is scarcely necessary to prescribe this plan to the working *littérateur*, for he must be always at his desk, if he is to earn his living. But the plan is admirable for all defined, homogeneous work, which does not require the exercise of “the dreaming power,” or very careful expression. If either of those, imaginative or emotional movement, or nicety of thought and language, be needed, the plan necessarily breaks down. Southey is a case in point, and living examples could easily be mentioned. We write this with two in our eye, both of them distinguished writers. One of them has produced, in this way, more wooden pages than all other living writers (of the same rank) put together; but fortunately the woodenness does little or no harm—*except* (a weighty exception, though) in helping to let down standards. It is gall and wormwood to the struggling Mr. X., who would rather go without a fire or a dinner than issue what he thought to be an unworthy page, to find the great Mr. Q. so successful, though he issues a thousand, and knows it. In the case of the other writer who is in our mind, the result is more serious. His books are concerned with topics of the gravest order, and it would be easy enough to pick out the perfunctorily written pages—they are often so bad, though evidently laboured. It

is a clear duty for a man of letters to refrain, as far as possible, from dealing with topics of the kind we have just indicated, unless his faculties are in order. It is, of course, a mere truism to say that industry is better than idleness—that idleness which John Sterling, driven to it by illness, called a “heavy cross to bear;” but, as a rule, work of a certain order should never be attempted, unless the whole man is “in good form.” In fact, no writing man who has Harriet Martineau’s sense of the vocation of literature, will endanger his work by attempting it. As we have already said, the hours when good writing is not possible are very often the most productive for purposes not absolutely immediate; and *forcing* the finer faculties is the most ruinous of all work. As for the wooden and the perfunctory pages in certain books to which we have alluded, there is not one of them which any respectable magazine or newspaper would print.

Incidentally we may mention here the case of one of the most active and able journalists of our time; a man of real genius, who died not very long ago of over-work. Being unable, in a fit of illness, to do anything else, he got by heart dozens of pages of statistical figures,—returns of exports and imports, and matters of that sort. This he did partly to lighten the heavy curse of idleness, and save his mind from gnawing itself to madness, and partly with an eye to future uses.

At the foot of the preface to the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1760, Mr. Urban printed this doggerel:—

“A DIALOGUE between Mr. URBAN and his BOY.

“Urban. Well, Boy—and what does the Gentleman say?
 Boy. He says, Sir, *as how* that he dines out to-day.
 Urban. And have you no Message, nor Parcel, nor Letter?
 Boy. No, nothing at all, Sir, nor *worser* nor *better*.
 Urban. Od so!—and he promis’d the Verses— . . . take him
 —But if he won’t do ’em, I’m sure I can’t make him—
 This Night the last Sheet goes to Press, at the GATE—
 We must publish on MONDAY—and MONDAY’s full late.
 What the Duce must we do?—No kind Congratulation
 To me on my Labours—nor yet to the Nation!—
 This Year, too, when Volume the Thirtieth’s compleat,
 And we’ve taken MONTREAL—and FRANCE has no Fleet.
 And I’ve been at such Pains, and sustain’d such Expences
 To explain the GAZETTES to the commonest Senses,
 With MARS that point out, e’en to Hovels and Sties,
 Where Battles are fought, that make Stocks fall or rise.—
 This Year—what Disaster!—This Year, of all Years,
 When we all have been brim-full of JOY, and of TEARS,
 To say nothing in Verse, of the Change in the State,
 ’Tis hard—very hard—’tis the worst of hard Fate—
 It cannot be help’d—Of the Bard, ’tis in vain,
 And the Want of his Verses, alas! to complain.
 If they cannot be had, I must e’en do without ’em;
 Our Readers, thank Heaven, will ne’er think about ’em.”

Those were surely happy times, when a difficulty could be turned aside in so easy a fashion. But the only way to make a clean sweep of all troubles of the sort, and to be absolutely independent of some of the harassing incidents of editorial and other literary work, is to have moral courage after the pattern of the American editor, who did not scruple to issue to the subscribers to his newspaper a sheet which contained, besides advertisements, only these words:—“The wife of our esteemed editor having, since our last issue, presented him with three boys at a birth, his emotions have prevented his supplying the usual leaders and other literary matter. He has caved. The prayers of subscribers are earnestly desired. NO CARDS.”

ROMAN CATHOLIC IDEALS.

EVERY sensitive reader of the able and very instructive article on "Social Methods of Roman Catholicism in England" must have felt himself in an atmosphere of thought altogether foreign to that which he is compelled to breathe in daily life, even if he is a Catholic. Whether the writer of the article would adopt Dr. Newman's language or not, one feels at once that such an atmosphere as here strikes strangely upon the senses is the native air of that "hatred of Liberalism" which the great English Catholic so heartily avowed in his "Apologia." In truth the ideals of modern Liberalism, orthodox Protestant, neo-Protestant, or Pantheistic, will not live in the same house with the ideals which we discern, while we read that article, to be as much cherished by the Church of the author as they ever were or could be. This is nothing new; far otherwise; it has been and must continue to be, a subject of anxious thought for Liberals: especially those who see in the later growths of the democratic ideal only bad auguries for the immediate future of ideals of another kind. There are signs of the times which might lead one to say, in the rough, that Roman Catholicism was playing, and going on to play, the card of democracy. Let us see how such ideals of hers as would then come prominently forward compare with those of Modern Liberalism or Virtuous Respectability. For this purpose we will be indebted to the writings of Dr. Newman, who certainly speaks with great plainness upon these matters. Indeed, there is a passage in which he puts the case that the faithful may rebuke him for letting so much out of the bag. But he boldly justifies himself by pleading that "the world" knows well enough already the difference between her standards and those of "the Church," and knows that the Church knows she knows—so that only harm can be done by pretending to ignore the truth.

Our extracts will be rather long, but their length will, we believe, be fully excused by their characteristic force, and their great value as topics of instruction.

Under the rule of the Modern Protestant ideals, there is, Dr. Newman thinks, no such thing as Humility. The place of that "grace" is filled by "Modesty:"—

"Pride under such training, instead of running to waste in the education of the mind, is turned to account; it gets a new name; it is called self-respect, and ceases to be the disagreeable, uncompanionable quality which it is in itself. Though it be the motive principle of the soul, it seldom comes to view; and when it shows itself, then delicacy and gentleness are its attire, and good sense and sense of honour direct its motions. It is no longer a restless agent without definite aim; it has a large field of exertion assigned to it, and it subserves those social interests which it would naturally trouble. It is directed into the channel of industry, frugality, honesty, and obedience; and it becomes the very staple of the religion and morality held in honour in a day like our own. It becomes the safeguard of chastity, the guarantee of veracity, in high and low; it is the very household god of society, as at present constituted, inspiring neatness and decency in the servant-girl, propriety of carriage and refined manners in her mistress, uprightness, manliness, and generosity in the head of the family. It diffuses a light over town and country; it covers the soil with handsome edifices and smiling gardens; it tills the field, it stocks and embellishes the shop. It is the stimulating principle of providence, on the one hand, and of free expenditure on the other; of an honourable ambition, and of elegant enjoyment. It breathes upon the face of the community, and the hollow sepulchre is forthwith beautiful to look upon."

So far Dr. Newman is writing in a spirit and in terms which any Evangelical preacher or author might *ex animo* adopt in his own sermons or books; indeed, those who have been nurtured in any of the old-fashioned Evangelical schools of thought will at once recognize a note which is perfectly familiar to them. No one, indeed, of any orthodox Christian school can pretend that religion and morality such as are here indicated can by any stretch of construction be called by the Christian name. They may be called quasi-Stoical, or modern Liberal, or highly-respectable:

but what have they to do within the temple in which the Sermon on the Mount, the Epistle of James, and the Penitential Psalms, are read in order to furnish essential, not to say dominant, elements of devotion? Clearly nothing. The two things are altogether different.

This, however, the Evangelical Protestant Christian would admit, even *out of church*, if close pressed; the "Plymouth Brother" avows it everywhere. How does it happen, then, that Protestant Christianity, considered as a whole, as (say) a social institute, presents itself to the unprejudiced observer as having made a compromise, a *working compromise*, so to say, with this non-Christian, if not anti-Christian ideal? That is the question which is implied in the passages we are now quoting with more or less abbreviation.

Dr. Newman's description of the types of virtue produced under "the cold shade" of the modern ideals may fitly follow the above outlines:—

"We find these men possessed of many virtues, but proud, bashful, fastidious, and reserved. Why is this? It is because they think and act as if there were really nothing objective in their religion; it is because conscience to them is not the word of a lawgiver, as it ought to be, but the dictate of their own minds, and nothing more. They are engrossed in notions of what is due to themselves, to their own dignity, and their own consistency. Their conscience has become a mere self-respect. Instead of doing one thing and then another, as each is called for, in faith and obedience, careless of what may be called the *keeping of deed with deed*, and leaving Him who gives the command to blend the portions of their conduct into a whole, their one object, however unconscious to themselves, is to paint a smooth and perfect surface, and be able to say to themselves that they have done their duty."

Here, indeed, we more decidedly lose sight of any and every distinctive feature of Christianity. Protestant Christianity, like "Catholic" Christianity, certainly presents the law of conscience as the word of a lawgiver. But we must take notice that Dr. Newman is avowedly describing a type of character which is *unconsciously* formed. And he is at the same time drawing his lines closer and closer, with a view of including all right Christian conduct within the fold of "objective" authority, as he reads it, and excluding as non-Christian whatever will not enter at the gate of that fold. The word "supernatural," which we shall alight upon presently, is, we will not say vague in Dr. Newman's *mouth*, for he is never vague, but susceptible of vague readings in Protestant eyes. But to complete our representative extracts, and lastly, we will once more drag from her unsavoury hiding-place that familiar "beggar-woman" to whom the great Doctor is so partial:—

"Such being the extreme difference between the Church and the world, both as to the measure and the scale of moral good and evil, we may be prepared for those vast differences in matters of detail, which I hardly like to mention, lest they should be out of keeping with the gravity of the subject, as contemplated in its broad principle. . . . Take a mere beggar-woman, lazy, ragged, and filthy, and not over scrupulous of truth—(I do not say she had arrived at perfection) but if she is chaste, and sober, and cheerful, and goes to her religious duties (and I am supposing not at all an impossible case), she will, in the eyes of the Church, have a prospect of heaven, which is quite closed and refused to the State's pattern-man, the just, the upright, the generous, the honourable, the conscientious, if he be all this, not from a supernatural power—(I do not determine whether this is likely to be the fact, but I am contrasting views and principles)—not from a supernatural power, but from mere natural virtue. . . . Again, excess in drinking is one of the world's most disgraceful offences; odious it ever is in the eyes of the Church, but if it does not proceed to the loss of reason, she thinks it a far less sin than one deliberate act of detraction, though the matter of it be truth. And again, not unfrequently does a priest hear confession of thefts, which he knows would sentence the penitent to transportation if brought into a court of justice, but which he knows too, in the judgment of the Church, might be pardoned on the man's private contrition without any confession at all. Once more, the State has the guardianship of property, as the Church is the guardian of the faith:—in the middle ages, as is often objected, the Church put to death for heresy; well but, on the other hand, even in our own

times, the State has put to death for forgery, nay, I suppose for sheep-stealing. How distinct must be the measure of crime in Church and State, when so heterogeneous is the rule of punishment in the one and in the other !”

One thing, at least, is entirely satisfactory about this—its frankness. “Why do you blame the Church if she burns a man to death for Sabellianism, when you yourself hang a man for sheep-stealing ?” But the question brings the dispute to a sharp issue. We will waive the question of hanging for theft, says the Protestant politician, and, if you please, that of burning for heresy ; but we will tell you at once why we would punish for theft and would not punish for heresy. The things are not in *eodem genere*. No citizen can certainly establish, as against another citizen, that a given opinion is heresy ; if it were otherwise, we have no certain warrant for dealing with heresy by force ; but theft is an act of force, directed by one man to the depriving another man of a certain right, which he has been warned by law not to attack. Now it would be idle to attempt to follow up this question here, upon the answer of the Catholic. Of course, he falls back at once upon his “objective authority ;” and we soon discover, to our cost, what his “supernatural” means. Though the question, thrashed out to the last straw as it is, could not profitably be dealt with again in this hasty manner, we cannot but be helped by coming face to face, again and again, with these ultimate, irreconcilable differences ; and we may perhaps pass over far too lightly the implied charge that Protestant Christianity, under cover of various forms of accommodation, secures her *modus vivendi* with unchristian ideals by a process of compromise.

Compromise, we may abundantly discern, is far as ever from the thoughts of Rome. We do not believe in the gradual mouldering or lapsing of what is strong in her scheme. She, at all events, will hear of no *modus vivendi* as a final thing. It will some day be war again. The modern scientific ideal, and of course the Protestant ideal so far as it is committed to the other, is not that of an “objective authority” endowed with never-lapsing supernatural powers, to deal with an ever-corrupt and ever-miserable world. It is that of a vague, but gradually-extending dominion over all evils alike—poverty no less than sin, illness quite as much as ignorance. The underlying idea is that of the indefinite perfectibility of the human race. Is the Protestant ideal the true Christian ideal ? The Catholic says, “No ; it is a subterfuge ; your Kingdom of Heaven will, under pressure of your compromises with the scientific spirit and the commercial spirit, break up into anarchy. The path by which a crisis will probably arrive is that of the pressure of the State upon the poorer multitude. But, in the meanwhile, certain democratic impulses will be ready to the hands of those who know how to use them. Protestantism does not. The reins are well-nigh ready to slip from her fingers. On the other hand, our Church has the knowledge, and will use it. Our opportunity seems sure, and once we win that, not less certain is our success.”

This claim well deserves further consideration.

INTEMPERANCE.

INTEMPERANCE is a wide word, but when it stands by itself, especially in public discussion, it always carries one meaning, and that one meaning full of the most dreary suggestion. Judges and other experts are always telling us that the greater part of the crime which they have to deal with is connected with drink ; and, confining the statement to crimes of violence, we cannot doubt the

truth of it. Add to this what everybody with eyes and ears can easily learn for himself of the misery and wrong-doing which is caused by drink, but which does not come before the magistrate in the usual way, or at all events not directly,—the ruined homes, the broken hearts, the neglected and ill-used wives and children the illness, the degradation, the waste,—take the mere, wretched commonplaces, in fact, of this most awful subject, just as they arise, without help from judge, doctor, city missionary, or student of social phenomena—and you can hardly help a sense, at first, of utter prostration and helplessness in the presence of such a mass of misery.

It is nothing wonderful if the question what should be done receives a large number of answers, some of them, perhaps, wild ones. In the February No. of this *Review*, Dr. Bucknill boldly and decidedly disputed the reasonableness of one of these answers; that, namely, which tells us that it is one of the duties of the State to provide for the cure of drunkards as if they were sick persons, pure and simple. When people get drunk persistently and miserably, so as to come under the classification of confirmed inebriates, they are, Dr. Bucknill maintains, neither madmen in the eye of the law, nor victims of uncontrollable disease in the eye of the law, but vicious persons, who have no more claim upon society in general to be reformed at the cost of others, than the subjects of any other vice. If, under the influence of drink, they commit crimes, punish them just as you would any one else. As for those in whom the practice of getting drunk simply amounts to a vice, let them take their chance, like the subjects of other vices. Fortunately for mankind at large, drunkards are not very successful in what is, at Oneida Creek, known as stirpiculture. The family tree does not flourish for long.

This is one view of the subject, and it shows as much, and as little, of any way out as the other views. If drunkenness does really exist upon the appalling scale of which we are for ever reading, it is a serious matter for the sober, industrious, and already over-taxed portion of mankind to take upon itself the task of providing them with special doctors and special reformatory treatment in appropriate asylums. Where is this to end? How does the vice of drunkenness form an exception to vice in general? Why should this wretched story be so persistently repeated in the present day—the good and harmless burthened by *force of law* (for that is the stress of the difficulty) with the care of the bad and the mischievous? Science, as we need not point out, turns its eyes coldly away from such matters:—"Let the vicious perish, if they will; the sooner the better; all our chances of really bettering the world turn upon our leaving natural—and just—selection to its work. By what right do we burthen the far better stock with the task of helping to keep alive the diseased stock, which, do what we please, is doomed?"

Now, we are not about to press the scientific view of this question, except, at least, from the political point of view. We may simply remark, in passing, that if the right of the Government to capture (for that is what it must come to) and discipline the subjects of this particular vice be once admitted, it will be in vain to pretend that there is any final reason for denying the right of the Government to capture and discipline the subjects of certain other vices. All we care to maintain, in passing, is that no political speculation of this order weakens by one film the binding duty of all lovers of God and man to do, in their private capacity, their utmost to advise, help, and reclaim the vicious, whatever be their particular vice. A coarse and irreverent book, called 'The Barton Experiment,' has recently reached this country from America. In spite, however, of coarseness and irreverence,—in spite of the fact that it is written not only in the American language, but in the worst dialect of that vile tongue,—the book contains two chapters of sincere pathos, some effective humour, and some suggestions which are far from idle. The author does not see that we of his own doctrine; if he did he would see also that it was un- thanks are due to any one who can bring home to no public temperance "move-

ment" can count for much, while each separate man denies that he is his brother's keeper.

We are constantly lectured about the effect of strong drinks in stimulating the bad passions. But the question immediately arises, Why should there be any bad passions to stimulate? A man who when quite sober never desires to strike another will not want, after a glass of wine too much, to murder his neighbour. Those who are driven to crime by drink have crime already in them. "And so has everybody." Not so. Everybody has sin in him, but not crime. It is a fair question whether we may not be bound to keep temptation to drink out of the way of those whom it maddens, just as we keep razors from children; it is a fair question, but it is a very large one; and if we once entertain it, in full, where are we to stop? In spite of exceptional instances—very rare indeed—which have, superficially, a doubtful look, it is certain that general culture lessens the tendency to the sort of crime which is usually associated with drink; those who, when quite untouched by alcohol, want to do no harm, continue harmless when under its influence; and, last not least, a few of our fellow-creatures are decidedly bettered by about as much alcoholic stimulation as suffices to drive others to crime, or the verge of crime. Lastly, in regarding the misery caused by drink, which usually comes before us in very tangible single cases, or in large vague figures, we must not forget the immense incalculable amount of pleasure which is every day caused by the reasonable use of stimulants. Learned pundits may say what they please on the platform and in articles written *ad hoc*. It will still remain true that the most careful experiments have failed to detect any continuous registrable effects upon the human organism from the moderate use of alcohol; and common sense will obstinately laugh at the idea of connecting crime and misery with a tumbler of Bass, or claret, any more than with a cup of tea or coffee. The simple, easy enjoyments of life are few. To the wearied and overworked—who are the majority—they are woefully few. To millions of these a glass of wine or beer is just the make-weight in the scale—a poor feather, but essential—*le superflu si nécessaire*. They will continue to ask, Why should we drink water any more than sleep on planks? And even if we ought to do it, where, in our great towns, is the drinkable water to come from? And common sense will support them in their reluctance to part with a very simple pleasure, a pleasure which every tribe of man under heaven has invented for its own use in its own way, and which, while it has led to crime in characters of unstable equilibrium (a few only, after all), has caused as many happy hours in a weary world as anything but "young love" itself. Those who calmly maintain that the man who drinks half-a-pint of hock a day is fearfully discounting his future life may be left to the quiet but effective ridicule of their less hyperbolical fellow-creatures.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S FAREWELL TO CHURCH QUESTIONS.*

THIS volume contains one essay, "A Psychological Parallel," which is familiar to the readers of this REVIEW, and which might really claim substantive discussion. The paper upon "Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist" is certainly not of the same rank. It does not exhibit any of the author's spontaneity,

* Last Essays on Church and Religion. By Matthew Arnold, formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel College. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

such as that is, and "mannered" as it is; and probably Mr. Arnold himself would scarcely claim a high place for it.

The rest of the volume is occupied with questions relating to the Church of England, the Dissenters, and their relations to each other. Mr. Arnold's way of treating these topics is well known. The Church of England is an institution for the promotion of goodness. Christianity and the Bible are in possession, and are a real source of the kind of power such an institution requires. Let us turn out all the old dogmas, but keep the old phrases as symbols; accommodate as we can in regard to creeds and prayers and lessons, but keep the institution, and try to reconcile the Dissenters. To this old story Mr. Arnold has nothing to add in the paper in which he bids adieu to such topics—except as they may arise indirectly. The exception is a terrible one; for the Nonconformists have always felt, and most of them have been ready to say, that Mr. Arnold has never for one hour understood them, and has even left upon their minds the impression that he declines to take off his gloves to handle their "political" argument. There is a most unpleasant reserve in Mr. Arnold's manner. His courtesy in discussion is not of the right strain. It has too much of the hauteur of his "Barbarians" and the semi-indifferent superiority of the schoolmaster. His personalities, however infused with his peculiar cat-like playfulness, are, to our thinking, among the most offensive ever ventured upon in public discussion. This, for example, is the way in which he rallies Mr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham:—"Mr. Dale is really a pugilist, a brilliant pugilist. He has his arena down at Birmingham, where he does his practice with Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Jesse Collings, and the rest of his band; and then from time to time he comes up to the metropolis, to London, and gives a public exhibition here of his skill. And a very powerful performance it often is. . . I have no fears concerning Mr. Dale's intellectual muscles; what I am a little uneasy about is his religious temper." It is very kind of Mr. Arnold to be so anxious about Mr. Dale's "religious temper," and perhaps it would be rude to say anything about his own, but such sallies of superior saintliness are somewhat unusual, and one is "a little uneasy" to know whether there is any prospect that Mr. Arnold's spiritual and moral digressions are likely to find imitators. If they are, we tremble to think what controversy may come to when all the dilettante-earnest people take to chaffing each other about "grace and peace." Mr. John Morley is not let off without a squib to his skirts:—"Mr. Morley himself is a lover of culture, and of elevation, and of beauty, and of human dignity. *Scio, rex Agrippa, quia credis. He is keeping company with his Festus Chamberlain, and his Drusilla Collings, and cannot openly avow the truth; but in his heart he consents to it.*" This is the most charming specimen of "mildness and sweet reasonableness" that we remember since the days of Arminius; and if it is Mr. Arnold's notion of "grace and peace," we shall be curious to see him after his saintly studies "*in der höchsten reinlichsten Zelle*"—to which he seems about to retire. "As one grows older," says Mr. Arnold, "one feels that it is not one's business to go on for ever expostulating with other people upon their waste of life, but to make progress in grace and peace oneself." Sir Lancelot groaned by the water-side in remorseful pain, not knowing he should die a holy man. Certainly one never expected the creator of Arminius to retire in that capacity from these conflicts.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, late Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford, objects to hymns and hymn-music, as most of us know them:—"Hymns, such as we know them, are a sort of composition which I do not at all admire. I freely say so now, as I said it before. I regret their prevalence and popularity amongst
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Somewhere
suffer a l
and
purposes a man may often
deteriorating to him.
to pay a penalty and to
hear such words and
I be, my God, with

thee, to see thy face?—worse for them to take pleasure in it. And the time will come, I hope, when we shall feel the unsatisfactoriness of our present hymns, and they will disappear from our religious services." But so long as Doddridge, Watts, and Wesley are still sung in Dissenting holes and corners, Mr. Arnold sees an opening for a sop to the Dissenters:—"Here are means for offering, without public detriment, a concession to Dissenters, and for *gratifying their wishes*. Many of them would like, in burying their friends, to sing a hymn at the grave. Let them." Was ever "Barbarian" or dominie more gracious? But this is not all that these unseemly Dissenters are to have, out of the special grace and mere bounty of their betters:—"The hymn at the grave is *not the only concession* which we can without public detriment make in this matter to the Dissenters. Many Dissenters prefer to bury their dead in silence. . . . To silent funerals in the parish churchyard there can manifestly be, on the score of order, propriety, and dignity, no objection. . . . Whenever, therefore, it is desired that burial in the parish churchyard should take place in silence, the clergyman should be authorized and directed to comply with this desire." With these alternatives before him, what more can the nonconforming minion want? He may sing a hymn, if he likes; or he may hold his tongue if he likes.

Having dispensed these "mercies," Mr. Arnold puts on his scallop-cap, takes up his pilgrim staff, and turns his back on the whole lot. "And now I do really take leave of the question of Church and Dissent, as I promised."

But we should like to utter one word more than a joyful good-bye. Mr. Arnold quotes the *Times* as saying that some of the Dissenting preachers are becoming the equals of the best and ablest of those in the Church of England. It is possible that a "watchful spirit of jealousy" may not permit some of the Nonconformists to be satisfied with this compliment. At all events, Dr. Martineau, in his Introduction to Mr. Tayler's "Retrospect," says of the Independents that "in Biblical theology and in philosophy their attainments are carried, among the regularly trained men, considerably beyond the standard which satisfies the Church."

There is one other remark which may be made upon this book. The name of Bishop Wilson does not, we believe, occur from end to end of it. If it does, we have missed it.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION AND HISTORY.*

THIS volume of 400 pages contains matter which will be in great part of it new to the readers of this *Review*, though several of the papers will be recognized at once. Mr. Fairbairn modestly tells us that his essays are only "tentative"—studies preliminary to a work on "The Philosophy and History of Religion." A glance at the author's general scheme will show that they can only be *parerga*; but it would be a great mistake to treat them lightly. They are the work of a student who is also an independent thinker, and we suspect they will be more used than referred to by name. In these reading days there is a great fancy for calling books of this kind "suggestive"—when they are mentioned at all—and quietly appropriating the suggestions. Sometimes the literary disguise is intentionally taken up; sometimes half-unconsciously. One is not always sure whether to call attention to a valuable work is the best service that can be tendered to the author. However, this is not a book for "cram," though the references to authorities are very abundant, and the amount of information conveyed in small compass is great indeed. We have here, as the author tells us, "the results of thought and

* *Studies in the Philosophy of Religion and History.* By A. M. Fairbairn. London and Belfast: William Mullan & Son.

inquiry"—only we must lay stress upon the word "results," for nobody new to such topics would find his way through a single chapter. Mr. Fairbairn claims to be more than a lecturer or expounder: he gives you his opinions involved with the facts; and even becomes here and there a shade too much of the preacher. At least it strikes us so. It may be ever so true that Dr. Draper is a shallow thinker as well as a slipshod writer, and that his method in "The Conflict of Religion and Science" is a bad one; but the pages in which Mr. Fairbairn deals with the question raised by that book are almost too expatiatory. The tendency to a more than dominie gravity and fulness of style is, we submit, Mr. Fairbairn's rock ahead.

Mr. Fairbairn has so constructed his Index as to make it a sort of reasoned account of his volume, so that, in spite of the fear we have expressed about the unacknowledged uses to which such books may be put, we are tempted to give the *conspectus* of that portion of the work which deals with the history of civilization in different races:—

PART II.—THE RACES IN CIVILIZATION.

- I. Civilization.
 - Relation of Modern to Ancient.
 - The Individual and Society.
- II. The Races—Their Pre-Historic State.
 - The Indo-European.
 - The Semitic.
- III. The Fresh Races and the Old Cultures.
 - The New Civilizations not simply Imitations of Old.
 - Their Efficient and their Suggestive Cause.
 - Influence of Geographical Position and Ethnic Relations,
 - 1. On Assyria.
 - 2. On Phœnicia.
 - Semitic Character of their Civilizations.
 - Greece.
 - Rome.

The first section of the work is on "The Idea of God—Its Genesis and Development;" the second on "Theism and Scientific Speculation;" the third section is devoted to "The Belief in Immortality," which is followed up in both Greece and India. In the fourth section, Mr. Fairbairn discusses the place of the Indo-European and Semitic Races in History, under the heads of Civilization, Religion, Literature, and Philosophy; and the last great name we encounter in the book is that of Spinoza. Students and thinkers are so busy all over the civilized world with topics of this order, that even while a book like this is going through the press, new material is growing and gathering; and we shall be glad to learn in due time what so competent a writer as Mr. Fairbairn has to say, for example, upon the question of mythology among the Hebrews. In the meanwhile we commend these essays to students.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.*

IT is to be hoped that the author of "Orion" is not ashamed of the "Good-natured Bear," or "The London Doll." Indeed, we may be sure he is not; and the days are gone by in which there could be any reason of publishing etiquette or policy for keeping the nursery tales and the epic poem apart even in a catalogue.

* Cicely's Choice:
Giles's Minority:

ispiece by A. J. Pasquier.
Red House. With Eight Illustrations.

In Dr. Johnson's otherwise admirable Life of Dr. Isaac Watts, there is one very stupid remark. After referring to the "Catechism," and the "Divine and Moral Songs," Johnson says that any one acquainted with the ordinary play of human motives will look with reverence upon a writer who is one moment engaged in "combating Locke," and another moment stooping to write for children. It is rather surprising that "the great Cham of literature" did not bethink himself before writing thus; for in all ages there have been examples of speculative writers and distinguished men of action who have been fond of children. As printed literature has increased in volume, the examples have become more numerous, or at all events more readily quotable; but between *termini* as wide apart as Dr. Watts and Victor Hugo, a long list could be made out.

As far back as 1851, the author of "Orion" wrote in *Household Words* a long and, in some respects, questionable article, entitled "A Witch in the Nursery." It was about Literature for the Young, and it contained, towards the close the following paragraph:—

"What is to be done for children in this matter? The first step towards a reform that will strike most people, is by no means so easy of practical accomplishment. Some years ago, the author of 'The Good-natured Bear,—a Story for Children of All Ages,' went to a publisher, eminent for his juvenile books, and proposed the following work. He wished to awaken parents and guardians of children to the condition of nursery literature, and to warn them against a heap of 'favourite' books and tales as of most injurious tendency. The publisher was struck with the proposal; but after some days' consideration, he demurred to it, on the ground of the large amount of capital already embarked by many respectable houses in the trade in these very books; hundreds of thousands of which were profusely illustrated, and great numbers beautifully bound; he therefore thought it would seem invidious towards the trade, and that his motives would, at best, be misconstrued. The Good-natured Bear saw some reason in this, or, at any rate, received it as a good commercial objection; and, bowing to fate, agreed to modify his original proposal. Instead of denouncing all the bad books and tales by name, with all their death-dealing and alarming illustrations, he now proposed to denounce them only in general terms, on broad principles,—and to specify by name only such books, tales, and songs as were good—beautiful and poetical in spirit, or humorous and amusing; and in no case containing cruelties, horrors, vices, and terrors of any kind. The publisher rubbed his hands with a beaming smile. 'This will do,' said he; 'this will do; and, by the way, I have myself published a number of books, exactly of this latter kind—beautiful in poetry, amiable in prose, humorous and amusing in spirit; and the illustrations and binding among the best in the trade; all of which you would, no doubt, specially mention.' The Good-natured Bear was carried, fainting, into a cab.

"Where is a reform in the nursery library to come from? A real reform, both in the spirit and the letter, and not a 'sham,' that will look well in the advertisements? One cannot expect it to come from the children; for they are fascinated by what they fear. Almost as little reasonable will it be to expect such a reform to originate with the publishers of children's books, nearly all of whose present stock in trade is full of the old leaven of direct evil, or reckless fun. The real reform must begin with the parents. Directly they begin to *think*, the publishers will feel it, and respond."

Since the day when the Good-natured Bear got into these troubles with publishers,—which were typical, publishers being very much alike all the world over,—there have been great changes in children's literature. This has been partly, if not mainly, the result of the appearance of Andersen upon the scene. With all the

Deborah's Drawer: With Nine Illustrations.

Daisy's Companions: or, Scenes from Child Life. A Story for Little Girls. With Eight Illustrations.

Little Prescription and other Tales. With Six Illustrations.

Doll World: or, Play and Earnest. A Study from Real Life. With Eight Illustrations by C. A. Saltmarsh.

All these books are by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, and are published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, London.

sweet and happy lights of the most modern culture, he struck once more the key-note of the old folk lore, infusing modern harmonies into the work. Children read for the sake of the old key-note, the nursery tale music, while older folk read for the sake of the second or inner meaning. It is greatly to be wished that writers who cannot follow in his steps, would leave this kind of writing alone. Cynicism for the nursery we have had in great abundance, and the majority of adult readers are as ready for the brummagem article as for the real product. They are, necessarily, in too much haste to distinguish; their palates have not been cultivated up to the point of discrimination; and yet, when challenged with their incapacity, they can easily ride off upon the plea that these are matters of taste.

The writings of Mrs. Gatty and her daughter, of Mr. Allingham, and one or two others, have had a powerful effect in directing public taste into right channels in these matters.

In the article in *Household Words* from which we have quoted, Mr. R. H. Horne took to some of the old nursery tales objections which we think were fantastic. He complained that they had in them so much fighting and slaughter. His essay opened indeed by quoting the well-known jest of Whately, that persecution was taught even in the nursery:—

“Old Daddy Longlegs
Wouldn't say his prayers;
Take him by the left leg
And throw him down stairs.”

- But this remark *was* a jest—at least we hope so, for the credit of Whately's perspicacity. There are nursery tales in which, the symbolic or mythological meaning being obscured, there seems to be injustice or cruelty; for instance, “Jack the Giant Killer” *seems*, we say, to the adult who pauses to analyze the narrative; but we should be very much surprised to see a child who received any moral idea, one way or the other, from a nursery rhyme. A story like that of “Jack and the Beanstalk” is not like a police report. The whole thing is too remote for moral suggestion of any kind. It is quite unnecessary to explain to a child that the Giant's harp means the Wind, or that all such stories are myths of the conquest of man over the wild forces of Nature. It would spoil the fun. When you begin by sending a boy up a bean-stalk to kill a giant, the whole business is taken so far out of the range of common things that you need not fear your little boy will steal sweetstuff because Jack carried off the harp, any more than that he will kill his uncle because, in another tale,

“To finish Jack's story
Of slaughtering glory,
That wicked old giant Galganthus
Jack sent to the dead,
For he cut off his head,
Just as you would crop off a polyanthus.”

A child thinks of the killing of a giant as an adult thinks of the killing of a tiger. And what harm?

The precise reform which the writer in *Household Words* looked forward to has not yet come about, nor will it come. And no extensive reform of any kind can be expected till the majority of parents are more cultivated, not to say till they have by nature higher qualities of mind and heart to begin with. As it happens, the best things that have been done in this department of literature have originated with certain publishers who have rather felt for a market than waited for one. There is now a fair quantity of really good children's writing; but of course there is still more which is bad or indifferent. With two or three exceptions, all the periodicals for the very young are tracts—they are not literature at all. The selection of topics is carried forward upon the coarsest and most obvious principles.

The vanity of the young people is deliberately pandered to, and that of their parents too, for that matter. Not the slightest account is taken of the fact that the child ceases to be delightful either to himself or his elders if you take away the *innocence* and the *unconscious* humour. The humour of this sort of writing is, nearly all of it, conscious and deliberate. More than half of it, indeed, turns upon matters which have no existence for any human being that does not read newspapers and novels. It is actually thought proper for children to talk about the "upper ten thousand;" to call a mother "a maternal parent;" or to use phrases such as "that respected individual." Cynical turns of thought, such as even no man of the world under thirty can understand, are thought fit for little girls of eight or nine. As for the *innocence*—the happy innocence—what becomes of it? In these tract-periodicals the children are taken to the very threshold of crime, and over it; not incited to it, of course, but made to think about it, and about human misery in general. Pictures and stories of the wretchedness of the back slums of cities—tales which run through long records of sordid suffering—are thought proper for these rosebuds of our homes, if the writing be only sprinkled thick with pseudo-evangelical allusions. Add some contemptible verses, and some still more contemptible Scripture conundrums, and your child's magazine is complete. But it is not literature.

Except within a certain narrow circle, children's *books* of late years do not come under these precise condemnations; though many of them are quite bad enough on other grounds. The series to which we now introduce the reader are admirable. Mrs. O'Reilly's books belong to a school which may be said to represent the genteel comedy of children's literature—a school which has greatly flourished of late years. The scenes are laid for the most part amid the life of the classes who are well-to-do; there is no violent pathos, as indeed there ought not to be; there is no farce, or burlesque, which also is objectionable in writing intended for the young, and unwelcome to little readers: the general effect is pleasant and picturesque; the key is not pitched too high for quite ordinary purposes; the innocent prejudices of society are allowed free play in the stories; common motives of action, such as love of praise and want of energy, are not treated harshly; and there is a perpetual succession of small incident and natural chit-chat. Of course, in writing for the young, a great deal that is welcome in the "society" novel can find no place, while simplicity and innocent humour must take up much room, to say nothing of the tenderness. Good books for children must, so to speak, be always within hail of our deepest affections. But, allowing for these points, there is much in the pleasant little tales of Mrs. O'Reilly and the school in which she is a skilled mistress, to remind one of Mr. Trollope. Something similar—to take another instance—might be said of the admirable stories of Mrs. J. H. Ewing, though this must be read with the exclusion of work like "The Brownies." The matter of Mrs. Ewing is, besides, more closely packed than that of Mrs. O'Reilly.

But it is scarcely possible, we think, to read "Cicely's Choice" without thinking of Mr. Trollope. It is an admirably natural and pleasing story of a half-spoilt young lady, who, in a dependent position, had, at sixteen years of age, her girlishly haughty notions of making herself independent of the help of her friends. The first chapter, in which we are introduced to the two leading characters, Cicely and Aunt Joan, is the very model of an easy opening. There is no formal laying of the cloth; no set statement of any problem to come; and yet it is all there; so that when you get to the end, you look back, and feel that it was "all there" from the first.

COUNTRY SERMONS.*

A FORMER volume of sermons by Mr. Page Roberts having gone through four editions and been warmly received in quarters as far apart as the *Westminster Review*, the *Nonconformist*, the *Church Herald*, and the *Spectator*, one naturally expects a new volume from the same pen to be worth more than casual attention. In point of fact, these are very good sermons, simple, forcible, saturated with the results of recent culture, not over the heads of ordinary hearers, and, last not least, short. The sermons now before us were, with two exceptions, delivered to country audiences. The keynote of the discourse on "Revivalism" which was delivered at Westminster Abbey, is pitched no higher than that of the others: which says much for the preacher's command of his material and manner. The first sermon in the book, preached at Stowmarket, is upon "Evolution;" and there is perhaps not one of them, which would have been entirely applicable in, say, the time of Paley—so great is the change which has come over our ways of looking at sacred things and speaking of them! Mr. Page Roberts appears to be a very liberal theologian, but very decidedly a Churchman—as may be seen at a glance from his discourse entitled, "The King's Highway."

Here is a short passage which will very well exemplify the directness and simplicity of the preacher's manner:—

"Yes, you believe that God sees you every moment, and that every moment you are in his power. But what difference does that belief make to you? Does it stop you from an unfairness in the shop or market, or on the exchange, when that unfairness will bring gain? A man would be sorry for his friends to think that he cheated or lied, but he does not care that God sees him and that He knows the pretence to the uttermost. There is no use in talking of his faith, he believes in vain.

"Again, we all believe that we are created by God to live for evermore, and that our future life will be the natural result of this; in other words, that God will render to every man according to his deeds. There are few men here, few men anywhere, who do not believe such simple, such elementary truths as these. But we act as though we did not believe in it at all, we act as though we believed that in death we come to our final resting-place. We believe that we are passing on quickly to the new and eternal world, and that each day is doing something to make our happiness or misery in that world—and yet we toy and play, idle and pass time, and are sometimes ennuyed to death; or we work, and degrade, and descend, till all noble sentiments have perished out of our nature, until the bell tolls, and there is a solemn funeral for one who has believed in vain. Better believe one thing in reality than a thousand things in vain. And it may be, in the last great day of definition, the despised Deist, who believing in God has sought as best he could to serve Him, may find it more tolerable than he who on every Sunday cried 'Lord! Lord!' but believed in vain, because he did not the things which Christ spake unto him."

Certainly, there is no beating about the bush here. The most cultivated hearer finds nothing to complain of in the language used: the most ignorant can follow it. In what direction volumes like those of Mr. Page Roberts find their largest circulation we do not happen to know; but such discourses must make very useful models for young and inexperienced preachers who have brains, honesty of purpose, and a hatred of affectation.

It is to be hoped, however, that young and inexperienced preachers will not, by reading these or similar discourses, be tempted to go out of their depth or beyond

*able Service. By W. Page Roberts, M.A., Vicar of Eye, Suffolk, Author "God." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

their range. The simplicity of manner which Mr. Page Roberts so successfully cultivates is a good thing when united with information and command of principles. But it would be a very infelicitous result if inferior preachers were led to fancy that it is an easy, thing to deal as Mr. Page Roberts does with Comte and Tyndall in the pulpit: keep within sight of the least instructed hearer and yet never offend the most cultivated. It may well be added that the gift of taking up topics of the day and yet retaining the true keynote of the *sermon* is a very rare one. Those who have not the self-control of Mr. Page Roberts should not be in haste to attempt what he has done so well.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.*

THE time has gone by for reviewing Mr. Buchanan's Romance, and it is not in these pages that any general sketch of its plan will be sought for. But it need not, for all that, be passed over, without any attempt at a judgment of its claims as a work of art, or any word as to its moral scope.

"The Shadow of the Sword," though it took its place among the novels of the year, is a "Romance," and is altogether an exceptional book. It is a story—founded, we learn by a side-note, upon real characters and real incidents,—a story of a Breton fisherman, Rohan, and his sweetheart, Marcelle, whose courtship and betrothal befall in the midst of the great Napoleonic wars. We think that, as a prose romance, it is a mistake. Mr. Buchanan has, or had, theories of his own about prose and poetry, and the superior possibilities of rhythm which lie folded up in the former. Admiring readers will say that he has by his practice done something to discredit his theory; and we do very distinctly maintain, recalling the well-known Miltonic phrase, that the poet has written this book with his left hand. It is so written that we feel what the power of the right hand must be; but left-handed work it is—an exercise—a passing effort (for the effort is visible) of a man of genius, and no more.

Those who have read the book will best know what high praise this is. The conception is so fine, and the descriptive passages are so powerful, that one cannot help feeling that hardly anything is too much to look for from such a writer, if he can only concentrate himself. He knows, better than reviewers can tell him, the natural limitations of prose story-telling; he may like something craggy to break his mind upon; but, after all, there is no use in dissipating strength; and though Mr. Buchanan may have reasons for using his left hand rather than his right, he can have none that are good, if his right hand would serve his purpose equally well. As a poet he is always effective, and often great; but as a story-teller in prose he is, with all his splendour and pathos, a somewhat washed-out copy of—himself.

The general burthen of the story is probably known to most of our readers. Mr. Emerson has told us something that happened one day when he was out on a visit with Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Carlyle inquired, after dinner, if he could quote to them any American *idea*? Thus challenged, writes Mr. Emerson, I bethought me neither of court, cactus, nor newspaper (we quote from memory), but unfolded, as I was able, the great doctrine of no-government and non-resistance, and obtained a kind of hearing for it. I fancied, he adds, that one or two of my anecdotes produced some impression upon Mr. Carlyle. *Sancta simplicitas!* But Mr. Buchanan's hero, Rohan, like Mr. Emerson's, thinks a man too noble a creature to be butchered;

* The Shadow of the Sword. A Romance. By Robert Buchanan. Three volumes. London: Richard Bentley and Son. 1876.

flies the conscription for conscience sake; is branded as a coward for it; and up to the end of the romance is a broken, unwed man, though not lonely, for Marcelle is with him. What Mr. Carlyle or even Mr. Emerson would say to the appearance of such a book in the very midst of the massacres in the East we cannot guess. But we can confidently inform the reader that if, upon the word of any review of this romance (and we have seen such reviews), he believes that Rohan is a coward, he is woefully misled. He is not a coward but a hero, and we shall be surprised if at some distant day Mr. Buchanan does not paint him over again—with his right hand. More strength to his arm when he does so!

THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

I THINK that many of those whom I am about to address in this College* on the condition and prospects of our National Church, may very probably be asking themselves at this moment what possible claim I can have to do so, or what possible good can come of anything I may say. I, at any rate, very readily admit that such questions would be most reasonable, so perhaps a few preliminary words of explanation may not be out of place.

It was some months ago, before the late occurrences at Hatcham and all that has followed on them, that the proposal was made to me. Even then I had serious doubt as to accepting, and ultimately did so with some reluctance. The doubt arose from a genuine belief that I had much more to learn from than to teach the members of Sion College on such a subject. It is true that I had been asked to speak or lecture on the Church question at Birmingham, Norwich, and elsewhere: but those addresses were delivered to popular audiences, to whom I had been asked to speak as a politician, and at times when this great controversy was in a very different phase. But in this place I knew that I should be addressing an audience of experts, the metropolitan representatives of the great profession (or "calling," to use the better word) of ordained ministers of the National Church—a very different and much more serious matter. Hence my doubt.

My reluctance arose from a dislike to stir still waters, and raise discussion upon grave matters at a time when there seemed no pressing need for action or decision with regard to them. And I own that the earlier part of the past year appeared to me to bear many signs of such a time; for the usual motions, pointing to a

* This article was delivered as an address, at Sion College, March 13th.

severance of Church and State, or to reconstruction or reform of one kind or another, had not been made in the House of Commons. In the addresses of members and candidates to constituencies last autumn, when reference was made to the Church question, it was generally treated as a kind of neutral territory in politics, even advanced Liberals, like Mr. Leonard Courtney, declaring, that though they were theoretically in favour of the entire severance of Church and State when the proper time might come, yet they saw no sign of its coming, and deprecated any attempt to force it. On the other hand, one most important Church reform, the full meaning of which has never been popularly appreciated,—I mean the subdivision of dioceses and the appointment of Suffragan Bishops who should not be Peers of Parliament,—had made great progress, almost without opposition from the non-conforming bodies or the Liberation Society. Thus far the time seemed one for letting well alone, and I should certainly have desired to do so then, but for the smouldering discontent already too apparent in one extreme wing of the National clergy. In view of this, however, it seemed to me possibly worth while to put forward at Sion College a lay view of the matters which were causing such discontent amongst a section of Churchmen. So with this view I overcame my reluctance, never dreaming that before I should address you here, this smouldering fire would have burst into a blaze; that we should have, on the one hand, the Church Union publicly denying the right of the nation to control the clergy, and clergymen declaring that they “will labour night and day to set the Church of England free from a persecuting State;” on the other hand, the Liberationists, reassured at hearing their own war-cries issuing from within what they are used to regard as the hostile camp, openly preparing for a campaign which they seem to think may be the final one.

Had I been able to foresee such a state of things, I candidly confess that I should have declined this invitation. The prospect is to me altogether too sad and too confusing, and the issues are at present so undefined, and the forces on either side so undeveloped, that I would very gladly have been silent, at any rate till I could see more clearly how the great controversy was shaping itself, and what it behoved one to say or do in this matter who looks upon the connection of Church and State—of the spiritual and temporal life of the nation, as it exists, and has existed in England ever since we were a nation—as a part of our national inheritance which it would be a grievous misfortune, and an irreparable misfortune, to lose.

I am here, however, to speak to you on the subject, and must do so to the best of my ability, glad at any rate that you will hear the views frankly expressed of what I believe to be a much larger

proportion than is generally supposed of ordinary English Churchmen—laymen who have no strong bias for or against any party in the Church; who have neither time nor taste for the lamentable party wrestling-matches got up by the (so-called) religious press and societies; but only desire to use themselves in peace, and to hand down to their children, the opportunities for Christian worship and Christian living which have served their forefathers for so many generations—improved and reformed to suit the needs of a new time, but still an inalienable part of the birthright of every English child. I repeat that I believe—and, as one who has had much intercourse with all classes of our society, and has for years been much exercised by this question, have broad grounds for my belief—that this class is a far larger one than is commonly allowed. And it would be a great mistake to suppose, because they make no strife or fuss about their religion, that they do not really care about it. It is often assumed, nowadays, that the bulk of our Church laity are mere formalists, supporting religion because they believe the parson to be the most powerful kind of policeman; and ready to welcome whatever form of new worship, or no-worship, may come next, when criticism and science shall have dealt finally with the supernatural and Christianity, so long only as some form or other be left to keep the common folk in order, and their own wives and children quiet. On the contrary, we (for I must rank myself in their number) are thoroughly satisfied that Christianity is in no more real danger now than it was a hundred and fifty years ago, when Dean Swift, and many other greater wits than we have amongst us nowadays, thought and said that it was doomed. We hold in perfect good faith that the good news our Lord brought is the best the world will ever hear; that there has been a revelation in the Man Jesus Christ, of God the Creator of the world as our Father, so that the humblest and poorest man can know God for all purposes for which men need to know Him in this life, and can have His help in becoming like Him, the business for which they were sent into it; and that there will be no other revelation, though this one will be, through all time, unfolding to men more and more of its unspeakable depth and glory and beauty, in external nature, in human society, in individual men. That I believe to be a fair statement of the positive religious belief of average Englishmen, if they had to think it out and to put it in words; and all who hold it must of course look upon Christ's Gospel as the great purifying, reforming, redeeming power in the world, and desire that it shall be free to work in their own country on the most favourable conditions which can be found for it.

On the other hand, there are a number of matters which have been commonly insisted upon in England as part of Christianity,

as to many of which the kind of Englishmen I am speaking of have come to have no belief at all one way or the other. They have no time to spare for such subjects, and do not feel it needful for their higher life that they should make up their minds, for instance, as to the exact quality of the inspiration of Scripture, the origin of evil, the method of the Atonement, the nature and effect of sacraments, justification, conversion, and other much-debated matters. As to another class of ecclesiastical subjects, such as Apostolical succession, and all the priestly and mediatorial claims which are founded on it, they have indeed made up their minds thoroughly, and believe them to be men's fables, mischievous and misleading to those who teach and those who learn—to priests and people alike.

Probably many of my hearers will consider such a belief as this too vague to be of any practical value; but at any rate, as a fact, there it is, and it has to be acknowledged and accounted with as a fact in dealing with this Church question. And, as a rule, while it hinders those who hold it from attaching any exaggerated or superstitious importance to one form or another of Church organization, it inclines them to respect and value that which they find to have been thought out and beaten out by successive generations, and to have brought the nation safely at least, and not without honour, so far. Such a man is therefore generally an attached, though not an enthusiastic Churchman, and in the main for the following reasons:—

First, the historical. Our time is not one in which any institution is able to stand on its pedigree only, but it is also one in which we are bound to be specially careful of any wholesome links which bind us to the past, and make our history one of steady and connected life and progress. And from this point of view the national Church is beyond all question the most venerable of our institutions, and as intimately bound up with the national life as the Monarchy or the Houses of Parliament. The latest and best historian of the Conquest describes the England of 1066 as "a land where the Church and nation were but different names for the same community; a land where priests and prelates were subject to the law like other men; a land where the King and the witan gave away the staff of the bishop;" adding that "such a land was more dangerous in the eyes of Rome than one of Jews or Saracens."

And through the long four hundred years' struggle with the Papacy, the same description holds good; and in every great crisis the Church and nation has held together as one community. When a Becket backed the Pope's claim to make Church Courts supreme over the clergy, and to exempt them from the national tribunals, the King answered by the Constitutions of Clarendon, which declared

the Church to be part and parcel of the nation, and the clergy amenable to the civil law like all other citizens; and those Constitutions were supported by clergy and laity alike.

When the King, backed by the Pope, refused the demands of the nation for the Great Charter, it was Archbishop Langton who headed the barons. Two of the three sureties to whom John was bound for its fulfilment were bishops, and the first nine names are those of Church dignitaries. Again and again the identity of the Church of England with the nation was upheld; sometimes by bishops, as when Robert Grostete flatly refused to institute Innocent IV.'s Genoese nominee to an English benefice; sometimes by the King or his Courts of Law, as when the King's Bench outlawed the members of the assembly of clergy, who had come together without the King's writ, and, in deference to a Papal Bull produced by Archbishop Winchelsea, refused to grant a subsidy to Edward I. for his Scotch campaign. The statutes of mortmain, of provisors, of prohibition, of *præmunire*, all aimed at some encroachment of Rome on the national character of the English Church, were all passed with the assent and by the help of that Church, which, by its very divisions in such crises, proved its national character. It is not necessary to follow the history since the Reformation, for it is part of the case of those of the clergy who seek to sever the connection that it has existed in full force from that time. Even when Episcopacy was abolished during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, the national principle was upheld, and the established Presbyterian Church was even more intimately allied with the State than its predecessor had been. Cromwell had no more thought of severing the connection than Edward or Henry, but desired to make the Church as broad and tolerant as possible.

And so the Church has continued to our own day in theory, and still is to a very great extent in fact, the nation organized for spiritual purposes, and in striking sympathy with and faithfully mirroring the nation in all its varying moods—at times no doubt persecuting, apathetic, unfaithful—but on the whole faithful to her great mission, and exercising a noble and purifying influence on the national conscience and the national life.

If this is at all a true view of the history of the Church of England, the fallacy of the main argument of the English Church Union at recent meetings becomes clear. Appeal is made to some supposed compact between the State and the Church, and it is contended that the Church never conceded to the State the right of control in spiritual matters when that compact was made. This assumes that the State and the Church in England were at some time two distinct corporate bodies, in part at least composed of different persons, and capable of contracting with one another.

But there never was such a time in England ; State and Church never stood in such relations to each other ; there never was any such formal contract between them as the Church Union argument starts from. Between the officers of the Church for the time being and the State, there can of course be, and always has been, a contract of service, as there is between the officers of the army and the State. But it is placing matters on a false issue to represent the Church of England as a power bound by treaty or compact with the State of England for certain definite purposes, and competent to annul that treaty when she pleases. A Church with the pretensions of Rome, or a voluntary Church, such as the Methodists, if the nation were to come to them now to make terms, might assume such an attitude and make such claims, but they contradict the very idea of our national Church, as those words have always been understood in England.

Before quitting the historical ground I would just remind you that this modern cry for disestablishment, or the absolute severance of the State from religion, has really no English tradition at all behind it, at any rate since the Long Parliament. In that celebrated assembly it was indeed mooted, but with no success. Dr. Owen, the brother-in-law of Cromwell, and a famous Nonconformist minister, was its most vigorous opponent, and evidently expressed the sense of the House and the country when he protested in the most solemn and earnest words against the notion that they, as rulers of the nation, had nothing to do with religion. From that time to our own the effort has never been repeated, while the greatest names amongst the Nonconformists may be cited as supporters of the direct and avowed connection of the State with religion. Thus Matthew Henry thanks God "for the national establishment of our religion with that of our peace and civil liberty," and Bunyan, Wesley, Baxter, may all be quoted on the same side. Even the leading Nonconformists and reformers of the very last generation had no such policy. Mr. Grote, who may be taken as their representative man on this question in the first Reformed Parliament, advocated indeed sweeping and stringent reforms within the Church, but, so far as I am aware, never hinted at severing the connection between the Church and the civil Government. I need not say that the cry from within the Church herself for this divorce is of even more recent origin.

It may of course be replied to all this, that however strong the historical argument may be, it is after all mainly a sentimental one, which can be allowed little weight in the changed and changing conditions of our time. And I would not press it beyond this, though generations of Englishmen, who have given us our constitution, by it, have insisted on a national State, those who now oppose it

shall at least give us some grounds for believing that the nation will become nobler and better for renouncing that profession.

The second reason for which such men as I am speaking of value the connection, may also possibly be called a sentimental one, but has I believe a very important practical side to it. It is that that connection is a constant and powerful protest against the desire and effort to divide human life sharply into two parts, one of which is concerned with the visible and the other with the invisible, or as the commoner phrase goes, one with secular the other with religious affairs. Notwithstanding the experience of many failures, that desire and effort were never more active than in our time. And, however firmly convinced we may be from the experience of our own lives, and from our observation of all that is going on around us, that no such severance is possible,—that the two realms will assert their independence sooner or later, whatever rules we may lay down for keeping them apart,—still the mere attempt to sever them will always work mischief, and we cannot afford to part, or to tamper with, any witness that they have been joined together from the beginning of time, and will remain so joined to the end, by a law which man cannot set aside. And the connection of Church and State is a standing witness to this law in the highest places, a protest against the notion that the nation can repudiate its highest functions and duties, any more than one of its own citizens can do so. Were the present connection severed, the only result would be, that, sooner or later, probably after much national deterioration and humiliation, the law would have to be reasserted, and the duty accepted again by the nation under new conditions. Therefore, those in whom the love of their country is deepest and strongest, should be foremost in insisting that we shall not give up the highest national ideal because we find it hard to realize.

It is scarcely possible to contend that that ideal is not lowered by severance of the connection. An abandonment of important functions may be expedient, or convenient, or even necessary, but it must remain a proof of a more stunted and narrower life. And without dwelling on the many ways in which such an abandonment might probably act in England, I think no one will deny that, in any case, it is certain to lessen the interest which religious men take in politics and public life. There is, I know, a school of politicians, not wanting influential representatives in the press, who will exclaim at once, "What a blessing! How smoothly public business would run on in future if we could only get rid of them altogether! They are the bane of public life, at least just so far as they will insist on bringing religious considerations to bear on it. A nation to be great and prosperous can't afford to keep a religious conscience." But I venture to think notwithstanding, from all I have

seen of public life in England, that precisely the contrary is true, that men who are avowedly religious are the best politicians, and that it is of the highest moment for the national character, and therefore in the end for national prosperity, that they should be kept interested in politics. It is not easy to do this now, and I am at a loss to see how it will become easier when we declare that henceforth the nation will take no cognizance of, and will cease in its corporate capacity to have anything to do with, religion. If it is replied by some sections of Liberationists (as I presume some at least of the nonconforming bodies would reply) that this is not their meaning—that they never intended to bring about such a result, and they do not believe that disestablishment will effect it—I can only ask, how they propose to avert it? By what machinery can the national supervision and control of religion be made less irksome to them than the present arrangement?

Again, such a man finds himself born to a certain religious inheritance as an Englishman. He can go and settle in any remotest hamlet of this island of ours, and there he shall find provided for him and his family a public place of worship, an officer of the State, and all the machinery necessary for enabling him to enjoy every office and ministration of religion, if, and so far only as, he desires them. This, I say, is part of his and of my birthright, and of every man's birthright as an Englishman, in this year 1877. I have the right to all these things, not because I hold any particular religious opinions, but simply because I am an Englishman, and claim them. If I am too poor or too miserly to pay for them, I can claim them without payment.

Now, to put it no higher, this particular portion of our birthright can do us no harm, for this if for no other reason, that we need not use it unless we please. If we do not want to worship God ourselves, or to be baptized, married, buried, consoled, aided, instructed—if we want none of these things for our wives and children—there is no compulsion whatever upon us in the matter. It is not easy, therefore, to see how we or our families can be injured by this option, and by no means clear how any one else can be. Again, another reason why such men as I am trying to describe are attached to and desire to maintain the connection between Church and State, as the religious condition of things most favourable to national life, is that they see that the principle which underlies the National Church is inclusiveness. Every Englishman born is assumed to be a member, and continues to be so without question, until he leaves it by his own act, of his own free will; whereas the principle which underlies all voluntary Churches is exclusiveness—they are essentially a section gleaned out of the nation, and whereas an Englishman cannot get out of the National, he cannot get into any voluntary Church without an

effort of will. It follows, or at any rate is the fact, that the National Church is the most liberal in spirit; for by its very nature and constitution it is bound to protest against the sectarian spirit, the spirit of division. Whenever the National Church is not bearing this protest faithfully, it is untrue to itself. The wide divergences of opinion allowed within its ranks, so triumphantly cited in some quarters as signs of weakness, seem to such men proofs of strength.

They see also that the National is the only organization by which the Gospel can be carried to the very poor and the outcasts—to those, in short, who need it most, but who do not value it, and cannot or will not pay for it. For voluntary Churches cannot live in the poorest districts, but must follow those who can maintain them, and are only bound to minister to these.

They see, lastly, that the National Church is best adapted to the tone and circumstances of the people of England, as is proved by the fact that the voluntary Churches are all imitating her in so many ways, by using more and more of her Liturgy, by copying her architecture and music, till it is often difficult to tell as you pass a place of worship whether it is National or Nonconformist—by even adopting for their ministers the titles by which the National clergy have always been distinguished.

I have had to dwell at some length, though I trust so as not to weary you, on the sort of views which are held by a large number of quiet lay Churchmen who think about such subjects at all. And now, if there be the least ground of truth in my picture, if I am not dreaming when I say that such men are numerous in England, I would ask any clergyman here to try to put himself in the place of such a layman, and consider how he would regard the doings of the last few months within the Church, and the position which a section of the clergy are taking up and the language they are using—I say a section of the *clergy*, not meaning for a moment to deny that they have a following of laymen (not really so numerous as they suppose, but genuine as far as it goes) with them, but only to place the burthen on the right back. No laity would be there but for them; it is idle to talk of offences coming mainly from the newly aroused zeal of boys and girls. It is a portion of the National clergy who are responsible, and must answer for, the present state of things, be it for good or for evil.

Now this extreme section are deliberately breaking the law, and, to our astonishment, are applauded and upheld in doing so, not only by newspapers and unions from which nothing better could be expected, but by considerable numbers of their brethren upon whom we had been accustomed to look with respect as honest and faithful ministers, however much we might differ from them.

They do not indeed pretend to agree with the extreme Ritualists, but they support them openly and warmly, on the plea that they are suffering for conscience sake. Well, let the plea pass—admit that they are making these things matters of conscience—but we must be allowed to ask, as Englishmen, whether this is the kind of conscience which we desire to cultivate in ourselves, or to see cultivated in this nation. Poor conscience! to what pitiful uses is that sacred name turned! The stolid Essex peasant, one of the Peculiar people, lets his child die because he will not allow it to take medicine, and believes himself to be suffering for conscience sake because he is summoned before a magistrate to answer for its life. And he has far more reason on his side than these Ritualist martyrs—I desire neither to speak nor think scornfully or bitterly of them, but this at least I must say, that men who can make matters of conscience of such trivialities as the shape and colour of vestments, the burning of candles and incense, the position of tables, and the like, and in defence of these things are prepared to defy authority, and break what they know to be the law of their country, are not fit to be trusted with the spiritual guidance of any portion of our people. This nation has a great work still to do in the world, for which she needs children with quite other kind of consciences than these—consciencs which shall be simple, manly, obedient, qualities which must disappear under such examples and teaching as these men are giving. It is with reluctance that one has to come to such a conclusion, but there is no use in blinding ourselves any longer as to their meaning. They have resolved to try their strength with the nation; to throw off all civil control as well as to disobey and defy their spiritual superiors, and they will have to abide the consequences, which will assuredly be that they will not be allowed to minister any longer in the National Church which they are doing all they can to destroy.

Were it only a question of these extreme men, there would be small cause for anxiety, but, as already stated, they have been backed—at any rate, ever since the judgment in the Hatcham case—by a large number of High Church clergy from whom we had a right to look for very different things. I have heard friends of my own speaking of these men as martyrs, and echoing the clap-trap cries of the (so-called) religious press, such as that of “The interference of the State with the Church has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.” A martyr I have always understood to be one who suffers willingly for his faith; it is abusing an almost sacred word to apply it to such suffering as is possible here in — and nowadays, for any opinion (I will not speak of faith — hat postures of the body, or shape or colour — een in use in churches since Edward

the Sixth's time. And as to the interference of the State having increased, it is notoriously untrue in any sense except that offences against the law have increased, and so that law has had to be (with extreme reluctance) enforced by the heads of the Church against the offenders.

I willingly admit, however, that they have more reasonable arguments than these. They urge, for instance, that (apart from the extreme Ritualists, whose proceedings they do not approve) they have been the moving power of the great Church revival of our time, the evidences of which lie broadcast over the whole country, in restored cathedrals and churches, frequent and reverent services, and the widespread zeal for all social reform and philanthropic effort, which has become the honourable and distinguishing characteristic of the nation in our day. In return for these services they have met with abuse, distrust, misrepresentation, and now at last are the subjects of direct attack on the part of the nation, both in the Law Courts and in Parliament, the crowning act of aggression being the Public Worship Regulation Act, which has been aimed at them, and at them only.

Now even those who distrust the High Church party most, must admit their plea as to the zealous, and in many respects admirable, work which they have done since the revival begun by the "Tracts for the Times" forty years ago. They have deserved well of the nation in many ways, and have possibly some grounds for their complaints as to the suspicion with which they have no doubt been always regarded, though they have certainly taken no pains to avoid it. But it is impossible to admit that they have any reason to complain of harsh or unjust treatment, either from the national Executive or from the Legislature. The judgment in Mr. Bennett's case shows how far the Law Courts have been disposed to go in construing their obligations in the largest and widest sense. It is only when there has been an obvious and scandalous disregard and defiance of the law (as in the case of Mr. Purchas and Mr. Tooth) that it has been enforced against any of their number. Indeed, another proof of the advantage of the national principle may be found in the reluctance with which the Courts have intervened; and the steadiness with which they have upheld the principle of a large toleration and inclusiveness in the face of strong popular excitement.

Again, as respects the Legislature, so far from showing any readiness or eagerness to follow the popular cry, it has been only when the open defiance of the law had become a public scandal that Parliament could be induced to interfere at all, and then by an Act which I venture to think has been greatly misunderstood and misrepresented.

Let me just remind you of a fact or two with respect to this

Act. In the first place, remember it was a Church measure. Whereas the custom had prevailed for years, until it had almost become a rule, that such Bills should be introduced by the Government of the day in consultation with the Bishops, this Bill was not a Government measure. I have never heard why it was that the rule was broken, but broken it was, and it was not until after the Bill had passed the Lords, and been debated for three long nights in the Commons, that it was at length adopted by the Government.

It was introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and received the general support of the whole Bench, though the Bishops of Lincoln and Oxford took some objections to small matters of detail.

At the end of the long and able debate in the Commons, the feeling of the House, and of the nation, had been so clearly expressed that the second reading was carried without a division.

I scarcely remember a question which has stirred the House or the country more deeply in the last twenty years. It was discussed all over the country, in meetings held chiefly, I believe, under the auspices of the Church Association and the Church Union (as to which bodies the Bishop of Lichfield has well said that there will be no peace in the Church till they cease to exist). I would only ask any fair man who is inclined to join in the attempt to take the Church from under State control, to compare the speeches in Parliament and those of the members of these ecclesiastical organizations, during the spring and summer of 1874, and then say which yoke (as the phrase goes) he would honestly desire to be under.

As for the Act itself, it was well said by Mr. Goschen—himself I believe a High Churchman—that it would prove either a small or a large measure, a small one if the clergy meant to obey it, otherwise most likely a large and searching one.

By its provisions the clergy of every school are protected against any malicious or arbitrary use of the Act, by the interposition of the chief of their own body in the diocese in which it is sought to put it in motion, whose leave must be obtained before the institution of proceedings. The bishop practically becomes an arbiter in the case if both parties are willing to accept him; if not, an impartial tribunal is provided for the decision of the questions at issue.

I trust there are even yet hopes that it may prove a small Act, for I cannot believe that, in spite of all the goading of the religious press, and of the semi-ecclesiastical societies, a body of high-principled English gentlemen will continue to maintain the attitude of defiance to the law, and to the clearly expressed will of the nation.

The often repeated cry that the Act is one-sided, and aimed against one party only in the Church, may serve the purpose of excited speakers, but will not bear examination. For it makes no alteration in the law, but only simplifies and cheapens the processes by which the law is administered. Whatever was lawful in the fabric or arrangement of consecrated buildings, or in vestments, postures, or decorations, remains still lawful—whatever was required before the passing of the Act is still required, the neglect to use that which is prescribed standing in precisely the same category as the use of that which is forbidden.

If it be one-sided, every efficient law in the Statute Book is one-sided, for every such law inflicts penalties, not on those who keep within, but on those who break it.

The objection to the constitution of the Court which takes cognizance of these offences, when the parties will not submit to the bishop, can scarcely be regarded as serious. It is said that the authority of this Court "is not derived from the rightful royal supremacy exercised 'under God,' but of the Sovereign in council by authority of Parliament." But surely those who make this protest are aware that the Queen has no authority by virtue of her mere supremacy to constitute any court apart from Parliament.

On the whole, it is not easy to see how, if order is to be preserved, and the law enforced at all in the National Church, any more moderate or fair method could have been found than that adopted by the Act in question.

But let us pass from the late Act to the remedies for the present state of things, which have been suggested by those who are taking part in this agitation. These are not at present very definite. They are indeed vaguely pledging themselves to "work night and day to set the Church of England free from a persecuting State;" but we are not told, with any distinctness, what they desire to substitute for the yoke of the nation. If the words of some of their number are to be taken literally, it would seem as though our history of seven hundred years ago had been rolled back, and that England is again face to face with the monks who followed à Becket in his attempt to sever the clergy from the nation, and set them as a caste outside and above the law of the land. I do not of course mean that the present contention is that the clergy shall not be amenable to the law for civil offences, like all other citizens; but apparently there is a section of them who do claim, that as regards all matters connected with their position and functions as clergy, they shall be subject to Church Courts only. And by Church Courts they cannot mean any courts constituted in our national manner, and under the jurisdiction of Parliament; for then their grievance comes to nothing. It is reduced to a mere

question of names, and it does not matter a straw by what name the Courts which try ecclesiastical causes are known, if they are constituted, and their judges appointed, by the head of the State on the advice of responsible Ministers, and under the control of Parliament. One is driven, therefore, to the conclusion that they mean a tribunal independent of State control, the judges of which are elected by, and responsible to, the clergy, or some purely ecclesiastical organization. There was some strength and meaning in a Becket's proposal, because he had the Pope to put in the place of King and King's Council, as the head and fountain of authority for the Courts which he proposed to substitute for the national Courts. But as the Ritualists have not that resource, they should either cease beating about the bush and make their demands clear and precise, telling us who is to be the fountain on earth of ecclesiastical authority, or leave the National Church, and set up a sect of their own, in which they may place themselves as priests in whatever position they please, as they find themselves unable to accept the grandest of all positions, that of simple citizens, called and appointed to minister to the nation, whose sons they are, in spiritual things.

There is another course advocated by many High Churchmen as an escape from our present difficulties, which is advanced temperately and reasonably, and has the public sanction of at least one bishop. I think I shall state it most fairly perhaps in his own words:—"I am of opinion," the Bishop of Lincoln writes, "that for the sake of the State as well as for that of the Church much more liberty ought to be given, and much more weight attached, to the judgment of the spirituality in ecclesiastical causes, and to the action of the Church of England in her synods, diocesan and provincial." I am glad to be able to quote his further words of warning:—"But we shall never obtain these benefits by violent resistance to constitutional authority; on the contrary, we shall provoke violent reprisals, and shall greatly injure the cause we desire to maintain."

I presume that these words point to investing Convocation with some legislative powers in ecclesiastical affairs; and with every desire to concede whatever can be conceded for the sake of peace, I am bound to say plainly that I do not think it can be found in this direction. Convocation has now for some years been sitting and discussing all questions upon which legislation is needed, or which seriously affect the religious condition of the nation. But I fear that the reports of the debates in both Houses have not had a reassuring effect on the country; indeed, they have been characterized by timidity and *indecision*, and an apparent want of appreciation of the forces *at work* in the outside world, which has disapp *led* most hopefully towards

this experiment. I am not aware of any recommendation of practical value which has as yet come from that body. Indeed, it seems to me that the main result of the recent revival of Convocation has been to strengthen the convictions of all those who value the national character of the Church, that that character cannot be maintained if its direction and government is to be entrusted to any ecclesiastical body. It may be said that the proposal is to reform Convocation by the admission of the laity. But this would not remove the objection. Such laymen as would have a chance of election would not represent the nation, besides which they would be powerless in such a body. When professionals and amateurs meet, we know which side is likely to go to the wall.

Convocation was no doubt two hundred years ago a sort of fourth estate of the realm, representing not the National Church but the clergy, even for purposes of taxation. It was at their own request that for those purposes they were merged in the nation, and taxed by the same machinery as the laity. From that time Convocation was practically without functions, and when summoned, as in 1698, the disputes between the Low Church bishops appointed by the Crown and the Jacobite clergy ran so high as to create scandal and render their debates fruitless; and from 1717 till our own day, though formally summoned, they were always at once prorogued.

But even if the traditions of Convocation were far more satisfactory, the chief objection remains that to hand over the control of the Church to that body would be an infringement of the national principle, and an imitation of the practice of the sects, without any compensating advantage. For what ground from recent experience have we for believing that the various parties in the Church would agree better in Convocation than they did in 1698?

To give the powers that are claimed to Convocation would be a certain step towards a severance of all connection with the State, and consequently (in words probably familiar to many here) would inevitably lead to that "degradation which by an almost universal law overtakes religion when, even while attaining a purer form, it loses the vivifying and elevating spirit breathed into it by close contact with the great historic and secular influences, which act like fresh air on a contracted atmosphere, and are thus the divine antiseptics against the spiritual corruption of merely ecclesiastical communities" (Dean Stanley).

I am not aware of any other proposal to which the same objection does not attach. They are one and all aimed at a further severance of the clergy from the Church and from the nation, whereas what we need is precisely the reverse of this—that the

clergy should be brought into closer contact with the nation, and should learn to feel more and more the worth and nobleness of their common citizenship.

That they have a higher citizenship is of course true, but only in the same sense in which it is true of every one of their lay brethren. That Christ is the only head of the Church is also true, but is He not also the only head of the nation? He is no more visible to the Church than to the nation, to the priest than to the crossing-sweeper. They hold their commission from Him no doubt, but they must receive it, with some visible seal, from some human hands; and what seal can be so worthy, so noble, as that of the nation whose children they are?

But if none of the suggestions yet made seem to offer relief, what is the outlook? Dark enough I admit, but still by no means so dark as it has often been before, for all these struggles and controversies are, after all, but the signs of a vigorous life. All that is needed—and surely England will not now for the first time need it in vain—is some small share of the self-restraint, the patience, and the courage which have never yet failed her under God's blessing. That there must be a great reform in our National Church is clear, but she is strong enough to bear it. What has been done in our day in this direction should be encouraging instead of depressing to any one who will look at it steadily and fairly; but it is only a fraction of what is needed.

The readjustment of Church property, the establishment of the Ecclesiastical Commission, the abolition of tests, the relaxation of subscription, the reorganization of parishes, the appointment of bishops without seats in the House of Lords, the subdivision of dioceses, the Church Discipline Acts, the revision of the Bible, and, lastly, this Public Worship Act, are all measures passed within my own memory. And surely such a list (and it might be doubled) may well give heart of grace to the most desponding, for these reforms have been made in a time peculiarly unfavourable to the development of the Church. The commercial spirit, with its utilitarian and materialistic Gospel, has been in the ascendant, with the result that the friends of the National Church have been afraid of touching a brick of the old fabric lest the whole should come about their ears, while her enemies have looked upon every effort for reform with watchful jealousy, fearing lest it should strengthen the old walls and foundations. No one can have been in the House of Commons without becoming aware of the strength of these two antagonist forces, both however working in the same direction, that of making any resolute action in Church reform all but impossible. And yet all these things I have just referred to have been done in such a time.

Why then should we despair of greater and better things, when

a time has come in which there are unmistakable signs that, whatever the controlling spirit may prove to be, it will not be the utilitarian or materialistic? If the Church has emerged from such a time as the one which is expiring, fuller than ever of spiritual life and zeal, and without having as yet lost anything of her national character, what fear is there that she will be false to her own and her country's history in the time which is coming? It was in a crisis in several respects as serious as the present that the wisest as well as the most observant and best-informed of foreign critics of our national habits and institutions, wrote:—"To this country belongs the honour of having, so far as the State is concerned, succeeded in the mighty task of reconciling individual liberty with allegiance and submission to the will of the community, whilst other nations are still wrestling with it; and I feel persuaded that the same earnest zeal and practical wisdom which have made her political constitution an object of admiration to other nations will, under God's blessing, make her Church also a model to the world" (Prince Albert).

It is in this hope and with this belief that I have ventured to speak to you this evening. I know that I must have said things which may have roused painful, and possibly indignant feelings in the minds of persons for whom individually, and for much of whose work, I should desire only to express respect and gratitude. If there should be any such here, I can only ask them to believe that it is from love to the Church, of which we are all members, not less sincere, I trust, and loyal than their own—from an estimate not lower, at any rate, though in some respects differing from theirs, of the mission of that Church, and of the work she has been called to do for the nation and for the world—that one is constrained to be perfectly outspoken, and not to ignore or explain away facts, or to call things by any other than their plainest names at such a time as this.

There is no danger for our Church that I can see, except from her own children, indeed from her own officers. There is no deeper feeling on this subject of disestablishment in the House of Commons than irritated jealousy, having its root in social and political soil, and its expression in clever flippancy and bitterness, and the House in this matter very fairly represents the people. Those who express anything more serious are, I think, constantly finding it more and more difficult to persuade themselves or any one else that they are working for the highest good of the country, and with a single view of placing religion under the absolutely best conditions for doing the nation's work. It is only within her own ranks that there is zeal and fire enough to be dangerous.

Before going further on these new and perilous ways, the

discontented in her own ranks should at least count the cost more carefully than they seem yet to have done. Can any one of them say deliberately that in his conscience he believes the conditions and prospects of the religious life of this nation will be improved by the withdrawal of religion altogether from the cognizance and control of the nation? If he can answer yes, there is no more to be said, and there can be neither peace nor even truce possible between us. If not, there is scarcely any point, short of the intrusion of outside influence in the National Church, or disobedience to the law, to which we would not go to help them. We will join them in efforts to obtain thorough Church reform, the deeper and wider the better. We have no fear of touching formularies, or canons, or rubrics, or liturgies; indeed are anxious they should be touched, inasmuch as they are in not a few respects obsolete and unfitted to our time. Whenever the clergy are prepared for this necessary work, which cannot be long deferred—though in the midst of the present agitation it is difficult to see how or by whom it can be taken in hand—they will find lay Churchmen cordial and strenuous helpers. All we ask of them is, that in one of the great crises of the world—the days of the Lord, as they are so well called—they shall not wantonly destroy that example of the conditions on which the Gospel and the nations can live together, which, with all its faults, is the best hitherto seen in the world, and the only one which gives us even a distant hint of how, in God's good time, the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

THOMAS HUGHES.

WAGNER.

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Le Drame Musical. By E. SCHURÉ. Sandoz et Fischbacher, Paris.

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I.

WAGNER is the most powerful personality that has appeared in the world of music since Beethoven. But indeed he seems to me, in his wide range as poet, dramatist, musician, and philosopher, almost alone in the history of Art.

Beethoven was a musician only. His glory is to have carried the art of music to its extreme limits of development : no one has yet gone beyond him.

Wagner says, "I have invented nothing." You cannot invent metre after the Greeks, or the modern drama after Shakspeare, or colouring and perspective after the Italians—there is a point at which an art ceases to grow and stands full-blown like a flower.

Most people admit that in music, as in other arts, that point has been reached. What then remained? *This*, according to Richard Wagner : to concentrate into one dazzling focus all the arts, and, having sounded and developed the expressional depth, and determined the peculiar function of each, to combine them at length into one perfect and indivisible whole.

Words seem childishly inadequate to render all at once such a conception as this. Slowly we may master some of its details and allow them to orb into a perfect whole. If you stand at the foot of one of the Alps, you can see but a little portion of it—a hamlet, a sloping patch of vineyard, and a pine copse beyond : but as you ascend the winding path the prospect opens to right and left ; cascades leap by to lose themselves in the torrent below—you plunge into the gloom of a forest and emerge on to the higher meadows and pleasant scenes of pastoral life—yonder the soil grows rocky, and tumbled boulders lie around you—the cloud lifts, and a vista of mountains and valleys is suddenly opened up, and

pressing forward you leave far below the murmurs of one world, and raise your enraptured eyes to the black eagle, as he wheels aloft in the golden air beyond the stainless and eternal snows.

So when we are brought face to face with such a varied, complex, and immense intelligence as that of Richard Wagner we are apt to dwell on a part—a peculiarity of the music—a turn of the drama—a melody, a situation, an eccentricity. But the secret lies, after all, in the unity of effect. Close your eyes after a day in the Alps, and as the visions pass before you, all will grow clear to your inner consciousness, and the varied scenes you have realized only in succession will at last arrange themselves into one great and majestic whole.

II.

"Perhaps he has some talent for music," said the sick man as he heard little Richard, then only seven years old, strumming a tune from "*Der Freyschutz*" on the piano. It was Louis Geyer, his stepfather, painter, author, and actor, now on his deathbed, thinking of the future, planning as dying men plan, and hitting the mark as they often hit it, quite at random. The child's vivid temperament and eager sensitive mind had always made him a favourite with the actor and the poet, and he thought of making a painter of Richard, but the boy seemed to have no turn for it. His mother, a woman full of life and imagination, was less anxious and more wise. She let him grow, and happily he was left to her, "with no education," as he says, "but life, art, and myself."

Indeed any attempt to hasten Wagner's development, or to fix his career, would doubtless have failed. From the first, the consciousness of his own force has been one of his strangest and strongest peculiarities. At times it seems to have almost intoxicated him—at others it sustained and cheered him in utter loneliness; it has dominated all who have come in personal contact with him, and bent the minds and wills of the rebellious like reeds before the wind.

And the reason is evident. Wagner was always prodigious in his ability. Like those very fast trotters that flash along the highways of England and America, he has been in the habit of passing every one on the road, and passing them easily. But the consciousness of power bred in him a singular wilfulness. At school he could learn anything, but he would learn only as he chose and what he chose. When his time came he mastered, with incredible rapidity and accuracy, Greek, Latin, mythology, and ancient history. As his music-master, he soon sent him to the right about. He would learn music his own way. Indeed the rapidity with which he

absorbed them, one after the other, quite unfitted him for going into harness early in any one direction.

At the age of seventeen he had dipped into most literatures, ancient and modern—glanced at science, learnt English in order to read Shakspeare, weighed several schools of philosophy, studied and dismissed the contending theologies, absorbed Schiller and worshipped Goethe (then eighty-four years old), turned away from the conventional stage of Kotzebue and Iffland, tasted politics, and been deeply stirred by the music of Beethoven.

There was doubtless a great indistinctness about his aims at this time. To live, to grow, to feel, to be filled with new emotions, and to sound his enormous capacities for receiving impressions and acquiring facts—this had hitherto been enough; but the vexed question was inevitable: to what end?

The artistic temperament could give but one answer to that—"EXPRESSION!" Creation itself—man—the world, the universe is nothing but that. There is ever this imperious divine necessity for outward expression. This is the lesson of the ages and of the universe—of which we see but a little speck realized upon our tiny and overcrowded planet. But this burning thought turns the mind of man itself into a divine microcosm—he, too, begins to obey in his higher activities what he perceives to be the supreme law of the divine life. He, too, must flash into self-consciousness, and breathe in form, until all that slept in the silence of his heart comes forth swift and radiant with the wind and fire of emotion, and stands at last like an angel, full of wreathed melodies and crowned with stars.

Such to the artist soul is the beloved parable of earth. The life within must become outward; all that we are is dying to be born, is craving to realize itself, to know, to possess, to adore! Is man social? His being passes by an organic law into the expression of family life. Is he political? He creates the State. Is he thoughtful and imaginative? He evolves literature, science, and the arts. Is he spiritual? His soul passes into the religions of the world.

It is quite obvious that life is here seized, not from the intellectual, but from the emotional side. The intellect is used to fathom, to formulate, to economize, and represent, in their most impressive forms, the feelings which would otherwise be wasted and mispent; but the intellect, which has played so important a part in Wagner's system, is always the second, never the first factor, and its function has been to analyze the various expressional media of the past and present, and to create some form or combination more exhaustive and powerful than all the rest.

Wagner was willing to be led. But he could not help feeling that an artist now is the heir of all the ages, that now for the first

time he can stand and gauge the creations of the past in poetry, painting, drama, and music, and ask himself how far, through these, has the inner world of the mind found utterance. Wagner had the unconscious but inflexible hardihood to take up each art in turn, weigh it, and find it wanting. Each fell short of the whole reality in some respect. Painting leaves out motion and solidarity, sculpture possesses solidarity without motion, and usually without colour. Poetry without drama appeals to the senses chiefly through the imagination; in itself it has neither sound, colour, nor solidarity. The spoken drama lacks the intensity which it is the unique function of musical sound to give; whilst mere pantomime, whether of dance or drama, lacks the indefinite power of sound as well as the definite suggestion of words; and, lastly, musical sound alone provokes the eternal "why?" which can only be answered by associating the emotion raised with thought, for music alone is without solidarity, colour, or thought, whilst possessing motion and sound in the highest perfection.

It will be said, "Yes, but each art is complete in itself." True, but not complete as a means of expressing thought and feeling. You urge, "But the power of art lies often in its suggestiveness. I read a poem and shut my eyes, and the vision is more splendid than anything that could be presented outwardly." Yes, indirectly, because you have imagination; the vision was beautiful, but its quality depended on *you*, not on the *art*. Art is for expression, and that art is best which expresses most. Do not confuse the effects of imagination and association with the effects of art. A barrel-organ or a daub may serve to set agoing imagination and memory, but art has to do with expression, and is defective *quâ* art just where it begins to make these demands upon imagination and memory.

Those who have traced Wagner's career from boyhood know how patiently he has questioned every art, how passionately he has surrendered himself to it, for a time; how willing he would have been to rest, how inexorably experience and feeling have urged him on until, like the hardy navigators of old, he broke at last into a new and undiscovered ocean.

At the age of eleven he had read Shakspeare. Surely dramatic expression of thought and feeling could go no farther. But he would test it as a form of art by experiment, and see how it worked. He immediately constructed a drama, horrible and thorough—a cross between "Hamlet" and "King Lear." Forty-two characters suffered death in the first four acts, so that in the fifth, in order to people his stage at all, most of them had to reappear as ghosts. The Shakspearean method was closely adhered to, and for several years he continued to brood over it lovingly.

Here was a form intensely individual, self-conscious—in which

man explored the depths of his own nature. On that rough wooden stage of the Globe Theatre so vivid were the characters, so rapid and complex the feelings, so perfect and expressive the pantomime, that the want of stage-trappings and accessories was hardly felt. Still it was a restrained expression; it was too mosaic; the individuals lacked an universal element in which to live and move and have their being: we sit fascinated and bewildered with the subtle analysis and changing episodes; but the characters do not run up into universal types, they are too entirely absorbed by their own thoughts and feelings. The contest here is not with Fate and Time, as on the Greek stage, but with Self and Society.

Excited but oppressed by the complex inner life of the Shakspearean drama, Wagner still felt the need of wedding the personal life to some larger ideal types, and intensifying the emotional element by the introduction of musical sound. Then the cramped wooden stage of the Globe Theatre vanished, and in its place rose the marble amphitheatre, open to the sky, embedded in the southern slope of the Athenian Acropolis.

In the classical drama nothing was individual—the whole life of Greece was there, but all was summed up in large and simple types. The actors speak through fixed masks. All fine inflexion is lost—all change of facial expression sacrificed to massive groupings and stately poses, regulated by the shrill pipe and the meagre harp. But still there is in the dramas of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles a breadth of expression which enables the soul to shake itself free from its accidental surroundings and enter into general sympathy with the wider life of humanity. It is this escape into the ideal which the modern self-conscious spirit most needs: this merging of discordant self in the universal harmony which drew Wagner towards the theatre of the Greeks. There we start from the gods, the ideal representatives of human thought and emotion. Zeus is in Agamemnon, Ares in Achilles, Artemis in Iphigenia, Aphrodite in Phædra; and there is something prophetic and sublime in the spontaneous growth of these types beneath the human touch, until they transcend the gods and conquer Olympus itself. Cassandra is greater than the gods in her consciousness of injustice—Prometheus is sublime in his god-like defiance of fate—Antigone triumphs through voluntary sacrifice—it is the inexorable progress of the human conscience towards a higher Olympus, a purer deity—men come from gods, but excel the gods; then follows the inevitable decline, “the dusk of the gods,” and, lastly, the assertion of man’s divinity and the rehabilitation through man of the divine idea.

This thought Christianity should eternally present; but as its votaries unhappily trampled upon one half of human life, and

caricatured the other all through the middle ages, the Renaissance insisted upon reviving the types of Greek beauty and force, in order to restore the balance and reassert the place and dignity of the down-trodden senses. That protest, in the teeth of our modern religious narrowness, will continue to be popular until the reconciliation between the old and the new world-spirit is reached in a higher, freer life, recognizing and making room for the development in due balance of every part of human nature. The Greek view of life may not be adequate, but it had elements which we want; and to study art we must still go to Athens. Within his limits the Greek remains our supreme standard.

For what the Greek was, and for what he saw, his theatre found an almost perfect art-form. The dance or science of pantomimic motion was part of his daily education. His body was trained in the Palæstra, or gymnasium, and his life was one of constant drill to enable him to take part in the games and national festivals. The elastic tongue of Homer had been enriched and fired by a hundred poets before the full development of the Greek drama, and hymns and songs, set to rhythmic and choral melodies of every character and variety, supplied him with ready emotional utterance upon all occasions. Add to this the profound enthusiasm which still accompanied the ancient rites, the Delphic oracles and the Eleusinian mysteries, and we have all the materials which were woven into one harmonious whole by Æschylus—poet, warrior, stage manager, and religious devotee.

The soul of the Greek drama, freed from accidental associations, must now be melted down in the new crucible. Wagner found there an intense earnestness of purpose—the devout portrayal of a few fundamental types—the large clear outline like the frieze of the Parthenon—a simple plot and well-developed phases of feeling as pronounced and trenchant as the rhythmic motions of the *dramatis personæ*; and lastly he found—what he found not in Shakspeare—the Greek chorus. This gave its binding intensity to the whole drama—this provided the universal element in which the actors lived and moved and had their being. The chorus ever in motion—a band of youths or maidens, priests or supernatural beings, fluid and expressive, like the emotions of the vast and earnest assembly;—the chorus bore aloft a wail over the agonies of Philoctetes—a plaint for Iphigenia—a questioning of the gods for Cassandra; it enveloped the stage with floods of passionate declamation; it rushed, it pointed, it swayed, it sighed and whispered in broken pathetic accents; it was like the sobbing of the sea on a rocky strand—the sound of the waves in Ionian caves—the wild rush of the tempest answering back man's passionate pl
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expression. The mysterious variety of Greek metres, the varied spasmodic rhythms, can only be understood when the vision of the Greek chorus rises before us in its eager bursts of appropriate, but fitful activity. That changing chant, that harsh ringing progression of notes on the Greek scales of which Gregorians are still the Christian relics—we should not call it music, it was not melody, much less harmony, but it was sound inflexions marvelously used to drill declamation, posture, and pantomime. The soul of it has transmigrated in these latter days—it has become the Wagnerian orchestra.

Turn back now, for a moment, to the Shakspearean drama. Chorus, musical sound, band, song, all the voices of universal nature environing man—appalling, consoling, inspiring him—have vanished. A new inner-world, unknown to the Greeks, has taken their place, and man is absorbed with himself. Yet without that universal voice which he can make his own, how he shrinks, dwarfed by his narrow individuality; no longer a part of the great whole and soul of things; nature no longer his mother, the winds no more his friends, the sea no more his comforter! The ideal atmosphere of the Greek chorus is missed; the power of music, however rudimentary, is absent: Shakspeare seems to have felt it; it passes over his sublime creations as an invocation to Music in "Twelfth Night," or in Ophelia's plaintive song. And this is the point of contact between the old drama of Æschylus and the new drama of Shakspeare: the two stand for ever for the opposite poles of dramatic art—the universal type, the individual life—and both are necessary. The individual is naturally evolved from the universal, but once evolved and developed it must be restored to the universal and be glorified by it.

At this crisis, in his quest after a perfect art-form, Wagner found himself confronted with Beethoven's music. He did not believe that drama could be carried farther than Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakspeare, or music any farther than Beethoven; but he did conceive the project of leading the whole stream of the Beethovenian music into the channels of Shakspearean drama. The Greek chorus might have been adequate to the simple types of Greek tragedy, but modern life, with its self-conscious spirituality, its questions, its doubts, its hopes, and its immense aspirations—this seemed to require quite a new element of expression. The voice of this inner life had been preparing for four hundred years, when it was ready it turned out to be no inflexible mask, through which a human voice might speak, not even a mobile chorus, but a splendid and complex organ of expression, fitted so closely about the soul of man, as to become the very Æolian harp upon which the breath of his life could freely play.

In the great world-laboratory of Art, Wagner found already

all that he required. There was, as he remarked, nothing left for him to invent: the arts of poetry, music, painting, and pantomime had been explored separately and perfected; nay, one step more had been made—the arts had actually been *combined* at different times in different ways. Music with pantomime and poem by the Greeks; music with pantomime, drama, painting, and every conceivable effect of stage scenery and costume, as in modern opera; music and words, as in oratorio or the cantata. But in Greece, music was wholly undeveloped as an art; acting had never sounded the depths of individual life and expression. The Shakspearean drama left out music. The cantata and oratorio omitted pantomime and painting; whilst modern opera presented a meretricious and maimed combination of the arts resulting from a radically defective form.

With a surprising vigour of intellect, Wagner has analysed the situation, and explained exactly why he is dissatisfied with the best operatic efforts of the past, and why he seeks to supersede opera with the “musical drama.”

I think his critical results may be briefly summed up thus:—In the musical drama, poetry, music, scenery, and acting are to be so blended as that each shall have its own appropriate share, and no more, as a medium of expression. The acting must not be cramped by the music, as in common opera, where a man has to stand on one toe till he has done his *roulade*, or pauses in the dead of night to shout out a song about “Hush! we shall be discovered!” when there is not a moment to spare. The music must not be spoiled for the acting, as in ballet and pantomime, where acting is overstrained to express what the sister arts of poetry and music are better fitted to convey. And poetry, which after all supplies the definite basis and answers the inevitable “why?” must not be sacrificed, as in our opera *libretti*, to the demands of singers for *aria* and *scena*, whilst the scenery must only attempt effects and situations which can be made to look real. The object of the grand musical drama is, in fact, to present a true picture of human feeling with the utmost fulness and intensity, freed from every conventional expression by the happy union of all the arts, giving to each only what it is able to deal with—but thus dealing with everything, leaving nothing to the imagination. The Wagnerian drama completely exhausts the situation.

Filled with this magnificent conception, Wagner looked out upon the world of modern opera and what did he see?

First, he noticed a false start. It was not from the miracle plays, but from the nobles to listen to the spontaneous in Naples or

Florence) was exchanged for a sort of drawing-room stage, and poets were hired who reset the Italian melodies, as Moore reset the Irish melodies, for ears polite. This new aristocratic mongrel art had nothing to do with the real drama. Metastasio himself was only an Italian Mr. Chorley—the very humble servant of everybody's tunes; but these tunes had to be strung together, so the *recitative*, used for centuries in church, was borrowed; then the product was naturally a little dull, so the whole had to be whipped up with a dance; hence the *ballet*, and there you have the three fixed points of the opera—*aria*, *recitative*, and *ballet*—which to this day determine the form of modern opera. Thus opera, whilst it had no connection with the real drama, did not even spring from the best musical elements. "From the prosperity of opera in Italy," says Wagner, "the art-student will date the decline of music in that country. . . . No one who has any conception of the grandeur and ineffable depth of the earlier Italian church music—Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," for instance—will ever dream of maintaining that Italian opera can be looked upon as the legitimate daughter of that wondrous mother."*

As ear-tickling, and not truth of expression, was the chief thing, and as there was nothing much to be expressed, the *arias* got wider and wider of the words, and at last the words became mere pegs, and the music totally irrelevant—as who should dance a jig over a grave.

Gluck's reform consisted in making the operatic tunes once more true to the words, but the improvement touched the sentiment only, without reaching the defective form. In France the form was slightly redeemed by the superior *libretti* and more elaborate pantomime; whilst in Germany opera arrived as a finished foreign production, and Mozart and others had to go to Italy to learn it. "In expressing my highest admiration of the exquisite beauties of our great masters," says Wagner, "I did not detract from their fame in showing that the cause of their weaknesses lay in the faultiness of the *genre*."†

And the defect of *genre* lay chiefly in the immolation of the *libretto* to the exigences of fixed *aria*, *scena*, and *recitative*. The drama, which has to be stretched upon that Procrustean bed, must necessarily become disjointed and lifeless in the process. Rossini retarded the progress of the musical drama for at least fifty years through the absolute triumph of melody, in the most fascinating abundance, over the resources of the orchestra and the inspirations of the poet.

"His opera," writes Edward Dannreuther, to whose pamphlet on Wagner at this season we are all so much indebted, "is like a

* Music of the Future: Letter to F. Villot, p. 10.

† Ibid., p. 22.

string of beads, each bead being a glittering and intoxicating tune. Dramatic and poetic truth—all that makes a stage performance interesting—is sacrificed to tunes." Poet and musician alike had felt this. Goethe and Schiller both found the operatic form, and even the existing stage, so uncongenial that they took to writing narrative and descriptive plays not to be acted at all, and have been followed in this by Byron, Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne. Beethoven wrote but one opera, "Fidelio," in which the breadth of the overture or overtures seems to accuse the narrowness of the dramatic form, although the *libretto* of "Fidelio" is very good, as times go. Mendelssohn and Schumann could never find a suitable *libretto*.

The conclusion of all this is obvious. The perfect medium which was to combine the apparently unmanageable arts was yet to come, and Wagner proposed to himself the task of harnessing these fiery steeds to his triumphal car and driving them all together. He must choose his own subject, with a simple plot and a few strong passions and great situations. He must write his own drama, which, without being either orthodox verse or fixed metre, would aim in its mobile and alliterative pathos at following the varied inflexions of natural feeling. He must arrange his own scenery, perfect in detail, and within the limits of stage possibility; and finally he must compose his own music and drill his band, chorus, and characters.

To his prophetic vision the old opera form of *aria*, *scena*, and *recitative* has disappeared. The orchestra in a wondrous fashion floods the soul with an emotion appropriate to the situation. The drama itself advances unshackled by any musical exigency; the music flows on continuously, not imposing a form but taking its form from the emotion of the sentences as they follow each other. Snatches there are here and there of exquisite melody, broken up by part-singing, with a wild burst of chorus when needful to fulfil the dramatic occasion; but never must action be delayed, never must emotion be belied, never truth sacrificed: only at times, when the expressional power of words ceases, the music will fulfil, deepen, combine, and sometimes lift the drama almost out of itself. Then the spectator is raised into a sphere of ecstatic contemplation; the pageantry passes before his eyes as in a dream, whilst his soul lives and moves only in the ideal sphere of the varied and intense passions which are being played out before him.

III.

Whilst these perceptions and aims were slowly maturing in him, Wagner found himself constantly at war with his age and his surroundings.

At sixteen, he had resolved to devote himself to music, finding in it the ineffable expression for emotions otherwise mainly inexpressible. Musical notes and intervals were to him radiant forms and flaming ministers. Mozart taught him that exquisite certainty of touch which selects exactly the right notes to express a given musical idea. Weber taught him the secret of pure melody, how to stamp with an indelible type a given character, as in the return of the Samiel motive in "*Der Freyschutz*;" he also perceived in that opera the superiority of legend and popular myth, as on the Greek stage, to present the universal and eternal aspects of human life in their most pronounced and ideal forms. Beethoven supplied him with the mighty orchestra, capable of holding in suspension an immense crowd of emotions, and of manipulating the interior and complex feelings with the instantaneous and infallible power of a magician's wand. Schubert taught him the freedom of song—Chopin the magic elasticity of chords—Spohr the subtle properties of the chromatic scale—and even Meyerbeer revealed to him the possibilities of stage effect through the Grand Opera. Shakspeare, Goethe, and Schiller suggested the kind of language in which such dramas as "*Lohengrin*" and "*Rheingold*" might be written; whilst Madame Schröder Devrient revealed to him what a woman might accomplish in the stage presentation of ideal passion with such a part as Elsa in "*Lohengrin*" or Brunhild in "*Walküre*."

But the immediate result of this, as I have said, was not promising. Contrary to the advice of his friends, he had thrown himself, heart and soul, into the study of music as a profession. Under the Cantor Weinlig, at Leipsic, and whilst at the University, he produced an overture and symphony, which were played and not unfavourably received at the Gewandhaus; but his early work, with here and there an exceptional trait in harmony, was nothing but a pale copy of Mozart, as may be seen from a poor little piano sonata lately republished by Breitkopf.

His health now broke down. He was twenty years old (1833), and he went to his brother, a professor of music at Wurzburg, where he stayed a year, at the end of which time he was appointed musical director at the Magdeburg theatre, where, under the combined influence of Weber and Beethoven, he produced two operas—"The Fairies" and "The Novice of Palermo,"—neither of which succeeded. He left his place in disgust, and obtained another post at the Königsberg theatre. There he married an actress,—a good creature, who, without being much to blame, does not seem to have materially increased his happiness, but who decidedly shared the opinion of his friends that the composition of "pot-boilers" was superior to the pursuit of the Ideal. The Ideal, however, haunted Wagner, and—Poverty.

In 1836 he left with Mina for Riga on the shores of the Baltic, and there, as *chef d'orchestre* at the theatre, he really appears to have enjoyed studying the operas of Mehul, Spontini, Auber, and Berlioz; for, whilst suffering what he describes as a dull, gnawing pain at the frequent irrelevance of the sentiment to the music, the nobler correspondences and beautiful inspirations gave him far-off glimpses of that musical drama to which he even now dimly aspired.

In the midst of his routine duties Bulwer's novel, "*Rienzi*," struck his imagination. There, as on a large and classic stage, was portrayed that eternal revolt of the human spirit against tyranny, routine, selfishness, and corruption, of which the Polish insurrection of 1831 and the Revolution of July were the modern echoes. *Rienzi*, a tribune of the people, dreaming of the old austere Republic, in the midst of corrupt Papal Rome—a noble heart, a powerful will at war with a brutal and vulgar age, supported, cheered by the enthusiasm of a devoted and patriotic sister—raised by a wave of popularity to the highest summit of human power, then hurled down by the Papal anathema, betrayed by a mean and cowering aristocracy, banished by the mob that had so lately hailed him as a deliverer, and at last falling by a treacherous hand upon the charred and crumbling ashes of his own homestead: he last great tribune of Rome!—here was a subject with immense outlines, full of situations in which the greatest breadth might be joined to the most detailed inflexions of feeling. In it Wagner, whilst not departing avowedly from the form of the grand opera then in vogue at Paris, has in fact burst the boundaries. "*Rienzi*" is already the work of an independent master—it is at least prophetic of "*Lohengrin*" and "*Tristan*," whilst comparing favourably in pure melody and sensational effects with any of the current operas. What rush, triumph, aspiration about the large outlines and tramping measures of the overture—what *élan* and rugged dignity in the choruses—what elevation in *Rienzi's* prayer, "God of Light!"—what fervour and inexhaustible faith in the phrase, "Thou hast placed me as a pilot on a treacherous and rocky strand"—what imagery, as of vast buildings and ranged towers dimly seen athwart the dull red dawn, in the music of "Scatter the night that reigns above this city," and what chastened exaltation, free from all Italian flourish or ornament, of "Rise, thou blessed sun, and bring with thee resplendent liberty!"

But in 1839, which saw the text and the completion of the two first acts, we are far indeed from the production of "*Rienzi*;" it struck, however, the keynote of a most important and little-understood phase in Wagner's career—the political phase.

IV.

Musicians, poets, and artists are not, as a rule, politicians. Their world is the inner world—the world of emotion and thought, which belongs to no special age or clime, but is eternal and universal. Goethe and Beethoven cared little for revolutions, and have even been deemed wanting in patriotism. But Wagner was a hot politician. He was at one time a mob orator, and was seduced by his illustrious friend Rockel, who was afterwards put in prison, to throw himself at Dresden into the rise of Saxony and the agitations of 1848. He was proscribed and banished from German soil, and years afterwards when he had, if not recanted, at all events acquiesced in things as they were, he was obliged to fly from Munich, warned by the friendly king that his life was in danger. The title of but one of his numerous semi-political pamphlets, "Art and the Revolution," gives us the real clue to all this. People have accused Wagner of time-serving and change in politics, but the fact was, that he favoured social revolution *because* he thought it needful to art revolution. Conventionality and stagnation in art seemed to him the natural outcome of conventionality and stagnation in society; the world must be recalled to feeling and reality before art could again become the ideal life of the people, as it was once in Greece. But when, through royal patronage later on, all impediments to the free development of his art-work disappeared, his revolutionary tendencies also disappeared. He too was, first and foremost, Artist, and he came to realize his vocation, which had to do with Art, and with "the Revolution" only in so far as it affected "Art."

But in fact no ardent soul could escape the romantic and revolutionary contagion that swept over France, Germany, and even England, between 1830 and 1850. Europe seemed to breathe freely once more after the iron hand of Napoleon I. had been lifted from her oppressed bosom—but then, like a wayward child, she burst into all kinds of excesses.

The atheism of the first revolution, the brutality of Napoleon Buonaparte's administration, the dulness of Louis Philippe's, the revived taste for Greek art combined with the inflexible dogmatism of the Papal creed,—all these conspired to fill the ardent youth of the period with a deep revolt against things as they were. With this came a settled longing for a return of some sort to nature and freedom, and a vague but intense aspiration towards the ideal and immaterial world, which in other times might have taken the form of a religious revolution, but in 1830 broke out in what has been called "Romanticism" in Art. It was seen in the writings of Mazzini and the mutterings of Italian freedom, in the insatiable and varied developments of Madame Sand's genius, in the wild

and pathetic cries of Alfred de Musset, in the sentimentalism of Lamartine, in the vast scorn and bitter invective of Hugo, in the heartbroken submission of Lacordaire, and in the despair of De Lammenais. Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson, caught both the most earthly and the most heavenly echoes of the romantic movement in England; whilst its inner life and genius have found, after all, their most subtle expression in the music of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz, Chopin, Wagner, Liszt, and Rubinstein.

"It seems indeed," writes Wagner, in one of those veins of flashing perception in which he so abounds, "that human sentiment, as if intensified by the pressure of conventional civilization, had sought an outlet for asserting itself according to its own laws of expression. The astounding popularity of music in our time proves the correctness of the supposition that the modern development of this art has met an innate desire of the human spirit."^o

V.

Wagner had left Magdeburg for Riga, but he soon came to the end of his tether there. A stupid little provincial town was not likely to become then what Wagner has made Bayreuth since—the stage for turning upside down the art-theories of the civilized world. Pushed by what he calls "despair," without money and without friends, but with that settled faith in himself which has made him independent of both until it has won both, the obscure *chef d'orchestre* resolved to go to Paris and storm the Grand Opera, then at the feet of Rossini and that strange, unscrupulous bric-à-brac composer Meyerbeer! The small vessel in which he sailed was blown about the Baltic for three weeks, put into many desolate coast-nooks, and nearly wrecked. After many hardships, shared with the rough and often starving crew, the lonely musician arrived in London (1840), with his head full of Paris and the *Grand Opéra*, and with "Rienzi" in his carpet bag.

Whilst here he playfully seized the musical *motive* of the English people. It lay, he said, in the five consecutive ascending notes (after the first three) of "Rule Britannia:" there was expressed the whole breadth and downy bluff "go" of the British nation. He threw "Rule Brita an overture, ipotent m efficient, living

Crossing to Dieppe, he
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conceived in a moment that policy of apparent support and slow intrigue which made him throughout life Wagner's meanest and bitterest foe.

It has been most unwarrantably asserted that Wagner hated the Jews because of Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, and hated Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn because they were successful; but Wagner's dearest friends have been Jews: he only objected to the low level of their art theories; and if he hated Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, it was not simply because they had the ear of Europe, but because they and their friends kept every one else out of the field, whilst Meyerbeer debased musical art to the level of the vulgarest sensation, and Mendelssohn never rose in Wagner's opinion above the plane of a shallow sentimentalist, whilst creating a drawing-room standard of excellence to which every one soon learned to bow down.

In this opinion I shall never concur. Mendelssohn has been to me as much a revelator of the beautiful as Wagner has been of the sublime. Nothing is more painful to me than the bitter opposition between the friends of Mendelssohn and Wagner. These two great spirits were probably as antipathetic as Moore and Wordsworth, but although Wagner is *the* inexorable and colossal development in art since Beethoven, Mendelssohn reigns for ever in a sweet wayside temple of his own, full of bright dreams and visions, incense and ringing songs. And partly is he so sweet because, unburthened with any sense of a message to utter, a mission to develop, he sings like a child in the valleys of asphodel, weaving bright chaplets of spring flowers for the whole world, looking upon the mystery of grief and pain with wide eyes of sympathy, and at last succumbing to it himself, but not understanding it, with a song of tender surprise upon his lips.

Wagner passed two terrible years, 1840-42, in Paris. Meyerbeer had given him introductions, and introduced him later to M. Joly, a stage director at Paris, whom he knew to be on the point of bankruptcy, and who suspended the rehearsal of the "Novice of Palermo" at the last moment. But this was but the end of a series of checks. He wrote an overture to "Faust." His good friend and faithful ally, Schlesinger, editor of the *Gazette Musicale*, got it rehearsed at the Conservatoire. It sounded quite too strange and queer to those ears polite, and was instantly snuffed out.

He submitted a *libretto*, "Love Forbidden," to a theatrical manager, but it had not a chance, and dropped. Schlesinger now employed him to write, and he wrote articles and novels, and so kept body and soul together. No one would listen to his music, but he was not a bad hack, and was hired for a few francs to arrange Halévy's "Queen of Cyprus" for the piano, and the latest tunes of Donizetti and Bellini for piano and *cornet à piston*.

At night, he stole into the Grand Opera, and there, as he tells

us, felt quite certain that his own works would one day supersede the popular efforts of Rossini and Meyerbeer. He does not seem to have been dejected like a lesser soul; in what the French called his *immense orgueil*, he was sorry for their want of appreciation, but never dreamed of altering *his* ideas to suit them. "Je me flattais," says the unpaid musical hack, "d'imposer les miennes." Meanwhile the splendid band of the Conservatoire, under Habeneck, consoled him, and on the Boulevards he often met and chatted with Auber, for whom he had a sincere respect and admiration. Auber was at least a conscientious musician of genius, who knew his business, and did not debase what was at no time a very exalted but still a legitimate branch of his art, the *opéra comique*; and besides, Auber was a *bon camarade*, and liked Wagner, probably without understanding him.

After months of drudgery, and chiefly penny-a-lining for the *Gazette Musicale*, Wagner felt the imperious necessity for a return to his own art. He took a little cottage outside Paris, hired a piano, and shut himself up. He had done for a time, at least, with the mean, frivolous, coarse world of Paris—he did not miss his friends, he did not mind his poverty. He was again on the wild Norwegian coast, beaten about with storms, and listening to the weird tales of mariners, as in broken and abrupt utterances, or with bated breath, they confided to him the legend common in one form or other to seafaring folk in all parts of the world—the legend of the Flying Dutchman. The tale sprang from the lives and adventures of those daring navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and reflects the desperate struggle with the elements, the insatiable thirst for the discovery of new lands athwart unknown seas; and it seems to embody for ever the avenging vision of men who, resolved to win, had so often dared and lost all.

A famous captain, mad to double the Cape of Storms, beaten back again and again, at length swears a mighty oath to persevere throughout eternity. The devil takes him at his word. The captain doubles the Cape, but is doomed to rove the seas for ever from pole to pole,—as the Wandering Jew to tread the earth,—his phantom vessel the terror of all mariners, and the dreadful herald of shipwreck. Here was a legend which needed but one inspired touch of love to make it a grand epitome of seafaring life, with its hard toils, its forlorn hopes, and its tender and ineffably sweet respites. The accursed doom of the Flying Dutchman can be lifted by human love alone. The captain, driven by an irrepressible longing for rest, must land once in seven years, and if he can find a woman who will promise to be his and remain faithful to him for one term of seven years, his trial will be over—he will be saved.

The legend thus humanized becomes the vehicle for the expression of those intense yet simple feelings and situations which popular myth, according to Wagner, has the property of condensing into universal types. Immense unhappiness, drawn by magnetic attraction to immense love, tried by heart-rending doubt and uncertainty, and crowned with fidelity and triumphant love, the whole embodied in a clear, simple story, summed up in a few situations of terrible strength and inexorable truth,—such is Wagner's conception of the drama of the "Flying Dutchman," with its "damnation" motive belonging to the captain, and its "salvation" motive given to the bride—its sailor's subject—its pilot's song—its spinning-wheel home-melody—and its stormy "Ho! e ho!" chorus;—and the whole, shadowed forth in the magic and tempestuous overture, stands out as this composer's first straightforward desertion of history proper, and adoption of myth as the special medium of the new Musical Drama.

Six weeks of ceaseless labour, which to Wagner were weeks of spontaneous and joyful production, sufficed to complete the music of the "Flying Dutchman." The immediate result in Paris was ludicrous. The music was instantly judged to be absurd, and Wagner was forced to sell the *libretto*, which was handed over to a Frenchman, M. P. Fouché, who *could* write music. It appeared with that gentleman's approved setting, under the title of "Le Vaisseau Fantôme."

This was enough! No lower depth could well be reached, and Wagner was preparing to leave Paris to the tender mercies of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and M. P. Fouché, when news reached him from Germany that "Rienzi," flouted in the capital of taste, had been accepted in Berlin and Dresden!

VI.

It was the spring of 1842, and it was also the rapid and wondrous turn of the tide for Wagner. He hurried to Dresden, to find the rehearsals of "Rienzi" already advanced. The opera was produced with that singular burst of enthusiasm which greets the first appreciation of an important but long-neglected truth, and Wagner, having become the favourite of the Crown Prince, was elected Kapellmeister at Dresden, and found himself for the first time famous. Some might now have rested on their laurels, but to Wagner's imperious development "Rienzi" was already a thing of the past. He had drunk of the crystalline waters of popular myth, and was still thirsty. The "Flying Dutchman" had opened up a new world to him, more real because more exhaustive of human feelings and character than the imperfect types and broken episodes of real history. He seemed to stand where the fresh springs of inspiration welled up from a virgin soil; he listened

to the child-like voices of primitive peoples inspired from the simple heart of Nature, and babbling eternal verities without knowing it. Legend was the rough ore—the plastic element he could seize and remould, as Æschylus remoulded Prometheus, or Sophocles Œdipus, adding philosophic analysis and the rich adornments of poetic fancy and artistic form.

The legend of Tannhäuser now engrossed him. The drama was soon conceived and written. There he summed up, in a few glowing scenes, the opposition between that burst of free sensuous life at the Renaissance, and the hard, narrow ideal of Papal Christianity. Christ not only crowned with thorns, but turned into stone, is all the answer that Christianity had to give to that stormy impulse which at last poured its long pent-up torrent over Europe. The deep revolt still stares us in the face from the Italian canvases, as we look at the sensuous figures of Raphael or Titian—the free types of fair breathing life, surrounded with the hard aureole of the artificial saint, or limned as in mockery, like the dreams of a pagan world upon the walls of the Vatican.

Tannhäuser, a Thuringian knight, taking refuge with Venus, no longer the beneficent Holda, joy of gods and men, but turned by the excesses of the ascetic spirit into a malign witch, and banished to the bowels of the earth in the Venusberg—Tannhäuser, with a touch eternally true to nature, bursting the fetters of an unruly sensual life, and sighing for a healthier activity—Tannhäuser seeing for a moment only, in the pure love of Elizabeth, the reconciliation of the senses with the spirit, a reconciliation made for ever impossible by the stupid bigotry of a false form of religion, but which is ultimately sealed and accomplished by love and death in heaven:—this is the human and sublime parable of the drama, wrought out with the fervour of a religious devotee, and epitomized in that prodigious overture wherein the dirge of the Church mingles with the free and impassioned song of the minstrel knight, and clashes wildly with the voluptuous echoes of the fatal Venusberg.

Wagner's progress was now checked by that storm of invective which burst out all over Germany—not on account of "Rienzi," but in consequence of the "Flying Dutchman," and especially of "Tannhäuser." The reason is simple. The power of "Rienzi," the audacity of its sentiment, the simplicity of its outline, and the realism of its *mise en scène*, together with a general respect for the old opera forms, ensured it a hearing which resulted in a real triumph. But in "Tannhäuser" the new path was already struck out, which singers, band, audience, critics, and composers, in a refused to tread—in short, *aria*, *recitative*, and *ballet* were used, and suddenly found themselves servants where they had been masters.

In 1843, the "Flying Dutchman" was produced at Dresden, and failed. "Rienzi" was still revived with success. Wagner now sent the "Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" to various theatres. The former was tried at Berlin in 1844, and failed. Spohr had the intelligence to take it up at Cassel, and wrote a friendly and appreciative letter to Wagner, but the MS. scores were, as a rule, returned by the other theatres, and the new operas seemed to react on the earlier success, for at Hamburgh "Rienzi" failed.

Meanwhile, failure, together with the close sympathy of a few devoted friends, convincing him that he was more right than ever, Wagner now threw himself into the completion of that work which is perhaps on the whole his most perfect, as it certainly is his most popular creation, "Lohengrin." The superb acting and singing of Mdles. Titiens, Nilsson, and Albani, will be fresh in the minds of many readers. The choruses in England have never yet been up to the mark, but the band under Sir Michael Costa, at its best, renders the wondrous prelude to perfection.

The whole of "Lohengrin" is in that prelude. The descent of the Knight of the Swan from the jasper shrines of the sacred palace of Montsalvat, hidden away in a distant forest land—his holy mission to rescue Elsa from her false accusers—his high and chivalric love—his dignified trouble at being urged by her to reveal his name, that insatiable feminine curiosity which wrecks the whole—the darker scenes of treachery by which Elsa is goaded to press her fatal inquiry—the magnificent climax of the first act—the sense of weird mystery that hangs about the appearance and reappearance of the swan, and the final departure of the glittering Knight of the Sangraal—allegory of heavenly devotion stooping to lift up human love and dashed with earth's bitterness in the attempt;—to those who understand the pathos, delicacy, and full intensity of the "Lohengrin" prelude, this and more will become as vivid as life and emotion can make it. "Lohengrin" in its elevation, alike in its pain, its sacrifice, and its peace, is the necessary reaction from that wreck of sensual passion and religious despair so vividly grasped in the scenes of the Venusberg, in the pilgrim chant and the wayside crucifix of "Tannhäuser."

VII.

"Lohengrin" was finished in 1847, but the political events of the next few years brought Wagner's career in Germany to an abrupt conclusion. His growing dissatisfaction with society coincided, unconsciously no doubt, with the failure of his operas after that first dawn of success. He now devoted himself to criticism and politics. He read Schopenhauer, whose pessimist philosophy did not tend to soothe his perturbed spirit; and during the next ten years, from 1847 to 1857, he spoke to the world from different

[illegible]

the interest occasioned by the Bayreuth Festival, and reached its climax in the Wagner Festival actively promoted by Herr Wilhelmj, and undertaken by Messrs. Hodges and Essex, in 1877, at the Albert Hall.

I have anticipated a little, because space obliges me to draw briefly to the close of this sketch. Mina, Wagner's first wife, was now dead. I cannot here tell at length how Liszt (whose daughter, Cosima von Bülow, became Wagner's second wife in 1870) laboured with untiring zeal to revive Wagner's works, and how his efforts were at last crowned with success all over Germany in 1849-50. It was a popular triumph. I remember old Cipriani Potter, the friend of Beethoven, saying to me at the time when the English papers teemed with the usual twaddle about Wagner's music being intelligible only to the few, "It is all very well to talk this stuff here, but in Germany it is the people, the common people, who crowd to the theatre when 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin' are given." I have noticed the same at the Covent Garden concerts; it was always the pit and gallery who called for the Wagner nights, whilst the opera which had the great run with Carl Rosa's English Company was the "Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" at both the other houses were invariably the crowded nights.

In 1861 the Parisians showed their taste and *chic* by whistling "Tannhäuser" off the stage.

In 1863 Wagner appeared at Vienna, Prague, Leipsic, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Pesth, and conducted concerts with brilliant success. In 1864 his constant friend, the Crown Prince, now Ludwig II. of Bavaria, summoned him to Munich, where the new operas of "Tristan" in 1865, and "Meistersinger" in 1868, "Das Rheingold" in 1869, and "Die Walküre" in 1870, were successively given with ever-increasing appreciation and applause.

The "Meistersinger," through which there runs a strongly comic vein, deals with the contrast between the old stiff forms of minstrelsy by rule and the spontaneous revolt of a free, musical, and poetical genius, and the work *forms* a humorous and almost Shakspearean *pendant* to the great and solemn minstrelsy which fills the centre of Tannhäuser. In Wagner's opinion it is the opera most likely to find favour with an English audience, a point which we hope an English audience may soon determine for itself.

"Tristan and Iseult," in which the drama and analysis of passion—love and death—is wrought up to its highest pitch, was thrown off between the two first and two last great sections of the Tetralogie, and the Tetralogie, itself planned twenty years ago and produced at Bayreuth in 1876, stands at present as the last most daring and complete manifestation of Wagner's dramatic, poetic, and musical genius.

The purpose and power of that great cycle of German myths, unrolled in the four great dramas—"Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung"—far beyond the limits of this article. Frequent as can be presented in the concert-room, and these, like arts, must necessarily lose much of their effect. As well the written drama, we may close our eyes as the Bayreuth scenes to flash once more before the

The elemental prelude of the "Rheingold" of a slumbrous sound, wafts us away from all above space. The dim grey-green depths of the Rhine are visible. We are aware of the deep moving and the three Undines are seen. The faint and singing, guardians of the Rheingold. The Underworlds comes climbing after them. He is scarcely visible in the gloom. The light begins to brighten. A shaft of radiant water—the Undines scream with joy: depths of the Rhine streams an electric distant rock, dimmed to softest yellow. The famous "Rheingold! Rheingold!" will break forth with the golden illuminations.

Or let the curtain rise on the last! Brünnhild and the god Wotan. To long Brünnhild's head sinks on her breast, that she has loved him dutifully to become a mortal's bride to save her from all but the bravest. The light lingers on the supple limbs, a strange languor comes over her—rock—and waves her into the fire-god—and as he lifts her, she runs round the stage—in the background is an immense wall of fire, and dreamlike music of the Walküre begins. In a moment in the midst of the night as the curtain

But, indeed, it is Siegfried listens under the sky with a violet light, and wearing in their helms, and dark amethyst: and they are kiss'd of a great Moon of gold.

Long will that prodigious last scene of the "Götterdämmerung" linger in the memory of those who saw it at Bayreuth. Brünnhild draws the gold ring of the Rheingold—the cause of such grief and manifold pain—from her finger, and flings it back into the Rhine from whence it was stolen. Her black Walküre horse has been brought to her; she waves high a flaming torch, and casts it upon the bier of Siegfried. The flames rise in vast fiery columns. At that moment, in the lurid glow of the flaming pyre, the water, still flashing with moonlight behind, begins to surge up and advance upon the shore; and the Rhine daughters, singing the wildest Rhine music, are seen floating to and fro. Beyond, a ruddy light broadens until the distant sky discloses the courts of the Walhalla in flames. With a crash like thunder, in the foreground the house of Hagen falls, and whilst the mighty conflagration flares up in the distance, the Rhine overflows to rushing music and submerges the whole stage. With this scene of unequalled dramatic splendour ends the immense dramatic cycle of the "Niebelungen Ring," and, quite apart from the music, we may well be impressed with the poetical genius which has welded all these strange elements of Scandinavian and Germanic myth into such a whole.

But Wagner himself is in our midst. He has at last become to the English people his own best interpreter; and now that after a struggle of forty years kings are his patrons, and the *élite* of Europe have gathered to the Olympian-like festival at Bayreuth—now that the clamours and sneers of malcontents and irreconcilables are drowned by the applause and recognition of a fairly representative English public, we can recall, with a smile of pity and forgiveness, the past bickerings of the press, or that *naïve* dictum of worthy M. Fétis, in 1866:—"To-day the transient curiosity about Wagner is satisfied—indifference has come, and the so-called music of the future is already a thing of the past!"

H. R. HAWES.

A SONG OF DIVINE DEATH.

V.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

I.

AND so those twain have pass'd across the night,
O'er frozen wilds of white,
With eyes still fix'd upon the polar star
That burneth bright afar ;
And Death still follows, creeping like a hound,
Behind them with no sound.

O wonders of the cold untravell'd Waste
Whereon their swift feet haste !
The night is troubled ; on the black pole's pyres
Flash wild electric fires.
Lo ! phantoms come and go, spirits move forth
Gigantic in the north.
Upon the snow a green light glimmereth,
With phosphorescent breath
Coming and going ; and from unseen lairs
Crawl hoary ghost-like bears,

Dead-white and sad and cold
 Sleeps the great Waste, while ever as they go,
 With shadows on the snow,
 Their shapes grow luminous and silvern fair;
 And in the hush'd chill air
 The stars of heaven cluster with quick breath
 To gaze on them and Death.
 Across the trembling sheen of the still sky
 Blue fires and emerald fly
 With wan reflections on the sheeted white
 Outspread beneath the night;
 And lo! like flame those gods flash on and gleam
 As spirits in a dream,—
 Until at last their feet come silently
 To the great Arctic Sea.
 Moveless and boundless, stretching blankly forth
 Into the purple north,
 Rise mountainous waves and billows frozen all
 As if i' the act to fall,
 And tho' they stir not, yet they seem to roll
 In silence to the Pole.
 So, lit by countless stars, that Ocean old,
 Wrapt in the vapours cold
 Of its own breath, beneath the lamps of night
 Gleams blue and spectral white!
 Then Balder crieth,—and around his brow
 New glory glimmereth now,—
 “Ay me, afar away are the abodes
 Of the immortal gods;
 Beyond the ocean of the ice; afar
 Under the sleepless star;
 And o'er the flood of the wild waters, spann'd,
 From lonely land to land,
 By the great Bridge of the eternal Bow.”
 The white Christ answereth low,
 “Tho' it were further than the furthest light
 That glimmereth this night,
 Thither our souls are bound, our feet must go!”

II.

THE BRIDGE OF GHOSTS.

THEIR feet have passed the frozen Deep
 Whose waves in silence roll,
 And now they reach that Ocean black
 Which beats the inmost Pole.

[There comes from off its heights a wind
That blows for endless time,
As swift as light, as keen as frost,
It strikes down souls that climb.]

"O brother, place thy hand in mine,"
The gentle Balder said ;
The rayless waters roar'd beneath,
The Bridge flash'd overhead.

Then hand in hand against the wind
They falter'd upward slow,
On stairs of crimson and of gold
Climbing the wondrous Bow.

Like a great iris of the earth
The Bridge's hues were seven,
And thro' the purple of the arch
Glimmer'd the lights of heaven.

When they had reach'd the midmost height,
In air they stood so high,
To one beneath they would have seem'd
As stars upon the sky.

The white Christ cried, "What lonely light
Burns yonder ruby red ?"

"The mansion of the sun-god Fryer
Is yonder," Balder said.

"There ranged in rows with cold hands crost
The slain in silence lie,
The face of each ablaze like brass

From stair to stair the brethren trod,
And Death crawl'd close behind,
And ever as they walk'd, the Bridge
Shook wavering in the wind.

And lo ! they seem'd as meteor shapes,
White-robed and shod with flame ;
And to them out of the cold north
A hollow murmur came.

Down in the sullen sea below
Now ghostly faces clomb,
Uplooking with wild eyes to theirs,
And waving hands of foam !

So o'er the mighty Bow they moved
Snow-vestured and star-crown'd,
And Death behind them like a shade
Follow'd without a sound.

But as they reach'd the shores and stood,—
The bright Bridge at their back,—
The gods gazed out from the cold north
And shriek'd, and all grew black !

Deep thunders shook the darken'd heaven,
Wild lightning flash'd and fled,—
The frozen shores of ice and snow
Trembled beneath their tread.

Round the ice-mountains of the pole
Dense smokes of tempest rose,
And from their lairs swift whirlwinds leapt
Wrapt round with drifting snows.

“O Brother, hold me by the hand,
For lo ! the hour is nigh ;—
I see the shadow of the gods
Yonder upon the sky.”

III.

“BEHOLD, I AM RISEN.”

THEY stood in the snow and they clung together,—
The air was blacken'd, the snow was driven ;
There came a tempest of wintry weather
Out of the open gates of heaven.
The darkness drifted, the swift snows shifted,
The winnowing fans of the winds were lifted,
And the realms of the ice were riven ;
The white flakes whirl'd like a wing'd cloud

Round and over and under;
The Earth shriek'd loud from her rending shroud.
And the black clouds echoed in thunder :

" O Balder ! Balder ! "

And Balder replied,
Feeling not seeing his face who cried,
" I hear ! "

" And thou other who crouchest there,
Gazing up thro' thy hoary hair,
Stir not yet till I bid thee go ! "

And Death moan'd answer out of the snow,
" I hear ! "

" At last the hour hath come,
The sky is troubled, the world is shaken.
The sleeping gods on their thrones awaken,
Altho' their lips are dumb.
I feel a breath from the frozen north,
For the souls of the slain are faring forth,
And their tramp is heard on the frozen ocean.
And their tread is swift in the vales of snow.
They come, and the great Deep rocks below
To the sound of their thunderous motion.
O Balder, Balder ! "

" I hearken, I hearken ! "

" Thro' the flakes that fall and the ways that darken.
Over the earth or over the sea,
North is the way that our feet must flee,
Till we find them sitting beyond the pole,
Gods without pity, gods without soul,
Fresh from the slaying of thee.
North is the way that our feet must go,
Breasting the blasts from the gates of woe,
Till we find them there in their sacred places.
Gods with their terrible bloodless faces,
Writing red-handed for mortal races
Black runes on the stainless snow ! "

. . . Deeper and darker the night is growing,
Faster and faster the clouds are snowing—
Fleeter and fleeter the Brethren fly
With faces silver'd against the sky,
Till close before them, behind the pole,
The aurora flash'd her scroll,
While the winds on waste are blowing,

Lo! ghastly blue with a dreary gleam
The bergs of the pole, like ghosts in a dream,
Standing pallid against the heaven,
Flash with the forks of the crimson levin,
And to and fro in the frozen snow

Pass manifold shapes of wonder.
Faster, faster, out of the north,
The ghosts of Asgard are hurrying forth,
And their shields of ice and their spears of hail
Clash in the heart of the gathering gale,
As they come upon feet of thunder.

"O Balder! Balder! cling unto me!"

"Lift up thy lamp, for I cannot see—
I shiver deep to the bitter bone,—
While the chilly seeds of the sleet are sown
In my flesh, and I feel not thee!"

The lamp is lifted: a dreary light
It sheddeth out on the northern night;
It comes and goes like the lighthouse ray
Lost on the soot-black ocean way.
Nought they see and nought they feel
Only the frost with fingers of steel
Gripping their throats, so fierce, so fast,
Only the breath of the bitter blast
Bending their bodies as trees are bent,
Rending their garments as clouds are rent,
While overhead, with a thund'rous tread,
The black heavens frown to trample them down,
And the vials of storm are spent.

"O Balder! Balder! what shadows white
Stand in the tempest's shrieking flight?
There in the darkness I discern
Faces that fade and eyes that burn;
They loom in the flash of the thunder-cloud,
And the tramp of their feet is as surges that roar,
Rolling aloud,
On some desolate rocky shore."

Then Balder answer'd with eager cry—
"Cover thy face lest thou droop and die:
'Tis the gods my brethren! I see them plain,
Each sitteth there in a spectral pain;
They search the waste all round for us,
And the light in their eyes is tremulous
With the wrath that burns the brain!"

. . . Blacker, blacker, the night is growing,
 Thicker, faster, the snow is snowing.
 Silent amid those frozen peaks
 Sit gods with terrible bloodless cheeks,—
 Each like a statue of marble stone,
 Each alone on a lonely throne,
 With the red aurora upon their hair,
 They loom in desolate circle there,
 Silent, with folded wings!
 They do not stir though the storm drifts by,
 They do not speak though the wild winds cry,
 Silent they reign, in a starry dream,
 While the north star flashes its blinding beam,
 And the serpent lightning springs. . . .
 Silent they sit,—but who is He
 Who broods in the centre awfully?
 Like a pale blue berg in the frosty light,
 Speechless, solemn, hoary white,
 Coldly wrapt from head to feet
 In a robe of snow like a winding-sheet,
 With a crown of starlight on his hair,
 He sitteth sleeping with fatal stare,
 Tho' his throne is strangely shaken.
 Black is his throne, and he sits thereon
 Still as a mortal whose breath is gone,
 And the waves are frozen around his feet,
 And faint, far under, the earthquakes beat,
 Yet He broods, and doth not waken.
 "O Balder! Balder! who is He
 Who sitteth there so silently?
 Who sitteth there so hoary and old,
 A god in the midst of gods so cold,
 And hears not at all, though the storm winds call,
 And the ghosts of mortals gather?"
 Then Balder answer'd, "The gods creep here,
 Weary with seasons of strife and fear—
 They come, they go—but for ever and aye
 He stirreth not, be it night or day;
 Still as a stone, he reigneth alone!"
 And Balder raising his hands, made moan,
 "BEHOLD, I AM RISEN, MY FATHER!"

IV.

ALFADUR.

T

ll is spoken,
 . . . broken,

And each pale throne is shaken.
 They rise, they tremble against the sky,
 They shriek an answer to Balder's cry,
 And wan as death they waken!
 Gods they glimmer in frozen mail,
 Their faces are flashing marble pale,
 They rise erect, and they wave their hands,
 They scatter the shifting snows as sands,
 And gaze in the face of the Father! . . .

. . . Blacker, blacker, the night is growing,
 Faster, faster, the snow is snowing—
 Silently looming thro' the storm,
 Towers the one gigantic Form,
 And all around with a trumpet sound,
 The wintry winds are blowing.

The light of doom is in his eyes, his arms spread wide for slaughter,
 He sits 'mid gleams of burning skies and wails of wind-blown water,
 Behind the outline of his cheeks the red aurora flashes,
 He broods 'mid moonless mountain peaks, and looks thro' fiery lashes:
 On heaven and earth that round him float in whirls of snowy wonder,
 He looks, and from his awful throat there comes the cry of thunder:

"BALDER! BALDER!"

. . . "He cries on me—
 He standeth yonder—he beckoneth!"

"He looketh around, but he cannot see!
 Answer him back with a gentle breath,
 Now the air is still!" . . .

"I am here, I am here!"

. . . The cry went up to the godhead drear,
 Like the cry of a lamb in the midst of the snow,
 When the voices of tempest have sobb'd their fill,
 And the clouds are still
 For a little space, and the winds lie low.
 Then rose in answer a wail so loud
 It roll'd as thunder from cloud to cloud,
 And the gods arose in a wing'd crowd,
 As oft 'mid desolate mountain-peaks,
 With clangour of wings and hungry shrieks,
 Great flocks of eagles gather!
 Tearing asunder their frozen mail,
 Smiting their breasts with a woeful wail,
 Looming with faces spectral pale,
 They gazed in the eyes of the Father!
 Then, even as mighty eagles spread
 Their wings and soar, they arose and fled!

BALDER! BALDER!"

"He looks on me!
He stirreth now, with a sound like the sea,
And he calleth aloud!"

"Then move no limb,
But crouch in thy place and answer him;—
Cry once more full loud and clear,
Now he pauseth again!"

"I am here, I am here!"

Again the thunder, gathering near,
Again the sound as of wind and water;
Closer and closer, with scent of slaughter,
The hosts of the pale slain gather.
White in the midst He stands, the Spirit of God the Master,
Waving his wild white hands, urging his snows on faster;
But ever darker yet the troubled air grows o'er him,
And still with fierce face set, he searcheth night before him,
And then again, all blind, with black robes blown asunder,
He gropeth down the wind, and calls aloud in thunder:

"BALDER, BALDER."

. . . "I see him now,
The wrath of heaven is on his brow—
He stands in the circle of stars divine,
His white feet glimmer like cold moonshine—
I can feel his breath!"

"Now hold my hand—
Rise erect on thy feet and stand—
Make answer!"

Follows the sound of the cry. . . .
 Terrible, desolate, the Form
 Stands and broods in the midst of the storm,
 Beneath him phantoms of tempest swarm,
 But quiet and hush'd they lie.
 With his robe wind-rent and his form wind-blown
 He gazeth round and round.
 He seeth a snow amid the snow,
 And heareth a human sound.

"BALDER! BALDER!"

"O Father dear,
 Turn thine eyes and behold me here—
 Ev'n Balder thy Son!"

"I see thee not—
*Only a gleam on a darken'd spot,
 And the ray of the light in thy hand!*"

"Ay me,
 No light I carry that thou mayst see.
 What wouldst thou, Father?"

"Why hast thou risen?
*We deem'd thee dead, and we slept in peace—
 We deem'd thee dead with the snow for prison,
 That the old sad fear might cease.
 We deem'd thee dead, and our hearts were light,
 For nevermore would thy beauty blight
 The spirit of Me thy Father!"*

Then answer'd Balder, "O Father dear,
 Turn thine eyes, and behold me here—
 Why hatest thou me?"

"We hate thee all
*For thy summer face, for thy soft footfall,
 For thy beauty blended of star and flower,
 For thine earthly love, for thy heavenly dower;
 For the rune that was written, the rune that was read,
 We cursed thee all, but our curse was said
 Deepest and best when we read that rune
 By thy love for men!"*

As the rising moon
 Creeping up from a cloudy place,
 A glory grew upon Balder's face—
 Again he murmur'd, "O Father dear,
 Turn thine eyes and behold me here—
 Why hatest thou me?"

*The peace of thy name upon hill and vale,
The love of thy name on the faces pale
Of maidens and men ; yea, for all these things,
For all thy life and the light it brings,
We have hated and hate thee unto death."*

But Balder answereth back and saith,
" Why hatest thou me ?"

" For this the most !

*Because thy coming is as the ghost
Of the coming doom that shall strike us dead.
For the rune was written, the rune was read,
And we knew no rest till we bought our breath
With the gentle boon of thy willing death.
Why hast thou risen ? how hast thou risen ?
We gave thee the frost and the snow for prison ;
We heard thy sigh and we let thee die,
Yet thou criest again with a human cry
From the gates of life ! But I stoop at last
To sweep thee hence with my bitterest blast,
Out to the heavens of pitiless air,
Where nevermore with a human care
That face of thine
May trouble the eyes of the gods divine !
Out 'mong the winged stars, deep down the dark abysses,
Beyond the black tomb's bars, far from the green Earth's
kisses,
As dust thou shalt be cast, as snow thou shalt be drifted,
Seized by my fiercest blast, thou shalt be now uplifted.*

Behind the back of the Shadow hoar,
 There grew a trouble, a sullen roar,
 Roar as of beasts that prepare to come,
 Trouble like surges that flash to foam;
 Faster and faster the drift whirl'd round,
 Deeper and direr grew the sound,
 And the four fierce winds are blowing!
 Yet brighter, calmer grew Balder's face,
 Till a light and a glory fill'd the place,
 And he rose his height, like a lily white,
 Like a lily white in the heart of the night,
 With the flakes around him snowing!

V.

THE BRETHREN.

"FATHER, Father, why hatest thou me,
 Whom the green Earth loves, and the circling Sea,
 And the pure blue air, and the light of the sun,
 And the birds of the air, and the flowers each one?
 Hatest thou me thro' my love for these?
 For the swift deep rivers, the fronded trees,
 The golden meres and the mountains white,
 The cataracts leaping from height to height,
 And the deer that feed on the snowy steeps
 Where the rainbow hangs and the white mist creeps?
 Hatest thou me the most of all
 For my care of mortals whom thou hast made,
 My blessing on lovers whose soft footfall
 Soundeth still in the flowery shade?
 Father, Father, hatest thou me,
 Because of my light on humanity?
 Because with a holy anointing balm
 I have heal'd their hearts and kept them calm?
 Because I have sown in forest and grove
 The roses of beauty, the lilies of love,
 That men might gather, and sweeten away
 The taint of the perishable clay?
 Father, Father, listen to me—
 I will not call upon bird or tree,
 I will not call upon lamb or dove,
 On the flowers below or the stars above;
 I will call aloud, and thine ears shall know,
 I will call aloud in the midst of the snow,
 On a mortal thing of mortal breath
 Who has gazed and smiled in the eyes of Death,
 Who has loosen'd his shroud and his feet made free
 To follow and find me over the Sea.
 My brother Jesus, hearest thou me!" . . .

Sweet as a star that opens its lids of silver and ar
 Soft as a lily that rises out of a water still,
 Pure as a lamp that burns in a virgin's vestal cha
 When winds with folded wings sleep on the sc
 Pale as the moving snow, yet calmer, clearer, and
 Holding the light in his hand, flashing a ray blc
 Robed in a silvern robe that ever grew stranger :
 Robed in a robe of the snow, with a glory ar
 Christ now arose ! and upstanding held the cold
 Turning his face to the Storm like the wrath of
 And the sound of the Storm was hush'd, and pale
 Other,
 He, Alfadur supreme, most direful of all gods tl

"BALDER ! BALDER !"

"O Father, I li

*"What shape is this whose sad eyes gli
 Bright as the lamp he is uplifting ?
 Round and o'er him snows are drifting,
 Yet as a still star shineth he,
 Pale and beautiful like thee.
 Who is this that standeth there
 Even as a mortal man,
 Thin and weary and wan,
 A lanthorn in his hold,
 His feet bloody and bare,
 And a ring of brightest gold
 Round his hair ?"*

"O Father, 'tis he and none other
 Who woke me from my tomb ;
 The Christ it is, my Brother,
 Tho' born of a woman's womb.
 He has conquer'd the grave, for lo !
 He died and he rose again !
 He comes to the silence of snow
 From the beautiful regions of rain ;
 And his hair is bright with a peaceful
 As the yellow moon's on a summer ni,
 And the flesh on his heart is heaped v
 To cool an immortal pain !"

Blacker, blacker the night is growing,
 Deeper, deeper the snow is snowing. .
 As the rigid wave of the ocean-storm
 Towereth the gigantic Form,
 And he lifts his hand with a cold com
 And the shrill winds answer blowin,

A ghastly gleam is on his cheeks, his white robes roll asunder,
 He raises up his arms and shrieks in his old voice of thunder,
"The rune was writ, the rune is read—Son, thou hast slain thy Father,
The frames are quick that late were dead, and from the grave they gather,
The pale One cometh heavenly-eyed, as in thy dreams, O Mother!
He wakes, he stands by Balder's side as brother smiles by brother.
O gods, these live, and must we die? these bloom, and must we wither?
Cry with a loud exceeding cry on Death, and send him hither!
Come, come, O Death! I call on thee—come hither, fleetest, faster!
Thou hunter of humanity, thou hound of me thy Master!
Slay thou these twain, that we may live, who feed thy throat with slaughter,
And blood to quench thee gods will give, shed free as torrent water!
Come thou this night, O Death divine, come quickly or come never,
And the great Earth shall all be thine for ever and for ever!"

The snows are blowing, the Earth is crying,
 The eagles of storm are shrieking and flying;
 Thunder-cloud upon thunder-cloud
 Piled, and flashing and roaring aloud,
 Roll from the north, and the winds rush forth,
 And the billows of heaven are breaking.
 Hand in hand the Brethren stand,
 Fair and bright in the midst of the night,
 Fair and bright and marble white,
 Quiet as babes awaking. . . .
 But who is *he* that stirring slow,
 Wrapt in winding-sheet of snow,
 Riseth up from the Christ's feet?
 His golden hair all white with sleet,
 His eyes all dim, his face snow-pale,
 He stands erect in the drifting gale!
 Tall and terrible loometh he,
 Facing the blast like a frozen tree!
"Death, Death!" the god shrieks now—
"Death, Death, is it surely thou?"
Death, Death!" and the god laughs loud,
 Answer'd by every thunder-cloud,
 While the snows are falling faster,—
"Death, Death, there is thy prey!"
Take them and slay them and rend them away,
As flakes of snow, as drops of spray,
In the name of Me thy Master!" . . .

Like two lilies crown'd with gold,
 Very beauteous to behold,
 Blown in summer weather,
 Like two lambs with silvern feet,
 Very beauteous and sweet,

The first of these is the fact that the
 system is not a simple one. It is a
 complex system, and it is not possible to
 describe it in a simple way.

The second of these is the fact that the
 system is not a simple one. It is a
 complex system, and it is not possible to
 describe it in a simple way.

The third of these is the fact that the
 system is not a simple one. It is a
 complex system, and it is not possible to
 describe it in a simple way.

The fourth of these is the fact that the
 system is not a simple one. It is a
 complex system, and it is not possible to
 describe it in a simple way.

And cries, "O Death, speed on! speed on!
 Conquer now and take thy throne—
 Now all the gods have taken flight,
 Reign thou there one starless night
 In the room of him, the Father!"

Slowly over the icy ground,
 Slow and low like a lean sleuth-hound,
 Without a breath, without a sound,
 The Phantom Death is crawling.
 He makes no shadow, he leaves no trace,
 Snow on snow he creepeth apace,
 Nearer, nearer, the fixed Face
 Veil'd with the snow still falling.

"Father! Father!" Balder cries . . .
 Silent, lonely, under the skies,
 Sits the God on his throne, with eyes on his Son
 Whose gentle voice is calling!
 As the cuckoo calls in the heart of the May,
 Singing the flowers together,
 As the fountain calls thro' its flashing spray,
 As a lamb calls low 'mid a mountain cloud,
 As a spirit calls to a corpse in its shroud,
 The Son cries on the Father!

VII.

TWILIGHT.

THE wind is blowing, the skies are snowing,
 The ice is rent and the rocks are riven,
 But light rose-red in the north is growing,
 Morning light of the altars of heaven.
 Silent, still, in the midst of the storm
 Sitteth there the formless Form,
 Harkening out of his hoary hair,
 Waiting on in a dark despair,
 While the burning heavens flame o'er him,
 When suddenly, wild and wing'd and bright,
 Towering to heaven in shroud of white,
 A Shadow upriseth against the light
 And standeth vast before him.
 Is it a Shadow or only the Snow?
 The skies are troubled, the light burns low,
 But stars still gather and gather.
 Is it a Spirit, or is it the Snow,
 Uprising there in the blood-red glow,

Ever towering higher and higher
 In a robe of whiteness fringed with fire,
 Outstretching wings without a cry
 From verge to verge of the burning sky,
 With eyes on the eyes of the Father ?

Now Balder crieth, " What shape comes there.
 Terrible, troubling the heavens and air,
 Vaster than Norna the arctic Swan,
 The bright and bodiless Skeleton,
 Bird-shaped with a woman's breast and eyes,
 Whose wings are wide as the world and skies ?
 Is it Norna, or only the Snow
 Moving yonder against the glow,
 Ever towering higher and higher,
 Ever outspreading pinions dire,
 And looking down in a dumb desire
 With eyes on the eyes of the Father ? "

It is not Norna, it is not the Snow ;
 The skies are troubled ; the light burns low ;
 Yet stars still gather and gather.

" Father ! Father ! awaken, awaken !
 One bends above thee with bright hair shaken
 Over thy throne like a falling flame ;
 One toucheth thy cheek and nameth thy name
 In a voice I hear, in a tone I know ;
 It is not Norna, it is not the Snow,
 By the face and the voice and the tone.
 Vaster than these and vaster than thou,
 Touching the stars with a shining brow,
 Flickering up to the starry shades
 Where the wild aurora flashes and fades,
 Spreading its wings from east to west,
 As an eagle that looks on a hawk in its nest
 It hungereth over thy Throne.
 Father, my Father ! "

" He cannot hear ;
 Hide thy face, for the hour is near—
 Hush . . .

. . . Who shrieks in the heart of the night ? . . .

Terrible, desolate, dumb, and blind,
 Like a cloud snow-white
 Struggling and rent in the claws of the wind
 The god hath risen with no sound
 'Mid the thick snows wavering around,
 And his stirring deepens the storm.

The ice is shaken beneath his tread,
 The winds are wailing around his head,
 And faster, thicker, out of the skies,
 Blotting his shape from Balder's eyes,
 The wild flakes waver and swarm.
 Now face to face in the dull-red gleam,
 Like clouds in the sunset, like shapes in a dream,
 Face to face, with outstretched hands
 Like lightning forks that illumine the lands,
 Face to face, and sight to sight,
 Like vulture and eagle fierce for fight,
 They rise and they rise against the skies,—
 Alfadur with his fiery eyes,
 And the other vaster Form !

It is not Norna, but stranger and brighter,
 It is not the Snow, but wilder and whiter . . .
 Ever greater yet it grows,
 Wrapt about with whirling snows ;
 Ever it dilateth on,
 Till, a crimson Skeleton,
 With its head against the sky,
 Where the pale lights flicker and die,
 Strange it stands, with orbs of fire
 Looking down upon the Sire.
 See, O see upon its brow
 Strangest lustre liveth now ;
 On its neck and round its frame
 Twines a snake of emerald flame . . .
 Death, Death, can it be *thou* ? . . .

“ Father, Father ! I cannot see—
 The heavens are bright but the world is white,
 The wings of the wan Form cover thee ;
 Around and around, with no sigh, with no sound,
 Like the mists of a cloud, like the folds of a shroud,
 They enwrap thee,—and hide thee from me ! ”

VIII.

“ A CROSS AND A LILY.”

“ It is over ! O Balder, look up and behold ! ”

“ Not yet, for I sicken—my sense shrinketh cold,
 And I fear the strange silence that cometh at last !
 All is hush'd—all is dead—the dew now is shed
 Warm as tears on my hand, but the tempest hath pass'd,
 And the sounds of the tempest are fled ! ”

Still as a star he shineth, brightly his eyes are burning,
 Small as a dove he seer morn's dewy breath,
 Lifting again his voice loving and yearning,
 He looks up of Death;

And the hair of Death is golden, the face of Death is glowing,
While softly around his form he folds his weary wings,
And vast as the dim blue heavens the fair faint form is growing,
But the face that all men fear is bright with beautiful things. . . .
Ev'n so the Brethren wait where the darkest snows are drifted,
Small as two birds that light in a wilderness alone,
While bright on the blood-red skies, with luminous head uplifted,
In a dream divine upgazing, Death sitteth upon his throne.

VI.

THE LAST BLESSING.

I.

THE WAKING OF THE SEA.

"ALL that is beautiful shall abide,
All that is base shall die."
Sweet birds are singing far and wide,
Under the summer sky. . . .
Southward across the shining Bow
The blessed Brethren came;
They wore soft raiment of the snow,
And sandals shod with flame.
And golden lights and rippling rains
Were on the frozen Sea,
The bergs were melting from their chains,
The waters flashing free.
The white Christ lifted hands above
That silent wakening Deep,
And the unseen depths began to move
With motions soft as sleep.
Then on an isle of ice he stept,
Leading his Brother mild,
And blest the waters as they slept,
And lo, they woke and smiled!
Around him on the melting sea
The glittering icebergs stirred,
And glimmer'd southward silently,
Like things that lived and heard;
And, like a ship on the still tide
That slowly leaveth land,
His own white isle began to glide
At lifting of his hand. . . .

They stretch'd in legions white,
Trembling and changing, creeping forth
Out of a crimson light.

And all the colours of the Bow
Down their bright sides were shed ;
Above the sky was gold ; below,
The sea all rippling red.

That berg whereon the Brethren stood
Was as a floating throne ;
Silently, southward, on the flood,
The Brethren drifted on !

II.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BRIGHT Balder at his brother's feet
Lay looking on the Sea,
And sea-birds hover'd white and sweet
Around him, silently.

And white bears crawl'd out of the Deep
To see him, and were blest ;
And black seals with their young did creep
Upon the berg to rest.

Brighter and fairer all around
The kindling waters shone,
While softly, swiftly, w^hile 1,
the white sea-birds

"O Balder, Balder," the white Christ said,
"Look up and answer me."

Bright Balder raised his golden head,
Like sunrise on the sea.

"O Brother, I was weeping then
For those whom Death o'erthrew.
Shall I, whose eyes have mourn'd for men,
Not mourn my brethren too?"

The white Christ answer'd back, and cried,
Shining under the sky,
"All that is beautiful shall abide,
All that is base shall die.

"And if among thy sleeping kin
One soul divine there be,
That soul shall walk the world, and win
New life, with thee and me.

"Death shall not touch one holy hair,
Nor blind one face full sweet;
Death shall not mar what Love made fair;
Nay, Death shall kiss their feet!"

Then Balder rose his heavenly height,
And clear as day smiled he;
His smile was bright as noonday light
Upon the sparkling Sea.

Turning his face unto the north,
He utter'd up a prayer,
He saw the great Bridge stretching forth,
But never a god walk'd there.

He pray'd for those great gods o'erthrown,
And cast in Death's eclipse,
He named the goddesses each one,
And blest them with his lips.

And lo! from bright'ning far-off lands
He saw glad spirits gleam,
Gazing to sea, and waving hands,
And singing in a dream;

And far away where earth and air
Mingled their gentle lights,
There stood one marble form most fair
Upon the cloudless heights.

Against the calm and stainless blue
It stood divinely dim,
And lo, his mother's form he knew,
And felt her eyes on him!

And brighter, brighter, as he blest,
The loosen'd waters grew,
And all the icebergs rock'd at rest
Upon the glassy blue,

And on the melting shores of Earth
An emerald radiance ran,
And woods and hills grew bright, and mirth
Gladden'd the flocks of Man.

Then glory grew on Earth and Heaven,
Full glory of full day !
Then the bright Bridge's colours seven
On every iceberg lay !

In Balder's hand Christ placed his own,
And it was golden weather,
And on that berg as on a throne
The Brethren stood together !

And countless voices far and wide
Sang sweet beneath the sky—
"All that is beautiful shall abide,
All that is base shall die !"

ROBERT BUCHANA

THE CONTEST OF HEATHENISM WITH CHRISTIANITY,

AS REFLECTED IN GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE.

THE great preacher of Christianity to the heathen, the Apostle Paul, calls his preaching of "Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness;"* and thereby gives a concise and striking definition of the point of view from which the opposition of the two sections of the non-Christian world, whom he had gone forth to gain, chiefly proceeded. To the Jew, Christianity, even when hostile to him, was to a certain extent intelligible, for it was rooted in monotheism and in the Messianic hopes of his nation. But the heathen, or, as Paul calls them, the Greeks, were absolutely without the assumptions with which it found points of contact in the Jewish world. Its monotheism placed it in undisguised enmity to the polytheistic national religion; and on the other hand, to those who might have been disposed to adopt monotheism as such, the doctrines which had grown out of the Jewish belief in the Messiah must have been all the more unintelligible. The worship of a Jew who had suffered the disgraceful death of a malefactor; the belief that he still lived in heaven; faith in his divine origin and nature; the expectation that he would come again with the hosts of heaven to put an end to the existing state of things and the kingdoms of this world; the hope of a future resurrection of the body;—how could this faith and these expectations appear to any cultivated Greek, at first sight, as anything but extreme folly, the offspring of fanatical phantasy, or as downright imposture? Add to this the peculiarities of Christian life and manners; the way in which

* 1 Cor. i. 23.

the party held together, which to an outsider conveyed the impression of a secret society, a conspiracy against the established order. The anxious care with which all contact with the heathen world was avoided, which could but lead to entire withdrawal from all non-Christian society; the aversion to military service and public offices; the principle that Christians should settle their disagreements among themselves, and not go to law before heathen courts; the refusal to take part in public festivals and rejoicings, and in the sacrifices for the empire and Emperor; add to this the contempt which an educated Greek or distinguished Roman was sure to feel for a society which was for a long time mainly recruited from the people, in which artisans, slaves, and freedmen associated on a footing of equality and fraternity with the few of the upper classes who entered it, in which, to say the least, no value was placed on the artistic adornments of life, scientific, æsthetic, or social culture, the deeds of the warrior, or the fame of the *savant*;—when we realize all this, we cannot wonder that the friends of Hellenic art, the pupils of the Attic philosophy, the sons and heroes of imperious Rome, could not take to a religion which presented itself in a form so repugnant and incomprehensible.

In reality, this religion was not without numerous and profound relations to the mental tendencies, the modes of thought, and the needs of the age. Indeed Christianity was a product of the age, a result of the spiritual forces by which it was actuated. Neither did the conditions of its rise and progress lie exclusively in Judaism. It was not until Judaism had come into wide and permanent contact with Hellenic culture, and had been fertilized by it in many ways, that Christianity could be developed from it. As the world-wide empires of Alexander and the Romans prepared the way for the religion of the world by an entire revolution in political circumstances, so was its most essential inward condition contained in that doctrine which, chiefly through the influence of the Stoic philosophers, had for centuries attained wide circulation the doctrine that all men form one great commonwealth, that they have equal rights and duties, that they are only separated from each other by their moral conduct, that they are all subject to the same natural and moral laws. The high moral demands of Christianity were in unison with what had been taught by the most eminent of the sages of old.

As Paul placed value on faith alone, so did the Stoics on moral sentiments, virtue, and wisdom. The former could not paint in colours too glaring the gravity of mankind, we find similar descriptions in the writings of the Stoic contemporaries, and especially by the philosopher Epictetus. Christ, who made all mankind his subjects, regarded the world as a single family, and he classed them

not less strictly as wise men and fools; if the Christians look beyond this world to the glories of heaven, the Stoics rejoice no less in the "birthday of eternity," which even they call the day of death, in deliverance from the bondage of the flesh, the entrance on "the great eternal peace."

Many other points might be mentioned in which Christianity met the deepest needs of the time, had an affinity with its best aims, and with movements which had long been widely spread; and it might have been expected that among those who, like it, recognized the moral depravity of the age, and sought to correct it with an earnestness and devotedness which we cannot but admire, it would have been justly estimated. But it was not so. The Christians, in their estimate of the Greek and Roman character, were unable to throw off the assumptions of their supernatural dogmatics, and their Jewish prejudices against heathenism; and neither could the Greeks and Romans rise above the pride of culture which forbade them to place the Syrian barbarians, among whom the new religion had arisen, on an equality with the revered sages of their own people; or to perceive, beneath its strange traditions, a deeper truth, having an affinity with their own philosophical convictions, and worthy of their serious consideration. If the Christian sect was hated by the mass of the heathen population, by the cultured portion it was despised, and centuries elapsed before contempt and hatred gave way to a more just and worthy conception.

To the heathen nations, the Christians were in the first place atheists; for in every age this name has been given to those who did not agree with the prevailing conceptions of the Deity; not only when they denied his existence, but when they sought to instil a more just and worthy idea of God. "Down with the atheists!"—this was the war-cry of the heathen mob against the Christians. It was with this cry, for example, that in A.D. 156 the venerable Bishop Polycarp was received on the racecourse at Smyrna. The only gods the people knew anything about, whose temples they frequented, whose statues they worshipped, to whom they offered sacrifices and prayers, were denied by the Christians; they were declared to be the inventions of man's superstition, and sometimes to be evil spirits, devils. Can we wonder that the people who were still devoted to these gods felt the attack upon them to be an attack upon themselves, their most sacred and cherished possessions; that they were the more deeply incensed at it, the more seriously they feared by toleration of it to lose the favour of the gods on whom their welfare depended? The reproach of atheism was therefore the most dangerous that could be brought against the Christians. In that "Down with the atheists!" with which the yells of the mob greeted Polycarp at

Smyrna, was included the sentence of death, which they at once proceeded to execute by preparing the stake. And the cry was followed in numberless cases by the same results. If any public misfortune, any alarming event occurred, which seemed to indicate the displeasure of the gods,—a pestilence, a dearth, a flood, an eclipse, an earthquake,—superstition was always ready to make the Christians responsible for it, as enemies of the gods; the exclamation was sure to be heard, “The Christians to the lions!” Both the educated and uneducated have always attributed every other wickedness to the enemies of the gods, and so it was with the Christians. Being atheists, they were also criminals, and all manner of horrible stories were told of them. It was not enough that they were said to worship a god with the head of an ass, which we see represented to this day in a caricature of that period, the well-known mock crucifix in the Kircher Museum at Rome; it was said, also, that in their secret assemblies they practised all sorts of horrors, killed and devoured children, and gave themselves up to frightful excesses. Scarcely any evils were attributed to the Jews in the middle ages by Christian fanatics which had not been before attributed to the Christians by heathen superstition. How ancient this bad opinion of them was we learn from the account given by Tacitus of the persecution under Nero. When more than two-thirds of Rome was burnt to ashes in his reign, and report accused the Emperor himself of setting fire to it, he tried to find people on whom he could lay the blame, and selected the sect, says Tacitus, “who were universally hated for their shameful deeds, to whom the people gave the name of Christians.” These stupid misrepresentations of the Christians then were not only circulated, but so generally believed that but a few years after their rise as a community at Rome, and only two years after Paul’s arrival there, Nero could venture to throw on them the responsibility of a public calamity. He was out in his reckoning, however; suspicion still attached to him, and the cruel torments which he inflicted on his wretched victims at last aroused the pity of their enemies. But one thing is obvious—Nero could not have punished the Christians as incendiaries if they had not been judged capable of such a crime; and Tacitus expressly says that they were so.

We cannot, however, be much surprised that the credulous and ignorant masses had not more correct ideas. It is far more astonishing that even the great historian to whom we owe this first mention of the Christians in profane history, should share their opinions, and he cannot be cleared from this accusation. He not only treats the excesses of which they were said to be guilty as acknowledged facts, but adds this remark:—“The founder of this sect, named Christ, had been executed under Tiberius, by the

Procurator Pontius Pilate. The heinous superstition was thereby checked for a time, but the infection soon spread again, not only throughout Judea, where the disease was indigenous, but also in the capital, where all that is disgraceful and reprobate collects and finds favour." And of the accusation against the Christians he says, "They certainly cannot be convicted of causing the fire, but of being enemies of the human race they can." This is the impression made upon the Roman by what he had heard of the religion and conduct of the Christians. Of atheism, of which the enemies of the popular divinities had been certainly by that time accused, he makes no mention. In the eyes of Tacitus the chief error in the new religion is not disbelief, but superstition. But in his general estimate of them this does not turn much to the advantage of the Christians; they are "enemies of the human race," and from such any crimes may be expected. And after mentioning the fearful torments and cruel scorn with which Nero treated the Christians, Tacitus closes his narrative with these words:—"Guilty as they were, and well as they deserved the severest penalties, they excited pity, because it was considered that they were sacrificed, not for the common weal, but to the cruel caprice of an individual." He admits that they were not guilty of the crime attributed to them, that their being put to death on this ground was judicial murder, and the manner of it an abomination, but he regards them as a sect so depraved and dangerous, that their extermination was demanded by the public interest.

The prejudices against the Christians must have taken very deep root, and the contempt with which the educated classes regarded this new form of Oriental superstition must have been very general, before the greatest historian whom Rome has produced could accept, at the beginning of the second century, the notions of the masses and the misdeeds of the Christians as facts, without even taking the trouble to sift into their truth. Under these circumstances, the real facts could not be ascertained about the crimes of which the Christians were accused, and to which even a Tacitus gave credit; nor could the cause of the Christians, which went against them under Nero, be fairly judged, until it should be tried again under a better government and by more just judges. This happened even during the lifetime of Tacitus, and but a few years after he wrote of them as above. The greatest of the Cæsars, Trajan, amidst the multitude of affairs to be regulated in his vast empire, found it necessary to interest himself with the Christians and their relation to the State; and the younger Pliny, one of the noblest and most cultivated men of that day, was commissioned to investigate the accusations against them. In the west of Asia Minor, and especially in Bithynia, the province over which Pliny ruled, the Christian religion had found so much favour that in

many places, in the cities and even in the country, the temples of the gods were deserted, the festivals were not celebrated, the flesh of the sacrifices scarcely found purchasers. The embitterment of the heathen at this success of their enemies led to complaints. At first individuals, and soon increasing numbers, were informed against to Pliny, as adherents of the Christian sect, a pretext for which was afforded by a recent prohibition of all societies not recognized by the State. Pliny was perplexed; there were then no legal enactments against the Christians and no method of procedure had been established in practice; at any rate, Pliny, as he himself wrote to Trajan, had never been present at a trial of Christians. Such trials, after the great persecution under Nero, had taken place but rarely under Domitian, and since his assassination there had been none. But, like a true Roman, he looked at the subject from a simple, straightforward, political point of view. Let Christianity be what it might, as soon as it asserted its peculiarities in opposition to the religion of the State and the acts of worship connected with political life, it became dangerous to the State. On this principle Pliny acted. The persons informed against as Christians, were summoned to appear, and were asked whether they were such or not. If they confessed it, they were required under pain of death to renounce their faith; if they refused, they were executed, or if, like Paul, they were Roman citizens, they were sent to Rome to be tried. "For I had no doubt," says Pliny, "that their obstinacy and unyielding contumacy demanded punishment whatever the religion might be that they professed." He who denied that he was a Christian or recanted, after he had shown his reverence for the statues of the gods and of the Emperor and cursed Christ, was released. It was certainly a very summary proceeding. The governor, however, took the opportunity of obtaining more precise information as to the religion and lives of the Christians, partly from those who denied Christianity, and partly from two Christian deaconesses whom he subjected to this painful examination. But none of them had anything to tell him of the crimes and horrors of which report accused them; they told him of their religious assemblies, their love-feasts, their adoration of Christ, their moral principles. Pliny wrote that he had discovered nothing in the confessions of the tortured deaconesses but a foolish and boundless superstition. But, widely as it had spread, he hoped to uproot it by severity against those who persisted in it, and showing favour to those who renounced it. This report of Pliny to Trajan undoubtedly shows more knowledge and a more correct view of Christianity than what is said by Tacitus. He gave credit to the slanderous reports of the vices of the Christians, while Pliny does not; he has convinced himself that they are not necessarily connected with

Christianity. This accusation is thenceforth confined to the lower classes; it is no longer repeated by contemporary authors. But Christianity is still held to be a strange and absurd superstition, and tolerant as Imperial Rome was, in general, of superstition of every kind, in this case toleration was limited by the peculiarities of the Christian religion. All other religious usages were compatible with the established public worship; the Christian religion could not fail to be opposed to it—the Christians were enemies of the gods, atheists. Pliny does not use the term, but it is really this characteristic which makes him regard them as enemies of the State; they refused to offer sacrifices to the gods and the Emperor, and such defiance must be put down. Trajan himself formed the same opinion. In his reply to Pliny's report he approves his conduct, and adds that they are not to be officially proceeded against, but if they are denounced and refuse to recant their Christianity by worship of the national gods and the Emperor, they are to be punished. He evidently considered it to be a comparatively harmless superstition, a delusion which might be tolerated so long as it could be ignored, but which must not be indulged, in consequence of its open resistance to the religion and laws of the State, nor left unpunished when brought before the courts and obstinately persisted in.

Trajan's mandate to Pliny was for a hundred and fifty years the standard by which the relations of the Roman State towards Christianity were regulated, and the views which dictated it remained for a long period unaltered. While among the people the old hatred of the atheists survived, and the old calumnies retained their hold, the new religion was regarded by the educated as one of the many fruits of superstition which inundated the Roman empire from the East; and whether it was regarded with lenience or severity, as perilous or absurd, its followers as deceivers or deceived, in one thing all were agreed, that it could not be permitted to break the laws against making proselytes and against unauthorized societies. The contumacy which the Christians showed in refusing to join in the public worship of the gods must be put an end to, especially in cases in which, according to the prevailing ideas, the established customs were inseparable from the fulfilment of duties towards the State and its rulers. The three successors of Trajan, and the excellent Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, two generations later, formed the same opinion of the Christians. This Emperor was one of the most benign, philanthropic, and conscientious rulers who ever adorned a throne. He was, moreover, a zealous adherent of the Stoic philosophy, which in its morals, and even in its theology, was so closely allied to Christianity. And yet in his reign the Christians were subjected to persecutions more severe than even under Nero. He felt compelled, as Roman Emperor, to protect

the religion of the State from its pronounced e of a school which was content to place phil religious myths on an equality, and made tern religion by the most extravagant allegorizati comprehension of the scruples of conscienc participation in heathen worship appear to unpardonable sin. In the positive Christia could not, like poetic myths, be evaporated in philosophic dogmas, a Marcus Aurelius coul anything more than Pliny saw,—a “foolish and tion;” nor in the steadfastness with which the to them, anything but a stupid obstinacy, orig and bigotry, and perhaps in a desire to exc this is just what he says in the only passage in which he mentions the Christians (xi. 3): man should be ready to die at any time, but w boasting; from reasonable conviction, “not o like the Christians.” So little did the devo Christian martyrs overcome the prejudices of Aurelius doubtless pitied the Christians who w his orders, since he so often tells us that pity i that befits the wise man in view of the fol men; but he judged that, for the sake of th public order, he could not restrain the arm of j he had no idea that it was not to justice they to political laws and interests which were in natural law of liberty of conscience.

Since even a Marcus Aurelius was not a biassed opinion of Christianity, this will not b so entirely wanting in religious interests, and ciation of religious life and motives, as his satirist Lucian. A man of the world, half sce could not possibly regard Christianity as anyt follies and fancies of which the age was s mentions it in connection with them. In his Peregrinus, who had publicly burnt himself at in A.D. 165, he relates that this eccentric man days belonged to the sect of the Christian gained a high standing among them, had bee faith, but was afterwards set at liberty; and to give his opinions of the Christians. He der sort of contemptuous pity, as poor simple persuaded by the founders of their sect th for ever, and that if they would only deny th worship instead that crucified Sophist and li laws, they were all brethren. He was well av

with which the Christians died, the joy with which they made any sacrifice for their faith. But this heroism and self-sacrifice had no value in his eyes, being based on notions so fanatical. Their superstition, he says, makes the Christians the prey of every impostor who knows how to work upon it; and while he sees no serious danger in it to the existing order of things, he is equally destitute of any vision of the historical importance and intrinsic value of the new faith. He speaks of it in the superficial tone of a man who is too well convinced of its unimportance to think it worth while to inform himself further about it.

Lucian's friend, the Platonist, Celsus, regarded Christianity in a far more serious light. His knowledge of it is also far more profound. In "The True Word," which he addressed to the Christians between A.D. 178 and 180, he shows an acquaintance with their doctrines and documents in which he is quite alone among the opponents of Christianity till we come to Porphyry. Still, his verdict is not less severe than that of his predecessors. Even though he does not deny that there is some truth in the Jewish Christian doctrines, this gives Christianity but little advantage in his eyes. As the Jewish and Christian Alexandrians made the heathen sages the disciples of Jewish revelation, the Greek philosopher made the Jews and Christians plagiarists of the wisdom of the Greeks. The good that is found amongst them they have borrowed from the Egyptians, the Hellenes, and from the nations whose gods they despised. But they have not made a good use of this foreign good; they have misunderstood and distorted the doctrines they have appropriated, and mixed them up with superstitious fancies and fictions of all sorts. Celsus believes everything about the ancestors of the Christians, the Jews, which their heathen foes had been saying about them for centuries; he believes all the calumnies about the founder of Christianity and his disciples, which the hatred of their compatriots had circulated in much the same form as we find them in the later Talmudic writings. Jesus was, according to the well-known Jewish fable, not only of humble but disreputable parentage; in Egypt he learnt the arts of a magician and conjuror; after his return to his own country he gave himself out for a worker of miracles and for the Son of God long foretold, and invented the Gospel stories of his birth. He succeeded in collecting around him a few followers from among the lowest rabble, with whom he went about the country, not doing anything more than other magicians had done, or achieving more success. Being betrayed by his own friends, he suffered death for his crimes, and his disciples afterwards carried on the imposture. They persisted that he was a God and the Son of God, ascribed miracles to him which he had never performed, put prophecies of his death and resurrection into his mouth, and

invented the fable of his resurrection after the pattern of heathen myths, but without adducing any credible proof of it. Christianity is, therefore, from the beginning, not only a worthless innovation but a tissue of lies; the "Sophist," as Lucian calls its founder, now becomes a conjuror, whose magic arts the Platonist will not dispute, though he will not admit that he is anything but a good-for-nothing impostor. And, according to Celsus, the character of the Christian religion accords with its origin. So far as it deviates from what had long before been acknowledged as truth, it is nothing but a compound of superstition and imposture. In order that they may worship the highest God alone, the Jews and Christians refuse all reverence to the other divinities. As if it behoved the highest God to interfere immediately and personally in the material world; as if he had not his servants and instruments by whom he rules the world and in whom he will be honoured—those divinities whose glory we admire, those demons whose invisible rule is continually about us, whose favour we have good reason to secure by prayers and sacrifices. And while the Christians refuse the honours due to the greatest of created beings, while they will not admit that Hercules and Æsculapius have been deified, they themselves adore as a God a conjuror who died a shameful death. They assert that it was he whose coming was foretold by Jewish prophets, although his teachings are opposed to the Jewish laws. They call him a son of God, forgetting that they thereby ascribe to the God whose son he was things unworthy of the Deity, just as much as the Hellenic myths. They make God come down to men, ill as it comports with His unchangeableness and perfection. How absurd, again, are their anthropomorphic representations of the Deity; their stories of the creation, the fall, the flood, and the patriarchs; their doctrine of the devil who slays the Son of God, and of Antichrist whom he has to fear as a rival; their expectation of the return of Christ, the destruction of the world by fire, and the resurrection of the body—a notion which can only be entertained by sensual people! What an arrogant notion of the Christians that the world is created for them only, and that at the end of the world they alone will continue to live in new bodies, while everybody else will be burnt in the fire! Such a religion is truly only fit for the ignorant, to whom the Christians for the most part are confined; whoever expects to find credence for such things must look for it among artisans and slaves, women and children, sinful and wicked people, and must exclude all the learned and educated from his community.

But perverse as all this may be, it might be more easily tolerated if the Christians were only following the faith of their forefathers, if they had the excuse of its being their national religion. As it is impossible that all the various nations should worship the Deity

in the same way, it is best that every one should worship in the way to which he has been accustomed, and which is acceptable to the tutelar genii of his country. This is the case with the Jews, absurd as the national pride is with which they look down upon all other religions and think their own the only true one. But the Christians have not even this excuse. Originally apostates from Judaism, they are now a medley of renegades from other nations, and are split up into innumerable parties among themselves. And with this the reproach is connected with which Celsus closes his controversy with the Christians—their indifference to the Roman State and its welfare. They will not have anything to do with public worship, and neither do they concern themselves with the public interest. The enmity to the human race with which Tacitus reproaches them meets us again here under the more definite form of want of patriotism.

This polemical treatise of Celsus clearly shows why the better educated classes among his Greek and Roman contemporaries would, as a rule, have nothing to do with the Christian religion, even when they were somewhat better acquainted with it. They could not take to it because it originated in a sphere, and presupposed a way of thinking, entirely different from their own. Christianity was a religion for the weary and heavy-laden: to him who was ill-treated and set at nought in this world compensation was promised in another; to him who was oppressed by a feeling of moral weakness and guilt it offered to restore peace of mind by the gospel of reconciliation, to raise him into a liberty and joy in moral aspiration hitherto unknown. But those things which had been the delight of the Greek and the pride of the Roman, it counted as the glories of this world, on the ruins of which the kingdom of God was to be established. The more deeply a man was grounded in the culture of the classic nations, the more uncongenial must these views have been to him; the more he valued his culture, the less was he disposed to exchange it for the faith and worship of the barbarians of Palestine. While on the other hand the fewer of these good things had fallen to a man's lot, and the more he belonged to the pariahs of ancient and aristocratic civilization, the more strongly must he have been attracted to a faith which made him at once a member on equal terms with the rest, who in part shared with him the highest good at once in their moral and religious life, and in part held out a sure hope of it in future. Such an one would easily get over those points in the new teaching which were repugnant to the educated. Large as might be the demands made by the Jewish-Christian supernaturalism on the faith of its votaries, in comparison with the mythology of the popular religion, Christian dogmatics bore so rational a stamp, and the change from polytheism to

monotheism was in itself so great an advance, that the most dogmatic Christian, the man most credulous of miracles, could at once look down, as a person of superior enlightenment, upon heathen superstitions. He, on the contrary, who had been led by philosophy to renounce this superstition, did not require Christianity to aid him in doing so, and it could not therefore gain him over in that way; while all the doctrines which owed their origin to Jewish revelation as such, or were a sequel to it, would inevitably be repugnant to a disciple of Plato or Aristotle, of Epicurus or Zeno, and would only excite ridicule or be subjected to serious refutation. If we consider further the undisguised aversion and hostility of the Christians to the heathen government, and how they withdrew as far as possible from all co-operation with it, it becomes the more intelligible that it was just the more educated portion of the population, the men of political insight, who perceived a danger in Christianity to which the lower classes, minors in a political sense, were partly indifferent and partly blind, and that far-seeing governments, imbued with the political instincts of Rome, should try to check the spread of a religion which must sap the vital forces of the existing order of things.

For Christianity and humanity it was well that these political sentiments did not constantly assert themselves on the throne of the Cæsars. Although it was a great exaggeration to say of the Christians, as Celsus did, that only one and another of them were still wandering about, and that they were in constant danger of prosecution, the rigid measures of Marcus Aurelius against them seem for the time to have met with considerable success. But the renewed attacks of the Marcomans, which, after A.D. 178, demanded all the forces of the empire, must have diverted attention from the Christians, and after the Emperor had died in camp at Vienna in A.D. 180, the Christian Church under his successors enjoyed seventy years of rest, which was not disturbed till the middle of the third century by the severe persecution for a few years under Decius and Valerian. The followers of Christ increased so greatly during this period, their mode of life and worship emerged so completely from its previous obscurity, that, in spite of the laws against unauthorized religions, they had become a power which had to be taken account of, or at any rate to be recognized as a fact. The attitude assumed by the public opinion of the Greco-Roman world towards Christianity was inevitably influenced by it. We hear no more of the secret excesses of the Christians after they became more generally known. Hatred of the enemies of the gods became appeased in time, as people had become more accustomed to see Oriental divinities filling a large place beside the ancient gods of Greece and Rome, not only in the religion of individuals, but even in public worship. The

aversion of the heathen to Christianity of course continued; jealousy could but be fostered by its successes. But the professors of a religion who formed so large a portion of the population of the empire could no longer be regarded as "enemies of the human race;" and even political distrust gradually disappeared to so large an extent that towards the end of the third century many Christians served in the army, were entrusted with positions of command, important political offices, and places at court.

Under these circumstances the attacks upon Christianity took a different form. After the middle of the third century the last learned champion of polytheism arose in the neo-Platonic philosophy. But decidedly as it was opposed to Christian doctrine, up to the sixth century, and long after it had gained its outward victories, the neo-Platonists did not venture to deny that there was some truth in these doctrines. The Christian religion had gained so much by its successes and its obvious moral effect that it could no longer be regarded simply as an imposture or a product of superstition by serious and truth-loving opponents, such as the neo-Platonists mostly were. They even recognized in it a kernel of truth, round which doubtless much error and imposture had grown. The founder of Christianity, said these neo-Platonists, was a good and wise man, but his disciples had distorted his doctrine. It was they who first gave out that Christ was a God, and introduced the worship of him as opposed to the popular deities. He himself had worshipped these gods, and with their aid, by means of magic arts, had worked the miracles, the reality of which the philosophers did not dispute; but he did not therefore claim to be more than a man, as other sages were on whom the gods had conferred similar powers.

From this point of view, Philostratus, in his life of Apollonius of Tyana, about A.D. 230, had, without naming Christ, compared the Gospel representation of him with the neo-Pythagorean ideal of a Hellenic philosopher and prophet; and his disciple, the Emperor Alexander Severus, placed a statue of the founder of Christianity side by side with Orpheus and Abraham, Pythagoras and Apollonius, in his private chapel. It was on similar assumptions that, half a century later, the neo-Platonist Porphyry proceeded in that famous polemical treatise against the Christians which their hatred caused them so effectually to destroy that only isolated indications of its contents have come down to us. We learn from these fragments that Porphyry, a learned man, skilled in logic and philosophy, chose just such points for his attack as have in more recent times been selected by the opponents of supernatural religion. He asked, with a Reimarus, why had not Christ appeared before, if salvation depended upon him? He thought it incomprehensible that the Christians should reject sacrifice, when God himself had

enjoined it on the Jews. In the oft-discussed contest between Peter and Paul at Antioch, he saw a proof that a faith over which its most enlightened advocates disputed must be based upon a fiction. He accused even Jesus of dissimulation, because he said he was not going to the feast in Jerusalem, and afterwards went.* He stumbled at many of the narratives in the Old Testament, and rightly enough would not permit the Jews to get over them by allegoric interpretations. With keen eye he detected in the prophecies of the book of Daniel a forgery of the time of the Maccabees, and gave reasons for it which have lost nothing of their force to this day. He doubtless raised many objections that Christian theologians of the present day would not be able to refute. But there is no tradition that he passed a verdict on Christianity as a whole so reproachful and adverse as Celsus did in his day; and, taking into account the attitude generally assumed towards it by the neo-Platonist school, it is not probable that he only regarded the religion of the Greeks as a legal mode of worship, and the Christian as a revolt against that divine ordinance that every nation should worship the gods according to its own traditions.

This is not maintained even by Hierocles, who was of the same school, although a chief share is ascribed to him in the last attempt made by the Roman State to suppress Christianity by force for many years, by the severe persecution under Diocletian, after A.D. 303. In a treatise against the Christians, this neo-Platonist compared the founder of Christianity with the fabulous picture of the neo-Platonist saint, Apollonius of Tyana, as it had been drawn by Philostratus. He tried to show that the Christians need not take their Jesus for a God on account of the few miracles he had performed, and that the heathen judged far more rightly of Apollonius, Pythagoras, and others, far greater workers of miracles than Christ, in regarding them as men beloved by the gods. But he branded the Apostles as impostors, because they had adorned the deeds of their Master with silly stories, while those of Apollonius were handed down by credible witnesses. Even this enemy of Christ does not dispute his greatness as a man, nor even his prophetic character; it is only his divinity that he assails.

It is not until the second half of the fourth century, that we find heathen polemics recurring to the tone against Christianity with which they had begun. It had in the meantime been made the religion of the State in the Roman empire by Constantine, and its adherents before long began to suppress the worship of the ancient gods with the same violence which had been employed to put down Christianity. If heathen governments had commanded the

* John vii. 8, 14.

Christians under pain of death to sacrifice to the gods, these sacrifices were now forbidden by the same penalties; if the heathen mob had raged against the Christians, the Christian rabble were now set on those who would not part with their ancient deities; if it had formerly been necessary to renounce Christianity to be promoted at court and in the army, it was now necessary to adopt it for the same reasons. But Christianity had possessed vitality enough to resist all the allurements and terrors of political power; heathenism, on the contrary, proved so rotten under their altered relations, that fifty years after Constantine's first edict of toleration, its adherents were in the minority, their ranks thinned more and more, and they were soon only to be found among the uneducated populace in the country, among the upper classes of Rome and Alexandria, and the learned men and philosophers who could not separate the worship of the ancient divinities from classic culture.

It was only natural that this triumph of a foe whom they had never ceased to hate and despise, that the severity with which the triumph was turned to account, that the repulsive spectacle of a nominal Christianity, spiritual ambition, and fierce controversy, which the new Imperial Church at once offered, should deeply embitter the subject party. Under Julian's short reign (A.D. 361—363), there was a prospect of once more subjecting the foe. But the restoration of heathenism, projected by this Emperor, with all the fervour of a neophyte but in utter misconception of the age, could but have failed, even if his speedy death had not put an end to it. Julian had become acquainted with Christianity amongst his predecessors and relations under its worst form. He had personally suffered from their jealous despotism. Brought up a Christian, he had been obliged to profess this religion when he had already adopted the neo-Platonist philosophy. It was a cherished project with him to restore the worship of the ancient deities when he ascended the throne. But he did not wish to effect it by force; this was forbidden by his principles, his noble sentiments, his respect for justice, and, finally, he could not conceal from himself that the forces at his command were not equal to the task. The severest measure which he took against the Christians was to forbid them to receive public instruction in ancient literature. But this ruler, who prided himself on his philosophy and learning and was fond of hearing himself speak, could not refrain from writing against them. In his seven books against the Christians, which we know from Cyril's reply, and in his letters, all the ill-humour and contempt which had been accumulating in his mind for years find expression; and this was increased by the pertinacity with which the Christians resisted his measures for converting them. The "Galileans," as he contemptu-

ously calls them in his edicts, are to him, as to Celsus, people who have departed from the faith of their fathers, in order to construct a new religion out of the worst elements of Judaism and heathenism. They would have nothing to do with the eternal gods, whose laws encompass them, in order that they might worship a dead Jew instead, and, with him, the tombs and bones of other dead men, with which, even in those days, there was fetichism enough. Neither will they listen to Nature and her laws; they appeal to the will of God rather than to any other authority, as if it could ever be opposed to the laws of Nature. Nor will they understand that it is impossible for all nations to have the same religion, and that it is just because they are assigned to different divinities that nations differ so much in their character and gifts. But they have no national worship themselves; they follow the teaching of those deceitful sectarians, the Apostles, and have not even left this alone. How little this teaching is good for is obvious enough; for everything great and beautiful in the world, all noble deeds and all eminent men, have, as Julian believes, sprung out of heathendom. Christianity is a religion of barbarism, and it can only produce barbarians, men of servile minds.

Thus do heathen polemics against Christianity finally return to the same point of view from which they set out. But these polemics had not hindered its advance, and it was a still more vain hope that they could wrest the victory out of its hands. When Cyril wrote his ten books against Julian, the last hope of heathenism in the Roman empire had sunk into the grave with him. Even the written attacks against the Christians gradually diminished, although many particular doctrines were for a long time discussed between Christian and heathen philosophers.

It was not till recent centuries that these polemics have been revived. Modern opponents of Christianity have repeated many of the reproaches with which Celsus and Porphyry once assailed it, little as they could adopt their point of view as a whole. In many of these reproaches, some who are far from being in principle hostile to Christianity, have perceived some truth, and have endeavoured to reconstruct it so as to shield it from them. These parallels, however, cannot be pursued further here. Our purpose has been to indicate how the contest of heathenism with Christianity, and the varying attitudes of the one to the other, are reflected in Greek and Roman literature, in order to bring before the view of our readers this aspect of the peculiarities and motive of that world-wide movement out of which modern society and its civilization have arisen, with the triumph of the Christian religion.

E. ZELLER.

ARTISTS AND ARTISANS.

Address before the Social Science Association, Section of Art. By Professor POYNTER.
Address to the Oxford Art School. By the Rev. MARK PATTISON.

Minutes of Proceedings at the Distribution of Prizes to the Art Students, by H.R.H. The Princess Louise, on Tuesday, 20th February, 1877, in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum.

SEVERAL addresses have lately appeared on the subject of art, by various persons well entitled to express an opinion, in the *Times* and other daily and weekly newspapers. Professor Poynter has addressed the Social Science Congress; the Rev. the Rector of Lincoln College has spoken in Oxford; and Lord Granville has followed, in a not unnatural tone of deprecation. And Mr. Wallis of South Kensington, in an address at Manchester, has shown with force and justice what important work has been done since 1850 or thereabouts. There is no use disguising the fact that a leading feature, if not the whole substance, of the two former addresses, was regret, faithfully expressed or significantly suggested, at the present state of popular art throughout the country. A good system of education in the graphic sciences (we really prefer this term because the spirit of art, to our thinking, is not a matter of instruction, though its grammar and *technique* be taught scientifically) began its work about thirty years ago. Art-education began on almost gratuitous terms for the sake of our manufacturers; and it has produced a number of not intolerable patterns and copies. The complaint is that it has not popularized originality of design, or laid the foundation of that national love of beauty, which irregularly, but with certainty, throws up original workmen. It has succeeded in the commercial sense, and too well, for its vast multiplication of copies, or variations more or less ingenious on borrowed ideas, has overborne original production. Aably conducted art-schools have done their work in ministering to our commerce; but commerce is still everything, because people really care for nothing else, and at last it is discovered in this country to be antagonistic to art for that reason.

It may be right that leaders in knowledge, when they review their own period, and are addressing mixed audiences of students, experts, and outsiders, should assume a tone which, as Mr. Pattison correctly observed, approaches that of pessimism. He doubtless added some unreported words of comfort to the staff and pupils of the Oxford Art-school, whom he was exhorting, and who appear by their report to have done a fair year's work. It is rather hard to put successful teachers and painstaking pupils and their friends in the position of whipping-boys, to be lashed for the insensibility of the rest of the world. But it is a clerical error, and we cannot think the Rector's observations unjust, as he evidently meant to address them *urbi et orbi*. Professor Poynter's discourse is to the same purpose. Leaders are meant to get their followers on. They have a right to point out what ought to be done next, if possible, rather than to dwell exultingly on what is accomplished. It is their best course to find all the fault which can reasonably be found with the present state of things; and for doing this with insight and faithfulness both the Rector and Professor deserve the thanks of the community. The object of this paper is to consider how far our admitted failure in the spirit of fine art turns on our Dædalian skill in mechanically multiplying objects of art. It must be so in some sense, for to make a thing common is to vulgarize it, and a good pattern or colour does unquestionably lose its value when we see it everywhere, more especially when it is ill-copied and stupidly adapted. And this, as we shall see, nearly reduces Professor Poynter to despair. He says, and it is a crucial instance, that it is no use sending the Castellani jewels to Birmingham to improve the taste of the jewellers, because "the only result would be the cribbing a few of the forms to produce a novelty, and the executing them in a coarse and barbarous manner."

This remark is a perfectly sound one; and our two lecturers have done us all the more service, because to every thoughtful reader they thus establish by practical and unmistakable example, the connection between art and morality. For instance, Birmingham jewellery is false; those who wear it are guilty of foolish equivocation; the object is bad, therefore you cannot make the work honourable, or enlist the workman's honour in its favour. Coarse and mindless it always must be, because no good goldsmith likes making shams in base metal. In this case we have not only mechanical multiplication of copies to deal with, but multiplication for a base and immoral purpose; the consumer and producer are in fact both wrong. Mechanical copying may vulgarize good ideas, but we have to consider what there is in the producer and consumer which evolves the vulgarity. A moral fault or weakness is evidenced by a low taste, in this vast class of instances. Why do people order bad art-imitations, of which

Brummagem jewellery is the worst known form ? What is the cause of all our distressingly bad taste ? To endure sham without shame indicates both moral and intellectual frailty : we are neither trained nor taught, we are neither informed nor educated, as we might be, and we trust shall be. For buyer and producer, it comes to the same thing ; but practically the latter must have his training first. That is in nature. He can only learn better choice by personal study of nature, till he can see real types of beauty, and know them with delight when he does see them. Our future art or graphic education, if it is to be made better, can only be so when the buyer makes the workman study natural forms for his enjoyment, having himself learnt enough of them to appreciate the workman's rendering. Individuality and originality are the great want,—Messrs. Poynter and Pattison repeat and imply it continually,—and Nature is the storehouse of original idea, and personal contact with her the source of individuality.

Many forms of mechanical multiplication are opposed to high or fine art. Our first real question is, What chance has the artistic spirit, where it exists in the workman, of developing itself through (or in spite of) the mechanical labour of commercial art ? Our next is, What hope is there of developing artistic spirit, or taste for natural beauty, in patrons and producers simultaneously, or in the producer first ? For though demand creates supply on the commercial scale, you must have original works of art to be seen in the first instance, before they can be demanded. The true artist-workman educates his customers more than their demand educates him. Public patronage does not create a demand for good work. Some original workman begins with it ; he has followers who work with him ; they find a market ; the better part of the public begins to admire, and takes, as it must, what it can get of their work. The less honest part of the public tries to make money out of them by imitation, or to gain credit for artistic taste by buying the sham article.

Can the taste for natural beauty be at all ministered to by mechanical means ? Without that taste you cannot have art ; as soon as you bring it to the mechanic you raise him into the artist,—“you begin,” as the Rector says, “to refine the habits and increase the happiness of the workman, opening to him new thoughts and new recreations of unknown value and delight.” And as with him, so with the people. If any form of mechanical multiplication can really popularize any knowledge of or taste for beauty, there is hope, and the whole thing must not be condemned. Therefore, practically speaking, can anything be done to remedy the vices of our mechanical system of multiplication ? We shall come to our own little scheme or dodge at the end of this paper ;

but there is something between, and we do not consider it infallible, even if the reader gets to it.

In the first place, for the word "mechanical." In its bad sense in art, it is applied to work done without that touch, or combined intellectual and delightful action of hand and eye, which constitutes the true workman. Artist and craftsman are nearly the same; they both delight in their handling; in an important sense, the love of doing well, or of well-doing, is the soul of the thing. The expression "cunning (or kenning) hand," expresses the true source of workmanlike pleasure, in the simultaneous use of her matchless instruments of sight and touch by the soul. The Rector did me the honour to quote a few remarks of mine on this point,* and I venture to refer to them here by way of quotation.

"The term 'workman' is falling out of use. It is a pity that it is so, for it just expresses that which artist and artisan have in common. The term 'mechanical,' when used in its disparaging sense, really means *soulless*. There is a dynamical power in man, as well as an organic frame; and the former, whatever it is, has a mysterious precedence of the latter. We apply this word mechanical to conspicuous absence of the soul, as we take leave to call the dynamic power; and it then denotes want of energy, spirit, soul, *Geist*, and the enjoyment which they all imply. Some work conveys a painful idea of a man's time and life being employed, while the best part of him is not put into his work, or called into exertion, or properly developed."

"What is the precondition," says Mr. Pattison, "of the concentration of thought which art requires? It is taking pleasure in what we are doing. The artistic spirit is a spirit of enjoyment, of rejoicing in the work of our hands." Both our essayists seem to have this feeling, in which we fully sympathize, that the art of the work does ultimately consist in the soul of the work, put forth with delight; so that, the Rector says, "an unsuccessful attempt to do one's very best in a drawing may be more valuable, a better thing to have done, than a showy pattern servilely copied." Here we think Mr. Poynter would observe that this depends on the quality of the work displayed in the unsuccessful drawing, and the goodness or badness of the showy pattern. It is never really elevating (except in spiritual matters, and then dubiously) to attempt what you cannot do. All power of free-hand drawing depends on servile, that is to say, anxiously accurate copying of outline patterns. It may not be art, but it is its absolutely necessary training before you are an artist, just as learning to saw out a board to form is a necessary part of carpentry. "Servile," however, in the Rector's sense, implies anxious accuracy devoted to a mean purpose, without due en-

* See Oxford Manual of Pictorial Art, pp. 206—210, and Lecture, p. 370. 2nd ed. Macmillan, 1875.

joyment of hand and eye. That is what we mean by mechanical now. And why and how does mechanical multiplication destroy the love of the work, the soul of the work, the true pleasure of hand and eye? For so indeed it is, and we are only trying to suggest hopes in this matter.

1. In the first place, through division of labour. The workman does not see the completion, the perfect beauty and adaptation of the work on whose parts he is employed; his soul is lost in their multiplicity; he is like a Hebrew slave in Egypt, trying to recognize his particular bricks in some dread pyramid. We may consider that ingenuity of adaptation has a beauty of its own; we may call it *Dædalian* beauty after Professor Ruskin. It is not beauty, but it develops a sense of pleasure in well-done work. At least, machinery work is not demoralizing in itself, and may educate the eye and hand in accuracy and the sense of finish. Machinery art does the *producer* no more harm than any other honest and un-intellectual occupation. I know that men who go on all their lives polishing piston-rods or turning screws and washers have seldom much notion of the perfect engine. Nevertheless the artist spirit is not destroyed in the artisan, even though he cannot put it into his work. It may be possible for him to enjoy certain works of art when he sees them—and we cannot all enjoy them by active production. An engineer or stoker may delight in flowers and in pictures of flowers; and if he does, he has the artist's rudiment in him, as sure as flowers are fair. We cannot all like our work; and very few like the early stages of art instruction.

But in healthier occupations a man's soul is not broken on wheels, and many minor operations have a charm of their own. We may take some comfort from the Rector's capital remark that industrial production passes into artistic finish by gradations so fine that the limits between them can nowhere be precisely drawn. It is sad to think, but it must be said, that no art or poetry (except that of patience, and suffering desire of some better thing) can be got out of operations where machinery supersedes the soul, and bids the hand go one way only, on pain of being incontinently torn off. But think of the village forge or mill, and their associations; how the grim smith has been the centre of northern art and poetry since Thor—learn (as I may say I once did) to make a nail and a horseshoe, and count over to yourself the number of images and associations, old or new, and all noble and happy, which cluster round hammer and anvil.*

* I write off a list strictly, without stopping, and as fast as I can go, sitting in the Radcliffe Library, Oxford:—

Fire—roar and intermitting flashes—glorious reds and yellows—Rembrandtian reflections—smith's hair and beard in glow—great swinging arms and hands—

The ploughman delights in his straight furrows; the traditional scavenger thought sweeping round a post a pleasing bit of fancy-work; and so it is; and the Wodgate apprentice in "Sybil" observed of the master who had just cut his head open, that if *he* made your locks you wouldn't be robbed. All these delight in their work because of a certain beauty they "love" in it. The ploughman has the best of it, but the others possess the rudiment. Again, Michael Angelo must have felt a joy, such as he at his time alone could feel, as the spirit of awe came out daily under his hand, in the marble looks of the Duke Lorenzo. Degrees and orders are innumerable, but the spirit of faithful work and its delight are one in all, and their absence makes soulless or mechanical production.

2. It must be admitted that mere manipulation will not develop a careless or inactive mind. Our lecturers do not complain, as I understand them, of the necessary sacrifice of intellect to mechanical skill or sheer work of strength, in the non-artistic trades. That cannot be remedied, and in all honest occupations there is some way to the light which its children will follow. Music is the most accessible, perhaps; and any one who has been at a concert in Manchester or Halifax will know something of its value for the workman, if he has noticed how many of them follow every note of whole oratorios, score in hand. Then some kinds of art grow in strange places. One cannot draw the line between the workmanlike and the artistic; and it is difficult to distinguish between the ugly, the grotesque, and the picturesque. What an inspiration Charles Lamb got out of the ugliness of Old London; and did not that include the dismal streets where Hogarth, Blake, and Turner passed their dreary childhood? Turner, himself, painted some of the grandest night-inferno effects of light ever seen from forges and foundries. The curse of toil on the earth is a real curse or sentence. All labour has its element of pain and weariness; work is not happiness, in spite of the copy-books, and it cannot always look happy. Is there any real work which will not break down body and mind, in the appointed time, and by some special solvent of its own? lowering aspiration, narrowing ranges of thought, shattering the nerves, and wearying out the heart? "*Singulis operationibus mentis,*" to use the impassioned Latin of Dean Aldrich, "*sui incidunt defectus.*" The defects of English art must always be the defects of Englishmen, of their

rhythmical hammer-stroke—rush of intense fire at every blow—rush of quotations suggested, from the Eddas to the "Forging of the Anchor" and Longfellow—continued succession of effects in light and shade—massive and noble contrasts of sound—harmonious blacksmith—grand picturesque disorder of a smithy—Tintoret's Cyclops at Venice—Gosau smithy, well remembered, in sweet Styria—another on the Dovrefjeld—and the admirable and matchless skill with which the local Thor beat out horse-nails from an old bill-hook, about twelve blows to each. It is useless to go on.

life and the things they live for. They are in great part irremediable, but ways of escape are made for individuals, even as producers or consumers of art-manufactures.

As producers. Mr. Poynter's sadly valid ground of complaint is that the workman is tempted by competition to scamp his work, and produce rubbish. This is simply immoral. It is not his fault only, it lies between him, his employer, and the purchaser who wants more than his money's worth; let it pass for a moment. Then, the great demand for cheap work makes hand labour give way to mechanical multiplication; and without hand-work you can have no good art. "We are in a vicious circle. The artist cannot help himself, he must put good painting on moulded glass which he never can make worth having from its bad form; the manufacturer makes for the public, the public does not care to know good from bad; and the workman naturally goes on in the groove of trade he is used to." This is said with special reference to glass and pottery, and the disuse of the old Venetian method of diamond-moulding in the former, and of throwing from the wheel in the latter. All is now mechanical moulding by the thousand, instead of natural taste in working by hand. So, *mutatis mutandis*, in all trades.

The only comfort that I see is to consider that this generation, as a generation, is only now learning the rudiments of domestic and popular art: that processes of instruction are always more or less mechanical: and that skilled hand-work, under many conditions, becomes mechanical also. What a difference there is between Michael Angelo's hand in its strength, and when it is weary! anybody may see it in the Oxford drawings. A potter may throw good or bad forms from the wheel, and the best workman will often repeat himself in a dreary and perfunctory manner. The market requires it—and few, even of our best painters, are both able and willing to command that as they ought. Then all processes of instruction are mechanical, and the more so the better. Due honour must be given to that irksome labour which is inseparable from even the highest art. The necessary dexterities of painting and sculpture have to be acquired up to professional standard before you can, properly speaking, produce anything at all: and they are learnt by labour which is only not servile by reason of its hopes. Both our lecturers agree that scamped work is bad. Now the real vice of mechanical production is, that it is only a superior kind of scamping; the artisan does not make anything, he only watches the engine which makes the thing. Nevertheless, he does see the thing made, and is not guilty of any dishonesty, as in the other case. A young man may learn something by working at a chromograph press, or printing good etchings or lithographs.

And then, though counter complaint is poor argument, the practice of scamping is well known to great artists. Read Rubens's perfectly honourable account of the completion of his pictures—"the face by my own hand, with many beautiful young girls, the work of my pupils." Or, far worse, look at the background of some of Gainsborough's loveliest portraits. There must have been something wrong in patrons, sitters, and artist alike, if they could endure the extraordinary quagmires of foul paint—colour it is not—from which the fair Devonshire, for example, yet smiles; most fair, yet scarcely *pulchra matre pulchrior*.* We have often to lament the cynical hurry of Mr. Millais' portraits in particular; and his minor followers are quite on a level with him in this matter. They may not greatly enjoy their subjects. It seems an open question whether painting a series of corpulent speculators and overdressed children against the grain, is much more elevating than machine-carving or line-engraving. As far as commerce degrades men spiritually, it unfits them for enjoying good works of art as well as for producing them. The millionaire's gross portrait shows what he has brought himself to; and opens a melancholy field for speculation as to the kind or degrees of taste for art which are likely to be developed in his workmen, of whom the painter is one. We cannot resist a quotation from memory—

"Bluff, jovial, see the great Director stand,
In either pocket plunging either hand;
Rattling the cash he's won with quiet glee;
The thing is good, as lifelike as can be;
Only his hands, to make the whole quite just,
Should be in other people's pockets thrust."

Satires, Juvenal and Horace, by Professor Rogers.

But further: Art is really in quite a rudimentary state in this country, from the lowest ranks to the highest, and, as we have said, the lower stages of progress in study are always mechanical compared with the higher. Every art-master in England knows that the English world has not only to learn to draw but to see. We suppose there must be successive waves of woodcut, and continued inundation of photographs, before he and his wife, poor thing, will really learn to look at nature. And let us ask the Rector if photography is or is not mechanical multiplication of art-objects; and if he means, or does not mean, to say that it is an unmitigated evil to art? Of course he would say nothing of the kind. Then, as Professor Ruskin says, why is dexterous methodical multiplication of water-colour drawings, by self-repetition, fine art? and equally dexterous work from nature with the camera mechanical only? Because the camera is a machine? So is the

* At South Kensington, 1877. The leaves between the balustrades are apparently by Gainsborough's own hand, in final retouch.

eye; so is the telescope; and we never heard the discovery of a new planet disparaged as mechanical multiplication of the host of heaven.

We talk of multiplying bad art, and we have no standard of goodness or badness except talk. Much bad art is only called so by comparison with better. It may be highly imperfect, and yet have upward tendency for the folks who get hold of it. Probably Professor Poynter would say a chromograph by Mr. Vincent Brooks, after Birket Foster, is "bad" art. It may be so useful as to be altogether good for any one who likes to buy a copy—if he will take out his money's worth by looking hard enough at his purchase at different distances. The buying it for show, or to pass for a real drawing, is an evil, not only moral but intellectual: because it produces carelessness of gaze into pictures, which is exactly analogous to careless skimming of books—the chief cause of the diluvial period of ignorance on which we are now entering. Nobody will look with steady gaze and awakened imagination into cheap flashy rubbish which he feels is not worth attention. Look into your chromo hard enough to see that its touches are rather blurred and indistinct; then look at a bit of Turner, or Foster, or Alfred Hunt, or Goodwin, or best, at John Lewis or Meissonier, and you may learn in one lesson what is meant by freshness, crispness of touch, "quality," and other cabalistic terms used by painters and critics. Only, having got so far, you must see that the workmen who made all the plates for the chromograph would learn a great deal about the manipulation of the water-colour, and were enjoying part of a highly artistic education.

For the sight of artistic imitation educates; and it is an important first step for any person, producer or patron, to feel pleasure in seeing on paper or canvas, the image of something known and loved; and goodness of choice depends on what he loves and knows best. One man may be elevated by a photograph of ferns; another will only fall lower by gloating over Tintoret's Ariadne.

Again, be it remembered what a difference there is between a copy and a sham, however made. We all take great pleasure in well-chosen photographs, particularly of still-life or landscape on the still-life scale, because so much nature is to be learnt from them. We do not like sham classical pottery or machinery-Gothic carving—first because they are bad imitation, from which no fact is learnt; secondly, because there is an element of moral wrong in possessing them. False taste is rooted in cheap ostentation, and cheap ostentation in pretending to be what you are not, or to have tastes which you have not; and that is falsehood. People are unconscious, and perhaps harmless, but they are not right; and they partake in a number of thoroughly accursed things accordingly.

Which is to be educated first, the art-workman or the public? Of course, the former; and his best chance of education, in Professor Poynter's view and our own, is in master-employers of original genius. Mr. Cottier and Mr. Morris stand at the head of these, as painters and master-workmen. Messrs. Minton, Skidmore, and others, have done very much in their departments; and, sooner or later, they and their pupils must prevail, and teach their trades. But it has not been properly represented (as far as we know) how very much the incessant changes of fashion tell against good art-manufacture. A good style or model comes in; it is reproduced, multitudinized, vulgarized—nobody has time to learn its principles or understand why it is good—and before that is done, it vanishes, and something else not so good takes its place. How can dress long continue artistic? Fashions in dress depend on uglinesses more than on beauties. Some leading Parisian lady of pleasure is of small stature, and mounts on stilted heels; and her deformity becomes a law for all the modest women in Europe. Half-tint colours suit some beauty of brilliant complexion, real or artificial; and all manner of pale or olive cheeks are deprived of any background except sickly drabs and greens. A fashionable colour changes suddenly; and economical dames and damsels wear it with the totally incongruous hue last in vogue. This is complicated, in England, with their extraordinary way of buying all sorts of pretty articles of dress, and wearing them promiscuously. And, in principle, all domestic art depends on dress; for all the decorative part of the house is meant to become the women of the house. There is nothing within its walls more important than its mistress and her daughters; they ought to be the central ornaments of their own drawing-room; and its walls, carpet, and curtains depend on their dress; and that on their style. Gradations of blue and maize for blondes, varieties of gold and green for pale brunettes; white, pink, and gold for compromise; character above all in furniture and ornament, the stamp of a genuine taste, of something loved or fancied or enjoyed, something that shall tell of heart, or brains, or delicate senses, or well-taught choice—where that is seen, all is well. It is a curious proof of the morality of art, that the word *Character* sums up, in fact, all that can be done in ornaments of house or furniture.

To our mind, conventional harmonies are often made as offensive as accidental incongruities in colour, from the inane pedantry with which they are enforced. The Rector holds Englishwomen up to scorn as compared with Frenchwomen. There is certainly nothing worse than imitations of the uglinesses of the French Directory; unless it be to adopt the revolting spick-and-span of the third Empire, with Worth in the place of David, and the demi-monde for Hortense and Josephine. If heads of houses

think it worth while to discuss drawing-room coal-scuttles, well and good, and we are much obliged to them, although *de minimis non curamus*. But men can't do much in ladies' chambers. What is the use of talking learnedly to our *belles sauvages* about half-tints, when we can't keep them out of high heels? As to ornamental manufactures, with which the Rector is concerned, he is doubtless aware that the English style represented by Mr. Cottier and Mr. Morris's art-work prevails, with every prospect of continuance, in Paris, and certainly as far as Florence also.

But a race of artist-workmen might contend even with the mutability of womankind; at all events nothing else can break up the vicious circle of which Mr. Poynter complains. Individuals break from it at present, and more might do so but for faults and difficulties with which trade and competition have much to do, though personal compliance with evil is their true source. All the art-errors of the upper and middle classes are traceable to their multiform luxury, to their ostentation, and to their willingness to tamper with falsehood for the purpose of ostentation; and it is just the same, in a rougher way, with the workmen, as has been found in Oxford more especially. It might have been to the purpose in Mr. Pattison's lecture if he had reminded the Art-school of the very considerable efforts in architecture which have been made there in the last twenty-five years, besides or instead of attacking Sir Gilbert Scott and Exeter Chapel. A most important, and for a time successful effort, at creating or collecting a class of artist-workmen, was made by Professor Ruskin and Dr. Acland some years ago, when both were struggling for the existence of the Oxford Museum and its scientific teaching. Many of the excellent men of science who address large classes in that building may be excused for not quite remembering how they got there, or rather, how their well-known merits came to be properly acknowledged in Oxford. It can do no harm if an old resident attributes the successful launch of the whole system to Dr. Acland and the present Slade Professor. We have only to do with the artistic department. Twenty-five years ago, Professor Ruskin had his drawing-class at the Working Men's College, and Dr. Acland and the late Mr. Woodward spared no encouragement to artist-masons and wood-carvers. For a time artisans of considerable talent seemed to rise at their call. The flower-capitals of the inner quadrangle of the Oxford Museum are many of them beautiful works of naturalist sculpture, and they point the sure way from artisanship into fine art, and invite the true craftsman to come up higher. But there were obstacles, or rather temptations in his way, and they turned, like the art-impotence of richer men, on pride, luxury, and greed—on the wish to rise into gentility above mallet and chisel; on strong liquor; and on

mechanic repetition of a few patterns once learnt, in order to undersell companions. We know no Adam Kraft or Peter Vischer in our building or decorating trades, though we trust there are many workmen of their caste. One may hope that the subordinates of Mr. Morris and Mr. Cottier, carrying out their ideas under their eyes, and observing their instinctive judgments of form and colour, may form a great school round them; but content, sobriety, and mutual honour as to personal competition, will be found necessary to its continued existence. One such master may form a school; for appreciative copying, where a really skilled hand repeats or carries out the well-apprehended ideas of a higher mind, is of the highest character of work, as mindless copying is its lowest grade. We may appeal to Mr. Arthur Severne, Mr. Ward, or to any competent copyist of Turner, for the intellectual pleasure, and gain of knowledge in facts of form, which result from following his touches, and seeing what he meant by them.

It is time to suggest what seems a practicable measure on the part of the National Department of Art and Science. Some influence over the decorative ateliers of the country they ought to have; and they may in some degree regulate mechanical multiplication. The Department might keep an open catalogue of works, voluntarily submitted by their producers or publishers for registration. They might set their stamp on all the works they considered worth multiplying for public use; they might even have a class-list of first-rates and second-rates. It would be a sort of "voluntary-artistic" examination for publishers and manufacturers; and would certainly have influence with large numbers of middle-class buyers. That is absolutely necessary; for if you do not affect the market, the design of Michael Angelo, the colour of Titian, the soul of Tintoret, and the tongues of men and angels will never enable you to produce any effect on English art as a part of commerce. A system of registration is wanted, to judge and mark art-manufactures with the stamp of their greater or less approval, according to merit. A jury might meet at stated times, if the duties of inspection and judgment weighed too heavily on the South Kensington staff, as they probably would. There might be small fees to pay expenses; and skilled workmen of all grades should be represented on the jury, which should also contain one or two fair archaeologists, and scholars in ancient and modern history and letters. There ought to be at least an annual class-list. Some knowledge of principles in art would certainly be thus diffused; whereas at present the whole thing is a matter of fashion, and, as has been said, the fatal changefulness of fashion ignores every principle, not only of abstract beauty, but of the personal Becoming.

Is there really, and without the humbug of conventional

hopes and general apprehensions, any genuine love of natural beauty in and throughout the popular mind of England? We are perfectly sure there is; and that there is enough to form great second-rate schools in the Three Arts (for great schools must needs be second-rate, seeing that first-rates are ever lonely). And here we must open an issue with the Department and its excellent presiding genius, which cannot be completely stated on our side in the present article. We think they have not yet learned to appeal rightly to the English taste for natural beauty through landscape, meaning by that word all external shows of nature dependent on the structure of the earth and the vegetable kingdom. Mr. Poynter once stated (we think in a long-lost letter to ourselves) that the department did not exist to make artists, but to teach decoration; and, as he meant it at the time, he was right. But now it seems that both he and the Rector begin to see that they cannot have artistic decoration without the artistic spirit. They must have that somehow, and they don't know how to teach it. Both these addresses are a consistent lament that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear straight off; or teach a Scandinavian-Teutonic race, in thirty years or so, to produce Greek beauty, in all their manifold and horrible industries. And why cannot we produce beauty in and from all nature as the Greeks did? Because the Department will only let us look for it in plaster casts from the Greek, which are casts at best; possessing a symbolic beauty only, but in themselves ugly things. The cast conveys an idea of the glory which the master's marble really possesses, to fairly educated eyes which have done enough drawing to judge of line and modelling. To others all is ideal sentiment, and so on—the beauty is matter of faith. The cast appeals to the intellect rather than to the eye; whereas the marble, with the master's handling on it and its own warm crystallization, is delightful to the sight in itself. How much more a leaf, or a green bud, or many-coloured shell or flower, direct from the Maker's hand? Greek art depended on the observation of all nature in order of dignity—of the man, the horse, the bull, the dog, and so on down to the acanthus and the sea-weed. In their system of drawing, the human form was the central standard and model; and in this respect our own training seems to follow them thoroughly and with success, as it ought. But when one has learnt to draw by study of the human form, there is a great deal more in the world to work at. Anatomy and nudity are not all. They may be necessary to graphic training; though for that purpose we should consider the antique school sufficient. But suppose that on emerging from the antique or cast school, the pupil were allowed to pass into a course of naturalist work in colour, such as Professor

Ruskin's? That, we think, would soon and greatly develop what the Rector and the Director alike call for, original power of design from nature. Casts are not nature—nor is the human form the sole object, though it is the best standard of instruction. Nature has other lessons than are taught by studies of girls and guardsmen.

We do not wish to abate any strictness in drawing the cast, and certainly the abolition of the old stippling system is a great relief to both students and teachers: but we want fair encouragement to study of all nature. The Ideal has already been reached in Greek art: but we may try to approach it as Greeks did: not by exclusively copying even Pheidias, but by working from nature as he worked. His school learnt as much decoration from their own green waves and purple island-sides—from the sweeping curves and breaking apices of billows and serrated peaks, from the stubborn spring of the olive-bough, and the sharp curve of its leaf, from gadding vine and curling acanthus, from ivy and narcissus, and the violet-bed by the well—as they learnt from deliberate technical study. The mythic origin of the Corinthian capital, true or false, points to that habit of constant observation of humbler nature out of school which gave Greeks originality and invention for pattern-work in school. Years of life school and the posed model would never give power of eye and thought to idealize the knights of Athens, and those little horses, each of whom would have carried Attica; in whose necks abide strength; before whom sorrow is turned into joy—as before a good mount in any place or period. It was on this principle of observation and study of all nature in her grades, that Mr. Ruskin's artisan pupils were taught. The higher capacity may be trusted to rise healthily and gradually to the higher subject. Of course the naturalist painter must remember he is only a student still, and return to study of the figure from time to time. Such study is indispensable for training, and the painter's or inventor's training never ends till he is dead or blind. But a general enjoyment of Nature is needful to supply inspiration to English students; and now they have been trained far enough for the want of inspiration to become evident to their teachers. The best systems of teaching are mechanical as far as they are systematic; what we want is pupils who delight in their work when they *are* taught it; and the chief ingredient in that delight is love of the subjects they are studying; and that frame of mind towards models in general seems to us a thing to be deprecated.

We do not touch on objections to young ladies' studying ~~displayed~~ young gentlemen and *vice versâ*: we do not think ~~them~~ valid: but a number of people feel them, who would ~~not~~ mind severe drawing from the cast, and who would among

them produce some original patterns, and a large public of instructed buyers. There is such a thing as a love of flowers; and one cannot suppose but that a mechanic who has learnt to draw them for love of them will be likely to do better designs from them than one who has not. His botanic analysis will never be mere geometrical arrangement. He is to learn to draw, and to study design; and to be left, then, to his flower. His originality will consist in his combining his love of the flower with his knowledge of rules.

Mr. Poynter's last address draws a distinction, which should be well understood, between novelty and originality. One feels inclined to ask, at first, has anybody ever asserted that they are the same thing?—but in point of fact, as he says, many students do practically think so. They think that crude attempts to combine Greek and Gothic, and inscribe geometrical ornament within mediæval curves, deserve the title of original work, whereas they are only foolish departures from well-ascertained methods. Such variations have occurred to students before; they have been, in fact, tried and discarded by the great schools. Students ought never to invent till they are told; and should remember the Director's important words, "Invention cannot spring out of nothing, nor exist without previous study."*

Mr. Poynter's own pictures, with Mr. Leighton's, are leading the way to a certain study of Greek poetry and pageant—fruitful we doubt not of good result. But they have much grand subject within reach from Greek history; and we may ask both, understanding both to be fair classical scholars, if they ever read the sixth or any other book of Herodotus, in Canon Rawlinson's translation? or Thucydides' seventh, even in Hobbes? When the most artistic race on earth are described, in the details of their greatest brilliancy of glory, and in the intense distress of their tragedy of ruin, may they not exercise the true imagination more properly than the myth of Atalanta or the procession of the Daphnephoria, which nobody except a recent student of "Smith's Dictionary" can know about, and no person in his senses can care about? You want interest, imagination, original thought and feeling, in the public; just try us with some great thing which really did happen. The "Race of Atalanta" has no doubt its claims on the painter, being one of the established *Communia*, as Horace calls them—the great standard subjects on which successive generations of draughtsmen have tried their strength. Originality of treatment is possible, where originality of conception is far more difficult, and no one disputes the success of Mr. Poynter's

* See Address by Mr. Poynter: Minutes of Proceedings at the Distribution of Prizes to the Art Students, by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, on Tuesday, 20th February, 1877, in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum.

version. But did he never think of a group in the Dionysiac Theatre, with the Eumenides on the stage? or a subject from Salamis? or of news in Athens, from Syracuse in 413? or how Sparta heard the story of Leuctra forty years after? In school and at his department he is right to advocate painting for painting's sake, as decoration; but he is certainly called to a higher use of it himself.

The fact is, our technical education has reached a rather perilous perfection. Training is now both lengthened and severe, its processes are varied, and its results so subtle that their value can often be appreciated by highly-trained eyes only; and they may not, perhaps, be quite certain whether a given result is a display of inventive beauty or of workmanlike perfection. They are not always at one as to the comparative value of technical achievement in its most rarefied forms; while the amateur world, respectful but depressed, retains some sad memory of the history and the poetry, the honourable love and valour unto death, which painters once appreciated and longed to record. The fifth-century Greeks, at least, half believed in gods and heroes, and were quite sure about great actions: and these were the subjects, the *Life-writing* as they called it, of that great decorative system which began with gods and heroes, and ended with olive-boughs and echini. They do not seem to have had time for symphonies of colour; and their world was happily not old enough for *bric-a-brac* and china-collecting.

We may, in some future paper, point out the apparently lamentable effect on art of the collecting mania, and trace out its origin in the Roman plundering system, which may be said to have begun from the battle of Pydna. It is awful to see the worst vulgarities of Roman dilettanteism reproduced in the modern drawing-room. For the present, we seem to have got thus far, starting from the text of the valuable discourses before us:—That the mechanical multiplication of a humbler kind of objects of art, as photographs, engravings, chromographs, and the like, is not to be deprecated, where it is honestly pursued; that hand-work in all strata of labour should be invariably encouraged by purchasers; that ornamental machine-work is not worth buying, but will continue to be bought while people are false and foolish, or while their judgment is quite unformed; that a way of partial or entire escape from the evil consequences of machine-work in art will always be found by individuals; that the bad sense of the word mechanical applies to dishonestly scamped work, and in a less degree to necessarily mindless work, but that in a venial way it may be applied to the highest processes of art. We said our hope must be, first, in educating the producer; but that that can only be done by master-workers of high artistic genius and training.

Certain difficulties in the morale of the workman were considered, and then we suggested that the Department might lay a firm hand on all decorative production by a system of registration, which should express authoritative approval to art works voluntarily submitted to it. This we do hold to be worth trying. But further, we said, or meant to say, that the English taste for Nature in general is very like the Greek, and deserves and requires encouragement from the Department, if they wish to popularize what their lecturers so much desiderate, the genuine and happy artistic spirit of this country. And for educated outsiders and scholars, we suggested that all the inexpressible grandeur, beauty, terror, and pathos of the great fifth century B.C. of Hellenic History, invited the highest efforts of our best painters; and we may say at last that we believe if any men in the world are well-trained for the work of the true imagination in historical painting, certain leading representatives of English painting are in that condition.

R. ST. J. TYRWHITT.

THE AMERICAN LIQUOR LAWS.

THE experience of North America is now so frequently appealed to by those writers and speakers who take part in the discussions on the regulation of the liquor traffic and the suppression of intemperance, that a correct and clear understanding of the real position of the question in the United States and in Canada has become a point of essential importance. Hitherto, on this side of the Atlantic, our information respecting the methods adopted in America for regulating and restricting the sale of intoxicating drinks, has been to a great extent limited to the controversy as to the success or non-success of the Prohibitory or Maine Liquor Law. So little is known or heard of other regulations and licensing laws, that the public, not unnaturally, have come to associate the Prohibitory Law in a general sort of way with the entire American Union. From an American point of view no greater mistake could possibly be made in the consideration of this question. The Prohibitory Law, whatever may be its merits and whatever measure of success may have attended it, applies only to a very small area of the American Union, and to but a small minority of the population. Outside of that area and in the majority of the States, no attempt has been made to enforce prohibition, although the American people everywhere have long been convinced of the mischievous and baneful influences arising from an over-indulgence in alcoholic drinks, and have sought in a variety of ways to check and to counteract them. For over forty years a persistent and energetic agitation has been maintained in all the more populous and more important States of the Union upon the temperance question, and there is hardly a remedy which has occurred to the mind of man which has not been tried to stay the growing evils of in-

temperance. The Federal system of government in the Great Republic of the West has given opportunities and facilities for experiments of this kind which no other nation possesses. Each State in the Union, having the power to make and to administer its own domestic laws, has been free (with one important qualification, which I will immediately discuss) to place what restrictions and regulations it thought proper on the traffic in intoxicating drinks. To such an extent has this freedom been indulged in, that we find on the statute books of the several States in the Union, laws varying in every degree of stringency, from absolute prohibition to absolute free trade (subject always to a payment for licenses) in spirituous and fermented liquors. Here, it will be seen at once, is a wide and important field of observation opened up to those who care to study this question, and although the circumstances and conditions of the case are not exactly parallel in America and in the United Kingdom, yet there is such a similarity as to render many points of comparison between them both interesting and valuable. To some of these points it is now our intention briefly to advert.

To a proper understanding of the actual position of the liquor question in the United States it is necessary, first of all, to comprehend clearly the influence which the Federal or Central Government exercises in respect to it. The executive government at Washington asserts the right to grant licenses through its own officers for the sale of intoxicating liquors in every State of the Union. This is the limitation of the authority of the State legislatures in regulating the traffic within their own bounds, to which we have already alluded. It matters not what the State law in respect to the sale of liquor may be, the United States Commissioner within its bounds will grant a license to any citizen who complies with his regulations and pays him five-and-twenty dollars, or £5 sterling. This practice holds good alike in the State of Ohio, where the common sale of intoxicating liquors is forbidden by the State Constitution; in the State of Maine, where a stringent prohibitory law is enforced; and in the State of Pennsylvania, where it is about as easy a matter to obtain a license from the State authorities as it is to purchase a railway ticket. A parallel position to this state of things in the United Kingdom would be this: Suppose a prohibitory law in force in Scotland, a stringent license law in Ireland, and free trade in licenses in England, with the Inland Revenue Commissioners in all three issuing licenses to everybody who applied, and who was willing to conform to the Inland Revenue regulations and pay the license duty;—what hope or expectation would be entertained by any rational man in this country of the success of a local prohibitory law under such circumstances? Sir Wilfrid Lawson himself would cease to care

for the Permissive Bill, we suspect, were a condition of this kind attached to it. The Federal Government of the United States regards the liquor question exclusively from a revenue point of view. More than one-half of the net receipts obtained from internal taxation is derived from the duty upon spirits, and Congress has ever showed a decided disinclination to pass measures which would be likely to interfere with or to diminish these receipts.

Some blame we think rests upon the exponents of the Prohibitory Law in not making this difficulty more clearly understood. The Supreme Court of the United States, we are aware, has decided that a State legislature has a prohibitory power, and the possession of a Federal license does not protect its holder from a prosecution for a violation of the State law; but the difficulties of enforcing prohibition must be greatly increased by the existence in the State itself of representatives from the Central Government who grant licenses to do acts which are forbidden by the State law. We confess we were ignorant of the existence of this anomalous state of things until we visited the three Northern States, Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, in which the Prohibitory Law is more or less stringently enforced; and when we came to understand it we were more than ever surprised at the measure of success which has attended its administration. The violations of the law are restricted in the main to the large towns, but that they are numerous there may be judged of by the fact that, as we were informed at the office of the United States Revenue Commissioner in Portland, the capital of the State of Maine, over three hundred Federal licenses had been issued for the sale of intoxicating liquors during the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1876. To render a sale of liquor legal in the United States two licenses, in short, are necessary, one from the Central Government and another from the local authorities. The price to be paid for the first is fixed, and is the same throughout the Union, twenty-five dollars, as we have already stated; the second cannot be obtained at all in the States in which a Prohibitory Law is enforced; in others a license is granted under varying conditions, and on payment of varying sums of money. The penalties for a breach of the Federal license are, however, both more severe and more uniformly enforced than is the case with a State license; just as in this country an offence against the Inland Revenue Law is more seriously punished than a breach of the license certificate. While we write, an effort is being made in the State Legislature of Maine to make the penalties for an offence against the State law more stringent, in the hope that thereby the law may be better observed.

To have an accurate knowledge of the position of the Federal

Government of the United States on the licensing question is very necessary, as it has had a most important bearing on the action of every individual State legislature in the Union. We will now proceed briefly to detail what that action has been, and what has been its general results.

Two States—Ohio and Michigan—have what are called prohibitory clauses in their constitution. That is to say, they will grant no licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and therefore voluntarily surrender any revenue which might reach the State treasury from that source. The manufacture of spirituous and fermented liquors, however, is not forbidden by the law of Ohio, nor is the traffic in them illegal, provided that they are not sold for consumption on the premises. The first of the existing State laws in Ohio, providing against the evils resulting from the sale of these liquors, was passed in 1854. By the first section it is declared to be unlawful for any person or persons, by agent or otherwise, to sell in any quantity intoxicating liquors to be drunk in, upon, or about the building or premises where sold, or to sell such intoxicating liquors to be drunk in any adjoining room, building, or premises, or other place of public resort connected with said building. By the same Act it was forbidden to sell intoxicating liquors to minors, unless upon the written order of their parents, guardians, or family physician, or to any persons intoxicated or who are in the habit of getting intoxicated. Places where intoxicating liquors are sold in violation of this Act are declared to be common nuisances, and power is given to close them on the conviction of the occupiers. An amendment of this law was adopted in 1859, by which it was declared unlawful for any person to get intoxicated, and every person found drunk was, on conviction, to pay a penalty of five dollars and the costs of prosecution. By the same amendment it was also provided that every person who, by the sale of liquor contrary to law, caused the intoxication of any other person, such person or persons shall be liable and compelled to pay a reasonable compensation to any one who may take charge of and provide for such intoxicated person, with one dollar a day in addition thereto for every day such intoxicated person will be kept in consequence of such intoxication. The giving away of intoxicating liquors, "or other shift or device to evade the provisions of this Act, shall be deemed and held to be unlawful selling within the provisions of the Act." The penalties prescribed by these Acts are fines from five to fifty dollars, or imprisonment from ten to thirty days. The State of Ohio, in its endeavours to suppress drunkenness, has also adopted what is known in America as the Civil Damage Law. As amended by an Act passed in the year 1870, this law enables a husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer, or other person, who shall be injured in person or

property or means of support by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, to have a right of action against the person who by selling or giving liquors has caused such intoxication. The owner, lessee, or person renting the buildings or premises in which the liquor has been sold is made liable, severally and jointly, with the person selling or giving the liquors, for all damages sustained and for exemplary damages. A married woman is entitled to bring suits under this Act, and control the same and the amount recovered, as if she were a *femme sole*. An unlawful sale of intoxicating liquors, it is further provided by this Act, shall work a forfeiture of all rights of the lessee or the tenant under any lease or contract that may exist.

Passing from those States which may be said to have constitutional prohibition, we come to a second class in which the State legislatures have enacted a prohibitory law. This is the law now popularly known as the Maine Liquor Law. The experience of this law has been mainly confined to New England. It was tried and subsequently abandoned in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut; it still remains on the statute book of New Hampshire, although it is acknowledged that nothing is done there to enforce it; it is carried out, however, with stringency and effect in Maine and Vermont. The leading provisions of the Prohibitory Law are so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. It seeks to suppress the common sale of all intoxicating liquors excepting cider and native wines, unless through agents appointed by the State,—the sales by the latter being limited to medicinal, mechanical, and manufacturing purposes. The distillation and brewing of liquors are not absolutely prohibited, but are laid under heavy restraints; and the only source of supply left untouched is that from importation. As in the case of licensing, the Federal authority overrules the State authority in the matter of importation, and spirituous liquors in their original cases, as imported, cannot be seized by the State officers. These are the weak points against which the advocates of prohibition have to contend, and they explain the varied experiences of travellers as to the actual working of the Prohibitory Law in a seaport city like Portland. At the present time a Bill is under discussion by the legislature of the State of Maine by which it is proposed to remove one or two of these anomalies. Native wines and cider are to be included in the list of contraband beverages; and the manufacture of intoxicating liquors except cider is to be forbidden, under penalties of two months' imprisonment and one thousand dollars fine. The Bill also proposes to make more stringent regulations for the enforcement of the law generally. We may remark in passing

that there can be no reasonable doubt that the Prohibitory Law is sustained both in Vermont and Maine by a strong public opinion. When we passed through these States in September last the State elections were impending, and the platform of both the Republican and Democratic parties contained planks approving of this law. The Bill to which we have just referred, making the law still more stringent, appears to have passed both branches of the legislature of Maine practically without opposition.

In the remainder of the States the sale of intoxicants is regulated by licenses issued by the local authorities supplementary to those of the Federal Government. The conditions and terms upon which these State licenses can be obtained differ most widely. In the State of Massachusetts, for example, they are restricted in number, and the license duties are heavy in amount; in Pennsylvania, on the other hand, it may be said that practically there is free trade in licenses, and the duty takes the form of a modified income tax. Much that is both novel and interesting may be culled from these various State licensing laws, and here and there a suggestion may be obtained which might be found useful in our efforts in this country to cope with the baneful evils of intemperance.

In no State probably has the regulation of the sale of intoxicating drinks excited greater interest during the last ten years than in the State of Massachusetts, and as the population of that State, in its general characteristics, habits, and customs, approaches nearer to the population of Great Britain than that of any other State in the Union, a short account of the manner in which this important question has been dealt with there may be read with interest. In 1867, the Massachusetts legislature adopted a prohibitory law which was pronounced one of the most perfect on the statute book. The purchase and sale of all the intoxicating liquors to be consumed in the State were vested in the hands of commissioners, the sale was restricted "to liquors to be used in the arts, or for medicinal, chemical, and mechanical purposes, and no other," and the manufacture of liquors for exportation was placed under most stringent restrictions. The practical enforcement of this Act of 1867 was seriously interfered with, however, by the two influences to which I have already alluded—the practice of granting Federal licenses within the State, and the power of importers to introduce liquor into the State under the laws of the Federal Government. After a long-continued agitation the law was modified in 1871; in 1873 it was repealed so far as cider and beer were concerned; and finally in 1875 it was swept away, and the existing licensing law substituted. This law contains a variety of provisions which are worthy of careful consideration.

Licenses are granted of five classes:—first to sell liquors of any

kind, to be drunk upon the premises ; second, cider, and light wines containing not more than five per cent. of alcohol, to be drunk on the premises ; third, malt liquors and cider, to be drunk on the premises ; fourth, malt liquors of any kind, not to be drunk on the premises ; fifth, malt liquors, cider, and light wines containing not more than fifteen per cent. of alcohol, not to be drunk on the premises. The fees for licenses of the first class are fixed at not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars ; of the second, third, not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars ; of the fourth, not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars ; of the fifth class, not less than fifty nor more than fifty dollars.

The issuing of these licenses, and the conditions prescribed within the limits stated, are controlled and regulated by the Mayor and Aldermen, and in the absence of the Mayor by the Aldermen, and in the absence of the Aldermen by the Common Council Men. These local authorities have it entirely in their power to grant or refuse all applications for licenses, and to prescribe the conditions under which they are held and to alter the same. The provisions in regard to the nature of the business to be carried on in the building in which the business may be carried on shall be strictly adhered to. Second, that no sale or intoxicating liquor shall be made between the hours of six at night and six in the morning, nor during any other hours of the day, except that a licensee who is also a landowner or holder may supply such liquor to guests within his house for food or lodging. Third, that no liquor shall be sold as is of good standard quality and free from adulteration, and that no liquor shall be kept or sold on the premises described in the license, and that no sale or delivery of liquor shall be made on the premises described in the license to a person known to be intoxicated, or to a minor. Fifth, that no disorder, indecency, prostitution, lewdness, or any other immoral or obscene act shall be committed on the premises described in the license, or connected therewith by any interior communication. The license of the second, third, and fifth class is held subject to the condition that no liquors are kept on the premises except as provided in the license ; and all holders of licenses for the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth class shall be drunk on the premises are compelled to hold their licenses in conformity with the law, and are forbidden to sell or give liquor to common victuallers, and are forbidden to sell or give liquor to common victuallers, and are forbidden to sell or give liquor to common victuallers. The local authorities under this licensing law may declare a license forfeited at any time on its being found that the law has been violated. If a holder of a license is convicted of a violation of the law, he shall be punished by a fine varying from fifty to five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment from one to six months, or

imprisonment. The culprit in addition is disqualified from holding another license for twelve months, and if the licensee is the owner of the premises no license can be exercised in respect to them for the remainder of the term. Then further, if a person in a state of intoxication commits an assault or injures property, whoever furnished him with liquor, in violation of the law, is made liable to the same action as the person intoxicated would be liable to. The penalty for selling liquor to a minor, or for allowing a minor to loiter on the premises where such sales are made, is one hundred dollars, and this may be recovered by the parent or guardian of such minor in action for *tort*. Then again the husband, wife, parent, child, guardian, or employer of any person who has acquired habits of drunkenness may give notice in writing to any licensee, requesting him not to sell or deliver intoxicating liquor to the person having such habit. If the licensee so notified, within twelve months thereafter, sells or delivers liquor to such person, or permits him to loiter on the premises, the person who gave the notice may recover from one hundred to five hundred dollars from the licensee, as damages. If the aggrieved person be the employer of the drunkard, he must prove that he has sustained a loss. Finally the delivery of intoxicating liquors "in or from any building, booth, stand, or place, except a private dwelling-house, or in or from any private dwelling-house, if any part thereof or its dependencies is used as an inn, eating-house, or shop of any kind, or other place of common resort, —such delivery in either case being to any person not resident therein—shall be *prima facie* evidence that such delivery is a sale of intoxicating liquors."

The licensing law of the State of Massachusetts may certainly be accepted as the most stringent of any existing in the American Union. If intoxicating liquor is to be sold at all, it is hardly possible to conceive of its sale being more carefully guarded against abuse; and the practical working of this law will be watched with much interest. When we visited Massachusetts last autumn, we found public opinion much divided upon its practical success. It had been too short a time in operation, however, to warrant a decided conclusion either way. In the city of Boston the condition relative to open bars, and to making every publican an innkeeper or a victualler, was practically evaded in many cases. The act was complied with so far that a cooking stove was provided, and on the shop counter and in the window there was a display of stale biscuits, buns, and tinned meats, which were evidently placed there to be looked at, not consumed. In many of the licensed houses at Boston, it would have been as difficult to get anything eatable as in a London gin-palace. The high license fees charged are an important source

of revenue to the local and municipal authorities of Boston during the financial year ending last, 250,478 dollars were received for liquor licenses, 31,931 dollars were absorbed for the salaries of the Commissioners and the costs of the State Government of Massachusetts, leaving 218,547 dollars for the licenses of 156,585 dollars, or something like £100,000 of Fall River, with a population of 45,000, granted, and the amount received on account of 100,000 dollars, being just about equal to the amount received in town for water rates.

None of the licensing laws in operation in the American Union equal that of Massachusetts but some of its prominent features are common to them. First among these is the principle of local option, the power to local authorities, in some form or other, of granting or refusing licenses as they may think fit. Second, the prohibition of the common sale of all intoxicating liquors on Sundays; and third, the recognition of the right of the seller of liquor contrary to law is directly responsible for the consequences which may follow. The first of these, control over licensing, is sometimes provided for in Massachusetts, by simply giving the municipal authorities the power to refuse licenses. In other States a provision is made in principle to the Permissive Bill—the ratepayers can exclude the sale from their own locality, and this is recognized as the local option principle. It is in operation in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Kentucky, and other States. The practice of the Federal Government in granting licenses in all these States and districts, in the hands of local authorities, operates as a serious obstacle to the working of the local option principle. As to the compulsory closing of all licensed houses on Sundays and on the days when a general or local holiday is held is a very common provision in the various States. It is, however, very often a dead letter, and in some large cities, like New York, the balance of evidence shows that it is practically a dead letter. The third condition of—the making of the seller of liquor responsible for the consequences—is recognized in the majority of the States of the Union, whether they have a prohibitory law or not. In some cases, as in Massachusetts, Illinois, and others, the right to sue for damages is given in the licensing laws. In other States, such as Ohio, Maine, Michigan, New York, and others, there are special Acts, known as Civil Damage Laws.

of all these enactments is very similar: they enable any one who suffers loss or injury through habitual acts of drunkenness to recover damages from the person who may illegally supply a drunkard with intoxicants. Perhaps the most stringent of the existing laws upon this point is that in force in the State of Vermont. There it is provided, by the Civil Damage Act of 1869, that whenever any person who is in a state of intoxication shall wilfully commit any injury upon the person or property of any other individual, the person who by himself, his clerk, or servant, shall have unlawfully sold or furnished any part of the liquor causing such intoxication, shall be liable to the party injured for all damage occasioned by the injury so done; both the drunkard and the seller of the drink can be prosecuted in the same action. In the event of intoxication resulting in the death or disablement of the drunkard, the seller is further made liable for all loss or damage sustained, by any person who shall be in any manner dependent upon such injured person for means of support.

The interest excited in Canada for a long term of years on the temperance question has been quite equal to that shown in either the United States or the mother country. No attempt has been made to enforce a general prohibitory law in the Dominion, but under an Act passed before the Confederation, known as the Dunkin Act, the inhabitants of any county may, if they think fit, adopt a prohibitory law. Till recently there was some doubt how far this law was affected by the Act of Confederation, but the courts having recently decided that it can be enforced, it has since been adopted by several counties in the Province of Ontario. The licensing laws of the same province were amended, moreover, only last year, and as they now contain some provisions which are both novel and of some promise, we may be warranted in dwelling shortly upon them.

The first point which strikes the traveller as distinguishing the liquor laws of Ontario from those of the United States is the absence in the case of the former of all collision on this subject between the central Government and the local authorities. There is one licensing authority throughout the Canadian Dominion. In Ontario there are three classes of licenses recognized—the wholesale license, the tavern license, and the shop license. The wholesale license is strictly limited to persons who carry on the business of selling by wholesale or in unbroken packages. The tavern license is granted only to houses of entertainment which are well-appointed and sufficient eating-houses, with the appliances necessary for daily serving meals to travellers. The number of tavern licenses to be granted in the respective municipalities shall not be in excess of the following limitations:—In cities,

towns, and incorporated villages, respectively two hundred and fifty of the first one thousand, and one for each full four hundred of the population. The council of every city or township municipality, may further, by bye-law before the first day of March in any year, limit the number of tavern licenses to be issued therein for the ensuing year until such bye-law be altered or repealed. The limit is under the limit fixed by the Act for the cities and villages which are county towns the limit may be five, and three additional licenses in the town of Clifton, for the accommodation of visitors to Niagara. Unless in special cases the last provision does not determine the population with respect to the town. The Canadian shop license is somewhat equivalent to the tavern license. Under its operation, the sale is restricted to not less than three half-pints at any one time for consumption upon the premises. The local authorities are empowered to pass a bye-law fixing the number of licenses to be granted, and they may require the shopkeeper to devote his shop solely and exclusively to the sale of liquor, or may impose any restriction upon carrying on such traffic as they may think proper. The authority in the province of Ontario consists of three in number for each city, county, union or electoral riding or division, appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. The commissioners cease to hold office on the 31st of December in each year, but may be reappointed. The office is honorary and without remuneration. In the performance of their duties they are assisted by a paid official—appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. The enforcement of the law practically devolves the enforcement of the law upon the local authorities. The rates charged for these licenses are according to the following scale:—For a wholesale license one hundred dollars; for each tavern license in cities one hundred dollars, and in municipal cities sixty dollars; for each shop license in cities one hundred dollars, in towns and villages one hundred dollars, and in other municipal cities sixty dollars. A municipality may increase the license fee for taverns and shops by not more than ten dollars. The local authorities have also power to regulate the hours of opening and closing. The law prohibits the sale of all intoxicating liquor for consumption on the premises, or from shops or taverns, between the hours of six o'clock on Saturday night and six o'clock on the following morning. The only exception admitted is when the liquor has been presented signed by a licensed medical

justice of the peace, setting forth that the liquor is required for medical purposes.

As in the case of the best and most improved of the licensing laws of the States, that of the province of Ontario has been too short a time in operation for any decided opinion being given upon its practical merits. Its operation, however, deserves to be watched with care by all interested in the temperance question on this side of the Atlantic. When analyzed, it is surprising how far the Canadian law has anticipated the demands of those who now seek for additional restrictive legislation in this country. It contains in the Dunkin Act the essential principle of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill; it has anticipated the Sunday Closing Bills of Dr. Smyth and Mr. Wilson. Sir Robert Anstruther will find within it the provisions of the measure which he seeks for Scotland; and even Mr. Joseph Cowen might be satisfied with the popular character of the licensing board. The one proposal that has been submitted to Parliament in this country which has not yet found its prototype either in Canada or the United States is the proposal of Mr. Chamberlain to adopt the Gothenburg system. We are afraid the eloquent eulogium passed by the member for Birmingham upon the purity and disinterestedness of our municipal authorities would hardly apply to some of the municipalities of the New World. But one important provision in the Ontarian license law which has not yet been suggested in this country, and upon which we place a high value, is the appointment of independent inspectors to issue the licenses and to see that the conditions on which they are granted are really observed. For when criticizing the laws of the various States in America and their operation, we must not overlook the fact that there are some sections of our own licensing Acts which are practically as much of a dead letter as any that can be pointed to there.

To discuss the practical results of the liquor legislation of North America is not our present intention, however, as that opens up a very wide field of controversy. We have endeavoured briefly to explain some of the enactments now in force for the regulation of the traffic in drink on the North American continent, and the practical working of which will afford a subject of interesting study to those who seek to elevate and improve the social condition of the people. Social life in the great Anglo-Saxon community which has found a home in America is established on a basis which does not differ widely from that of which we have experience among ourselves; their religion, their language, their literature, and their laws are practically the same as our own; and what the American people have done and are doing to elevate the moral and social condition of the people, we should certainly not despair of achieving.

JAMES HENDERSON.

FRENCH THOUGHT AND SPINOZISM.

THE history of Spinozism in France may be divided into three periods. In the seventeenth century, Spinoza was an object of curiosity to a few freethinkers, of execration and horror to the orthodox. In the eighteenth century, with but few exceptions, he was disdained and neglected as obscure, barbarous, unintelligible. In the nineteenth century, thanks more especially to German influence, he has returned to honour, made new disciples, and is treated respectfully even by his adversaries. These are the three phases that we are now about to study.

During his lifetime Spinoza was known merely as the avowed enemy of the Christian religion. He had only published his "Tractatus Theologico-politicus." It was after his death, and on the appearance of the "Opera Posthuma," of which the "Ethica" formed part, that his system of metaphysic met with opponents and also with some timid partisans. At first, indeed, it was scarcely understood. He was looked upon mostly as an atheistical Epicurean, like those then living in France, who must have been a more numerous class than is generally supposed; for we see the greatest writers, Pascal, Bossuet, Fénelon, La Bruyère, rivalling each other in eloquent refutation of them. One of their number, the poet D'Hénault, undertook the journey to Holland for the express purpose of seeing Spinoza, who, we are told by Bayle, "did not place any great value upon his erudition." D'Hénault was in fact a refined Epicurean, "debauched with art," "piquing himself on his atheism," and very far from comprehending the lofty and austere philosophy of the Dutch thinker. He had begun a translation of Lucretius, of which he has left us a few fine passages; and had for friend a Madame Deshoulières, who in spite of

her "Pastorals" was also freethinking enough, and in whose verses Bayle thinks he detects traces of Spinozism.* But it is probable that we have here some confusion made between Epicureanism and Spinozism.

What proves to us the noise Spinoza's name had already made not only in Holland but in France, after the publication of his "Tractatus Theologico-politicus" (1670) is the fact that two or three years later, at the time of the expedition into Holland, and after the taking of Utrecht, the Prince de Condé evinced a desire to see him.† Spinoza himself had some difficulty in making up his mind to take this journey at the instigation of his friends. He spent several days at Utrecht, but did not, after all, see the Prince, who had just been recalled to Paris. Bayle, indeed, affirms that they did meet, but according to Colerus, Spinoza's biographer, who had the testimony of Van der Spyk's own words, Spinoza had on his return from Utrecht told his host that he had not seen the Prince. We are tempted to regret this, but the fact is no less notable as showing the high reputation of the philosopher.

At this same time the most illustrious theologians of the day were busily engaged in confuting Spinoza; and amongst others, Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, was said to be preparing a work against him. Spinoza had heard tell of this and made inquiries concerning it from his Paris correspondents. "I pray you," he wrote to one of his friends in 1676, "to inform yourself whether the treatise of M. Huet which you have mentioned to me has already seen the light, and if you are able, to send me a copy."‡ This work was not exactly a book against Spinoza but an incidental refutation contained in other treatises, about which Huet himself said, "When I found him in my path, I did not

* Especially in the following lines:—

"Courez, ruisseaux, courez; fuyez et reportez
Vos ondes dans le sein des mers d'où vous sortez
Tandis que pour remplir la dure destinée où
nous sommes assujettis,
Nous irons reporter la vie infortunée,
Dans le sein du néant dont nous sommes sortis."

"Run on, ye brooks, and bear with rapid course
Your waters to the sea—their primal source;
While we, made subject to the same stern fate,
Shall render back ere long a life of woes,
Into the nothingness from whence we rose."

† This wish had been inspired, it seems, by a lieutenant-colonel in a Swiss regiment in the service of the French king, one Staube by name, who this very year wrote a book on "The Religion of the Dutch," where he reproaches the Protestant ministers of Holland with not having refuted Spinoza, and which brought him an answer from Jacques Brun, Reformed minister, entitled "The True Dutch Religion" (1673). See Bayle's Article, note D.

‡ Ed. Bruder, Letter 72. Huet's works in refutation of Spinoza are the learned "Demonstratio Evangelica" (1676), and the "De Concordia Rationis et Fidei" (1692). Other theologians entered the lists against him—for example, Richard Simon, himself suspected of being one of the inventors of Rationalistic exegesis.

escape like a torrent from its source. . . . To me it appears that nothing further is needed to constitute atheism."

As to Dom Zamy's refutation, he took for basis the "*Principia*" of Descartes.

"I am composed," he said, "of two beings: of a thinking being and an extended being; these two beings are so different from each other that we are able, not only to conceive the one without the other, but *the one as excluding the other*. Each of these beings thus being conceivable alone, without relation to anything whatsoever, and without aid from the idea of any other being, they are not the modes of being of anything whatever, they are true substances. It is therefore false that the universe consists of one substance only."

We at once recognize here the Cartesian argument. It is thus that Descartes would—had he been acquainted with it—have sought to refute the system of Spinoza.*

It was inevitable that Bayle should assign an important place in his Dictionary to Spinoza, for he was in search of all extraordinary personages, and, as he had himself lived in Holland, had constantly heard the latter's name bruited around. Added to which he saw here a remarkable justification of his favourite thesis, viz., that atheism may practically accord with the severest virtue. "All agree," writes Bayle, "in saying that Spinoza was a worthy man, industrious, and exemplary in his morals. This is strange, but, at bottom, not more a cause of astonishment than the sight of very bad lives led by persons who fully believe in the Gospel." As to his metaphysical system, Bayle combated it with great energy, nor need we suppose him insincere in so doing, for his own philosophy consisted in seeing difficulties everywhere; and he found it most expedient never to affirm anything. He reproaches Spinoza with what—according to him—befalls all who frame impious systems; the exposing themselves to still more formidable difficulties. "If they are unable to submit to orthodoxy if they take such pleasure in disputation, they would do well to avoid dogmatism." There we have Bayle exactly; he himself delighted in disputing, and hence found it most convenient to avoid dogmatizing. As to Bayle's refutation, it would be held insufficient nowadays when the pantheistic idea has so powerfully developed; but for his age it was both learned and penetrating, and touched with justice on some of the weak points of the system. He also pointed, with his habitual erudition and sagacity, to its origin in the philosophy of the middle ages, in David de Dinant,

* No doubt Descartes never knew Spinoza, who was long posterior to him; but we should do wrong to suppose that he was ignorant of the consequences to be drawn from his system. In point of fact, Leroy, one of his disciples, having placarded in the University, as was then the custom, his contention that thought and extension may be the attributes of one and the same substance, Descartes refutes his position by an argument similar to that of Dom Zamy.—*Works of Descartes*, edited by Victor Cousin, vol. x. p. 73.

Amaubri de Bène, Alexandre—nay, he even traced it back to Mussulman, Indian, and Chinese sects. Some of his most telling objections are those founded on the apparently absurd consequences of the system when confronted with common sense.

"Thus then," he argued, "according to Spinoza those who say that the Germans have killed 10,000 Turks speak incorrectly and falsely, unless they mean thereby God modified in Germans has slain God modified in 10,000 Turks."

And again—

"God hates himself, implores favours from himself, refuses them to himself. *He persecutes himself; kills himself; eats himself; calumniates himself; sends himself to the scaffold.*"

Whatever be the value of these objections, Bayle's article is none the less the most important work of the seventeenth century respecting the system of Spinoza, and it is highly probable that the majority of French philosophers in the eighteenth century only knew Spinoza through him.

Fénélon appears qualified by the character of his genius to give us a faithful exposition and a profound refutation of Spinoza. Gifted as he himself was in the highest degree with metaphysical subtlety, and capable of the sublimest and most daring thoughts, he of all men seemed made to comprehend the subtle Spinoza and to perceive the weak sides of his philosophy. Unfortunately, it is doubtful whether he read him except in Bayle, or in the refutation of Father Zamy; and hence he failed to understand him.

His refutation falls wide of the mark, because the system that he combats is really not Spinoza's. Fénélon confounds the absolute unity of substance with the collective unity of mass.

"Perhaps," says he, "this multitude of beings, the assemblage of which bears the name of Universe, is an infinite mass which in its entirety contains infinite perfections."

Starting from this idea he holds that we may say of the whole what we say of parts.

"The whole is variable," he writes, "so if all the parts taken separately be variable, an assemblage of parts cannot be that sovereign and infinite unity of which I have the conception—no compound can be infinite."

What proves still further how little Fénélon comprehended Spinoza is that the doctrine he opposes to his resembles far more closely Spinoza's own doctrine than the one Fénélon combats, so that he positively seems to be reconstructing the former in his refutation of it.

"O infinite truth," he exclaims, "surpassing all multitudes! *O Unity who art all, and before whom accumulated numbers are nothing! I behold you again, and you fill me.*"

And elsewhere :—

“When I say of the Infinite Being simply that he is *Being*, without adding anything further, I have said all. *The difference consists in having none.* God is in Being. *Being* is His name, essential, glorious, ineffable, unheard by the multitude. . . . *God is no more spirit than body*, nor body than spirit—He is neither the one nor the other—spirit is only spirit; He who *is*, is All.”

[?] Such propositions certainly come much nearer to the meaning of Spinoza than the doctrine of the great *whole* which Fénélon refutes, and which rather resembled that of a Holbach or a Diderot.

Thus we find that some of Spinoza's most violent antagonists, a Fénélon, a Malebranche, were precisely those who came nearest to him, the one through his connection with Spanish quietism, the other by his with Cartesianism.

Indeed, it had been pretty soon perceived that Cartesianism might lead to Spinozism. These consequences had even been pointed out before the time of Spinoza. As an illustration of this, M. Cousin introduces us to a certain M. de la Clausure, a friend of Madame de Sablé, and member of her society, who, as early as 1673,* and consequently four years before the appearance of the “*Ethica*,” drew pantheistic consequences from the “*Principia*” of Descartes.

“If it be repugnant to reason,” he writes, “that there should be a *vacuum* inside or outside of the world, it must always have been repugnant, and thus the world or the *plenum* must always have existed, and cannot have been created in time as generally believed. The world then must be necessary, and as it is already immense it will also be eternal; in a word, the world must be God.”

Nor is it only from the Cartesian doctrine of the *plenum* or the infinity of the world that Spinozism may be educed, but from another doctrine, which in point of fact no more belonged to Descartes than to Scholasticism, but which Descartes and his disciples had popularized; the doctrine, that is, of *continuous creation*. M. Victor Cousin has also published on this subject an interesting discussion, found in manuscript, the date of which we do not exactly know, but may probably place at the close of the seventeenth century. A doctor of the University of Oxford—name not given—had written to a friend in France to point out that the

* Victor Cousin, *Philosophical Fragments* (Modern Philosophy, Part I, 9th edition, p. 259. Relations between Cartesianism and Spinozism.) Bossuet, too, discerned this possible consequence of the principles of Descartes. “His disciples,” he observes “have greatly confused his ideas; and, indeed, these were not very distinct when he concluded the infinity of extension from the infinity of that void which we imagine outside the world, in the which he was quite wrong. And I believe that from his errors, the impossibility of creation and of the destruction of substances might legitimately be reached by induction, though nothing can be more contrary to the idea of the perfect Being.”—*Letters Miscellaneous*, Versailles edition, vol. xxxvii. p. 498.

doctrine of continuous creation leads of necessity to Spinozism. This friend showed the letter to a certain Abbé Gaultier, a zealous Jansenist and Cartesian (attached very probably to the ideas of Malebranche), who endeavoured in a dissertation (published by M. Victor Cousin) to rebut the consequences the other sought to establish. According to him, the doctrine of continuous creation cannot be confounded with a system in which there is "neither creation nor creature." Continuous creation does not imply the negation of contingent substances; on the contrary it supposes their existence—supposes their creation of which it maintains the continuity." He adds too, in opposition to the English doctor, that "continuous creation does not destroy creative activity;" that "no one denies that spirit is active," that "moreover it is not proved that bodies are inactive;" that "even were bodies inactive," that "would not amount to proving" that the creation of those bodies "was a useless work;" and finally "that even were the negation of the activity of bodies to reduce the whole of nature to spiritual existence, no danger to religion would thence ensue."*

But we possess a document far more important than the preceding on the connection between Cartesianism and Spinozism. We have no longer to deal with an unknown individual, such as the Abbé Gaultier, but with Malebranche himself; Malebranche provoked, challenged—in a tone, indeed, of profound respect, but with a persistency, tenacity, and vigour of most formidable logic,—to acknowledge or disavow his relationship with Spinoza, and this is done by a young man who must have been one of the most able *savants* of the eighteenth century, Dortous de Mairan. Such a conflict between the mathematician and the philosopher,—the one full of the ardour of youth, the other of the moroseness of old age,—the one maintaining a solid position by fresh and supple argument, the other awkwardly and laboriously defending a difficult case; affords us a vividly interesting spectacle; this correspondence, unknown till our own day, being one of the most important facts of the history of Spinozism in French philosophy.

The very precision and rigorous method of a discussion held by a mathematician entering for the first time into the details of Spinozist demonstrations, and determining their true meaning, renders any exact analysis of it difficult in an article like this, which rather aims at being historical than philosophical. We will only say that the most critical point of the discussion turns upon the notion of extension. It is maintained that the *intelligible extension* of Malebranche has nothing to distinguish it from ex-

* See the whole letter in the *Philosophical Fragments* of Victor Cousin.

tension as a divine attribute, according to the conception of Spinoza. If we place extension, even intelligible extension, in God, we make of it the substance of the material world. Malebranche on his side seeks to distinguish between the intelligible and the real and material extension. What he places in God is "the idea of extension," the archetype of extension, but he is careful to distinguish these from the real, corporeal extension that belongs to created things. Mairan, however, will not admit this distinction. He contends, for his part, that extension as a divine attribute is with Spinoza equally the idea merely, the archetype of extension, and that outside of that idea there can but be modes; and hence, that for Malebranche as for Spinoza, bodies must be modes of God. Malebranche, driven into a corner, ends in refusing the discussion, by appealing to the weakness of the human mind and the necessity of seeking refuge in faith.

"The soul," he says, "in nowise knows itself. . . . Being finite it is still more incapable of knowing the attributes of the Infinite. How then make demonstrations about such things? For my part I build only on the dogmas of faith."

Mairan is the first French philosopher who seems to have penetrated into Spinoza's true meaning, and known how to distinguish between his system and that of the "systematic atheists" with which it had been confounded. Another philosopher of the eighteenth century equally perceives this difference. This was the Abbé de Ligna. "Spinoza," he said, "is no atheist, as is commonly supposed, but an ultra spiritualist. He recognized God only. The world and material creatures were for him but the dreams of divinity."*

But in spite of such protestations on the part of a few noble minds, a false fantastic idea of Spinoza continued to be generally entertained, and the accusation of Spinozism was tantamount to that of atheism. It was thus that Montesquieu himself was accused of being a Spinozist by the Jesuits of Trivaux, for having said that "laws are the *necessary relations* derived from the nature of things." Montesquieu replies to this accusation in his "Esprit des Lois:"—

"The critic has heard say that Spinoza admitted a blind and necessary principle that governed the universe. He needs nothing further; so soon as he shall come across the word *necessary*, he will detect Spinozism. The author had said that laws were a necessary relation; here then there must be Spinozism since there is necessity! But he has been so little understood that his very objections to Spinozism have been taken for the opinions of Spinoza."

Montesquieu was right; what he sought to demonstrate in the first

* See *Témoignages du sens intime*. 3 vols., en 12. Auxerre, 1760.

chapter of "L'Esprit des Lois" was that morality has absolute and eternal laws existing prior to things themselves, than which nothing can be more contrary to the maxims of Spinoza.

The most curious evidence, however, of the horror and the execration excited in the Catholic Church by Spinoza is the eloquent and vehement diatribe in which Massillon indulged in one of his sermons. In order to explain such an anathema from a Christian pulpit we must assume that the name of Spinoza was as familiar as his writings were unknown. It was the symbol and the combination of all the incredulity of the age, and the name was all the more seductive in proportion to the mystery that surrounded it.

"Why do you suppose," exclaimed Massillon,* "that would-be infidels so much desire to see veritably impious men, firm and intrepid in their impiety, that they seek them out, endeavour even to attract them from foreign countries, as for instance a Spinoza, if it be a fact that he was invited to France in order to be consulted and heard? It is because our infidels are not firm in their infidelity, never meeting with any who are so, and they desire to encourage themselves by finding some one who is really settled in these frightful opinions, because they seek in authority for resources and defences against their own consciences, and, not daring to be all alone in their impiety, await from example what is refused them by their reason and their heart, thus falling back into a credulity far more puerile and senseless than that with which they reproach believers. A Spinoza—that *monster* who, after embracing various religions, ended by having none—was nowise anxious to find out some other of avowed impiety to establish him in the cause of irreligion and atheism; he had formed for himself that impenetrable chaos of impiety, that work of confusion and darkness, where nothing but the desire *not* to believe in God can overcome the weariness and disgust of those who read; where everything but its impiety is unintelligible, and which, to the shame of humanity be it said, would have fallen still-born into eternal oblivion, nor found a single reader, had it not attacked the Supreme Being;—that impious man, I say, lived hidden, alone, tranquil; occupied himself solely with his dark productions, and needed no one else to give him confidence. But those who sought him so eagerly, who wished to see him, to consult him, those frivolous and dissolute men, were but fools ambitious of becoming infidels, who, failing to find in the testimony of all ages, all nations, and all the great men that religion claims, sufficient authority for remaining believers,—sought in the single testimony of an obscure man, a turncoat in all religions, a monster obliged to conceal himself from the eyes of men, for a deplorable and unnatural authority to confirm them in impiety and defend them against their own consciences."

The sceptics of the eighteenth century do not appear to have known or understood Spinoza any better than the orthodox party in the seventeenth. Bayle's Dictionary continues to be their principal source of information about him. Voltaire, like Bayle, declared it absurd "to make God alike star and pumpkin, thought

* Massillon, Sermon pour la 4me Semaine de Carême: Des doutes sur la religion. This passage, hitherto overlooked, has been pointed out by M. Nourrisson in his work, *Spinoza et le Naturalisme Contemporain* (Paris, 1866),—a work full of curious bibliographical information, from which we have largely drawn.

and mire, beating and beaten."* But at the same time he held that Spinoza was not so dangerous as was supposed. "You are very obscure, Baruch Spinoza," said he, "but are you as dangerous as reputed? I maintain that you are not, and for this reason, that you are obscure, that you have written in bad Latin, and that there are not ten persons in Europe who have read you from beginning to end."

Voltaire saw in Spinoza merely an atheist. "The fact is," he said, "that Spinoza really does not recognize any God, and that he has only made use of that sacred word in order not to scare men."

And we find him expressing the same thought in the witty verses so often quoted:—

"Alors un petit Juif, au long nez, au teint blême,
Pauvre, mais satisfait, pensif et retiré,
Esprit subtil et creux, moins lu que célébré;
Caché sous le manteau de Descartes son maître,
Marchant à pas comptés s'approcha du grand être,
'Pardonnez-moi,' dit-il en lui parlant tout bas,
'Mais je pense, entre nous, que vous n'existez pas.' " †

It was much in the same spirit, too, that we find the Cardinal de Polignac, in his "Anti-Lucrece," and the Cardinal de Bernis, in his "Discours sur la Poésie," expounding the system of Spinoza.

We might have expected, however, that Diderot, so much admired by Goethe, and the precursor of the naturalist philosophy of modern Germany, would have better understood, or would at least have read, a thinker with whom he had so many affinities. But it was not so. The article "Spinoza" in the Encyclopedia, written by Diderot, is little else than an almost literal reproduction of that of Bayle, his refutation included; for the Encyclopedia could not administer to its readers the poison of Spinoza without at the same time offering the antidote. If we turn to the works of Diderot, and his own philosophical opinions, we shall find in them no trace whatever, not merely of Spinoza's doctrines, but of any acquaintance with his works. No doubt it has been justly observed that Diderot is rather a pantheist than an atheist; and in this respect he might be said to approach Spinoza, but his pantheism differs from that of the latter just as the philosophy of the eighteenth century does from that of the seventeenth. The philosophy of the seventeenth, under the influence of Descartes and his great mathematical discoveries, is essentially metaphysical and idealistic. The philosophy of the eighteenth, under the influence of Voltaire and of the progress of natural science, is essentially naturalistic. The originality of Diderot, amidst the

* Voltaire, *Le Philosophe Ignorant*, xxiv.

† *Poésies philosophiques: Les Systèmes*.

atheists of his day, consisted in assigning (as d Schelling) life to nature and an active force to point, too, he differs from Spinoza. As to the last theories, Diderot never knew them, and we have despised them. This holds still more true as a thinker is far below Diderot, and whose —a commonplace declamatory work—is me the most vulgar atheism. According to him being than nature; that is to say, “that great from the assemblage of *different matters*, of the tions and *its* different movements which we see. Such a conception of the Supreme Principle analogy with the God of Spinoza, that is to absolutely infinite, constituted by an infinity which expresses an eternal and infinite essence.

Nevertheless there were some Spinozists in the eighteenth century who deserve to be mentioned. As to date, is the Count de Boulainvilliers. His work on Spinoza was only published after 1789. Boulainvilliers is known among the publicists of the eighteenth century as one of the ardent champions of the system. He maintained that “the feudal system was the human intellect.” Equally daring and bold in physics as in politics, Spinoza’s philosophy has been for him, and, agreeably to the hypocritical method of the eighteenth century (a method occasioned by the intolerance of the century) he wrote, under the title of “Refutation of Spinoza,” a work evidently favourable, of the doctrines of the philosopher. He added some extracts from Father Zamy and the controversy of Orobiv and Bredenbour, and the work of Boulainvilliers is manifestly revealed in the following book:—

“Considerable leisure, and a residence in the country, having led me to read the whole of the work [the title of which is of such importance that in the hope of my being able to strip it of that mathematical hue which renders it impracticable even to half our readers, I have rendered it into familiar language, and reductions, may be in a condition to excite an indignation consequently to raise up true foes to such pernicious

There is no difficulty in guessing the meaning of the above.

* *Système de la Nature*, ch. i.

† Here is the complete title of this somewhat rare book: *Spinoza, par M. de Fénelon, archevêque de Cambrai, par le M. le Comte de Boulainvilliers, avec la vie de Spinoza et ses ouvrages*, 1731.

this translating Spinoza into the vulgar tongue, to "excite indignation," and "procure him foes." But what follows makes the real purpose still more clear:—

"Where would be the use," the author continues, "of diminishing the force of the arguments opposed to us? Are we not labouring for the truth? Accordingly I have pushed Spinoza's argument as far as possible; I have not failed to adorn his thoughts more than he himself has done. . . . I have carried candour to the point of sustaining the evident sophisms of his book by the most plausible means afforded me by natural logic. . . . So great is my confidence in the impossibility of the good cause being abandoned."

Boulainvilliers, we see, believes himself not only to have cleared, but to have strengthened and rendered more specious the doctrines of Spinoza; and certainly such was his intention. But in reality it is doubtful that he succeeded. His diffuse explanation is far from having the arresting power of Spinoza's own style. No doubt the artificial form of the latter often renders its perusal fatiguing and obscure; but when he chooses to free himself from the yoke of his geometrical method, his *Scholia* and his *Appendices* have an amplitude and grandeur which entirely disappear in Boulainvilliers' paraphrase. For all that, the work deserves to be mentioned as one of the first appearances of Spinozism in France and in Europe.

Boulainvilliers, however, was only a disguised and timid Spinozist. Not so the Abbé Sabatier (de Castres), a commonplace and uninfluential compiler indeed, but the first to dare to declare himself the apologist of Spinoza.* He no longer invokes him on the behalf of atheism and incredulity; but, on the contrary, to combat these. He, like Schleiermacher, considers him the holiest and most religious of men, and apostrophizes him with an enthusiasm that also reminds us of the German divine.

"O most misjudged of sages!" he exclaims, "modest and virtuous Spinoza, pardon me for having, before I read thee, shared the general error about thy writings, and receive now the tribute of gratitude I owe thee. If in an age of corruption and delirium, in the metropolis of talents and temptations, under the very chair of seducers and sophists, I have remained firm in the faith of my fathers, it is to thee that I am indebted for it!"

Spinoza, we must confess, could hardly have foreseen this singular result of his teaching; he could not have anticipated that his influence would one day serve to retain a priest in the Catholic faith. The Abbé Sabatier admires a philosophy that teaches

* *Apologie de Spinoza et du Spinozisme contre les athées, les incrédules, &c.* This apology is much more recent; it appeared in 1806, and is dated Hamburg. We may therefore assign it already to German influence; for Schleiermacher's *Discourses on Religion*, in which the celebrated apostrophe to Spinoza is found, were published in 1799, and the second edition appeared precisely in 1806.

"that we live in and by God, as certain lower organisms live in us, and by ourselves." Whatever the exaggeration of such words, and even were we to permit ourselves some suspicion of the author's sincerity, we must still give him credit for having been one of the first to distinguish between the philosophy of Spinoza and pure atheism, and to perceive its mystical and religious side. For the rest, this apology was hardly noticed at all in its day, and it is still little known.*

We have still to enrol another priest among the Spinozists of the eighteenth century, and this time it is no longer with an amateur like Boulainvilliers, or a commonplace compiler like Sabatier, that we have to deal, but with a true and profound metaphysician, whose name, existence, and works have remained unknown up to the present time, and who has only been introduced into the history of philosophy by a recent work of M. Emile Beaussire.†

In one of his letters to M. Valand, we find Diderot writing as follows:—

"I had a strange dinner-party yesterday. I spent the day with two monks, who were nothing less than bigots. One of them read us the first portion of a very fresh and very vigorous atheistical treatise, and I was edified to learn that this doctrine is the current doctrine in their corridors."

Who was this atheistic monk of whom Diderot speaks? No one knew. M. Emile Beaussire has introduced him to us, and we find that he was a Benedictine, named Dom Deschamps, a most intimate friend of the Marquis de Voyer d'Argenson, his faithful disciple, and author of a curious system of philosophy, of which M. Emile Beaussire gives us numerous extracts and a very complete analysis.

Now this analysis teaches us that Dom Deschamps was not an atheist in the sense understood by Diderot, but rather that he had not only left behind him the atheism of the eighteenth century, but probably the pantheism of Spinoza also, and M. Beaussire thinks he detects in his system a presentiment of the idealism of Hegel. We shall not therefore be surprised to find in Dom Deschamps' writings one bearing the title, "Short and simple Refutation of Spinoza's System," either because Deschamps was anxious to exonerate himself from any suspicion of Spinozism, or, which is more probable, because he found its metaphysic defective. In point of fact, we know little about this refutation, of which M. Beaussire gives us but a brief analysis and no quotations. One thing is certain, however, that if Dom Deschamps separates himself from Spinoza, it is regarding certain special

* It is M. Nourrisson, who, in his book on Spinoza above quoted, gives for the first time some extracts from this work which we only know through him.

† *Les Antécédents, de l'Hégélianisme en France: Dom Deschamps et son Système*, par Em. Beaussire. Paris, 1866.

points of metaphysic ; but he agrees with him in the fundamental principle, namely, that the Creator and the creature, the cause and the effect, are "two things purely relative, which neither have nor can have any existence except through and in each other." He teaches, in fact, "that the universal whole is a *Being* who exists," and "of whom all sensible beings are merely modifications." Again, he says, "It is the universal being, the metaphysical substance, which exists in all and everywhere, under the hues of the physical." He made a distinction between *the all* and *all*. "By *the all* I mean," said he, "the whole of the universe, matter, the world, &c., and by *all* I mean existence in itself—self-existence." This is Spinoza's distinction between the *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*. "All exists," said Deschamps, "metaphysically and physically at once." No doubt, the details of the system do not remind us of Spinoza, and they are rather, as we have before said, an anticipation of German philosophy ; but the groundwork is the same in both doctrines.

This is what Jean Jacques Rousseau discerned, the author having communicated his manuscript to him, and received a very curious letter in reply, hitherto unpublished, but now given us by M. Beaussire :—

"What shall I say to you? The system that you promulgate is so inconceivable, and involves so many things, that I know not what to think of it. If I were obliged to express my confused conception of it by comparing it to anything known, I should connect it with that of Spinoza. It appears that you establish your principle on the most complete abstraction. Now the method of generalizing and abstracting is one I greatly suspect. . . . Our senses only render us conversant with individuals ; . . . the attempt to reunite all things passes our comprehension ; *it is like an attempt to propel the boat in which one is sitting without touching anything outside of it.* We judge by induction up to a certain point, of the whole from the parts ; *you seem to me, on the contrary, to aim at deducing the knowledge of parts from that of the whole ; I can make nothing of that.*"

This remarkable criticism applies not only to Dom Deschamps, but to Spinoza, to Hegel, and all partisans of the speculative method. It is therefore an important episode in the critical history of Spinozism in France.

One nobleman and two priests, such were the coryphæi of Spinozism in the eighteenth century. To these we may add another philosopher, equally ecclesiastical, a deserter from the Order of the Jesuits, Robinet by name, the author of a book on Nature (much admired by Goethe), who, like Diderot, and more than Diderot even, may be considered the precursor of Schelling's philosophy.* Of all the philosophers of his age, Robinet is the one whose ideas have the closest analogy with Spinoza's, though he does not seem,

* Dom Deschamps was a representative of logical pantheism ; Robinet, rather of a naturalistic pantheism.

any more than the rest of his contemporaries, to have particularly studied him. We find in Robinet neither the formulas nor the method of Spinoza. It is in principle rather than in form that he resembles him. He does not affect atheism, as do the Encyclopedists. But he teaches the "incomprehensibility of the divine nature;" he combats "anthropomorphism," as does Spinoza; like him he denies that we may from the human conclude the divine intelligence, but, more consistent than Spinoza, he does not admit even in God the attribute of thought. Like him he does admit "an absolute perfection and a relative perfection, of which the one is only the negation of the other." He also teaches, like him, that "it is beneath God to act for an end, but that nevertheless we must not thence conclude that He acts by chance." Thus, too, God is "neither free nor necessitated." He has no more "will" than "intelligence." In a word, Robinet's doctrine, though he does not know its origin, is the Alexandrian doctrine of a God without attributes. In this respect he may perhaps rise even above Spinoza, and, moreover, he endeavoured to reconcile his doctrine with that of the Scriptures, and declared that he had only developed the sacred words, "I Am that I Am."

We have shown that in the eighteenth century there was but a small number of philosophers, amongst the less well-known (some indeed wholly unknown till our own days), who came at all near to Spinoza's real meaning, or had any sympathy with his doctrine. The Encyclopedists found him too abstract and obscure for their taste; they preferred a more militant and matter-of-fact, and also a more negative philosophy. For other reasons a different school of the same period, the most learned and exact school of the eighteenth century, that of Condillac, evinced an equal antagonism to the system and method of Spinoza. That school had, in fact, raised against metaphysic all the objections renewed in our own day. All researches as to causes and substances, the beginning and end of things, the finite and the infinite, it held to be presumptuous and chimerical, worthy only of scholasticism. These were what Condillac called "abstract systems." He believed himself to have discovered a metaphysic which was really positive, by reducing it to the *analysis of sensations*. In addition he attached an extreme importance to method, to the definition of words, to the fundamental rule of proceeding from the known to the unknown, and from this point of view Spinoza in nowise satisfied him. Thus in his "Traité des Systèmes," he has subjected the first book of the "Ethica" to a very close and severe criticism. He reproaches Spinoza with having failed in the two principal conditions of geometrical demonstration, "clearness of ideas and the precision of signs."

He concludes his discussion thus: "Hampered by all the pre-

judices of the school, Spinoza formed only vague notions, which yet always satisfied him; if he was conversant with the art of arranging words and propositions after the manner of geometers, he lacked that of forming ideas similar to theirs. One thing convinces me that he was possibly himself the dupe of his own reasoning; and that is the art with which he has woven it." This opinion of Condillac's is that of his whole school, and accordingly, in the writings of Cabanis, of Destutt de Tracy, and of Laromiguière, we do not so much as meet the very name of Spinoza.

To sum up: neither in the seventeenth nor eighteenth centuries was Spinoza much read or understood. He had only a few obscure adherents whose very works were ignored. It is to Victor Cousin and to his followers that the honour belongs of having established the meaning of Spinoza's doctrine, of having made known and restored to him his proper place in the history of philosophy.

It was Victor Cousin who first introduced into France the point of view that Herder, Goethe, Schleiermacher, and Novalis, at the end of the last century or at the beginning of the present, had maintained in Germany—with somewhat perhaps of exaggeration but most certainly with a groundwork of truth—this, namely, that "pantheism is not atheism." "Far from accusing Spinoza of atheism," said Cousin, in his lectures of 1829, "we might rather accuse him of the very reverse." He associated Spinoza with Malebranche, whom he calls "a Christian Spinozist." In a chapter of his *Philosophical Fragments* he most eloquently enlarged upon the same theme.

"For him," says Cousin, "God, the self-existent Being, the Eternal, the Infinite, too much crushes the finite and relative humanity; in short, Spinoza is so filled with the sentiment of God that he loses therein the sentiment of man. The 'Ethica,' bristling as it does with geometrical formula, is at bottom a mystical hymn, an aspiration and a sigh of the soul raised to Him who alone can rightfully say, 'I Am that I Am.' Adoring the Eternal, for ever face to face with the Infinite, he disdained this transitory world; he knew neither pleasure nor action, nor glory. Poor and suffering, his life was but the expectation and the meditation of death. He lived in a corner of the Hague, earning the pittance of bread-and-milk that he needed; repudiated by the men of his own communion, suspected by all others, detested by the whole clergy of Europe, avoiding persecution and outrage only by hiding away his humble and silent life; gentle and patient under every trial; passing through this world without any desire to make it his home, not aspiring to create in it any sensation, or leave in it any trace. Spinoza is an Indian Mouni, a Persian Sufi, an enthusiast-monk; the author whom this so-called atheist most resembles is the unknown author of the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ.'"

No doubt we might find it necessary nowadays to qualify and restrict this comparison. But in presence of such as confounded Spinoza with Epicurus, it was well to lay stress upon those features of his philosophy and personality which connect him with the mystical tradition of the great contemplatists.

Victor Cousin had contented himself with indicating the general character of Spinoza's philosophy. It was the part of one of his own disciples, the most illustrious of all, Théodore Jouffroy, to give, from the public chair of the Sorbonne, the first faithful, impartial, high-toned, and noble exposition of the metaphysic of the "Ethica." To appreciate the merit of this exposition we must remember that for two centuries the world had been speaking of Spinoza without having read him, that the sincerest declared him to be incomprehensible and undecipherable. Jouffroy carried into his study of him his own love of clearness, and, at least as regards the metaphysical portion (if not the moral, which he has somewhat abridged), he has succeeded in bringing Spinoza's most abstract principles into full light.

Nevertheless his was still but a sketch; the honour of a really complete explanation, as well as of a literal interpretation, belongs to Emile Saisset, author of the French translation of Spinoza's works,* a translation so exact and clear as to place Spinoza within everybody's reach. And moreover in a most masterly introduction the same writer treats not only of the general principles of the "Ethica," but of the whole economy of the system, with a quite superior breadth and penetration. Space failing him for a refutation, he contented himself with precisely indicating the points on which he reserved his opinion. These reduced themselves to two principal ones:—1. Is it not a capital error to make extension and thought equal, and to give to bodies the same degree of reality and perfection as to souls? 2. Can the radical unity of existence, the consubstantiation of God and the universe, be reconciled with the individuality of finite and the liberty of moral beings?

Thus we see that the school of Victor Cousin rendered a triple service to the philosophy of Spinoza. In the first place, it freed the man from all the undeserved accusations to which he had been subjected, and restored him to his proper place in the series of great thinkers and philosophers of the first rank; in the second place, it made him known, expounded him in a clear and intelligible manner, and thus exonerated him from the reproach of impenetrable obscurity under which he had lain buried for two centuries; finally it translated his works and placed them within the reach of all cultivated minds. And this was done for Spinoza by a school† that has often been accused of a narrow and intolerant orthodoxy.

* The first edition, in two volumes, appeared in 1842; a second and more complete edition in 1860, which comprises the translation of the *Tractatus Politicus*. Emile Saisset has also published separately an elaborate introduction, forming a work in itself (Paris, 1860). Another translation of Spinoza has since appeared by M. Drat, from an exclusively Spinozist point of view.

† Add to the works already cited others springing from the same school:—1. Damiron, *Mémoire sur Spinoza et sa Doctrine*. 1843.—2. Francisque Bouilliet, *Histoire de la Philosophie Cartésienne*. Paris, 1854.—3. Paul Janet, *Spinoza et le*

And yet, if it be true that the school of Victor Cousin rendered all justice to the genius of Spinoza, if it repudiated and refuted the false imputations of which he had been the object, if it made great efforts to comprehend him and get him comprehended, it still insisted on holding its own in the presence of this great thinker, and did not conceive it necessary to abdicate, with regard to him, all freedom of thought. Rather it held it a duty to maintain against him its own principle—namely, the principle of human personality united to that of the Divine. The school of Victor Cousin had two fundamental reasons for adopting this position. First there came the influence of Maine de Biran,* proclaimed by Cousin himself the greatest French philosopher of the nineteenth century, who in all his writings returned to the principle of Leibnitz, while himself occupying more especially the psychological position, and taking for starting-point the individual and personal act of the human will. Secondly, there was the influence of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, the doctrine of the rights of men—the Magna Charta of the French Revolution and of the whole Liberal school. Cousin's followers therefore believed themselves authorized to defend human freedom against the encroachments of Spinozistic pantheism, and this both from the metaphysical point of view—since the earliest and most assured existence is that of the Ego—and from the moral and social: pantheism being, in their opinion, invincibly linked with the absorption of the individual in the whole. And it is this latter point of view more especially that was supported by that acute and profound publicist, Tocqueville, who had imbibed in England and America so rooted a sentiment of individuality, and who pointed out so sagaciously the dangers of pantheism in democracy.

Théodore Jouffroy evinced less foresight, and indeed strangely deluded himself, when he believed that pantheism was incompatible with the ideas and beliefs of the West, and for that reason little to be feared.† For, on the contrary, pantheistic views were on the eve of a considerable development even in France. Only we cannot trace them to Spinoza, except very indirectly and through the more immediate influence of contemporaneous Germany. Victor Cousin himself, whose lively imagination had

Spinozisme (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Juillet, 1867). This article treated of the unpublished writings of Spinoza, which Saisset had not known.—4. Nourrisson, *Spinoza et le Naturalisme Contemporain* (1866), which we have often quoted here.—5. Henri Martin, *Dissertatio de Spinozæ Systemate*. 1886.

It is only fair to acknowledge that there are some works worthy of mention, containing a different order of ideas and views:—1. Armand Saintes, *Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de Spinoza*. Paris, 1842.—2. Jean Raynaud, *Encyclopédie Nouvelle*, Art. Spinoza.

* Maine de Biran, without having devoted a special study to Spinoza, always keeps him in view when propounding his own views or those of Leibnitz.

† "It is not in the nature of Western races to despise reality, and substitute for it the dreams of imagination."—*Cours de Droit Naturel*.

passed through various philosophical phases, became imbued with Hegelianism, and his course of lectures in 1828 were not without some reason charged with pantheism; nay, possibly his sympathy with Spinoza is owing to this. Nevertheless, as we have already said, he soon escaped from the temptation, and his school—owing more especially to the action of Maine de Biran—is decidedly anti-Spinozist.

Accordingly it is in another school—but slightly philosophical, and more taken up with social economy than with metaphysic—that we see explicitly and characteristically professed the dogma of the unity of substance, and of a God who is at once spirit and matter. We refer to the St. Simonian school, which taught that in addition to the religion of nature (which was Paganism), and the religion of the spirit (Christianity), there was still room for further progress, and for a new dogma that should blend in one and the same substance both matter and spirit. "God is one," said Bazard; "God is all that is; all is in Him; all is by Him; all is Him. The Infinite Being manifests Himself to us under two principal aspects, as spirit and as matter, as intelligence and as force, as wisdom and as beauty." "God is all that is," said Enfantin; "not one of us exists outside of Him. . . . Each of us lives with His life, and we have all communion with each other in Him, for He is all that is."

And yet, while professing principles so analogous to those of Spinoza, the St. Simonians endeavoured at the same time to separate themselves from him by reproaching him with having imagined a dead and abstract world, and with not having recognized the essential attributes of divinity—love and life. Pierre Leroux's teaching led up to these ideas, both in his article on "God," in the *New Encyclopedia*, and in his work on *Humanity*. Literature and poetry equally felt the influence of these same doctrines: Georges Sand, Edgar Quinet, even Lamartine, in some passages of "*Jocelyn*," and, later, Michelet, are all more or less imbued with pantheism, but that rather through the action of the spirit of the age than owing to any direct influence, or even to an exact knowledge, of the writings of Spinoza. It is especially since 1850 that the doctrine of the unity of substance has begun to assert itself in a more severe and strictly philosophical sense; and we may cite M. Vacherot as the thinker who has given most importance to this point of view, and defended it with the greatest power of thought and style, both in his "*History of the School of Alexandria*" (which led to his deprivation), and in his work on the "*Metaphysic of Science*."

The last testimony of respect and admiration shown by France to Spinoza, which remains to be mentioned, is the brilliant and noble oration pronounced at the Hague on the 21st of February

last—the anniversary of Spinoza's death—by M. Ernest Renan.* In his summary of the opinions of the illustrious philosopher, the speaker has prominently expressed his own. He distinguishes between the supernatural and the ideal:—

“The cause of the supernatural,” he said, “is compromised; the cause of the ideal is untouched, it ever will be. The ideal remains the soul of the world, the permanent God, the primordial, efficient, and final cause of the universe. This is the basis of eternal religion. We, no more than Spinoza, need, in order to adore God, miracles or self-interested prayers. So long as there be in the human heart one fibre to vibrate to the sound of what is true, just, and honest; so long as the instinctively pure soul prefers purity to life; so long as there be found friends of truth ready to sacrifice their repose to science, friends of goodness to devote themselves to useful and holy works of mercy, woman-hearts to love whatever is worthy, beautiful, and pure, artists to render it by sound and colour and inspired accents,—so long will God live in us. *Est Deus in nobis.*”

This vague Spinozism, it will be easily understood, is full of attraction; philosophers, indeed, may perhaps find something lacking in the matter of precision; but one can hardly, in the midst of so vast an audience, explain oneself with rigid accuracy on a subject like this.†

To conclude. We think that this rapid historical survey affords reason to believe that the genius of Spinoza is not well adapted to the nature of the French mind. France is not mystical, she lays great stress on exact and well-defined ideas. She has a keen sentiment of man and of humanity, and will never take delight in a philosophy that too much absorbs man in the great whole. If ever Spinozism becomes acclimatised in France it must be through considerable modification, and by translating itself distinctly either into the meaning of those who affirm, or those who deny, the reality of spirit. The noble, the really superior portions of Spinozism are such as an enlightened spiritualism not only can, but ought to appropriate, leaving to its adversaries the lesser only. In this way Spinoza would come to be divided into two, and one half would be claimed by the disciples of Descartes, the other by those of Diderot.

PAUL JANET.

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for April, 1877, p. 763.

† To avoid omitting any feature of French homage to Spinoza, we may say, that in order to collect subscriptions for his statue, a committee was formed of learned men of every shade of thought, viz., MM. Claude Bernard, Berthelot, A. Franck, Königswarter, Paul Janet, Littré, Jules Simon, Renan, and Taine. This committee decided upon a public meeting in Paris, on Easter Monday, at which two discourses on Spinoza should be pronounced by M. Renan and M. Adolphe Franck. And finally, we may add, that the writer of this article has devoted his entire course of lectures for the year, at the Sorbonne, to the examination of Spinoza's philosophy.

MUHAMMADAN LAW: ITS CHARACTER.

I.—THE FOUR ORTHODOX

THE Muhammadan religion has often been described as a freedom from a complicated and cumbersome system of law. It is said, the true believer finds himself, alone or in company, that spot becomes at once a mosque, whence he can address his prayers to God. It has been supposed, that the Moslem passes into an immediate consciousness of the divine presence, and is peculiar to men of his creed. This consciousness is a vicissitude of history and the darkening of the human mind by scepticism. Amid revolution, disaster, and darkness, it burns on with a clear and steady light, and unites the Faithful in every part of the world, and beats their hearts together. Therefore it is that all Moslems are of one spirit; that all its pulses vibrate to the same call; that all its swords are ready to leap from their scabbards at a single call. Like so much which has been said of Muhammad, these notions are directly to the point. The intellectual immobility of the Muhammadan is not from an inner consciousness of the divine presence, but from the total want of it. According to the Moslem, man is incapable of holding converse with God; from the indications of His will contained in the Traditions, man neither knows nor can know God, and His ways. All search, therefore, into the mysteries of the Universe, or the mind of man, the Moslem regards as certainly useless, and probably impious. There is no creed the inner life of which has been so completely under an inexorable weight of ritual. For

gulf which divides man from God, empties all religious acts of spiritual life and meaning, and reduces them to rites and ceremonies. They are laws to be obeyed. They do not imply that a way has been opened out between the visible and invisible world. Hence, also, there is not, nor ever has been, any "solidarity" in Islam. The resistless sovereignty of an inscrutable God has obliterated the notion of progress, and effectually prevented the idea of a national life from coming into existence. God is supreme; what He wills, can only be known by what He brings to pass; and against His decrees as manifested in the progress of events, it is idle to strive. Such is, and always has been, the political philosophy of the followers of Muhammad. To sketch the process of education which has achieved this result, is the object of the present paper.

The Arab of Muhammad's day conceived of religion as altogether a ceremonial affair. He believed in a God, and he believed that this deity had commanded him to perform, every year, the ceremonies of the pilgrimage. But why had God done this? What pleasure could a rational being find in these absurd and meaningless rites? What profit could they be to Him, or wherein lay their advantages to men? Such inquiries never entered the mind of the Arab. It was the will of God; and regarding the *why* and the *wherefore* he never cared to speculate. The Prophet, a creature of his time if ever there was one, was as much a slave to this formalism as his countrymen about him. He, no more than they, felt the need of a logical connection between his speculative idea of God, and the expressions of His character in the visible world. He never attempted to regard life as a whole, or to say to himself, if God be such an one as I have depicted Him, then this and that custom which prevail among men must be utterly hateful to Him. The Prophet knew of no life but the life of the desert Arab, and without further question he accepted that life as being modelled after the divine wish. The Prophet knew of no religious life where the external rite was not deemed of greater importance than the inner state, and, in consequence, he gave that character to Islam also. Hence there are no moral gradations in the Koran. All precepts proceed from the will of God, and all are enforced with the same threatening emphasis. A failure of performance, in the meanest trivialities of civil life, involves the same tremendous penalties as apostasy or idolatry. In the Traditions this moral confusion is even more startlingly apparent. These traditions are a record of the answers and acts of the Prophet in response to the inquiries of his followers; and those who have not studied them know nothing whatever of the true spirit of Islam.

They accumulated in this way. So long as Muhammad lived,

the Faithful were in possession of a door communicating with the Throne of God. At this door they had but to knock, state their perplexities, and a response came to them from "the Lord of the Glorious Throne." As Muhammad taught, and the Faithful believed, that the least transgression of the divine commands brought down the same punishments as the greatest, it is not strange that they availed themselves of this privilege freely. The Prophet accepted his position, as an essential part of the prophetic office, and never doubted of his capacity to make known the will of God regarding any matter submitted to his judgment. Thus the religion of Islam was gradually provided with an exceedingly rigorous and complicated ritual. But the point to be noted is the extreme stress laid upon the accurate observance of this ritual. The mind of the believer literally counts for nothing. No ardour of faith, no purity of intention, can make up for a ceremonial defect. There was a right way and a wrong way of performing all religious acts whatsoever; and the Arab could not conceive that aught was indifferent or optional. "I asked Ayesha," said al Harith, one of the early Moslems, "Did the Prophet read the Koran at nights loud or low?" She said, "Sometimes loud; at other times in a low tone of voice." "Allah ho Akbar!" shouted the delighted inquirer: "Praise be to God! who has made religion so spacious and unconfined!" That the amazement of al Harith, at the discovery of this "spacious and unconfined" freedom was by no means unnatural will be apparent if I quote a few of the directions regarding prayer. "When any one of you says his prayers, he *must* have something in front of him; but if he cannot find anything for that purpose, he must put his walking-stick into the ground; but if the ground be hard, then let him place it lengthwise before him; but if he has no staff, he must draw a line on the ground; after which there will be no detriment in his prayers from any one passing in front of it." This passing in front of a man is a terrible crime, and exceedingly detrimental to prayer, though it does not altogether nullify it. The Prophet empowered a believer annoyed in this way to "draw his sword" upon the intruder and "cut him down;" and further declared that if "a passenger did but know the sin of passing before a person employed in prayer, he would find it better for him to sink into the earth." Equally important is the manner of performing the ablutions previous to prayer. When the Prophet performed these, "he took a handful of water, and raised it to the under part of his chin, and combed his beard with his hand, and said, 'In this way has my Lord ordered me.'" And on a certain occasion, when a party of his followers, performing their ablutions in a hurry, had omitted to wet the soles of their feet, the Prophet said, "Alas on the soles of their feet, for they will be in hell-fire!" For sin, according to

Muhammad was a material pollution adhering to the body, and, like dirt, capable of being washed away. He enjoined upon his followers, in making their ablutions to be careful not to allow so much as a finger-nail to remain dry, for, said he, "that person who makes ablution thoroughly will extract the faults from his body, even to those that may be lurking under his finger-nails;" and on the day of resurrection will be known by "his bright hands and feet," the effects of his frequent and conscientious washings. Not less important was the position assumed while praying. Resting on the arms while at prayer is "pleasing to the people of hell;" so also is "hurry in prostration like a cock picking grain," and "spreading the arms like dogs and tigers." The safest plan in this, as in all other things, was exactly to imitate the Prophet. And this was accordingly done. The Prophet's gestures and attitudes during prayer were carefully noted down, and have been imitated by the faithful ever since. The tradition rests on the authority of Ayesha, and is as follows:—

"The Prophet used to begin his prayers by repeating the *Tachbir*; and the reading of the Koran with these words, 'Praise be to God, the Lord of the worlds!' And when he made the inflection of the body called *Rekat* he did not raise his head, nor yet bend it very low, but kept it in a middle position between these two, with his neck and back in a line. And when he had raised his head after inflection, he did not prostrate himself till after having stood quite erect; and after he had raised his head from one prostration he did not make a second without sitting up in the interval. And he used to lay his left leg down, and his right leg he kept up; and he . . . forbade resting both arms on the ground, and finished his prayers with the *salaam*."

Prayers also possessed varying degrees of merit; and these were precisely settled by the Prophet.

"The prayers of a man in his own house are equal to the reward of one prayer; but in a *musjid* being near his house, equal to twenty-five prayers; and if in the public *musjid*, equal to 500 prayers; and in Jerusalem, equal to 50,000; and in my *musjid*, equal to 50,000; and in the Kaaba, equal to 100,000."*

The same formal and legal character runs through the whole body of the traditions. They are a collection of statutes which are supposed to embrace the entire sphere of man's daily activity. The object they strive after is to preclude the need of any appeal to the unassisted reason of man. The Khalifs, who succeeded the Prophet, possessed merely an administrative power. They were the trustees and executors of a system already complete. They

* It is related of al Muzani—a disciple of as Shafi, so eminent that that Imam said of him, "he is the champion of my doctrine"—"that when he missed being present at public service in the mosque, he repeated his prayers alone twenty-five times, in order to regain the merits attached to those which are said with the congregation; in this he founded his opinion on the authority of the following declaration made by Muhammad: 'Prayers made with the congregation are five-and-twenty times better than prayers said by one of you when alone.'"—*Ibn Khalil*, vol. i. p. 201.

had no power to initiate new legislation, or depart from the letter of what was written. But whatever might be the number of traditions, it soon became apparent that they could not meet and solve the needs of the great empire which was won by the Faithful immediately after the Prophet's death. Multitudes of questions came up for decision, for which no precedent was to be found either in the Koran or the Traditions. What, under such circumstances, were the rulers and governors of the people to do? They had recourse to "the method of analogical deduction." This practice was authorized by more than one tradition. When, for example, the Prophet selected Muad ibn Jabal as Governor of Yemen, and was about to despatch him thither, he said to him, "O Muad! after what manner will you judge?" He replied, "After the Book of God." "And should you find nothing there?" "After the rules of the Prophet of God." "And should you find nothing there?" "Then by deduction after the best of my judgment." Thereupon the Prophet lifted up his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "God be praised, who has given to His Prophet a messenger with whom He is well pleased."

Matters went on in this way until the murder of the Khalif Ali. He is the last of the "rightly-guided Khalifs." Such is the designation given to the Khalifs Abou Bekr, Omar, Othman, and Ali. These four sovereigns had been the chief disciples and most intimate friends of the Prophet. They were acquainted with all that he had spoken or done; and they had entered into the thoughts and intents of his heart as completely as men could do. They were as zealous as their master himself for the dissemination and triumph of the faith. And, allowing for the inevitable frailty of humanity, they were not less watchful to keep it uncontaminated by heresy or unbelief. So long, therefore, as they presided over the destinies of the true believers, the Moslem experienced a firm and satisfactory assurance that he was being guided in the right way. There was, moreover, a prejudice against reducing the deposit of faith to writing. The Prophet had declared that Islam must be impressed upon the hearts of men; and the Arabs, interpreting this, as they did all else which proceeded from their master, in its literal significance, supposed it to be an injunction to learn their religion by heart, and eschew all other methods of preservation.

Nevertheless, so early as the Khalifate of Abou Bekr, there had been a departure from the strict letter of this injunction. In the battle of Yemama, where Moseilama the Liar was killed, there had been a great slaughter of the Faithful; and among the slain were a large number of those who knew more or less of the Koran by heart. Such men were called Koran readers. Omar was warned by this incident of the exceeding great peril in which

the world stood, lest the sacred utterances should wholly perish by the slaughter of those in whose memory they were engraved. And he urged upon the Khalif Abou Bekr the need of collecting the scattered fragments of the Koran into a book. At first the Khalif was reluctant. It seemed to him a dangerous departure from the precedent set by the Prophet. "How," said he, "can I do the thing which the Prophet has not done?" But subsequently he perceived the wisdom of the advice; and entrusted the work of collecting the Koran to Zaid ibn Thabit, who formerly had acted as the secretary of the Prophet. And the latter "sought for the Koran from the leaves of the date, and white stones, and the hearts of men who remembered it," till the whole had been collected and compiled into one book. So matters remained until the time of the Khalif Othman. In his day, a devout Moslem came to Medina and presented himself before the Khalif. His name was Hudhaifa. He was a valiant warrior; and had fought on the Path of God in Syria, in Azerbaijan, Armenia, and elsewhere; and he was shocked at the different ways of reading the Koran which he found prevalent among the soldiers of these armies. He now came to Othman, to entreat him to "assist this sect, before they differ in the book of God, like as the Jews and Christians differ in their books." It was in response to this appeal that Othman caused to be made his famous edition of the text of the Koran. A copy of this he ordered to be sent to every quarter of the countries of Islam, and directed all others to be burned as inaccurate and misleading.

But when Ali was murdered, and the supreme power over the Faithful passed to the House of Ommaya, devout Moslems perceived that the purity of the Faith was in extreme peril. These Khalifs represented the ascendancy of that idolatrous Mekkan aristocracy, who, in heart, had never been converted to Islam. They knew nothing of the mind of the Prophet, and cared little to obey his precepts even if they had known them. If, therefore, the Faithful were to continue to conduct their affairs according to the divine laws, measures must be promptly taken to make good the theological ignorance of these usurping Khalifs. It is not surprising that this new movement should have originated in Medina. The people of that city regarded themselves as, in a special sense, the depositaries of the true Faith. They passed their lives in the midst of scenes which teemed with memories of the Prophet. There was the blessed mosque, wherein for so many years he had been wont to pray; there the houses wherein he had dwelt; there the grave in which his sacred remains were deposited. There was hardly a denizen of Medina who could not recall some speech or act of the Prophet wherewith to swell the sum of the Traditions, and remain for all time a light shining in the darkness.

This spiritual glory became the more precious to the people of Medina, when its political importance had been transferred to Damascus. Devout men applied themselves to learn by heart the Koran and the Traditions, and the "analogical judgments" of the "rightly directed" Khalifa. Pre-eminent among these were seven divines known in the after-history of the Muhammadan world as "the seven jurisconsults of Medina." The fame of their learning went abroad through all the regions of Islam, and the Khalifs, the Governors of Provinces, and all persons vexed with legal perplexities, who could do so, referred to them for counsel and advice. With the general consent of the Muhammadan world, they exercised the privilege of deciding, according to their own judgment, cases which could not be met by any of the existing sources of law. Thus the number of analogical judgments received an immense extension. And the mass of unwritten learning threatened to become too vast and amorphous even for the Arab's vast and tenacious memory, when the inevitable systematizer appeared in the person of Malek ibn Anas.

Malek was a native of Medina. He was born A.H. 95 (A.D. 713—714) and he died A.H. 179 (A.D. 795) in his eighty-fourth year. The pious affection of his disciples has preserved many interesting traits of this celebrated divine. He was, so we are told, of a very fair complexion, inclining to red; tall in stature, having a large head, and the forehead bald; he wore clothes of those excellent stuffs which were, in those days, manufactured at Aden; and he disapproved shaving off the moustaches, holding it to be a sort of mutilation; he never changed the colour of his grey hair by dyeing it. He never, if he could avoid doing so, pronounced a tradition when travelling, or when standing, or if he was pressed for time; "for I like," he used to say, "to feel the meaning of the Prophet's words when I repeat them to others." He had a regularly fixed ceremony, which he deemed it incumbent upon himself to go through before giving utterance to one of these sacred sayings. He first made an ablution, he then seated himself in the middle of his mattress, and, spreading out his beard, he assumed a grave and dignified deportment; after which preparations he commenced. "I delight," he was wont to say, by way of explanation, "I delight in testifying my profound respect for the sayings of the Apostle of God; and I never repeat a tradition unless I feel myself in a state of perfect purity." In accordance with the same spirit of veneration, he never made use of a horse in Medina, even when much enfeebled and advanced in years. "he said, "I shall never ride in the city wherein the corpse of the Apostle lies interred." This devout and excellent man spent his entire life in Medina, beloved and honoured by all, and once only, does the peaceful tenor of his life appear

to have been interrupted. In the reign of the second Abbaside Khalif, Abou Jaafar, in A.H. 145, the city of Medina became the centre of a formidable Alide insurrection, which for a time placed the Abbaside Khalifate in extreme danger. The Imam Malek took no part in this movement; but he was understood to have expressed an opinion that the descendants of Ali had a better right to the spiritual headship of the Muhammadan people than the descendants of Abbas. This opinion was necessarily noised abroad. And on the restoration of peace he was summoned before the governor of the Hejaz—an uncle of Abou Jaafar—and accused of having taught that the oath of allegiance to the Abbaside Khalif was not binding upon those who had taken it. The governor was so highly incensed that he had him stripped, and after inflicting on him a severe flogging, caused his arm to be drawn out to such a degree that it was dislocated at the shoulder. But this martyrdom only increased the veneration in which the great Imam was held. And this esteem and affection were in nowise diminished when the infirmities of increasing age compelled him gradually to relinquish the moral and social duties which are considered obligatory upon all good Moslems—such as attendance at the Friday prayer, the paying of visits of condolence, and assisting at the interment of brethren who have departed this life with the confession of Unity on their lips. His last moments are full of instruction. They show how profoundly he believed in the divine origin of the Koran and the traditions, and how terrible was the thought that he might have interpreted these divine utterances amiss, becoming, thereby, to his fellow-men, a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. “I went,” we are told by one of his most eminent disciples, “to Malek ibn Anas, in his last illness, and saluted him; I then sat down, and perceiving that he wept, I said, ‘O Abou Abdallah, what maketh thee weep?’ And he answered, ‘O Ibn Kaanaab, why should I not weep? and who has more reason to weep than I? By Allah! I wish I had been flogged and reflogged for every question of law on which I pronounced an opinion founded on my own private judgment. I had it in my power to abstain from doing so. Oh that I had never given opinions founded on my own private judgment!’”

The treatise composed, or rather dictated, by Malek ibn Anas, is termed *Muwatta*, or “The Beaten Path.” It was so called because it was founded on what he termed “the customs of Medina.” These “customs” were the acts, commands, and prohibitions which were to be found in the Koran, or had been learned from the example and oral instruction of the Prophet. In other words, they constituted “the beaten path” along which it behoved the true Moslem to walk. What Malek effected was to arrange and classify under their appropriate heads the immense

Yahya ibn Yahya was by birth a Berber had crossed over the sea, and settled in Spain. When a young man, he obtained a partial knowledge of the "Path," and this so moved his admiration, that he made design of proceeding to Mekka, and studying under the great Imam. This design he carried into effect at twenty-eight; and the following incident procured him the special approbation of his master. He was one day at lecture, with a number of fellow-students, when he said, "Here comes the elephant!" All ran out to see, except Yahya, who remained motionless in his seat. When said Malek, "did you not go out and look at the elephant?" he answered, "not to be seen in Spain?" To this Yahya replied, "I came to this country for the purpose of seeing you, and not to see the elephant: I did not come here to see the elephant." This reply so delighted his master, that he ever after spoke of Yahya as "the intelligent."

The great Imam being dead, Yahya ret took his master for his model in all things. his dress, and manner of sitting, he is s resembled Malek; and he imitated him also i any office under the Government. This ext



made him extremely popular with great and small. He was the idol of the people; and the friend and adviser of the Sultan of Cordova. "Never," writes a contemporary of his, "since the time of the introduction of Islamism, did any of the learned enjoy such good fortune, such influence, and such a reputation as Yahya ibn Yahya. No kadi was appointed in any part of Spain who had not first been designated by him; and as he nominated none but those who adhered to the system of Malek, the profession of that system very speedily became universal throughout Spain."

The causes of its spread in Northern Africa were different. Those who left Northern Africa to study the doctrines of their faith at some of the great centres of learning were naturally attracted to Medina, both by reason of its sacredness, and because it was the point nearest to their own homes. And there, finding the Malekite system universally received, they adopted it without inquiring further. It was, moreover, a system better suited to their simple methods of life than the more elaborate one of Abou an Hanifa, of which, and its founder, we have now to give account.

The Imam Abou Hanifa-an-Noman was born in the year 80 (A.H. 699—700), and belonged to a noble Persian family. The city of Basra was his birthplace; and he made the pilgrimage to Mekka in his sixteenth year. He was a learned man, and a practiser of good works; remarkable for self-denial, piety, devotion, and the fear of God; humble in spirit, and constant in his acts of submission to the Almighty.* He was, also, a handsome man, an agreeable companion, strictly honourable, and full of kindness to his brethren. He was rather above the middle height, and of a tawny complexion. No man spoke more elegantly than he, or with a sweeter tone of voice. The great work of his life was disclosed to him, as usual among good Muhammadans, through the medium of a dream. He dreamed that he was digging open the tomb of the Prophet, and having sent to inquire the meaning of this vision from an interpreter of dreams, he received the reply that "the person who has this dream will lay open a science never before discovered." The greater part of his life he passed in the city of Koufa. He achieved an immense fame by reason of his knowledge of the law and the subtlety and acuteness he displayed in applying the method of analogical deduction. Malek ibn Anas said of him, "He was a man of such talent that if he spoke of this pillar, and undertook to demonstrate that it was of gold, he would do so, and adduce good proofs." Nevertheless, like all the devoutest believers, he shrank from putting his legal knowledge to any practical use. The traditions are numerous which set

* These laudatory epithets must be understood in a Muhammadan sense. According to our ideas, a very virtuous Moslem of those days would be an excessively debauched Christian.

forth the responsibilities incurred by that Moslem who assumes the position of a judge or a divider between his fellow-men, and the terrible penalties awaiting the kadi who deviates from the strait path of strict equity. He, so said one of the traditions, who shall be appointed judge over men, verily is killed without a knife. And on the day of resurrection there will come, even upon a just judge, such fear and horror that he will wish, "Would to God I had not ordered between two persons in a trial for a single date!" For "there is no judge who orders between men, whether just or unjust, but will come to God's court on the day of resurrection held by the neck by an angel; and the angel will raise his head up towards the heavens, and wait for God's orders; and if God orders to throw him into hell, the angel will do it from a height of forty days' journey."

Consequently, when Ibn Omar ibn Hobaira, the last Ommayyide, governor of the two Iraks, wished to appoint Abou Hanifa kadi at Koufa, the latter refused to act. The Emir, incensed at this opposition, ordered him to be daily flogged in public until he consented. Ten strokes of a whip were inflicted on Abou Hanifa day after day till the number had mounted up to one hundred and ten, when, finding the fortitude of the Imam still unvanquished, the Emir set him at liberty. The Imam Ahmad ibn Hanbal never spoke of this occurrence without being moved to tears, and invoking God's mercy on Abou Hanifa.*

When the Ommayas were overthrown, and the Abbasides came into power, Abou Hanifa was more than once in imminent peril of his life. He had incurred the enmity of some favourite courtiers of Abou Jaafar, who had resolved upon his destruction; and but for the Imam's quickness of retort, would in all probability have effected it. The story is told by Abou Yusuf, a disciple of the Imam's. Abou Jaafar al Mansour sent for Abou Hanifa, on which the Chamberlain ar-Rabi, who bore great ill-will towards the latter, said, "Commander of the Faithful! this Abou Hanifa maintains an opinion contrary to that which was held by Ibn Abbas your

* The following anecdote is worth quoting as an example of the feelings occasioned by these and similar traditions; and also as a curious picture of Moslem manners and habits of thought:—"When Omar ibn Abdal Aziz was Khalif, he wrote to Adi ibn Artas, who acted as his lieutenant in Irak, ordering him to effect a meeting between Iyas ibn Muawia and Al Kasim ibn Rabia, and authorizing him to appoint the most acute-minded of the two kadi at Basra. The meeting having taken place, Iyas said to Ibn Artas, 'O Emir! ask the two great doctors of Egypt, Al Hasan and Muhammad ibn Sirin, their opinion of Al Kasim and me'—for Al Kasim went often to see them, while he, Iyas, did not. Al Kasim being equally unwilling to fill the place of kadi, and aware that these two doctors would advise the Emir to name him, said, 'Make no inquiries respecting me or him, for I solemnly aver by the only true God, that Iyas ibn Muawia is an abler jurisconsult than I, and knows better the duties of a kadi. If what I say be false, you cannot legally appoint me, because I am a liar; and if my declaration be true, it is incumbent on you to receive it and act by it.' On this Iyas said, 'O Emir! you set a man on the brink of perdition, and he escapes the dangers which he apprehends by making a false oath, for which he will implore God's forgiveness.' 'Since you perceive that,' replied Adi ibn Artas, 'you are fit to fill the place;' and he appointed him accordingly."—*Ibn Khall, Biog. Dic.*, vol. i. pp. 233, 234.

ancestor, who said that when a man takes an oath, and puts restrictions to it one or two days after, his restrictions are valid. Now Abou Hanifa teaches that restrictions are not valid unless announced simultaneously with the oath." On hearing this, Abou Hanifa said, "Commander of the Faithful! ar-Rabi now asserts that the oath of fidelity towards you, which was taken by your troops, may not be binding." "How so?" said the Khalif. "Because," answered Abou Hanifa, "when they went back to their dwellings they might have made such restrictions as rendered their oath null." Al Mansour laughed, and said to ar-Rabi, "I advise you to avoid hereafter attacking Abou Hanifa." When the latter retired, ar-Rabi said to him, "You meant to bring about the shedding of my blood." "No," replied Abou Hanifa; "but you meant to bring about the shedding of mine, and I saved not only myself but you."

The second attempt on the life of the Imam was as follows:—Abou'l Abbas, a courtier, bore great ill-will to Abou Hanifa, of which the latter was well aware. One day, on seeing him enter into al Mansour's presence-chamber, when there was a numerous assembly, Abou'l Abbas said to himself, "I shall have his life taken this very day." He then turned towards him and said, "Tell me, Abou Hanifa, if a man be ordered by the Commander of the Faithful to behead another man without knowing anything about his conduct, is it lawful for him to obey?" Abou Hanifa answered, "Tell me, Abou'l Abbas, does the Commander of the Faithful order what is right or what is wrong?" The other replied, "He orders what is right." "Well," said Abou Hanifa, "let right be done, and no questions asked." He then said to those who were near him, "That man thought to have cast me into bonds, but I shackled him."

His quickness of retort had delivered Abou Hanifa on these two occasions, but he was destined to succumb, at last, to the tyranny of the Khalif. When al Mansour had completed the building of Baghdad, that nothing might be lacking to complete the glory of the new capital of Islam, he determined to appoint the great jurisconsult of Irak as kadi over the city. The Imam pleaded unfitness as a reason for declining the office. "You lie!" said the Khalif, "you are fitted for it." Abou Hanifa replied, "You have now decided in my favour and against yourself; is it lawful for you to nominate a liar as a kadi over those whom God has confided to your care?" But the retort here availed the aged Imam nothing. The Khalif shut him up in prison, where after a lapse of six days he died, A.H. 150 (A.D. 767).

Abou Hanifa was the father and teacher of those celebrated legists known in Muhammadan history as "the jurists of Irak." He differed from Malek ibn Anas, in that he made almost no use

of traditions as a source of law, admitting only eighteen of these as authorities in his system. His jurisprudence was founded exclusively on the Koran, and claimed to be logically developed therefrom by the method of analogical deduction. This difference is accounted for by the difference of their circumstances. The Imam Malek lived surrounded by memories of the Prophet. He was the member of a society whose wants Muhammad had had specially in view in all the decisions which had proceeded from him. Malek, therefore, naturally enough, built up his system out of the abundant materials thus provided for him, and could not have done otherwise. Koufa, on the contrary, was a city which had not been founded till after the death of the Prophet. It was a great centre of commerce, and a meeting-place for men of diverse tongues, and various habits and modes of life. In Irak, Syria, and Egypt, the wild Arab conquerors came into contact with an old and complex civilization. This civilization they had no desire to overthrow. So long as the subject peoples paid the taxes exacted of them, their Arab conquerors were content to allow them to carry on the machinery of life much as they pleased. This indifference has by modern writers been frequently credited to the Moslem conquerors as the result of an enlightened toleration. It was, in truth, due to nothing of the kind. The Moslem never supposed he had anything to learn from these heretics, whom he contemptuously permitted to live. He never doubted they were, one and all, reserved for the lowest abyss of hell-fire. They were simply his bondsmen, who must labour that he might be fed and live at ease. They had no civil rights except such as he chose to accord to them. They could advance no claim upon his forbearance or justice on the ground of a common humanity. And, consequently, in moments of exasperation, non-Muhammadan races have always been liable to be savagely slaughtered by their Moslem rulers. A Muhammadan feels no more compunction in acting thus, than in crushing a fly which annoys him. There is, indeed, a saying reported of the Prophet, that if "God valued this world at the wing of a fly, he would not allow an unbeliever to obtain so much as a drink of water from it." But widely removed as is this feeling of contempt from what we understand by toleration, it cannot be denied, that in quiet times, it gave to the subject races some of the advantages of toleration.

In the first period of conquest, more even than this was forced upon the conquerors. For the collection of their taxes, for the management of their finances, for all the detail of administration, they were compelled to depend upon the infidels to supply the deficiencies occasioned by their ignorance and inexperience. Multitudes of converts, also, swelled the ranks of the new creed,

attracted partly by self-interest, but more from genuine conviction engendered by the spectacle of its victorious strength. And these spread among the Moslems the habits and the knowledge they had acquired in their past life. From all these sources, the Arabs became aware of a vast legal system existing in the Christian provinces they had overrun. It is not necessary to suppose they had any direct knowledge of the code of Justinian. What they could not fail to see was that a code of laws existed. What they could hardly have failed to learn was, that this vast code, embracing as it did the whole life of the people, was supposed to be analogically deduced from the laws of the Twelve Tables. Of the centuries of legal history that lay between these two extreme points, they knew nothing; and would indubitably have disregarded them if they had known. They seized upon the single principle, the method of analogical development, which harmonized with their preconceptions, and applied it to their own sacred volume. In the Koran there was to be found a solution for every difficulty that could arise between man and man. This was manifest from a multitude of texts, as, for example, the following:—"For to thee we have sent down the Book which cleareth up everything" (Sura xvi. 91); and again, "Nothing have we passed over in the Book" (Sura v. 38). . . . "Neither is there a grain in the darkenesses of the earth, nor a thing green or sere, but it is noted in a distinct writing" (Sura v. 59). There could be no mistake, so thought the Faithful, as to the meaning of these texts. They asserted in the most emphatic manner that everything that could happen had been anticipated and provided for in the Koran. It had been noted down in a distinct writing. Either then there was to be found a false statement in the Koran—which was obviously impossible—or the Muhammadan divines had not discovered the right method of interpreting the sacred book. They had, in fact, failed to employ the principle of analogical deduction. The Book of God, in laying down any proposition whatsoever, established not merely the validity of that proposition, but also the validity of every proposition that could be logically deduced from it. Thus it was written in the Koran, "Honour thy father and mother, and cause them no displeasure." Here the injunction to honour clearly implied that to dishonour or disobey was a sin; and as in the Koran all breaches of the divine laws carried with them an appropriate punishment, the due punishment for this breach must, as it was not specially provided for in the Koran, be fixed analogically. Taking this principle as a basis, Abou Hanifa spun out a complete legal system. His own teaching was oral, and it was by his disciples that his doctrines were incorporated in formal treatises. It was this system of jurisprudence which prevailed at Baghdad during the era of the Abbasides; and it is, to this day,

the most widely spread of the four orthodox systems.* The merit of logical fearlessness cannot be denied to it. The wants and wishes of men, the previous history of a country—all those considerations, in fact, which are held, in the West, to be the governing principles of legislation—are set aside by “the legists of Irak” as being of no account whatever. Legislation is not a science, inductive and experimental, but logical and deductive. It is built up from what may be termed certain legal axioms which have been divinely revealed, and whatever can be logically deduced from any proposition to be found in the Koran is to be considered as an integral part of that proposition. Thus there is a verse in the second Sura which says, “God has created the whole earth for you.” According to the Hanifite jurists, this text is a deed of gift which annuls all other rights of property. The “you” means, of course, the true believers; and the whole earth has been created for their use and benefit. The whole earth, they, then, classify under three heads:—1. Land which never had an owner. 2. Land which had an owner, and has been abandoned. 3. *The persons and the property of the Infidels.* From this third division the same legists deduce the legitimacy of slavery, piracy, and a state of perpetual war between the Faithful and the unbelieving world. These are all methods whereby the Moslem enters into the possession of his God-given inheritance. The Hanifite system of jurisprudence starts from this proposition, and it furnishes a very good illustration of what I have just said on the subject of Muhammadan toleration. The Moslem does not persecute a Christian on account of his religion, because the difference of religion makes the latter his slave. This single fact throws a startling light on the causes of the decadence of the Muhammadan world. Since the death of the Prophet, Islam has not been so much a religion as a barbarous code of laws which consigns those who reject them to hopeless political servitude, and, as divine, scornfully rejects the possibility of improvement from within. Wherever the Muhammadan conqueror penetrates, he enforces this code in all its unmitigated barbarism. All new converts are tied down upon this Procrustean bed, and whatever in thought, feeling, or conviction lies beyond its limits is ruthlessly cut away. It has been urged in praise of Islam that it has proved more potent than Christianity in eradicating national differences, and imposing upon all its votaries a single type of character. Precisely this has been the reason of its baneful power. It achieves uniformity because intellectual and moral stagnation follow in its wake. It destroys diversities of character because these are the result of life and growth; and within the sphere of Islam life and growth are impossible. There is a dismal identity in the decrepi-

* It is the one which prevails in the Ottoman Empire at the present time.

tude and corruption existing in all Muhammadan lands, which points, unmistakably, to a common parentage.

The third of the great Muhammadan jurists was the Imam-as-Shafi. He was a member of the tribe of Kuraish, and belonged to the family of the Prophet. As-Shafi was born A.H. 150 (A.D. 767—768) on the day, it is said, on which Abou Hanifa died. He passed his youth at Mekka, where he learned the Koran by heart, as also "The Beaten Path." He then went to take lessons from the Imam Malek, who told him to go to some person who would repeat the *Muwatta* to him. The youth replied that he had already acquired a perfect knowledge of it. Delighted with this signal mark of youthful zeal and piety, the venerable Imam is reported to have said, "If any person is ever to prosper, it is this youth." In his forty-fifth year (A.H. 195, A.D. 810) as-Shafi went to Baghdad, and having passed two years in that city, he returned to Mekka. In A.H. 198 he again went to Baghdad, and after a month's residence there he set out for Old Kairo, where he remained until his death (A.H. 204, A.D. 820). As-Shafi, we are told, "stood unrivalled for his abundant merits." He knew all that was to be known in those days—to wit, all the sciences connected with the Book of God and the Traditions, the sayings of the Companions, their history, the conflicting opinions of the learned, the language of the desert Arabs, philology, grammar, and poetry. He had no sincerer admirer than Ahmad ibn Hanbal, the fourth of the four great orthodox Imams. "Never," he said, "for the last thirty years have I passed a night without praying God's mercies and blessings upon as-Shafi." "Whoever," said another eminent jurist, "pretends that he saw the like of as-Shafi for learning, elegance of language, general knowledge, and solid information is a liar. He lived without a rival, and on his death he left none to replace him."

As-Shafi was an eclectic. He first acquired a thorough knowledge of the systems of Malek and Abou Hanifa, and then built up his own from the materials obtained from both—leaning, however, more to the historical and traditional precedents of Malek than to the deductive methods of Abou Hanifa. The chief seat of his system was Egypt, in the capital of which place he had passed so much of his life, and where his tomb was speedily considered a sacred spot by the Faithful, and much visited by devout pilgrims. But schools to teach the doctrines of as-Shafi were also common in Irak, Khorasan, and the regions beyond the Oxus; and in all the great cities of Asia, the Shafite doctors shared with those of the Hanifite schools, the privilege of teaching and giving opinions on questions of law. There were, also, frequent meetings between the jurists of the rival schools in order to maintain and discuss their systems. These debates gave rise to a large mass of

controversial literature, and engendered between the sects a deep and bitter hatred. The Persian historian Mirkhond has recorded a fact which shows how implacable the feeling had become towards the close of the Khalifate. When the Mongols of Chengiz Khan appeared before the city of Rhe, they found it divided into two factions—the one composed of Shafites, the other of Hanifites. The former, at once, entered into secret negotiations undertaking to deliver up the city at night, on condition that the Mongols massacred the members of the other sect. The Mongols, never reluctant to shed blood, gladly accepted these proposals, and being admitted into the city, slaughtered the Hanifites without mercy. But the Shafites derived no benefit from this astute stroke of policy. A Mongol was an animal who thirsted for blood, as a famished shark for prey. The spectacle of so many Shafites sound and well very soon became intolerable. A few days after the surrender of the town the work of murder recommenced, and the streets of Rhe were piled up with the carcasses of Shafites and Hanifites, indiscriminately put to the sword.

The fourth and last of the great orthodox Imams was Ahmad ibn Hanbal. He was born either at Merou or Baghdad, in the year 164 (A.D. 780). He was a pupil and favourite of as-Shafi, who said of him, when leaving Baghdad for Egypt, "I went forth from Baghdad, and did not leave behind me a more pious man or a better jurisconsult than Ibn Hanbal." Ibn Hanbal, as we have seen, repaid this good opinion with an equal warmth of admiration. His own doctrines differed from those of as-Shafi, in that he altogether discarded the principle of deduction, which he considered a profane interposition of merely human speculation in place of the divinely revealed law. And so much importance did he attach to this difference that he forbade his pupils to attend the lectures of as-Shafi. Nevertheless, he was himself discovered by a disciple reverentially following upon foot as-Shafi, who was riding upon a mule. Surprised at the seeming inconsistency, the disciple exclaimed, "O Abou Abdallah! you forbade us to frequent him, and you yourself are walking after him!" To which the Imam replied, "Silence! if I even kept company with his mule I should profit by it." Ahmad ibn Hanbal was a handsome man of middle size, having his hair dyed of a light red colour with henna, and a few black hairs appearing in his white beard. In Baghdad, he had not his equal in learning and piety; and all the pious and good among the citizens of the great city came to him in their spiritual perplexities to seek for light and consolation. Baghdad was then at the very height of its transitory glory. The wealth of all the world flowed into its crowded bazaars. The Khalifs lived in the midst of all that luxury and pomp which have since become proverbial. Their palaces, and the palaces of the great

nobles, blazed with gold and silver, and rang with the laughter of singing girls, and the profane harmonies of musical instruments. But then, as always, luxury at one end of the scale produced an excessive asceticism and a puritanical spirit at the other. Living in poverty, in the remote lanes and alleys of the great city, were holy men and women eager for the purity of Islam, and shocked by the corruption of the times. All such looked up to the Imam Ibn Hanbal as their guide and their preceptor. And the inquiries addressed to him are as a flash of light illuminating the recesses of this religious world.

Among the holy men of Baghdad was one Bishr ibn al Harith, surnamed "The bare-footed." He had acquired this cognomen from the following circumstance:—The latchet of one of his shoes having been broken, he went for another to the shoemaker, who said to him, "How full you are of worldly consideration!" On this Bishr threw away the shoe he held in his hand, and kicked the other off his foot, making a vow never to wear shoes again. There is a remark recorded of this man, which was evidently prompted by the hard and shallow casuistry of the jurisconsults of his time:—"The punishment of the learned man in this world is blindness of heart." Bishr had a sister, Mudgha, not less remarkable than himself for the devout austerity of her life. Concerning her, the son of Ibn Hanbal relates as follows:—"A woman came in to my father, and said, 'O Abou Abdallah! I spin at night by candlelight, and as it sometimes happens my candle goes out I spin by the light of the moon; is it incumbent upon me to separate the portion spun by the light of the candle from that spun by the light of the moon?' To this my father answered, 'If you think there is difference between them, it is incumbent upon you to separate them.*' She then said, 'O Abou Abdallah! are the groans of a sick person a repining against Providence?' To which he answered, 'I hope not; it is rather a request

* The meaning of this inquiry needs explanation. The Prophet required that from all the property belonging to a Moslem, a tenth should be set aside as the legal alms. The omitting to deduct this tenth from any part of his wealth, brought down upon the offender a punishment which is thus described in a tradition:—"To whomsoever God gives wealth, and he does not perform the charity due from it, his wealth will be made into the shape of a serpent on the day of resurrection, which shall not have any hair upon its head, and this is a sign of its poison and long life, and it has two black spots upon its eyes, and it will be twisted round his neck like a chain on the day of resurrection; then the serpent will seize the man's jaw-bones and will say, 'I am the wealth the charity for which thou didst not give, and I am thy treasure for which thou didst not separate any alms.'" Another tradition relates as follows:—"Verily two women came to the Prophet, each having a bracelet of gold on her arm, and the Prophet said, 'Do ye perform the alms for them?' They said, 'We do not.' Then the Prophet said to them, 'Do you wish that God should cause you to wear hell-fire in place of them?' They said, 'No.' Then he said, 'Perform the alms for them.'" Now, in the case of the sister of Bishr, the cotton she spun by the light of the moon would be spun at less cost than that which had the value of a candle expended upon it; a larger deduction, therefore, would have to be made from the price obtained for the former cotton, on account of the legal alms, than from the cotton spun by candlelight.

The principle here was undeniably sound. A policy regulated by the "customs of Medina" would, in other words, be regulated by the example of the Prophet. But, unhappily, the practices which sufficed for a primitive Arab city did not suffice for the vast concourse of human beings which thronged the streets of Baghdad. Where then was to be found this supplementary revelation? In the Traditions. These, since the days of Malek ibn Anas, had increased enormously in number and importance; and from these, the Imam conceived that a complete legal system might be constructed, which, reposing in every particular on prophetic authority, would render an appeal to human reason idle and superfluous. To this conviction the Muhammadan world is indebted for those huge and laborious collections of traditions—those melancholy monuments of misdirected energy and devotion, beneath whose tremendous weight, reason, thought, freedom, and progress have literally been crushed to death.

R. D. OSBORN.

HARRIET MARTINEAU'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

*Harriet Martineau's Autobiography. With Memorials
by MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN. Portraits and
Illustrations. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, &
Co. 1877.*

THE foremost literary Englishwoman of the last generation gives this account of the birth in her mind, when she was getting on towards thirty, of the famous and very influential stories called "Illustrations of Political Economy:"—

"It was in the autumn of 1827, I think, that a neighbour lent my sister Mrs. Marcet's 'Conversations on Political Economy.' I took up the book, chiefly to see what Political Economy precisely was; and great was my surprise to find that I had been teaching it unawares in my stories about 'Machinery and Wages.' It struck me at once that the principles of the whole science might be advantageously conveyed in the same way—not by being smothered up in a story, but by being exhibited in their natural workings in selected passages of social life.

"During that reading, groups of personages rose up from the pages, and a procession of action glided through its arguments, as afterwards from the pages of Adam Smith, and all the other economists. I mentioned my notion, I remember, when we were sitting at work, one bright afternoon at home. Brother James nodded assent; my mother said, 'Do it;' and we went to tea, unconscious what a great thing we had done since dinner."

The account, which I have slightly abbreviated, is highly instructive. "Groups of personages," engaged in this or that "series of actions" passed through the mind of this young lady as she studied the abstractions of her authors. It does not often happen that the capacity of grasping abstract principles and also that of embodying them in fictitious incident are united in the same person; and when this does take place, the results usually show a very incomplete fusion of the elements which are supposed to have been melted together in the fire of the imagination. In spite of "Caleb Williams" we may well doubt whether Godwin would have been equal to the task Harriet Martineau set herself and performed so well. It wanted faculties that moved more easily

and simply than his—a woman's faculties indeed; and these were found ready for it. James Mill greatly discouraged Mr. Fox, who was to publish the tales, by insisting that political economy could only be taught in the pure didactic form. This seems as absurd in one way as certain literary applications afterwards made to Harriet Martineau appear in another. Certain very ingenious persons wanted her to write stories illustrative of physical science, and could not be got to see that neither groups of personages nor any series of actions could be vitally associated with the atomic theory or the principles of combustion. It is only one more illustration of the extreme looseness of the average human mind even when cultivated. Perhaps a very little would have satisfied these projectors. And indeed we can conceive a story of Melissa, repeatedly warned by her fond friends of the danger of excessive laughter, going surreptitiously to inhale nitrous oxide; giving way to a greedy desire for the new pleasure; and finally bursting the aorta in a fit of chemical merriment. Or, if Harriet Martineau had lived in these days, and the scheme had been urged upon her, she might have written "Illustrations of Evolution." The first creature worthy of the name of man might have been brought upon the stage; he might have tamed the hipparion, perhaps; found out how to light a fire; and developed his moral and intellectual being by patience and ingenuity in the production of a primitive boomerang. This, or less than this, or worse, would be sure to satisfy those who were capable of asking to have chemistry taught in pretty stories. But Harriet Martineau knew her work and did it; and, all the more important external circumstances being favourable, she rapidly took a prominent position in the highest intellectual and political society of her time.

In the example I have selected, it is obvious that Harriet Martineau had fairly caught, and may be said to have indicated once for all, the natural action of her own mind in the processes most usual with it. There was considerable, or at least more than respectable power of grasping abstractions, but the general determination of her mind was to the concrete, to practical uses, and to the selection and rearrangement of what makes the story of common life in such ways that they might be made to illustrate certain ideas of *what ought to be*. This is largely feminine. And so is that tendency to look to a guide, which is, from the first, visible through all the independence of character which marked the career of Harriet Martineau. If it had not been for the influence of her first culture in religious circles, there is every indication that she would at a much earlier date have made the long descent which she did make, in what may be called the Atkinson era of her life.

In all her estimates of her powers, Harriet Martineau rather

undervalues herself than otherwise. She denies herself genius, and, using the word in its highest sense, we must admit that the denial speaks only the truth. But if there be such a thing as interpretative genius, she was an extraordinary instance of it. It may also be said, that when we read her at her best we carry away a sense of versatile power to which the name of genius can hardly be denied without a look of pedantry. Some of her verses are a narrow escape of poetry—not poetry of a high order, of course, but such as might have given her a place, say, in such company as that of Daniel. Although she gives us a short, frank account of a love affair which took place when she was about five-and-twenty and ended with the death of her betrothed, and although she speaks without reserve of the poignant suffering his death caused her, there is no hint, direct or indirect, so far as we can discover, that this event had any fertilizing effect upon her mind. This of course cannot be affirmed absolutely, but it may be assumed for true when we find forced upon us the conclusion that the only two passions she ever knew were the passion of justice, which she rightly says was strong within her, and the passion of wounded self-respect. The passion of justice flowered, as she advanced in life, into the passion of general human weal. This filled so large a space in her moral scheme, that if anybody had it not, or had it not to her satisfaction,—*e.g.*, Macaulay,—we find her declaring that he wanted heart. In fact, the passion of general human weal seems to be her own meaning for the word “heart.” And she knew so little about it that in her powerful sketch of Macaulay and his career, she remarked, that though the son of a philanthropist, he wanted heart—as if heart were the general characteristic of the philanthropic breed.

When the vocabulary of the moral sentiments is so peculiar, comment is a little hazardous, but it is with unbounded surprise that one finds her declaring that in childhood she was wanting in self-respect. How a human being with a passion for justice can be wanting in self-respect we shall ask in vain—the two things are so nearly related. But in one other particular Harriet Martineau's estimate of herself was strikingly correct, and very instructive. Although she declares herself conscious that there were deep fountains of love in her being which had never been touched with the rod of divine awakening, she wisely adds that she is sure that a single life was best for her. It is what others, too, will be sure of. If the other members of a household of which she was the mistress had happened to be like herself, it would have been a household of hedgehogs. Yet in some things she was made for domestic life. The love of home was strong within her. She liked what was quiet and permanent; affections bringing duties,

and duties fortifying affections; a sphere of action, both for hand and heart, such as could be seen through and through, and embraced in, so to speak, one formula of the feelings. In fact we can see, all through her career, a hankering after, may we call it, moral centralization? She did not care for broken lights, or broken impulses, or broken action. Such things irritated her. Even in the transition from theistic faith to Positivism, we can discern this. When, under the pressure of new incident, new thought, and great constitutional changes, her old firmament of faith broke up, we can see plainly the *impatient* action of her mind. When it came to "cycle on epicycle, orb in orb" as far as she could see, she could not wait for a simpler map of the heavens. Though she had a wonderful gift of provisional activity in common life, she had no such gift in religion. She craved for conceptions that would work at once to almost mechanical definiteness of practical use. When these did not lie handy she just wiped that side of the slate clean, left it blank, and wrote on the other side. Here her gift of what we may call practical self-determination helped her amazingly; and her life seems to have gone on, unconscious of a break, though the case was something like that of a cloven worm, half of him going one way and half of him the other. We find her remarking, with perfect unconsciousness, that though it might have been right of Mr. Huskisson to open his hand one finger at a time in financial matters, a similar policy cannot be right in matters of religious truth. One asks, astonished, "On your theory, why not? Where is the difference?" But there is no answer, express or implied. In her novel of "Deerbrook," which John Sterling said he thought second to none but the best of Sir Walter Scott's, there is a noble passage in which we may see how her mind was possessed—*fanaticus*—with the ideal of home, and what help she found in some of its analogies. After a very powerful picture of the apparent helplessness and friendlessness of man, weak, changing, and afraid, in a universe which seems to hold a changeless course and heed him never,—if this whole earth were to shriek with pain would one star move from its course?—after this impressive picture she turns to the ideal of home for help; and placing the passage side by side with passages in the Autobiography, we cannot help feeling that here, as elsewhere, she has drawn from the deepest fountains of her experience as a child at home:—

"Death is less dreary than life in this view—a view which at times, perhaps, presents itself to every mind, but which speedily vanishes before the faith of those who with the heart believe that they are not the accidents of fate but the children of a father. In the house of every wise parent may then be seen an epitome of life—a sight whose consolation is needed at times, perhaps, by all. Which of the little children of a virtuous household can conceive of his entering into his parents' pursuits, or

interfering with them? How sacred are the stud-
 ratus of a knowledge and a power which he can
 these little ones dreams of disturbing the cours-
 or achievement? Which of them conceives of
 household—its going forth and coming in, its risi-
 been different before its birth, or that it would be
 It is even a matter of surprise to him when it now
 that there is anything set apart for him—that he
 and that his mother thinks and cares for him. If
 or finds himself alone among the trees, he does not
 but home rises up before him as he has always seen
 ful, his mother occupied, and the rest gay, with
 not being there. This he believes, and has no
 shriek of terror for being ever remembered more.
 day to day, from year to year, without one moment
 providence of his parent around him, brooding over
 infant spirit, chastening its passions, nourishing
 troubling it with salutary pain, now animating it
 some delight. All the while is the order of house-
 the comfort and profit of these lowly little ones
 reverently, because they cannot comprehend it.
 all this—how their guardian bends over their pillow
 word of their careless talk drop unheeded, and rec-
 grief, hails every brightening gleam of reason as
 glee—they may not know this, because they could
 and each little heart would be inflated with pride.
 lose the grace and purity of its unconsciousness
 not the less real, constant, and tender for its be-
 objects. As the spirit expands, and perceives the
 able family, it would be in danger of sinking into
 it were not capable of

‘Belief
 In mercy carried infinite degrees
 Beyond the tenderness of human love

while the very circumstance of multitude
 undue elation. But, though it is good to be lov-
 to be sensible of the guardianship of which so many
 all who breathe. It is the solace of royalty weeping
 of its palaces, and of poverty drooping beside its
 glad tidings preached to the poor, and in which the
 to have part. If they be poor in spirit, it makes
 external state, or whether the world, which rolls
 be the world of a solar system, or of a conquering
 souled village.”

Now “Deerbrook” was written when Harriet
 six years of age. By the time she was forty—
 the state of mind in which she wrote it, as “in-
 lofty.” Within ten years this pathetically
 that the only resting-place for the human soul
 exchanged for the most business-like and
 that ever avowed itself under the sun that
 stars that rule the night. From the date at
 avowed these autobiographical notes are fa-

in snubbing the scholarship and the religious and philosophical claims of the lady's early friends. Even those who feel that Harriet Martineau had some provocation must surely admit that there is something unamiable in this spectacle—a woman speaking with contemptuous superiority of the faith that sheltered her in childhood and through the most anxious years of her life. Of course she was bound to tell the truth, and she was at liberty to criticize; but where, *en revanche*, is the warmth, the yearning, the longing towards “the first earth?” We have Mr. Madge made ridiculous by an anecdote about the Trinity and three wine-glasses; Rammohun Roy is made a figure for *Punch*—“meekly perspiring” in a turban; Mr. Aspland is “the prime minister of his sect;” and so on. But there is, after mere childhood, no tenderness of backward longing, no *heimweh*. There is little that is unjust; nay, there is an evident struggle to be just, and usually the struggle is successful. But “whither is fled the glory and the gleam?” It may be added here that Harriet Martineau avers that she had *always* entertained the deepest admiration for Dr. Priestley—a fact which speaks volumes for the ultimate constitution of her mind; its steady, somewhat hard-faced conscientiousness; and its inclination towards concrete studies—almost from the time when she began to think, she was a Necessitarian.

It cannot be said that the author of “The Hour and the Man” had no eye for heroism, no sympathy with self-denying courage; no one would dream of saying that of Harriet Martineau. Where could you go for a more uncompromising adherence to what the inner voice said—for a more unpurchaseable love of moral freedom? In her love of moral freedom there is even, as there could not help being, a touch of self-will here and there; but when we come to the second epoch of her life, a little sense of disappointment steals over us at her estimates of men and things. Margaret Fuller she snubs, and, we think, altogether misjudges. If ever a woman wanted heart, and was altogether a made-up woman, it was Margaret Fuller. This, Harriet Martineau does not see; but she is very angry with the poor lady's spiritualism. John Brown is spoken of in a becoming manner, but not with enthusiasm. Mazzini is treated with positive coldness. That a pure idealist like him could have any function in the world does not seem to have struck her. Her mind dwells on what Sardinia had *done*, and what Mazzini had *not* done. The lack of immediate practical result in the work of the latter was enough to place him on a low level in her eyes. That the work done by him and Garibaldi, in keeping the ideal of Italian unity before the eyes of the Italian people and the world at large, was worth all the sacrifices it cost, does not seem to occur to her. It will excite some surprise that, while she is cold to Mazzini, and absurdly

contemptuous towards "the Whigs," whose touch, according to her, "perished" all it came near, she has nothing but what is kind to say of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Roebuck. Lord John Russell, who loved liberty if ever man did, she dismisses quite cavalierly, and Mr. Mill is polished off in an indifferent phrase or two. It was not her business, nor was it in her power, to say everything about everybody, and it is a relief to find gleams of feminine partisanship here and there; but we must recognize facts, and it certainly seems to us that some of her estimates are unfair. This is no disgrace. Who can be always fair? But her general method is so full of caution and conscience, that it is necessary to put the general reader on guard against occasional deflections. The estimate of Macaulay, both here and in the "Biographical Sketches," seems to us very harsh. Can this have anything to do with something that one has read about the casual quotation from Macaulay's lips,

"And here a female atheist talks you deaf,"

finding its way into the ear-trumpet when it was not intended to do so? The estimate of the special work of Carlyle strikes us as being wide of the mark. It may be true, as she says, that Carlyle has done more than any man of his time to promote moral simplicity and straightforwardness of living; but we should have said that his special work had been to arouse and intensify the instinct of human personality, and the sense of awe and terror in a competitive and business-like generation, and to infuse into modern scepticism the sentiment of the infinite. Recent agnosticism would have been a very different thing if it had not been for Carlyle. To this day we find dull people discussing the question whether he is not a pretty orthodox Presbyterian, and he has been of great service in various camps.

In certain minor matters Harriet Martineau's criticisms of herself show an amusing perspicacity. For instance, she says that she believes she had a narrow escape of becoming a miser. For that she was too kind and liberal a soul, and in fact, she gave much away, but the remark shows a true sense of her gift for economy. And the gift had wide workings. She was thrifty of emotion, and economical in the use of ideas. She never went out of her way to invent when she could do without inventing, and a not very close examination of her works would show the dexterity with which she applied old material to fresh uses. For example, in this Autobiography she relates how terrified she used to be at the cry that Boney was coming. One day she asked her father what he would do if Boney *did* come—she having no idea what Boney was. Her father replied, "Do? why, I would ask him to take a glass of port with me." It relieved her much to find that

Boney was a human being, who could be asked to take a glass of port. This little incident will be found almost literally reproduced in "The Marsh Fog and the Sea Breeze," in *Household Words*. This is all as it should be, it is admirable; but we do not see such instances in their true light until we read what she so frankly tells us about her use of matters of fact in her "works of fiction," and her views about the invention of plots.

This may serve to remind us of one or two singular perversities of judgment upon literary men whom she knew very well. She makes the odd criticism that Bulwer-Lytton could not construct a plot, but she thinks he had in him the making of a great and good man. This judgment, and some others, would be more interesting if it were not that her moral *criteria* sometimes appear a little confusing. Here is an example:—

"At one of Mr. Rogers's breakfasts, I was seated between Jeffrey and his friend Milman, when the conversation turned on some special case (I forget what) of excessive vanity. I was pitying the person because, whatever flattery he obtained, there was always some censure; and the smallest censure, to the vain, outweighs the largest amount of praise. Milman did not think so, saying that the vain are very happy; no people more apt at making themselves happy than the vainest; they feed upon their own praises, and dismiss the censure; and, having no heart, they are out of the way of trouble. I made the obvious remark, that if they had no heart they cannot be very happy. Jeffrey's serious assent to this, and remark that it settled the question, discomposed Milman extremely. He set to work to batter his egg and devour it without any reply, and did not speak for some time after. It was amusing that we two heretics should be administering instruction on morals to a Church dignitary of such eminence as a sacred poet as the Dean of St. Paul's."

Mr. Matthew Arnold makes Heine's message to Europe consist in these words:—

"Hollow and dull are the great,
And artists envious, and the mob profane."

This specimen of "great" talk is dull enough and hollow enough, in all conscience. Whether the vain are more pleased by praise or hurt by blame is an idle question, to which no satisfactory or conclusive answer can possibly be given. Again: what is it to have heart? This is a point upon which it is quite impossible to make out the deliverances of Harriet Martineau. But, above all things, why should the vain have no heart? The vain are not a zoological class by themselves, like the rodents, or the wading birds, or the felines. To say that the vain have no heart is like saying that the proud, or the tall, or the learned have none. He must be a dull observer who does not know very vain men who have plenty of heart. Then, again, there is an equivocation in the use of the word "happy." Why should not the heartless be happy? Idiots, misers may; why not vain people? Happy in the sense

of being very full of resourceful and expansive life, of course not; but happy in the sense of having no conscious want, and feeling completely pleased within a given range, assuredly yes.

Many of the literary anecdotes now related afresh are in the "Biographical Sketches," and the story of the lady's childhood is to be gathered, and we believe better gathered, from her "Household Education." But in 1854, while Harriet Martineau was living at Ambleside, in the house which she had built for herself, she was made aware by the physicians that she had a disease of the heart which might at any moment terminate her life, and she then sat down to write the Autobiography which has just been given to the world. Its general outline may be presented in a sentence or two. Harriet Martineau was born of middle-class parents, of Huguenot extraction, who had settled in Norwich. She passed a somewhat gloomy, not to say stormy childhood, and, upon the break-down of the family resources, was left with a sovereign in her pocket. She was too deaf to teach music or anything else. But she happened to win three prizes for certain essays, and this put a little money into her purse. Then she wrote her Political Economy stories, and came up to London to get them published. After much labour—and persistence such as few men would have been capable of—she triumphed. The stories were a tremendous success; she was one of the leading lionesses of London literary society; and Lord Althorp consulted her about his budget! Now, to hold her own in the company of such men as Jeffrey, Hallam, Sydney Smith, Brougham, James Mill, and Rogers, Harriet Martineau must have had great, very great moral and intellectual force. And, in judging of this, we must not forget for a moment that she was not in any usual sense a literary adventurer; but, in her way, a "prophetic" person, who put the whole strength of her conscience as well as her head and heart into whatever she did. Do what she might, say what she might, write what she pleased, she was instantly believed in. In fact, she held her own in a most remarkable manner. In her life there is not a trace of moral or intellectual dissipation; nor, so far as eye can see, a ravelled thread. It is the same with her writing—always. Whatever the faults are, she is self-possessed in the noble sense, and a spirit of fine moral power looks out upon you from the least satisfactory of the pages that you read. This it is which we hold to be the most striking characteristic of the woman and her books. A breath of conscience, steady as a trade-wind, blows through all she writes and all she does.

In spite of the gaiety of heart of which we hear so much, and in spite of real brightness of temperament and a little humour, Harriet Martineau was undoubtedly deficient on that side. Her

deafness may have had something to do with this, as it evidently had with other peculiarities. She very properly refused to allow Moore to be introduced to her, unless he could deny the authorship of a certain squib. She adds that Moore retired to a distance behind another lady at the harp, and while he was singing, watched her (Harriet) through his eye-glass. She then learnt from a friend that, at another party on the same evening, Moore had said that he had just been "singing to Miss Martineau." The idea of the little man saying that he had been singing to Miss Martineau is truly comic; but Harriet did not see any joke, and gravely records this as an instance of Moore's mendacity. She dwells with equal gravity upon other matters of a similar kind, and moralizes "out of the depths" when she ought to have been laughing at a joke. A letter of rebuke to poor William Empson, who appears to have deserved much better things at her hands, is a very model of morbid severity where a few playful words were all that was wanted.

The key to much of what has offended most readers in this Autobiography lies in three words. In the first place, the lady suffered much, and lost still more, from her deafness. She heard specific remarks and formal conversation; but she missed a thousand moral *nuances* which a person who can hear well is easily conscious of. In the dialogue between the characters in her stories we always feel a want. It is set, explanatory, right-on-end, so to speak. It is often very good; but where is the "dileck?" You have to go without it. It may also be said that Harriet Martineau missed, through her deafness, many a lesson in manners. Her phraseology is at times quite startling. That is our *first* word.

This frankness of speech, however, reminds us of the *second* word of the key. Harriet Martineau had very little capacity of reserve. One can see that in her portrait, and a beautiful noble face it is; she is all visible, in that frank, upraised, cheerful look. She had none of what the phrenologists call secretiveness. There are those who, if they speak at all, must speak everything. When they have done, you know, not only the worst of them, but more and worse than the worst. Harriet Martineau, when she was bad at all,—the word is a strong one, and we only use it for simplicity's sake,—was not half as bad as she writes herself down. What to the eyes of an accomplished man or woman of the world appears to be spite or vanity, is really nothing of the kind. She tells you, with perfect frankness, that she did not get on well with her mother, either as a child or in later years. Of her father she says nothing but what is kind. She even says that her mother appeared jealous of her and seemed inclined to stand in her way. This looks very queer if read in any ordinary light; but

the fact is, we cannot do justice here without an effort. If we look again, we find that this exaggerated frankness runs through the whole story, and is quite simple-hearted. That she had an impulse to say a thing was to her like a divine call which she had to obey. This, more than anything else, stamps the woman. Whatever changes her creed underwent, she never lost the characteristic which affiliates her to the religious and unworldly *gens*.

The *third* word of the key is more open to ordinary, untrained vision. Harriet Martineau had an austere and morbidly restless conscience. This was in a large degree the result of the position in which, with her deafness growing upon her, she found herself in early life. She had originally and always a most intense love of truth and right, and great power of resistance—her courage, in all kinds, was remarkable—and, as is usual with very conscientious people who have been “rubbed the wrong way of the stuff,” she laid as much stress upon the right denied to her as upon the duty she had to do. Let any one take a little time to think over what he owes to the casual talk he has heard: how many hard things one passing word has softened; what happy side-lights upon the character of others have been cast by the merest by-play of speech; what suffering it must have been to a bright, quick, eager nature like Harriet’s to miss this by-play; how many errors she must have fallen into and stayed in simply for want of such help as nearly all of us get through our ears; and he will not think harshly of Harriet Martineau’s over-strained, but still noble exactingness in ethical matters. In “Household Education” there is a passage in which she says that to be deaf from birth is “unquestionably” a greater misfortune than to be blind from birth. This “unquestionably” is in her usual vein, which looks, but is not, imperious—it is over-frank in its decisiveness, that is all. But, at least, it shows how deeply she felt her deprivation.

In forming any general estimate of the intellectual and moral rank of Harriet Martineau, we are not disinclined to think that we are nowadays more likely to do her scant justice than to overpraise her. The time is gone by when writing like her political stories would create any excitement, or indeed be read; but we must judge her by the times and the needs of her times. We may laugh when we hear of Cabinet Ministers coming to consult her about their budgets, and all the world going mad to see “the little deaf woman from Norwich,” as Lord Brougham called her; but, when once we have got out of our mouths the slightly acrid flavour of some parts of this Autobiography, we cannot deny that we have before us a noble figure. There are so many lines of masculine hardness in it that we are pleased to trace a weakness here and there, an excessive tendency to bear hard on others, even when the “others” are the last we should have expected her to blame. We cannot deny

that she was a woman who really and truly found her work, and did it well. She is a most lucid writer, and often more than lucid. When we compare her intellectual force with that of her accomplished contemporary, Sara Coleridge, for example, we feel at once how much power there was in her. She nearly always grasps us; and if we are in haste to find her wrong we sometimes find we have to retrace our steps and pronounce her right after all. We must not forget that during many of the maturer years of her life, she worked under the restrictions of a disease which must have much limited her activity. And whenever we come across weakness, credulity, over-reliance on others, excessive hopes of great results from small or interested sources, we shall always find her faith or her folly, or both, interfused with intense moral feeling. Happy would it be for all of us if we could hold so firm a faith in ourselves, in others, and in the course of things! May we not say that there is something great in each soul that never despairs of the good? And when such a soul can employ as its instrument an intelligence so clear and so strong as Harriet Martineau's, and honestly dedicates it to that service, do we not need really large and ungrudging words when we speak of either the character or the work?

HENRY S. RICHARDSON.

A RECONCILING PHILOSOPHICAL CONCEPTION.

THE thought that consciousness of some sort belongs to all the observable activities of nature, is every day becoming more and more obtrusive in the minds of those earnest men who have resolved to look fearlessly into all the most profound philosophical questions from the distinctively modern point of view. Poets and thinkers with strong poetic sympathies, have hinted at some such fact from the earliest of times, and the poetic sensibilities of humanity have received the hints, and cherished them too, after a fashion; but the thought has usually been set aside, in the long run, as found wanting, on mature consideration, in all those conditions which are regarded as necessary to secure for any belief a sure place among things proved. The pursuit of this line of inquiry has most commonly been checked before long by the chilling reflection that, in all probability, this life which we had imagined we saw working everywhere around us was after all only the reflex of our own emotions; that this consciousness which we were mysteriously urged to attribute to the whole energies of Nature was but the overflow of our own strong feelings in their presence. But yet the thought will not away from us; the conviction that poetic intuitions of this order are not merely germs of strictest scientific truth, but are even the root from which every truth of science springs, is itself fast becoming a scientific verity. And of all those intuitions, regarded thus as enunciations, before the time, of genuine truths of science, and destined, therefore, to be transferred from the region of mere poetic sentiment and planted firmly and for ever in the world of facts the most certainly ascertained, that of *the essential livingness of the whole universe* is one of the most interesting and important in all respects. But if this

thought is ever to take its place among established things it must be by being grounded upon some fundamental fact of consciousness, by being shown to be necessarily involved in some such fact, or fairly deducible from it. Now, the claim of this conception to a sure place among necessary truths can, I think, be demonstrated. In any case, the attempt seems worth making; and we must not allow ourselves to be deterred from making it by the fear of being charged with meditating a wild foray into the barren region of metaphysics; for the desire, which so many in these days seem to fondle, to banish metaphysics from the world of philosophy in the supposed interests of practical science, is simply a desire to see philosophy herself commit suicide, that there may be boundless room for mere scientific plodders to potter about among their disconnected facts—facts falsely so-called when torn in this way from the living tissue of thought. Can the word Physics, one may ask—in any sense in which it is ever used by the devoutest of physicists—be for one moment admitted to cover the whole field of consciousness? I submit that it cannot. After Physics, what? is not only a legitimate question, it is one which Philosophy *must* ask, or resign her claim to being competent to deal with the entire contents of experience: and the answer to that question must always be—Meta-physics. Not Metempirics (to use Mr. Lewes's felicitous coinage), an unknown road to an inconceivable end, but Metaphysics as a science of quite as real, though finer, relationships among things, given in and along with all those harder, more tangible facts to the study of which Physics proper very wisely restricts herself.

Premising that the word Consciousness, wherever used, is intended to signify, not a substance or metaphysical entity, but the common mark or form of all those acts and states the sum-total of which we name Experience, it seems to me that, on a last analysis, the very simplest of these acts or states includes four distinct elements, which may be expressed thus: something affecting something else—something affected by something else; A and B in the relation of agent and re-agent. Two subjects and two objects are thus given in every conscious act or state, *and they are given as two*. Whatever is known of the one is known equally, and in the same breath, of the other; whatever is true of the one is equally true of the other. A's existence as a reality, a fact, a Being firm and sure, is not more certain than that of B. If A is given as feeling and acting upon B, B is given, in the very same instant, as feeling and acting upon A. The one concrete reality, the fact invariably presented in the simplest experience, is, A—B face to face and knowing each other as two distinct but mutually affective subjects. A is not given as creating B, nor is B given as the mere shadow of A: the consciousness of both does indeed

arise only when the two come together, and this as a matter of course; but that consciousness, when awaked, unequivocally declares itself to be a consciousness of two distinct realities brought face to face with each other.

If these four elements are invariably given in every simplest experience, it is all-important to discern clearly what they necessarily involve. All later developments and mental elaborations of these elements must be carefully abstracted; but the primitive facts of the simplest possible experience, without the slightest addition of brain-consciousness, involve characteristics which do not merely point to, but really are, positive proofs of all I contend for—viz., sensation and perception, and, in and over and through all, a consciousness of the real existence of two sensitive and perceptive subjects. For our present purpose it is not necessary to exhaust the analysis—to speak, for instance, of extension, motion, force, number, &c., which are inextricably intertwined with every conscious act, and bound up in every conscious state. It is sufficient to adduce those elements which bear directly upon our immediate aim; sensation and perception, for example. If these elements are really given, as ever-present realities, in every actual or conceivable experience, then the *livingness* of all things is demonstrated.

But if this analysis be correct, how has it come about that so many philosophers, ancient and modern, have maintained that we have a direct knowledge of only one of the above subjects (commonly called Self), and that our knowledge of the existence even of the other (called the Not-self) is inferential merely: and again, that so many more have maintained that we are certain indeed of the *existence* of the Not-self, but are not at liberty to say anything about it except when it is directly related to our conscious Self? Scepticism, with its doubts as to the existence of an external world, or even of an entity which can be properly called a self; Materialism, with its attempts to evolve life and consciousness out of elements originally dead and unconscious; and that tantalizing and illogical system of semi-Idealism, which holds that we do know both Self and Not-self, and with certainty too, *but not as they are*: all these seem equally at variance with a doctrine which bears on its very front that what we come afterwards to define as Self, and what we afterwards distinguish as the External World, are both known with equal directness in every single act of conscious contact, and that all the qualities *invariably* found in the one are given in, not transferred in any illusory way to, the other, in every simplest experience involving relations between the two.

It will no doubt be objected that this theory reposes upon the affirmation of a direct knowledge of the *Non-ego* by the *Ego*, and

that such a knowledge is inconceivable, the only direct knowledge possible being of the *Ego* and its own modes. But we seem, in these days, to have once more reached a point in the march of philosophy at which we must turn and challenge the upholders of this negative doctrine to make their denial good. On what authority, we must ask, do they construct an *Ego* of this sort—one which can have no direct knowledge of a *Non-ego*? To myself, on the contrary, it seems obvious that the only *Ego* I know is one which encloses a distinct and direct apprehension of a *Non-ego*—and this at every moment of my conscious life. This is the unwavering verdict of common sense, and it is also the clear judgment of the most philosophic mind when it can get itself freed from the arbitrary restrictions imposed upon it by this notion—a pure product of the abstracting faculty, without the least ground in the actual state of things—that what we call the *Ego* is an absolute unity, an entity by itself, and can therefore be directly conscious only of its own affections, while the notion, and the existence even, of an external world, are mere matters of inference. On the contrary, I hold that the *Ego*, as really given in consciousness, is a *synthetic unity*, involving an immediate and ever-present perception of an external reality which we call the world; and that, far from its being a contradiction to say that *this Ego* can be in direct relation to that external world, the really glaring contradiction lies in the assertion that, in that compound consciousness named knowledge, one of the factors is directly presented, while the other, though inseparable in every conscious act, is only reached indirectly and by inference. Common Sense and philosophic insight have often been proved to be one at the heart in spite of much serious battling between the two, and the issue of the whole question here discussed will probably be only one more verification of that essential agreement. The Scotch School is frequently taunted with being unprolific in philosophical dogmas; its Common-Sense theories have been sneered at as commonplace; it has been rebuked as being an attempt to settle profound philosophical questions by an appeal to the voice of the people. But is not the voice of the people the final court of appeal after all? And, in any case, the philosophy which sets that voice at defiance is, and must ever be, a philosophy “in the air.”

Another great obstacle in the way of the reception of this proposed doctrine doubtless lies in the kind of autocratic power in the bodily organism which has been generally allowed by philosophers of all schools to the brain and its consciousnesses. In the matter of conscious acts the brain does indeed accomplish so much that an exclusive study of it and its workings not unnaturally leads to the belief that it does almost everything—everything at least in which sensibility plays a prominent part.

Psychology and its help-meet Physiology have, with the best possible intentions perhaps, seriously obstructed the march of Philosophy proper. A special and very limited portion of our bodily frame has been surveyed with patient, even painful, minuteness, but to the neglect of a vast outlying region in which, after all, Philosophy is most likely to encounter what it seeks to find.

But for the well-known effect of foregone conclusions in setting inquiry upon wrong tracks and keeping it off the right ones, it would seem utterly inexplicable that consciousness in some one of its many forms should not have been readily granted to the whole bodily structure. My hand, for example, comes into contact with something soft, smooth, &c., and sensations of softness, smoothness, &c., are instantly felt there. *There, in my hand*, says consciousness, the only fit judge, one would think, in such a case. But Psychology cannot listen to any such simple deliverance—my direct consciousness is wrong; the feelings of softness, smoothness, &c., are not really in my hand, they are in my brain (or my sensorium, or extended brain), and it is only after long acquaintance with experiences of a like kind that these sensations have been located there; in fact, they have been placed there simply because my hand is the meeting-place of the two objects. The consciousness is not where the contact is, but in nervous centres ever so far away, with whose operations the places directly affected have no acquaintance whatever. What a wonderful little display of philosophic juggling! Only pursue this extraordinary method to its legitimate issues, and the theory of action at a distance will, from being a manifest absurdity, be elevated to the rank of a grand scientific first principle. For, if the conscious Being is not where the consciousness is, can it any longer be maintained that nothing can act where it is not?

So, also, when my foot strikes the ground, instantly there emerges a complex of consciousnesses—hardness, extension, motion, force, mutual resistance between two objects, &c.; but Psychology will not allow me to say, in this case either, that any one of these sensations is in my foot, where consciousness unequivocally declares them all to be. And why? Purely because of the old foregone conclusion that consciousness belongs only to the brain and a larger or smaller extension of it known as the sensorium. If the sensations, necessarily to all appearance, are attributed to the foot itself, that is a mere illusory transference of them (effected with much difficulty and after many tentative efforts) from the spot where they were born to the place where they have now become localized. But surely that philosophy is quite in the air which sets out with a maxim like this—that sensations are felt in one place, while the feeling
e c
another. No stable philosophic
u a basis of avowed illusion.

That all consciousness is direct, and that every feeling is where it is felt, must be the ground-principle of any doctrine which seeks to avoid the errors into which so many previous systems have fallen, and to plant philosophy upon the firm foundation of things as they are known face to face, and felt at first hand. A coherent philosophy is impossible, so long as a kind of *creative* power is attributed in this way to the faculties of Reflection and Attention. Everywhere in philosophical works there hovers the hazy conception that true feeling does not exist until it is reflected on, that consciousness is present only when it is attended to. As well might it be maintained that a stone wall cannot be *seen* without being *meditated upon*, and that things known and felt years ago owe their existence to our *remembrance* of them now. All such mystifications stand condemned by the very words of which so much is made: to Reflect upon a thing is to bend *back upon it*—the thing itself being considered as there already: to Attend to a thing is to stretch *towards it*—the very act implying an object already present.

No matter what complications and refinements of primitive sensations are afterwards achieved in the brain and its offshoots, the simplest fact of experience—the act of touch—brings with it the assurance that two realities feel and are felt by each other; and this would never have been questioned but for that exaggerated estimate of the brain and its functions which Psychology in all ages has formed and fostered. There are sufficient reasons for calling one of these realities Self and the other the External World; but our distinguishing between them in this way does not entitle us to deprive one of them of those qualities of sensibility, force, and real existence apart from the other, which are given as often as the two are in conscious contact. The assertion that, even though we are compelled to attribute these qualities to the external world when in contact with ourselves, we are not authorized to speak of it, or think of it, as possessed of them when separated from our touch, could only be valid if it were admitted that the Not-self is given as the *creation* of the Self, having no separate reality of its own. But this is *not* admitted: on the contrary, it is maintained that the two realities, though possessed of certain common attributes, are given as distinctly *two*; and if it be alleged that the one, when out of contact with the other, either vanishes altogether (as consistent Idealism ought to hold), or becomes something different from what it was when related to the other (as that most recent school of Transfigured Realism seems to believe), the burden of proof lies upon those who make the allegation. That things given as existing and possessed of certain qualities continue to exist and to retain those qualities *until something happens to destroy the one or alter the other*, is as much

a self-evident truth as the first law of motion. In those elementary consciousnesses which have been so often adduced, there is nothing inferential, nothing dependent upon memory or reasoning; all are *given* as bound up in the one single act of simple experience. And if this direct testimony were accepted, Philosophy in the highest sense—as a wise endeavour to co-ordinate *all* the facts of experience—would become clearly possible; whereas, at present, it has either to content itself with being a Psychology more or less complete, or to go off into the thin air, or rather the cheerless void, of Transcendentalism, in sheer despair of ever grasping the *nexus* between dead matter and living mind. Only let it once be seen that there is no such thing as dead matter at all—that sensibility and living force belong to all existence actual or conceivable, that every fact of experience and every act of thought involve this conception, then that impassable gulf between matter and mind is filled up for ever; Philosophy, as a ceaseless search for causes and a steady endeavour to co-ordinate all the facts of consciousness, becomes scientific that instant, being no longer under the necessity of toiling *against* all our scientific instincts in the vain endeavour to account for living effects without a living cause directly related to them. The progress of Physics has been rapid and real ever since it began deliberately to pursue the study of nature under the guidance of its two great regulative conceptions, Motion and Force—ceaseless motion in ever-varying modes, one persistent force perpetually changing its direction. The future of Philosophy would not be less brilliant than the past and present of Physics if, with equal fidelity and of set purpose, it would pursue the study of all existence under the guidance of its two grand regulative conceptions, Consciousness and Will—consciousness everywhere present in endless variety of combinations, will eternally persisting through ceaseless modifications. But insight must come before doctrine; a truth should be sharply seen before it be strongly said: and I have offered these few remarks at this time because I am convinced that this great truth of the essential livingness of all things lies right in our view, waiting for recognition, and to be distinctly perceived by those who can dispel the self-created mists of long-accumulated psychological prejudices and false physiological assumptions, which obstruct the vision of all truth whatever, but especially of those simple fundamental experiences whose very steadiness of quiet urgency dulls our consciousness of their existence and the significance of the facts they involve. Primitive experiences, which have not been overshadowed by brain-growths of ever-increasing complexity, are really the most significant in a philosophical regard; but the undue bent of all our energies towards the unravelling of these vast mental developments and fine spiritual variations has

prevented us from looking right into the heart of those simple acts which are the germs of all that comes after, though they are thus apt to be lost sight of just because of their simplicity and universality.

To sum up the import of this paper in a sentence or two : It seems to me that a thorough analysis of the very simplest fact of experience—one single act of touch—leads right up to Philosophical Pantheism, which, again, is the reconciling bond between philosophy and poetry, and the missing link between religion and both. The poetic sensibilities of the race are scientifically explicable only on the hypothesis of a Universal Life—a conception through which, and through which alone, Philosophy can rise into Religion. And what, one is constrained to ask, is the ultimate worth of Philosophy or anything else, if it *cannot* rise into this highest of all the circles of thought ?

ALEXANDER MAIN.

"SUPERNATURAL RELIGION"

IX.—TATIAN'S DIATESSARION

ALL that is known of the life of Tatian was an Assyrian by birth, as he himself and other writers call him a Syrian, the discrepancy being possibly accounted for by his residence in Rome during the later years of his life. As a hearer of the profession of a sophist, and in this capacity his mind was first turned towards Christian Scriptures, which impressed him greatly. He became the hearer—in some sense the disciple—of Justin, doubtless at Rome; and when Crescens, then bishop, was bringing about his master's death, Tatian's flight was due to the plots of this machinator. While in Rome he had among his disciples Rhododanthe, and he undertook to refute one of his heretical views. He left Rome, and seems to have spent the remainder of his life in the East, more especially in Syria and the neighbourhood of Antioch.

After the death of Justin Martyr—how long after we do not know—his opinions underwent a change. He was then regarded as strictly orthodox; but now he was regarded as a heretic, and was expelled from the Church, and espoused views closely resembling those of the Encratites. A leading tenet of his new system was the rejection of marriage as an abomination. He had also adopted opinions from Gnostic teachers, and the doctrine of Æons, which he derived from them. The author of "Supernatural Religion" further states that Tatian may have been acquainted with some of the Epistles, it is certain that he did not hold

* The principal ancient authorities for the life of Tatian are: *Orat. ad Græc.* 19, 29, 35, 42; *Irenæus* i. 28. 1; Rhodon, in *Strom.* iii. 12, p. 547; *Exc. Theod.* 88, p. 999; *Epiphanius, Har.* xlv. i.; *Theodoret, Har. Fab.* i. 20. The references are justified by one or other of these references.

honour, and permitted himself the liberty of altering his phraseology.* Where did he learn this "certain" piece of information that Tatian thought lightly of St. Paul? Assuredly not from any ancient writer. It is quite true that Tatian is stated to have mutilated some of St. Paul's Epistles and rejected others. But so did Marcion, who held the Apostle in extravagant honour. And the motive was the same in both cases. The Apostle's actual language did not square with their favourite tenets in all respects, and therefore they assumed that his text must have been corrupted or interpolated. So far from its being at all doubtful, as our author seems to suggest, whether Tatian was acquainted with any of St. Paul's Epistles, we have positive evidence that he did receive some;† and moreover one or two coincidences in his extant work point to an acquaintance with the Apostle's writings. His leanings, like those of Marcion and Valentinus, were generally in the opposite direction to Judaism. His tendency would be not to underrate but to overrate St. Paul. At the same time such passages as 1 Tim. iv. 3, where the prohibition of marriage is denounced as a heresy, were a stumbling-block. They must therefore be excised as interpolations, or the Epistles containing them must be rejected as spurious.

The date of Tatian is a matter of some uncertainty. He was a hearer, as we have seen, of Justin Martyr in Rome; and if the chronology of this father had been established beyond the reach of doubt, we should be treading on firm ground. On this point however there has been much variety of opinion. The prevailing view is, or was, in favour of placing Justin's death as late as A.D. 163—165, on the authority of Eusebius; but the most careful investigations of recent criticism have tended towards a much earlier date.‡ The literary activity of Tatian seems to have begun about the time of Justin Martyr's death; and after this we have to allow for his own career, first as an orthodox Christian, and then as a heretic. When Irenæus wrote his first book, Tatian was no longer living, as may be inferred from the language of this father: § and this book must have been written before A.D. 190, and may have been written as early as A.D. 178.¶ Again, if we may assume that the "Assyrian," whom the Alexandrian Clement mentions among his teachers,‖ was Tatian, as seems highly probable, we have another indication of date. The first book of the "Stromateis," in which this fact is recorded, was itself written about A.D. 194

* All the references to "Supernatural Religion" in this article will be found in ii. pp. 148 seq., 374 seq.

† e. g. Clement of Alexandria (*l. c.* p. 547) gives Tatian's comment on 1 Cor. vii. 5; and Jerome writes (*Pref. ad Tit.* vii. p. 686), "Tatianus, Eneclitatorum patriarches, qui et ipse nonnullas Pauli epistolas repudiavit, hanc vel maxime, hoc est, ad Titum, apostoli pronuntiandam credidit."

‡ Hort (*Journal of Philology*, iii. p. 155 seq., "On the date of Justin Martyr") places it as early as A.D. 148.

§ Iren. i. 28. 1.

¶ See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, August, 1876, p. 411 seq. ¶ *Strom.* i. 1 (p. 322).

or 195; and Clement there speaks of the Assyrian as one of his earlier masters, whom he had met with in the East, before he settled down under the tuition of Pantænus at Alexandria. In like manner Tatian's connection with Rhodon would point roughly to the same conclusion. On the whole, we shall perhaps not be far wrong if we place the literary activity of Tatian at about A.D. 155—170. It may have begun some few years earlier, or it may have extended some few years later.

Tatian was a voluminous writer; but of several writings mentioned by the ancients only one has come down to us, his "Apology" or "Address to the Greeks." It was written after the death of Justin, but apparently not very long after. At all events, it would seem to have been composed before he had separated from the Church and set himself up as a heretical teacher. Its date therefore is dependent on the uncertain chronology of Justin. The author of "Supernatural Religion" speaks of it as "generally dated between A.D. 170—175," and seems himself to acquiesce in this view. Though I think this date probably several years too late, the point is not worth contending for.

As a rule, the early Apologies abstain from quotations, whether from the Old Testament or from the New. The writers are dealing with Gentiles, who have no acquaintance with and attribute no authority to their sacred books, and therefore they make little or no use of them.* Thus the Apologeticus of Tertullian does not contain a single passage from the New Testament, though his writings addressed to Christians teem with quotations from our Canonical books. Hence it is not in this extant work that we should expect to obtain information as to Tatian's Canon of the Scriptures. Any allusion to them will be purely incidental. As regards our Synoptical Gospels, the indications in Tatian's Apology are not such that we can lay much stress on them. But the evidence that he knew and accepted the Fourth Gospel is beyond the reach of any reasonable doubt.

The passages are here placed side by side:—

TATIAN.

"God is a Spirit" (πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός), § 4.

"And this then is the saying (τὸ εἰρημένον); The darkness comprehendeth not the light" (ἡ σκοτία τὸ φῶς οὐ καταλαμβάνει), § 13.

"Follow ye the only God. All things have been made by Him, and apart from Him hath been made no one thing" (πάντα ὑπ' αὐτοῦ καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ γέγονεν οὐδὲ ἓν), § 19.

ST. JOHN.

"God is a Spirit" (πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός), iv. 24.

"And the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not" (καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν), i. 5.

"All things were made through Him, and apart from Him was made no one thing" (πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἓν), i. 3.

* See Westcott, *History of Canon*, p. 116 seq., where this point is brought out. Many erroneous deductions have been drawn from the reserve of the Apologists by writers who have overlooked it.

In the last passage from St. John I have stopped at the words οὐδὲ ἔν, because the earliest Christian writers universally punctuated in this way, taking ὃ γέγονεν κ. τ. λ. with the following sentence, "That which hath been made was life in Him."

Besides these passages there are other coincidences of exposition, with which however I need not trouble the reader, as they may fairly be disputed.

It is difficult to see how any one can resist coincidences like these; and yet the author of "Supernatural Religion" does resist them.

The first passage our author has apparently overlooked, for he says nothing about it. If it had stood alone I should certainly not have regarded it as decisive. But the epigrammatic form is remarkable, and it is a characteristic passage of the Fourth Gospel.

Of the second passage it should be noticed that Tatian introduces it with the expression (τὸ εἰρημένον) which is used in the New Testament in quoting the Scriptures (Luke ii. 24, Acts ii. 16, xiii. 40, Rom. iv. 18); that in the context he explains "the Word" (Logos) to be "the light of God," and "the darkness" to be "the unintelligent soul;" that this use of καταλαμβάνειν is very peculiar, and has caused perplexity to interpreters of St. John, being translated variously "comprehended" or "surprised" or "overcame;" that the passage in the Fourth Gospel here again is highly characteristic, and occurs in its most characteristic part; and lastly, that the changes made by Tatian are just such as a writer would make when desiring to divest the saying of its context and present it in the briefest form. On the other hand, the author of "Supernatural Religion" has nothing to allege against this coincidence; he can produce nothing like it elsewhere; but he falls back on "the constant use of the same similitude of light and darkness," and other arguments of the kind, which are valueless, because they do not touch the point of the resemblance.

On the third passage he remarks that, unlike the author of the Fourth Gospel, "Tatian here speaks of God, and not of the Logos." Just so; but then he varies the preposition accordingly, substituting ἐντὶ for the Evangelist's διὰ to suit his adaptation. Our author also refers to "the first chapters of Genesis;" but where is there any language in the first chapters of Genesis which presents anything like the same degree of parallelism? Here again, he is unable to impugn the coincidence, which is all the more remarkable because the words are extremely simple in themselves, and it is their order and adaptation which gives a character of uniqueness to the expression.

So much for the individual coincidences. But neither here nor elsewhere does our author betray any consciousness of the value

of cumulative evidence. It is only necessary to point to the enormous improbability that any two writers should exhibit accidentally three such resemblances as in the passages quoted; and the inference will be plain.

It is not however in this testimony which his extant work bears to the Fourth Gospel, however decisive this may be, that the chief importance of Tatian consists. Ancient writers speak of him as the author of a Harmony or Digest of the four Gospels, to which accordingly he gave the name of *Diatessaron*. This statement however has been called in question by some recent critics, among whom the author of "Supernatural Religion" is, as usual, the most uncompromising. It is necessary therefore to examine the witnesses:—

1. In the first place then, Eusebius states definitely*—"Tatian composed a sort of connection and compilation, I know not how, of the Gospels, and called it the *Diatessaron* (συνάφειάν τινα καὶ συναγωγὴν οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως τῶν εὐαγγελίων συνθεῖς τὸ διὰ τεσσάρων τοῦτο προσνόμασεν). This work is current in some quarters (with some persons) even to the present day."

This statement is explicit; yet our author endeavours to set it aside on the ground that "not only is it based upon mere hearsay, but it is altogether indefinite as to the character of the contents, and the writer admits his own ignorance (οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως) concerning them."

His inference however from the expression "I know not how" is altogether unwarranted. So far from implying that Eusebius had no personal knowledge of the work, it is constantly used by writers in speaking of books where they are perfectly acquainted with the contents, but do not understand the principles or do not approve the method. In idiomatic English it signifies "I cannot think what he was about," and is equivalent to "unaccountably," "absurdly," so that, if anything, it implies knowledge rather than ignorance of the contents. I have noticed at least twenty-six examples of its use in the treatise of Origen against Celsus alone,† where it commonly refers to Celsus' work which he had before him, and very often to passages which he himself quotes in the context. It is not ignorance of the contents, but disparagement of the plan of Tatian's work, which the expression of Eusebius implies. The *Diatessaron* was commonly current, as we shall see presently, in the neighbouring districts: and it would be somewhat strange if Eusebius, who took a special interest in apocryphal literature, should have remained unacquainted with it.

* H. E. iv. 29.

† The references are: Pref. 1; i. 14, 38, 42, 49, 50, 58; ii. 15, 44, 48, 49; iii. 35; iv. 14, 68, 86, 98; v. 8, 58; vi. 65, 81; vii. 8, 56; viii. 42, 45, 48, 59.

2. Our next witness is overlooked by the author of "Supernatural Religion." Yet the testimony is not unimportant. In the "Doctrine of Addai," an apocryphal Syriac work, which professes to give an account of the foundation and earliest history of Christianity at Edessa, the new converts are represented as meeting together to hear read, along with the Old Testament, "the New (Testament) of the *Diatessaron*."* It seems clear from this notice that, at the time when the writer composed this fiction, the form in which the Evangelical narratives were commonly read in the churches with which he was best acquainted was a *Diatessaron*, or "Harmony of Four Gospels." From internal evidence however it is clear that the work emanated from Edessa or its neighbourhood. The date of the fiction is less certain; but it is obviously an early writing. The St. Petersburg MS containing it is assigned to the sixth century, and the British Museum MSS to the fifth or sixth century;† while there exists an Armenian version said to have been made as early as the fifth century. The work itself therefore must have been written much earlier than this. There is indeed no good reason for doubting that it is the very Syriac document to which Eusebius refers as containing the correspondence of our Lord with Abgarus, and preserved among the archives of Edessa, and which therefore cannot have been very recent when he wrote, about A.D. 325.‡ At the same time it contains gross anachronisms and misstatements respecting earlier Christian history, which hardly allow us to place it much earlier than the middle of the third century.§ Whatever may be its date, the fact is important, that the writer uses *Diatessaron*, adopted from the Greek into the Syriac, as the familiar name for the Gospel narrative which was read in public. Of the authorship of this work however he says nothing. This information we have to seek from other sources. Nor is it far to seek.

3. We are told that the most famous of the native Syrian fathers, Ephraem, the deacon of Edessa, (who died A.D. 373||), wrote a commentary on the *Diatessaron* of Tatian. Our informant is

* This work first appeared in a mutilated form in Cureton's posthumous volume, *Ancient Syriac Documents*, p. 6 seq. (London, 1864), from MSS in the British Museum, and has recently been published entire by Dr. Phillips, *The Doctrine of Addai* (London 1876), from a St. Petersburg MS. In the British Museum MS, which contains this part, the word is corrupted into *Ditornon* which has no meaning; but Cureton conjectured that the reading was *Diatessaron* (see pp. 15, 158), and his conjecture is confirmed by the St. Petersburg MS., which distinctly so reads (see Phillips, p. 94). In the Armenian version (*Lettre d'Abgar*, Venise, 1868, p. 41), a mention of the *Trinity* is substituted. This would seem to be a still further corruption; and, if so, it presents a parallel to the *Diapente* in the text of Victor of Capua, mentioned below.

† Wright's *Catalogue*, pp. 1082, 1083.

‡ *H. E.* i. 13.

§ See a valuable article by Zahn in the *Götting. Gelehrte Anzeigen*, February 6, 1877, p. 161 seq. On this document I am unable to accept the conclusion of Cureton and of Dr. Phillips, that the work itself is a much earlier and authentic document, and that the passages containing these anachronisms are interpolations.

|| The exact date of his death is given in a Syriac MS. in the British Museum (Wright's *Catalogue*, p. 947) as Ann. Græc. 684.

Dionysius Bar-Salibi, who flourished in the last years of the twelfth century, and died A.D. 1207. In his own Commentary on the Gospels, he writes as follows:*

Tatian, the disciple of Justin, the philosopher and martyr, selected and patched together from the Four Gospels and constructed a Gospel, which he called *Diatessaron*, that is *Miscellanies*. On this work Mar Ephraem wrote an exposition; and its commencement was—*In the beginning was the Word*. Elias of Salamia, who is also called Aphthonius, constructed a Gospel after the likeness of the *Diatessaron* of Ammonius, mentioned by Eusebius in his prologue to the Canons which he made for the Gospel. Elias sought for that *Diatessaron* and could not find it, and in consequence constructed this after its likeness. And the said Elias finds fault with several things in the Canons of Eusebius, and points out errors in them, and rightly. But this copy (work) which Elias composed is not often met with.

This statement is explicit and careful. The writer distinguishes two older works, bearing the name of *Diatessaron*, composed respectively by Tatian and Ammonius. In addition he mentions a third, composed at a later date by this Elias. Of the work of Ammonius of Alexandria (about A.D. 220) Eusebius, as Bar-Salibi correctly states, gives an account in his "Letter to Carpianus," prefixed to his Canons. It was quite different in its character from the *Diatessaron* of Tatian. The *Diatessaron* of Tatian was a patch-work of the Four Gospels, commencing with the preface of St. John. The work of Ammonius took the Gospel of St. Matthew as its standard, preserving its continuity, and placed side by side with it the parallel passages from the other Gospels.† The principle of the one work was *amalgamation*; of the other, *comparison*. No one who had seen the two works, could confuse them, though they bore the same name, *Diatessaron*. Eusebius keeps them quite distinct. So does Bar-Salibi. Later on in his commentary, we are told, he quotes both works in the same place.‡ When therefore he relates that Ephraem wrote a commentary on the *Diatessaron* of Tatian, he is worthy of all credit. From the last witness we have learnt that the *Diatessaron* was commonly read in the churches of Edessa; and it was therefore most natural that this famous Edessan father should choose it for commenting upon.

It is quite true that other Syrian writers have confused these

* Asseman. *Bibl. Orient.* ii. p. 159, seq. The English reader should be warned that Assemani's translations are loose and often misleading. More correct renderings are given here.

† Euseb. *Op.* iv. p. 1276 (Ed. Migne) 'Αμμώνιος μὲν ὁ 'Αλεξανδρεὺς . . . τὸ διὰ τεσσάρων ἡμῖν καταλέλοιπεν εὐαγγέλιον, τῷ κατὰ Ματθαῖον τὰς ὁμοφώνους τῶν λοιπῶν εὐαγγελιστῶν περικοπὰς παραθεῖς, ὡς ἐξ ἀνάγκης συμβῆναι τὸν τῆς ἀκολουθίας εἰρμὸν τῶν τριῶν διαφθερῆναι, ὅσον ἐπὶ τῷ ὕφει τῆς ἀναγνώσεως—i.e. "He placed side by side with the Gospel according to Matthew, the corresponding passages of the other Evangelists, so that as a necessary result the connection of sequence in the three was destroyed, so far as regards the order (texture) of reading."

‡ *Bibl. Orient.* ii. p. 158. See Hilgenfeld, *Einleitung*, p. 77.

two Diatessarons.* But this fact is only valid to show that confusion was possible; it is powerless to impugn the testimony of this particular author, who shows himself in this passage altogether trustworthy. Who would think of throwing discredit on Lord Macaulay or Mr. Freeman, because Robertson or Hume may be inaccurate?

4. Our next witness is more important than any. The famous Greek father Theodoret became bishop of Cyrus or Cyrrhus, near the Euphrates, in the year 420 or 423 according to different computations, and held this see till his death, which occurred in 457 or 458. In the year 453 he wrote his treatise on "Heresies," in which he makes the following statement:—

He (Tatian) composed the Gospel which is called *Diatessaron*, cutting out the genealogies† and such other passages as show the Lord to have been born of the seed of David after the flesh. This work was in use not only among persons belonging to his sect, but also among those who follow the apostolic doctrine, as they did not perceive the mischief of the composition, but used the book in all simplicity on account of its brevity. And I myself found more than two hundred such copies held in respect in

* The confusion of later Syrian writers may be explained without difficulty:

(i.) Bar-Hebræus in the latter half of the thirteenth century (*Assem. Bibl. Orient.* i. p. 57 seq.) writes: "Eusebius of Cæsarea, seeing the corruptions which Ammonius of Alexandria introduced into the Gospel of the Diatessaron, that is *Miscellanies*, which commenced, *In the beginning was the Word*, and which Mar Ephraem expounded, kept the Four Gospels in their integrity, &c." It is tolerably plain, I think, from the language of this writer, that he had before him the passage of Bar-Salibi (or some corresponding passage), and that he misunderstood him, as if he were speaking of the same work throughout. From the coincidence in the strange interpretation of Diatessaron, it is clear that the two passages are not independent. Assemani has omitted this interpretation in his translation in both cases, and has thus obliterated the resemblance.

(ii.) To the same source also we may refer the error of Ebed-Jesu in the beginning of the fourteenth century, who not only confuses the books but the men. He writes (*Bibl. Orient.* iii. p. 12): "A Gospel which was compiled by a man of Alexandria, Ammonius, who is also Tatian; and he called it Diatessaron." He too supposed the two independent sentences of Bar-Salibi to refer to the same thing. In the preface to his collection of canons however, he gives a description of Tatian's work which is substantially correct: "Tatianus quidam philosophus cum evangelistarum loquentium sensum suo intellectu cepisset, et scopum scriptionis illorum divinæ in mente sua fixisset unum ex quatuor illis admirabile collegit evangelium, quod et Diatessaron nominavit, in quo cum cautissime seriem rectam eorum, quæ a Salvatore dicta ac gesta fuere, servasset, ne unam quidem dictionem e suo addidit" (*Mai, Script. Vet. Nov. Coll.* x. pp. 23, 191).

(iii.) In Bar-Bahlul's Syriac Lexicon, s. v. (see Payne Smith, *Thes. Syr.* p. 870) *Diatessaron* is defined as "the compiled Gospel (made) from the four Evangelists," and it is added: "This was composed in Alexandria, and was written by Tatian the bishop." The mention of Alexandria suggests that here also there is some confusion with Ammonius, though neither Ammonius nor Tatian was a bishop. Bar-Bahlul flourished in the latter half of the tenth century; and if this notice were really his, we should have an example (doubtful however) of this confusion, earlier than Bar-Salibi. But these Syrian Lexicons have grown by accretion; the MSS. I am informed, vary considerably; and we can never be sure that any word or statement emanated from the original compiler.

[Since writing the above, I am able to say, through the kindness of Dr. Hoffmann, that in the oldest known MS of Bar-Bahlul, dated A.H. 611, i.e., A.D. 1214, this additional sentence about Tatian is wanting, as it is also in another MS of which he sends me an account through Professor Wright. It is no part therefore of the original Bar-Bahlul. Thus all the instances of confusion in Syriac writers are later than Bar-Salibi, and can be traced to a misunderstanding of his language.]

† *H. F.* i. 20. The Syrian lexicographer, Bar Ali also, who flourished about the end of the ninth century, mentions that Tatian omitted both the genealogies: see Payne Smith's *Thes. Syr.* s. v. p. 869 seq.

1. Epiphanius was bishop of Constantia, in Cyprus, in the latter half of the fourth century. In his book on "Heresies," which he commenced A.D. 374, he writes of Tatian—"The Diatessaron Gospel is said to have been composed by him; it is called by some *according to the Hebrews*."*

Here then our author supposes that he has discerned the truth. This *Diatessaron* was not a digest of our four Gospels, but a distinct evangelical narrative, the *Gospel according to the Hebrews*. Of this Gospel according to the Hebrews, he says that "at one time it was exclusively used by the fathers." I challenge him to prove this assertion in the case of one single father, Greek or Latin or Syrian. But this by the way. If indeed this Hebrew Gospel had been in its contents anything like what our author imagines it, it would have borne some resemblance at all events to the *Diatessaron*; for, wherever he meets with any evangelical passage in any early writer, which is found literally or substantially in any one of our four Gospels (whether characteristic of St. Matthew, or of St. Luke, or of St. John, it matters not) he assigns it without misgiving to this Hebrew Gospel. But his Hebrew Gospel is a pure effort of the imagination. The only "Gospel according to the Hebrews" known to antiquity was a very different document. It was not co-extensive with our four Gospels; but was constructed on the lines of the first alone. Indeed so closely did it resemble the canonical St. Matthew—though with variations, omissions, and additions—that Jerome, who translated it, supposed it to be the Hebrew original,† of which Papias speaks. Such a Gospel does not answer in any single particular, unless it be the omission of the genealogy (which however does not appear to have been absent from all copies of this Gospel), with the notices of Tatian's *Diatessaron*. More especially the omission of all reference to the Davidic descent of Christ would be directly opposed to the fundamental principle of this Gospel, which, addressing itself to Jews, laid special stress on His Messianic claims.

How then can we explain the statement of Epiphanius? It is a simple blunder, not more egregious than scores of other blunders which deface his pages. He had not seen the *Diatessaron*: this our author himself says. But he had heard that it was in circulation in certain parts of Syria; and he knew also that the Gospel of the Hebrews was current in these same regions, there or thereabouts. Hence he jumped at the identification. To a writer who can go astray so incredibly about the broadest facts of history, as we have seen him do in the succession of the Roman Emperors,‡

* See the reference in the last note.

† All the remains of the Hebrew Gospel, and the passages of Jerome relating to it, will be found in Westcott's *Introduction to the Gospels*, p. 462 seq.

‡ See *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, August, 1876, p. 412, where this specimen of his blundering is given.

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such an error would be the easiest thing in the world. Yet it was perfectly consistent on the part of our author, who in another instance prefers John Malalas to the concurrent testimony of all the preceding centuries,* to set aside the direct evidence of a Theodoret, and to accept without hesitation the hearsay of an Epiphanius.

2. "Tatian's Gospel," writes the author of "Supernatural Religion," "was not only called Diatessaron, but according to Victor of Capua, it was also called *Diapente* (διὰ πέντε) 'by five,' a complication which shows the incorrectness of the ecclesiastical theory of its composition."

This is not a very accurate statement. If our author had referred to the actual passage in Victor of Capua, he would have found that Victor does not himself call it *Diapente*, but says that Eusebius called it *Diapente*. This makes all the difference.

Victor, who flourished about A.D. 545, happened to stumble upon an anonymous Harmony or Digest of the Gospels,† and began in consequence to investigate the authorship. He found two notices in Eusebius of such Harmonies; one in the *Epistle to Carpianus* prefixed to the Canons, relating to the work of Ammonius; another in the *Ecclesiastical History*, relating to that of Tatian. Assuming that the work which he had discovered must be one or other, he decides in favour of the latter, because it does not give St. Matthew continuously and append the passages of the other evangelists, as Eusebius states Ammonius to have done. All this Victor tells us in the preface to this anonymous Harmony, which he publishes in a Latin dress.

There can be no doubt that Victor was mistaken about the authorship; for, though the work is constructed on the same general plan as Tatian's, it does not begin with John i. 1, but with Luke i. 1, and it does contain the genealogies. It belongs therefore, at least in its present form, neither to Tatian nor to Ammonius.

But we are concerned only with the passage relating to Tatian, which commences as follows:—

Ex historia quoque ejus (i.e. Eusebii) comperi quod Tatianus vir eruditissimus et orator illius temporis clarus unum ex quatuor compaginaverit Evangelium cui titulum *Diapente* imposuit.

Thus Victor gives his information derived from Eusebius, whom he repeats. He tells us nothing about the Diatessaron, except what Eusebius says. But we have this same passage of Eusebius before us, and find that Eusebius does not call it

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Diapente but *Diatessaron*. This is not only the reading of all the Greek MSS without exception, but likewise of the Syriac version,* which was probably contemporary with Eusebius and of which there is an extant MS belonging to the sixth century, as also of the Latin Version which was made by Rufinus a century and a half before Victor wrote. About the text of Eusebius therefore there can be no doubt. Moreover Victor himself, who knew Greek, says *ex quatuor*, which requires *Diatessaron*, and the work which he identifies with Tatian's Harmony is made up of passages from our Four Gospels alone. Therefore he can hardly have written *Diapente* himself; and the curious reading is probably due to the blundering or the officiousness of some later scribe.†

Thus we may safely acquiesce in the universal tradition, or as our author, οὐκ οὐδ' ὁπως, prefers to call it, the "ecclesiastical theory," respecting the character and composition of Tatian's *Diatessaron*.

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.

* The Syriac version is not yet published, but I have ascertained this by inquiry.

† This seems to be Hilgenfeld's opinion also (*Einleitung*, p. 79); and curious as the result is, I do not see how any other explanation is consistent with the facts.

ESSAYS AND NOTICES.

THE RATIONALE OF REVIEWING.

IN a book which is likely for a long time to furnish commonplaces for the purposes of miscellaneous writers, an authoress who was well qualified to speak on such a subject, and fully entitled to deal with it by a sidewind, remarked that it had become idle to go to "Reviews" for any account of a book; the "review," so-called, being in its latest form an essay round about the book selected for a text. This judgment is at least as true now as it was when the Autobiography in question was written. There are exceptions. There are writers, there are periodicals, which do really think it a duty to give a fair account of a book. But the general tendency is the other way. Your reviewer is for the most part a gentleman who is desirous to show off his own parts of speech, and even when he is a highly competent authority in his particular line, he usually expends his force, not even in a pretence of doing justice to his author (who is perhaps his rival), but in criticising him upon certain points of difference. Hence, as we may every week see for ourselves, endless wrangling and blundering, though of course some good, results from all this. It is a good thing that experts should criticize each other; but what we contend is that if the expert who sits down with more or less pretension to review a book would take the trouble to begin by giving some account of it, he would often find that there was not much for him to complain of. Not a week passes—we speak within bounds—in which some expert is not exposed for misrepresenting his author, or at least openly charged with that offence; and if one or two cases come to light every week, we may infer that there are others which do not. Perhaps no writer who ever produced a book likely to attract an expert has missed that kind of suffering—often, too, it means loss of money and prestige also—which comes from having to sit down in silence under some gross and absurd misrepresentation. We need not presuppose any malignity in these cases; conceit and haste are quite sufficient originating causes. And the recognition of a duty to give a true account of the book to be handled would be a considerable check upon both haste and conceit.

Reviews, and articles which more or less assume the style of reviews, are written for two classes of readers:—1. The general reading public; 2. The literary public proper and the distinctively and specially reading class. And besides his duty to these, the reviewer has to consider his duty towards the author of the book. But let us consider the readers chiefly.

Among the two classes into which we have divided the readers of ostensible reviews, there are of course book-buyers, who occasionally look to reviews as some sort of guide. There are also a few who will have bought the book before reading the review, and who want to see what some expert has to say about it, or to spend an hour in running through some pleasant writing round the book. There are, we must also bear in mind, books which it is desirable to abstract or represent to the general reader, and at the same time to criticize for the eyes of specialists. Books of this class, however, are not numerous; and the only way of carrying out that idea with success is to do it systematically and on a hand^d ^{la.} For instance, it

would be of little use for a Review to analyze Hegel to-day, if it did not hold itself ready to do as much for Schopenhauer and Lotze to-morrow.

Let us come back to this more open ground. Among general readers, the larger number are *not* book-buyers after all; and what do they want? Some account of the book; and, above all, some extracts. This is the next best thing to having the book itself; and all the reviewer has to do is to take care that his account and his extracts do not operate unjustly towards the author. When we come to the literary class, the case is still stronger. What a very intelligent and well-informed reader wants is not parts of speech all round the book, from a man who is perhaps no more than his equal; the literary man can and does form his own opinions of new books: what he wants is just what the general reader wants—an account of the book, and above all some instructive extracts,—extracts expressly illustrating the comments. Those who like reviews of another kind, in which things more or less likely to be true are said all round the book, while the book itself remains in the background, we may perhaps divide into two classes (always bearing in mind the important exceptions just now made): first, dreamy readers, who go to reviews mainly for literary excitement, and have neither strong opinions nor clear knowledge, people,—in fact, who like to pick up ideas, and as often pick up wrong as right. Second, readers who, without absolute vagueness of literary impulse, are yet in such a position that they never have to bring their literary impressions to sharp and decided tests. They have no literary *wants*. Let us suppose, for example, there is a review before them of a new book in etymology. So long as the article is a pleasant one, and they can “pick up” things from it, and go away saying it is “very clever,” or “pretty good,” they are satisfied. But a serious reader—a student—above all, a literary man proper—does have decided wants in these matters. For example, it might happen that his chief curiosity about such a book would lie in some question about Basque legends or Etruscan dice. The literary man, turning over twenty pages of expert criticism, much of it probably relating to matters on which he has and will keep opinions of his own, naturally exclaims, “This is clever enough, but I can write clever things myself, and I would give all your fine things for half a page of the author’s index, or a simple account of his book.”

This is a view of the subject which would not be certain to occur to any reader who was not actually engaged either in literary labour or in serious studies. In an American periodical, not long ago, there was an amusing communication from a self-taught man, who informed the world that he had secured, for almost nothing, a very useful library. His plan was to cut extracts out of reviews and magazines, paste them into blank books, and classify them as philosophy, theology, history, science, criticism, and so forth. Unless this collector had more knowledge than perhaps two-thirds of the writers who originally made the extracts, he must have had a very confusing library. A passage from Sir William Hamilton and a passage from Mr. Alexander Bain would alike come under the head of “philosophy,” but a philosophical scheme made up in this fashion would hardly be instructive. Nevertheless this poor man did a wise thing according to his lights, and we may well suppose that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ill-provided readers pursue somewhat similar plans. There is always a demand for extract among intelligent people who cannot afford to buy many books.

The demand of the professed student or literary worker is of another kind. He wants to be helped by extracts (and otherwise, of course) to what is characteristic, and what is final, in certain books. He knows by experience how very uncertain is the help derived from exposition. He knows that even a man like M. Ribot can go far astray, when the true road is straight before him. He knows that if the great linguist, Professor Quidam, writes a book, and his rival, Professor Quodam, reviews it in this or that periodical, there will probably be a letter next week from Quidam complaining of the misrepresentations of Quodam, and that after a long wrangle the affair will end in thick smoke. He knows that, as Harriet

Martineau puts it, the author of *such* a book (if he is worth reviewing at all) is more likely to be right than his critic; and, whether or no, he likes to see the author's own words and to form his own opinion about them.

Let us suppose that a reviewer has before him "Silas Marner." It would be unjust to the novelist to tell the whole of the story, and then give extracts; but he is clearly bound to give an account of the book, and not to use up all his space in writing round it or his own ideas of it. Above all, he is not at liberty to do this with the help largely of the author's own words used without inverted commas. This is a common trick, by which the reviewer gets credit for better writing than he is capable of, and gains for himself advantages to which there is nothing to correspond in the case of the reader of the article. Of course, the case is different when he gives notice that he is here and there employing the author's own language; but the laxity which exists in these matters is so great, and the current ideas of plagiarism and honesty in quotation are so low, that honest writers had better adhere to the rule of *never* using the language of other writers without quotation marks—except, of course, in the case of mere commonplaces.

But to return to our imaginary review of "Silas Marner." After giving some general account of the book, the business of the reviewer would be to illustrate by extracts the special characteristics of the author as shown in the work before him. Perhaps he would select a passage of description from the first chapter; a passage of dialogue between Dolly and Silas; and then either a passage from the "lots" scene, or the scene in which Silas loses his money, or the scenes in which the mystery of Eppie's story is at last disclosed. The choice would be difficult under this last head. But when the reviewer had got thus far, he would have illustrated, to the credit of the author and the information of the reader, three or four of her leading characteristics—her power of describing ordinary English scenery; her power of exhibiting the character of uncultivated people by dialogue; her peculiar humour; and her power of uniting dramatic "situation" and psychological analysis. If after this there was room for any ingenious generalities of the sort which delights debating societies and readers who go through reviews vaguely in order to please their literary tastes, and "pick things up," there is no harm, or only a little. But one thing is certain—in order to write such a review as the one just sketched, the reviewer must have a clear head and an honest purpose to supply the real want of the reader. And if he has these, he naturally turns from all attempts at ingenious padding of the sort which is suggested by shaking fine words together in a hat, and turning out topics by that process. For instance, a reviewer might start from "Silas Marner" to consider—what shall we say?—the "Relation of Genre Painting in Modern Novels to the Commercial Developments of the Age." And, under such a heading, or without it, no end of fine things might be written, and written very cleverly: and look quite profound to the general reader who only wants to feel literary and "pick things up, you know."

There is a well-known anecdote of a painter who, when asked how long he had been over a certain small picture, answered, "All my life." The art of giving characteristic extracts, and of saying in a sentence or two what shall constitute real guidance to the serious student, is not to be learned in a day. One thing which often suggests to literary men the need and usefulness of the art, is the disappointment with which much very "fine" reviewing affects them. We may presume that when the editor of a given periodical determines that his reviews, so called, shall consist of writing, very learned-looking or very smart, as the case may require, about books, he knows his business—or at least that he knows his own mind. But the consequences are not edifying. At least half the book notices thus manufactured are unjust to the authors reviewed, and misleading to the readers of the reviews; the other half are unsatisfactory, because they do not give an account of the book, or supply characteristic
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suppose an article about a book is got

up to be amusing, and is ironical from beginning to end. The publisher thinks it quite fair to quote the irony as if it were serious. A strong case in point is even at this moment open to the reader, if he knows where to look for it. The book is a dear one; the publisher is highly respectable; the notice in a certain leading Review was purely ironical; the publisher picks out a plum or two, and sends them all over the world as serious praise. Perhaps reviewers who write reviews in this fashion do not care. The object in the periodical is that every page (of the kind) should be made amusing somehow. The result is attained, after a fashion; but it is fatal to some of the best interests of literature. And suppose, after all, honestly useful reviews would have turned out a paying speculation? Why, then, the least one can say is that much labour has been thrown away.

ON A CERTAIN CURRENT OF RELIGIOUS OPINION.

IN the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for the month of December, 1871, a paper upon the writings of Dr. George MacDonald opened with the following remarks:—
 "On all or most of the different currents of religious tendency which in our own day appear to have put out for the same unfathomable sea, some, if not sufficient, criticism has been expended. Without having read and heard everything it is impossible to affirm that no criticism has yet addressed itself to the task of mapping out these currents all in one view; trying to define common sources, if any; and also to predict certain or probable points of confluence. However, thoughtful minds must somewhere, and perhaps in many places, have at least contemplated such a survey; and those who have made some little way in it, but are hindered by want of leisure, would willingly, we presume, see the work taken up by hands and heads less heavily impawned. Some of these currents float down to us, as they pass, wrecks, broken salvage, and still more painful things; in all of them there is golden sand, and in some much more than that. None is more obvious or more fertile than that which may be roughly called the current of the Humanization of the Divine. On this current have been borne to us products as strangely diverse as the heavy models, plans, and sections of Auguste Comte, who proposed to do everything 'sans Dieu,' and—these flowers from the garden of 'a God-intoxicated' man."

It must be a very broad current, of course, which bears upon its bosom things as diverse as the Comtean worship of humanity, and the humanized theology of writers like Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Ward Beecher. But the current exists; the set of it is strong; and its influence is felt in every zone of religious opinion but one—the Roman Catholic. This tendency to the humanization of the divine is, in fact, the dominant religious tendency of the hour. You cannot read a religious book without feeling its influence. It makes itself known in a thousand, in a hundred thousand, subtle turns of language. Nothing has so much affected the preaching of our day; and pulpit orators of more force than reverence are every Sunday committing themselves to phraseology on this topic, which, rigidly construed, would hurl them far over the Christian boundaries.

It may be said that the tendency on one side is rather to be called a tendency towards the deification of the human than towards the humanization of the divine. But it will be found that this distinction soon eludes the grasp. You may keep the two things distinct in words, and in the minds of thousands of good Christians the distinction is made. But they, like the rest of us, are under the influence of the *Zeit-Geist*, and if they watch their own thoughts closely, they will find that the distinction slips in and out of consciousness pretty much at random.

There is, or was, a school of prophetic interpretation—indeed, it can hardly be extinct—in which the authorities maintained that the Bible clearly predicted for the

last times a falling away in which a man—a simple man—should be an object of worship; and that, after the short reign of this apotheosized man, the Second Advent would take place. The teachers of this school did not trouble themselves with critical questions concerning the Book of Daniel, or entertain the question whether the rationalists were right in explaining away St. Paul's Man of Sin and the Beast of the Revelation as simply the Emperor Nero, whose wound was said to be healed, and who was expected to return, after a short hiding in the east, to persecute the Christians again. They took the plain letter of the Bible, and, putting text and text together, they taught that the Little Horn of Daniel, the Man of Sin of Paul, and the Beast whose deadly wound was healed in the Revelation, were one and the same being—a man, who, in the last days, was to be worshipped upon the earth. If the prophets of this school have read certain "Dreams" in the last book of M. Renan, or even if they have watched the tendency of certain recent speculations, we may conjecture what use they have made of the facts in buttressing up their theories. Indeed, common candour must admit that the coincidence is a little remarkable.

And now let us turn our eyes in another direction—that is, nominally another. A prophet of a very different school, Strauss, predicted that Christianity would go to pieces upon the rock of the life of Christ. While this prophecy has been going round the nominally Christian world, we have had everywhere "lives" of Christ almost wholly new in their spirit and method; and, in addition, religious teaching has avowedly arrived at concentrating itself upon the task of "preaching Christ"—the Christ life—Christ the Divine Man—the spiritual Ideal; and so forth.

Those who were brought up in the old Evangelical tradition, are well aware that it is nothing new for the pulpit to declare that its mission, first and last, is to preach Christ. But, except in certain circles of Christian association, very numerous no doubt, and including nearly all earnest Christians of the lower and lower-middle classes, the phrase, "preaching Christ," means to the modern ear something very different from what it meant among certain old-fashioned people, who would now almost be called troglodytes, even among religious people. "It is our first duty to preach Christ—the Christ life," is the modern cry. But this is very different from what would have been conveyed by the words, "We preach Christ Jesus and Him crucified," in the lips of Newton, or Whitefield, or Bishop Villiers; very different indeed from what such words would now mean in the mouth of, say, Canon Ryle. The "Christ" whom educated preachers, reputed orthodox,—and whom men like Mr. Beecher and Mr. MacDonald "preach,"—is a Christ brought out from the shrine, and set in the street, or the field, or the home; a figure from which the light that is absolutely divine and supernatural has, for vulgar apprehension, nearly passed away. This will be plentifully—and quite sincerely—denied; but it is true, for all that. And it is in part a result of the pressure of the *Zeit-Geist*, and in part an almost inevitable consequence of the kind of study of the life of Christ which has been forced upon the Christian advocate by rationalistic analysis.

Now there is no question of sincerity, or indeed of ability or Biblical learning, in those divines who of late years have adopted, in some cases slid into, a manner of dealing with the figure of Christ which has evidently been evolved under the influence of the *Zeit-Geist*. Nor do we pronounce any judgment upon it, whether from a simply textual or a purely spiritual point of view, or taking it as matter of the high theology, with all its topics of development and adaptation; nor do we enter into the very large questions which are suggested by this last sentence. Is it indeed true that a self-sustaining power in religious truth is a thing inconceivable? This has been maintained. It has been maintained that any religious idea whatever, once committed to the custody of the human mind, takes its chance like any other idea, and rolls with the tides of human feeling, culture, and opinion. And, if she were right, she could afford to ever come about to set her house

in order in this matter? Is there or is there not a belief more or less explicit—surely there is—among Protestants, that there is such a self-sustaining power as that just hinted at? And if there is not, how do all questions of the *development* of religious truth under the influence of the *Zeit-Geist* from time to time stand affected?

These questions are general, and it will not be denied that they are large ones. Is it too much to say that they are usually evaded? And, to “apply,” must not the answer they receive bear gravely upon any such “development” of the idea of Christ as has of late years been going on under our eyes? That there has been a very, very great change is apparent to all but the blind; that the change continues with accelerating speed, and with an increasing vagueness of the language used, is equally obvious. Orthodox and heterodox are alike concerned in the question what its final terms will be. It might without difficulty be maintained that a current like the one we began by referring to, receiving many tributaries as it rolls on, is likely to sweep away certain landmarks that have been held to have something more than the calendar to vouch for their sacredness.

EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY POLITICIANS.

WHETHER Mr. Auberon Herbert was influenced in any degree by his reception in the House of Commons on a certain occasion is not material, but we may take it for granted that he was not unduly or unworthily influenced by any such cause when he withdrew from St. Stephen's to farming and political lecturing, and that he sincerely believed he could, as he put it, serve his country more effectually out of Parliament than within it. Mr. Herbert, so far as we knew, has not provoked any virulent, or even unfriendly personal attacks. Of course, there is a distinction here. It was a virulent attack which drew from Mr. Bright his famous and rather startling “dirt and dignity” letter, and any such attack may be called virulent which assumes, for the purpose of injuring another, more evil against him than the attacking side knows. An attack, however, is unfriendly when it simply calls public attention to known facts which an associate or admirer would not speak of. It may contain nothing untrue or unjust, and yet it may reasonably excite resentment; and may do real injury to things which men of all parties should desire to prosper. Indeed, there is scarcely a more important exercise of the political or controversial conscience than that which considers the question of the general bearing of attacks which, taken by themselves, may be just enough and susceptible of right uses at right times. The midst of a difficult enterprise, for which all the available force is required, is not the time for calling any attention but a man's own to his faults.

If Mr. Auberon Herbert had laid himself open to attacks as numerous as the kindly things which may be recorded in his favour, one hardly ventures to guess how he would fare in any extra-parliamentary crusade of his. The last that the House of Commons saw of him was in his amiable capacity of chairman of the Committee on the Preservation of Wild Birds; and in all the purlieux of the House there was not a more gracious figure than his. Not only is he young, tall, and handsome,—there is something of the “curled darling” about him; and his exceeding sweetness and patience of manner make it difficult to conceive how any one should ever want to “eave 'alf a brick at him.” But then we know that qualities like these have provoked hatred before now. We have heard ringing cheers follow him in a quotation from Shelley which embodied the very essence of Shelley's political philosophy—an assertion of what self-control and gentleness could do—and we have wondered to ourselves, as we listened, how many of those men, *doctrinaire* through and through, most of them, would upon slight provocation be ready to turn

and rend the owner of that flute-like, though manly voice. There is, meanwhile, this safeguard for Mr. Herbert and his comrades. He is as a voice crying in the wilderness. The set of the current towards the forms of paternal government he has devoted himself to opposing, is so strong as to sweep almost everything before it. Those who are on the winning side are inclined to say of the man who criticizes their first principles—"Let him alone; it amuses him and does not hurt us." People's heads are full of what is in the air, and they do not stop to read Herbert Spencer. It seemed to us, on the particular occasion which we now have in our eye, that out of twelve hundred listeners there were probably not thirty who had any clear ideas of the argument for keeping certain things clear of government interference. The heads of the audience were full of centralization, and there was not a vacant corner for Mr Herbert's criticisms.

Mr. Gladstone occupies a very different position as an extra-parliamentary force. In the first place, he is now actually in Parliament, and votes and speaks there. In the second place, he carries with him the immense prestige of long-continued political leadership. In the third place—to say nothing of other matters—he has lately devoted himself to matters that everybody can understand, and he has had at his back an immense weight of educated and intelligent opinion. One can easily understand the feeling which provokes the frequent attacks upon him. He will not lead the Liberal party; he will not give up his extra-parliamentary power over the people; and he will persist in appealing to first principles of humanity and justice, while yet he will keep firm hold of political considerations and impulses of a lower kind. This is a most exasperating position for such a man to take up, and he has had to bear some of its natural inconveniences. Those who dwell admiringly, almost fondly, upon his magnificent personal qualities and his fine achievements—those who think his defeat upon a certain appeal to the country the most disastrous event of the kind within living memory—may look with concern upon the apparent loss of dignity which is implied in answering, if not in challenging, virulent or unamiable opponents. But what is a man in Mr. Gladstone's position to do? There is an end of duelling, and, for the sake of others even more than himself, a great man may well feel bound to use, nay, in case of need to strain, the moral resources of such situations as those in which Mr. Gladstone has more than once found himself lately. If, because pistols are abolished, everybody is to say or write what he likes against everybody else, the law of slander or libel being the only arbiter, we have a rather anarchic look-out before us in these days of public meetings and newspapers.

The whole story of Mr. Gladstone's public career since he lost his majority will form an instructive chapter in political history. When he intimated his disinclination to lead the Liberal party any longer, he was both coaxed and scolded for his bad behaviour, scolding being the more usual application. He ought to lead his party. At least, he ought to nominate his successor. He would not even do that? Then let him shut himself up at Hawarden. It was not to be tolerated that he should run up to town by express at odd times and make speeches "to throw the whole Liberal party into confusion." In fact, if he had been a paid agent, he could not have been more definitely treated as a sort of political chattel. After a short time it was conceded that in writing ecclesiastical pamphlets Mr. Gladstone might, in his older days, prove more effective than as a politician. But "oh, purblind race of miserable men!" there is a cloud in the East; it turns out that not Homeric nor ecclesiastical questions but blue-books "absorb" Mr. Gladstone (it is his own word, if he is correctly reported); and almost before instruments can be adjusted to take his parallax, the man who had been shelved, and told not to come up to town at odd times and make irritating little speeches, stood disclosed, by mere honesty of moral passion, as the greatest political force in England. He was solemnly warned not to let off crackers when nobody was looking: *He has been the keenest sharp-shooting and the most telling artillery* *have been witnessed for fifteen years. Wh of it—the —is another question.*

INTELLECTUAL DETACHMENT.

THE lamented death of that remarkably clear-headed and pleasant writer, Mr. Walter Bagehot, has, of course, called forth much comment. From a quarter in which he was well known,—from, we presume, the pen of a gentleman whose name may be found bracketed even with his in certain Honours columns in certain University Calendars,—came the observation, that Mr. Bagehot was remarkable for intellectual detachment; a quality which he possessed to such a degree that (the friendly critic went on to say) he had often to rely upon mere guess-work in his attempts to estimate the force of particular currents of opinion and feeling.

The phrase "intellectual detachment" may be used simply to indicate that a person is, by temperament, not liable to be misled by personal attachments, or any form of *esprit-de-corps*. So much, indeed, it must always include, whether it means more or less. And we should, no doubt, all be ready at once to affirm that the quality is a quality of men rather than women. Yet, of course, it is often wanting in masculine minds, of great power. And, even where it undoubtedly exists, and in a high degree too, there must be limits to it. Nobody would say that Mr. Charles Reade was remarkable for intellectual detachment. Nor was Sir Walter Scott. Nor is Mr. Gladstone. If we say that Mr. Disraeli is, we at once puzzle the question.

These instances are quite enough to hint at the care with which we must apply such a descriptive phrase as intellectual detachment, if we are to know what we mean. In the case of Mr. Walter Bagehot, the application was simple. He appears to have been a man of singular impartiality—indeed his writings and the known facts of his career prove it, without the special testimony of friends. His health was delicate, so that he was under a sort of compulsion to "save" himself by not mixing largely in general society—a sort of compulsion which too many delicate men of brains endeavour to resist, the endeavour ending by a total break-down. This, of itself, was favourable to intellectual detachment. If you go the way of the social currents, it is scarcely possible not to be overborne by them now and then. The result may be far short of cliqueism, and yet be dangerous to impartial clear-headedness. That weak health should, with wise and generally conscientious men, tend to have this effect may perhaps be allowed to count for something to its credit as against Dr. Johnson's dictum that sickness is a selfish rascal.

It is not easy to strike the line between a just friendliness and a just spirit of party, and the spirit of clique and partiality. No man who has affections, much more no man who has both affections and enthusiasms, can be always impartial. Goethe was not overburdened with either—but he disclaimed any such capacity in words that are exactly to the point:—"Aufrichtig zu seyn kann ich versprechen; unparteilich zu seyn aber nicht." But it must be confessed there is something provocative of scorn in the way in which the majority of mankind are nose-led by personal associations. That their creeds—religious, moral, and political—are all but wholly determined by such causes we need not trouble ourselves to say over again. Nor need we do more than note in passing the amusing way in which even cultivated persons, of considerable energy and ability, will frequently show that they are, even as to topics which cannot be judged of without intellectual detachment, very much at the mercy of the last clever friend they talk to, or the last clever thing they read: they are during one poor month of all the colours in the prism, and apparently quite unconscious of anything of the sort.

In cases coming under this head we readily perceive either that there is little co-ordinating power in the mind, or that it has to live from hand to mouth, and has not the requisite self-consciousness to tell it how this must work. The formation

of opinions upon current topics is not easier just because the world is full of a general buzz about them, either in print or in talk, or in both—it is all the more difficult. It is the capacity of holding aloof from whatever could influence the judgment unduly before its own data are collected, that constitutes a large part of the quality, or group of qualities, constituting intellectual detachment. And all observation assures us that this is exceedingly rare. So is another element, namely, the power of promptly pigeon-holing topics, and referring them to key-thoughts. This is an immense labour-saver, and highly conducive to correctness. We have never minutely examined any writings of Mr. Bagehot's; but we have noticed the most exemplary caution in all that we have read; and a most admirable and very rare power of making general statements sufficiently particular to be perfectly clear, and yet too far "detached" to commit the author or his reader. We unhesitatingly pronounce this power to be an outcome of high conscientiousness.

The intellectual detachment of Mr. Bagehot's mind was pleasantly indicated by the nature of his humour. The best instance of this which we can just now recall was his account, in the *Fortnightly Review*, of his intercourse with the late Mr. Crabb Robinson. It even struck us, at the time, that this was a little rough, and not quite fair to "old Crabb." But, apart from its graphic fulness of information, it was interesting as an example of the utterly detached humour with which the author could write so much that was personal. How different this kind of humour from the humour of Shakspeare or Lamb! Some degree of intellectual detachment is necessary before humour can exist at all; but to humorous criticism like that of Mr. Bagehot the human specimen is almost like a creature in an aquarium, whose amusing habits may be watched without a shade of emotion. Mr. Bagehot boldly declared that he preferred the essays of Hazlitt to those of Lamb; and he was simply entertained when "old Crabb" used to break out at him for this preference. But there was matter for more than amusement in the old man's displeasure. The preference, in such a man as Mr. Bagehot, was remarkable. Between Hazlitt's humour and Lamb's there was all the difference between Lamb socially punning at his humble supper-table, in a small crowd of guests, and giving away a part of his personality to first one and then to another,—Procter, Godwin, Burney, Hunt, Dyer, Hone,—and Hazlitt, solitary at Winterslow Hut, writing a sub-acid essay while his partridge was roasting for him. There was a sort of turbidity about Lamb's mind—an opaline turbidity of course—but still a turbidity, which did not wholly suit Mr. Bagehot. He liked something more akin to his own exceeding lucidity, and to that power of "Living to One's Self" which is the subject of Hazlitt's Essay.





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